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LARGE OFFICE BUILDING, DOWNTOWN CHICAGO.

We see a silhouette of a black man in the window looking out. He is wearing a suit vest, shirt open at the collar, a loose tie, and suit pants, and dress shoes. The office is tastefully decorated in modern, high tech looking, furnishings. There is only one desk but it has two, empty, chairs in front of it. The art on the wall is abstract.

TOM HILL (V/O)

In 1956 a man named Hugh Everett III released a paper called "Wave Mechanics without Probability" It's been through a series of rewrites and revisions, but this is where it all began. Part of that paper postulated the existence of many universes, all related, in one way or another, to ours. A "multiverse" if you will. A few scientists did little experiments to see if this could be true. Some of their results were tantalizing.

Tom begins to walk away from the window toward the desk.

TOM HILL (V/O) (CONT'D)

But there was no money to do real research. Not a problem for me. I have fucktons of money

Tom stands, smiling, in front of his desk with an open book on top of it.

TOM HILL (V/O) (CONT'D)

Money was able to fix all my issues. I was able to find the cure for AIDS, won a ton of awards for it. All we were doing was looking for a binder

FLASHBACK: Close up view of a large book on the table, filled with complex mathematical equations, with his hands on the side.

TOM HILL (V/O) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

for a cold fusion reactor. Not complaining, helping people is never a bad thing. It's kind of what I do. Well two years ago my team finally cracked it.

FIVE SHADED EARTHS, OVERLAPPING EACH OTHER

TOM HILL (V/O) (CONT'D)

They proved the multiverse existed.
They found 4 other Earths parallel
to ours. There are more but they're
too abnormal for us. The laws of
physics can get bent pretty
severely it seems. But these 4?
It's possible we can blend in ...

IMAGES OF HUGH EVERETT III

TOM HILL (V/O) (CONT'D)

Everett died like he lived.
Everything in the open. Drinking
and smoking killed him.

CLOSE UP OF TOM HILL'S FACE

TOM HILL (V/O) (CONT'D)

He didn't care who knew it. But I
don't have that luxury. I stalk the
night searching out evil

Tom Hill wearing his Siafu suit, knocking out a bad guy or
three. The suit is blood red, with gray highlights, with a
variety of weapons on each wrist. It is well armored and
covers his full body and face.

TOM HILL (V/O)

wearing the suit my father
designed. With it I have 20 times
the strength of any normal human

CLOSE UP OF THE SUIT

TOM HILL (V/O) (CONT'D)

As Tom Hill, businessman, I can
help the world. But, as Siafu, the
deadly fire ant, I can change
worlds.

A SMALL OFFICE

There is a certificate, easily seen on the wall, reading
"LIPE COLLEGE - Masters in Chemistry awarded to Dr. Valencia
Taylor"

A tall, black, woman wearing nothing but a pair of, knee high, red leather boots. She is using generic red flowers to cover her genitals and nipples. She is known as Oshun in the crime world.

There is a black dwarf, named Bes, sitting in a chair watching her, but he's not all that interested in the view. He is wearing a diaper, combat boots, and smoking a cigar.

BES

Feeling festive today, Oshun?

OSHUN

C'mon, Bes. Tis' the season, just go with it.

EXTERIOR OF A BANK

Displays an armed security guard sitting behind a desk with CCTV displayed on the table near the entrance. He is heavy set, Native American, pony tail, tasteful necklace, with a white collar shirt, black cargo pants, and black combat boots wearing a black duty belt holding his firearm at his side.

Oshun walks into a bank, accompanied by Bes.

The guard stands up from his chair with his hand gripping his duty belt. Oshun and Bes stand in front of the desk a few feet away.

GUARD (SCREAMING)

YOU CAN'T BE IN HERE!

OSHUN

Yet I am!

BES

(Chuckles)

GUARD (SCREAMING)

YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW.

The guard walks around the desk toward them.

GUARD (MORE CONTROLLED) (CONT'D)

Look, I have to escort you out.

The guard stands in front the two individuals a few feet away. Oshun has a fist balled up at her side.

Oshun blows a pink mist into the air toward the guard's face through her fist.

Guard squints his eyes and reaches for his gun.

She walks toward the guard. The guard is stumbling backwards. Behind him there is a chair a few feet away.

OSHUN

But I don't want to leave, and you don't want me to leave, so shouldn't I stay?

GUARD (GROGGY)

Yea, yea you're right, you should stay.

BES (CHUCKLES)

Hahahaha.

She pushes the hypnotized guard down onto the chair which is near the desk.

She crouches down toward the guard's face.

OSHUN

Open the vault, please.

GUARD

I can't! It's on a timer. It won't open till 7.

OSHUN

But no one comes until 8, what do you do for that hour?

GUARD

Check in electronically with my wand and then patrol to make sure the doors are still locked. Once it's completed I brew coffee in the break room for the employees. Oshun puts her hand on the guard's face.

OSHUN

That's sweet of you.

Oshun turns to face Bes

OSHUN (CONT'D)

You can kill him now

BES

Hahahaha

Bes jumps on the desk where the guard is seated. He snaps the guard's neck.

BES (CONT'D)

He's as dead as he's going to get.

OSHUN

Good! Loop the video feeds. It won't fool anyone for long but it'll buy us a few minutes. The vault opens in 10, so all we need to do is grab the 4 bags of money and get gone.

Bes inserts a USB in the front of the CCTV computer. They begin to walk toward the vault

A clock showing 7:00 AM

The vault door opens as they watch

They walk toward the exit of the bank with a bag of money in each hand.

OSHUN (CONT'D)

Mission Accomplished!

BES

HAHAHA!

The last thing we see is the back of the dead guard's head tilted to the side.

A LARGE BEDROOM

A half-naked, African American, woman, in her early 50's, wearing only panties. She is lying on the edge of the bed, one leg dangling to the floor. Her chest is filled with small open wounds and multiple scars. Blood is dripping down her breasts, chest, and stomach.

SAGE: (MOANING)

Oh, fuck, Alecia, I'm getting too old for this. Can't believe those rounds pierced my suit.

A tall, Asian, woman walks into the bedroom with a lunch tray in her hands. It has a thermos, a sandwich, and a first aid kit. She is wearing a gray skirt, white shirt, buttoned to the top, white stockings and sensible shoes. She has a woman's fashion party banquet tie, it is red. She is Alecia Yang, personal assistant to Sage.

ALECIA

Sage, your husband hired me to be many things for you.

Alecia sets down the tray, removing a rag from underneath it that she had folded in her hand

ALECIA (CONT'D)

Most of my duties are pleasant.

Begins wiping away the blood.

ALECIA (CONT'D)

This is, most certainly, not among them.

INTERIOR LAB

A group of scientists are sitting around a table. There are images of five rotating Earths on a screen on one wall. Each of the scientists has a laptop in front of them.

A bright box highlights the Earth on the left.

SCIENTIST #1

We can't effectively update Mr. Hill until we've updated ourselves. This highlighted Earth, what do we know about it?

SCIENTIST #2

It's us.

General laughter

SCIENTIST #1

Yes. That's not up for discussion. What is, is its placement in this graphic. On two of the Earths we've found that seem to be aware of the multiverse, they use this graphic for the five Earths. Why are we number one in all of them?

Smiles disappear. Furious typing erupts paired with irritated grumbling.

SCIENTIST #1 (CONT'D)

Let's shelve that for the moment. We simply don't have enough data to make any useful extrapolations.

The first highlight disappears and appears over the second Earth.

SCIENTIST #1 (CONT'D)

How about this one? What do we know?

SCIENTIST #3

It's technologically similar to us. But, their Africa expanded before it could be colonized and now controls half the planet. The rest is controlled by an Asian group called, as far as we can make out, the Xho Dynasty. In essence, the planet is run by black and brown people and whites are relegated to ghettos.

SCIENTIST #4

Oh, that's gonna piss off a bunch of rednecks when it gets out.

General laughter

SCIENTIST #1

That's another consideration. None of these Earths matches ours. We'll need to prepare a dossier for marketing. But we won't deliver it until this news gets out. I wish we could do otherwise but the risk of leaks is too great as it is.

The highlight disappears over the second Earth and appears over the third.

SCIENTIST #1 (CONT'D)

What about this one?

Scientist #4 raises their hand.

SCIENTIST #4

This is the world the Jetsons promised. At least two hundred years ahead of us technologically, they have a system of government we're still trying to decipher. And, while we have detected skirmishes, we haven't seen any evidence of war as we know it.

The fourth Earth is highlighted.

SCIENTIST #1

And the next contestant?

SCIENTIST #5

We don't know what happened or why, but about five hundred years ago, based on what few ruins we can observe, they tossed out all tech and adopted a completely agrarian lifestyle. There is no sign of any centralized government. While their groupings can have ten thousand or more people, they appear to act like old Native American villages. It's hard to assess conflicts when we're viewing them from high orbit.

The fifth Earth is highlighted.

SCIENTIST #1

And finally?

Scientist #2 stands up.

SCIENTIST #2

I spent two weeks untangling this chaos. Best case scenario, there are two hundred or so tribes at war with each other. All day, every day. Given the fervor of the battles, I would guess they are based on religious, and not political, differences. That is superficially reinforced by the banners each tribe carries. Technologically, they are similar to us but with an exclusive focus on weapons creation. Also, comparing remote scans with our research, it would appear that the tribe inhabiting their version of Chicago has increased in size by 20%.

SCIENTIST #3

Good guys wear black?

The scientists just stare at #3.

SCIENTIST #1

Any general observations?

SCIENTIST #4

Since all the Earths are the same size as ours and adhere to the same rotational limitations, when we find clocks we can tell time, learn some basic numbers, and not much else. Until we can learn their languages we are stymied. Our cultures are wildly different and there is no Rosetta stone that's going to help us. Earth 3, for example, still uses a variant of a pictographic language.

Scientist #1 nods.

SCIENTIST #1

Type up all your observations. I'd like to present them to Mr. Hill by the end of the month.

INSIDE OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

It shows different officers walking in different directions. One officer is sitting on the edge of female sergeant desk while talking. Toward the back show shadows of two others in the window sill.

IN THE OFFICE OF CAPTAIN WALTER THOMPSON.

A black man in his 50s, heavy set, with a grey hair who is sitting at the desk. His name plate is clearly visible.

CAPTAIN

Konrad! Get your ass in here yesterday!

Lieutenant John Konrad, a tall, skinny, middle aged white guy. A television hangs on the wall, displaying the news.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

According to multiple sources, Mickey Faragamo, popular businessman and rumored mobster, was murdered tonight by person or persons unknown.

Captain Thompson leans back on the chair away from his desk. Lieutenant Konrad is standing in front of him.

THOMPSON

Who called it in?

KONRAD

His kid, Vinny.

THOMPSON

911?

KONRAD

Nope, called me at home.

THOMPSON

How'd he get your number?

KONRAD

Beats the hell outta me.

Captain gets up to walk toward the coffee table. Pours coffee into mug.

The captain turns around toward the Lieutenant while holding the mug in his hand.

THOMPSON

So now what?

KONRAD

Vinny wants a real investigation. He wants to know who did this. Says he knows it wasn't Jack of Spades.

THOMPSON

He knows? Well, I guess good help is more loyal than we thought. Why didn't he call one of his guys? There's enough of them here.

KONRAD

Also beats the hell outta me.

Captain leans against the wall looking straight ahead while the Lieutenant is facing him. Display the back of the head of the lieutenant.

THOMPSON

All right. So we got a dead mobster, a faked up crime scene, a shitload of damning files, and a psychopath who wants to play nice. What's wrong with this picture?

The lieutenant stands up from his seat.

KONRAD

Everything.

THOMPSON

Yeah, my thoughts exactly. Okay, I'm putting you in charge of this mess. Take Cutter from CSI. She's the only one not on someone else's payroll.

Lieutenant walks toward the door.

Konrad's hand turning the doorknob.

KONRAD

When are you going to clean this shit up?

THOMPSON

When we get a mayor who isn't on a mob payroll.

Lieutenant walks out the door and into the hallway.

A LUXURY EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Tom Hill sitting behind the desk while signing paperwork. The door to the office is halfway open.

Stacy Lord a/k/a Sassy walks into the office wearing standard business attire, beige jacket and dress, white shirt, with beige shoes, carrying a coffee mug in her hand. She is a black woman in her late 20's or early 30's.

Stacey hands Tom the coffee mug while leaning over the desk.

TOM

Thanks Sassy.

STACY

Stacy, sir.

She sits in the chair that is located across from Tom's desk. She has one of her legs crossed on top of each other.

Tom looks up at Stacy with a stern look. She merely has a smirk on her face.

STACY (CONT'D)

Your mom killed Mickey Faragamo last night.

TOM

What? What the hell are you talking about?

STACY

Your mom, the wonderful woman who raised you, and taught you how to be Siafu, killed Mickey Faragamo last night.

Tom jumps out of chair while leaning toward Stacy with a shocked expression.

TOM

What makes you think I'm Siafu?

STACY

Please, don't patronize me. I've been here for 5 years and I'm not stupid. Siafu gets injured, you get injured.

Stacy gets up from the chair while leaning toward Tom's face. Stacy facial expression appears to be annoyed while Tom looks stunned.

STACY (CONT'D)

Siafu needs new tech, we open a new department. All hush-hush, but, as I said, I'm not stupid.

TOM

Okay, let's say you're right. What do you want?

Stacy stands up straight with her arms crossed over her chest.

STACY (LAUGHS)

Don't worry, I'm not here to blackmail you. I moonlight a little myself.

TOM

As what?

STACY

A ghost, mostly. Unlike you, I try and avoid the press. I get in, get out, and no one knows my name.

Tom leans forward toward Stacy with a smirk on his face. Stacy still remains in the same stance.

TOM

Okay, you're a ghost. What does any of this have to do with my mom?

STACY

Mickey's been up to some naughty things. He's been getting help from somewhere and I don't think it's local.

Tom turns around with his back facing Stacy. Stacy has her hand propped on her hip.

Tom is leaning on the window of his office. One of his arms propped up on the window while he looks out. Stacy's reflection is displayed on the window sill.

TOM

What do you mean?

STACY

I mean I'm not sure. Two years ago he was a low level mob boss, now he's running two-thirds of the damn city. He's got access to tech and intel that's starting to rival yours. That's got to be coming from somewhere.

Tom turns around to face Stacy.

TOM

All given. I still don't see how this ties to my mom.

STACY

I was there last night. I wanted to rough him up a little, see if he'd pop. Your mom beat me to it. He took a couple of shots at her and she snapped his spine. Then, to make it look like a robbery, she shot him in the chest with his gun, tossed all his private files around, and mocked up the Jack of Spades' calling card.

Tom slams his fist on to the desk. Stacy looks startled by his action.

TOM

SHIT!

STACY

Yeah.

TOM

I guess bluffing you's not gonna work here.

STACY

Nope.

TOM

My mom all right?

STACY

Yeah, I followed her home. She can really move in that suit.

FLASHBACK: Sage in her Defender suit. Unlike Tom's Siafu suit hers is mostly gray with red highlights. She is fighting Mickey Faragamo. A heavy set Italian man in his horrendous pajamas. He's is carrying a large gun.

STACY (V/O) (CONT'D)

She took a couple of shots but, otherwise, seemed fine. That suit forgives a lot of mistakes.

TOM (V/O)

Yes it does. It's why I'm still alive.

STACY (V/O)

You won't be for much longer. Like I said, Faragamo's getting tech like yours and he's sharing with Jack. Maybe others.

Tom turns away from Stacy.

TOM

Shit.

STACY

Look, I have certain abilities. I can do things regular people can't.

TOM

Like what?

Stacy grabs Tom's belt and lifts him easily off the ground.

STACY

Jump four or five stories straight up, punch through brick walls, stop bullets, that kind of stuff.

TOM

You're a Meta?

STACY

Yeah. It's why I came to work for you. I wanted to be close to the action.

Stacy puts Tom back down. Tom leans away from Stacy with a surprised expression.

TOM

Damn. How long have you known, Sassy?

STACY

Stacy. About you and your mom? 7 or 8 years I guess. Do your kids know?

Tom partially sits on the desk while staring at Stacy.

TOM

No. Not even a little bit. They're too young to understand. Kimmy just turned 10 and Shawna is going to be 8 next Friday.

STACY

So you're a single dad with 2 cute kids. What happened to your wife?

Tom rubs the back of his head with his hand looking off to the side.

TOM

She left to, honest to God, join a circus.

STACY (LAUGHS)

Really?

TOM

Really.

Stacy crosses her arms over her chest.

STACY

So what now boss?

TOM

We contact my mom, find out what she knew, and then start figuring out where all this tech is coming from.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Jack and I haven't crossed paths yet, but I'm guessing we will and I want to know what we'll be facing. I guess I'm buying you dinner Sassy.

STACY

Stacy, and yes you are.

A DINGY MOTEL ROOM.

Jack, a black man, muscular and lean, is sitting on a single bed. Cheap neon sign reflected in the window says ROOMS FOR LET. He is wearing a pair of black shorts and nothing else. We can see his tats. He has a bottle of bourbon in front on a table near the bed with a half full shot glass. There is a white woman wearing a gray suit, with red piping, standing in front of him. She is one of Ms. Vin's minions.

MINION

So we're clear?

Medium close up of Jack.

JACK

Yeah. But I'll need special gear for that.

The minion pulls a device out of her pocket and pushes a button.

A portal opens up and two more minions arrive carrying a suit of battle armor. It is all black with a red spade on the left breast.

Jack smiling.

JACK (CONT'D)

That'll do just fine.

Jack standing alone in the room donning the armor.

A LUXURY MANSION WITH TALL GATES AROUND THE ENTRANCE. A VEHICLE IS SHOWN IN FRONT OF THE CLOSED ENTRANCE.

Tom and Stacy sit in the vehicle. He points a remote toward the gate.

The front gate opens.

Tom drives the vehicle through a circular driveway to the front door.

Two young girls burst through the front door of the mansion.

Tom scoops both girls, one in each hand, while both of them are kissing him on his cheeks. Stacy stands off to the side.

LITTLE GIRLS

Daddy's home! Daddy's home!

LATE EVENING INSIDE TOM'S LIVING ROOM.

The room is tastefully decorated. There is a table with Tom and Stacy sitting at it.

Tom and Stacy are sitting at a table covered with files, and dishes. Behind them shows a glimpse of cork board.

The cork board is covered with pictures of various crime bosses pinned on it. Mickey Faragamo has a red X over his face.

OUTSIDE THE MANSION

Jack is kneeling down behind a large bush in front of the mansion. He is wearing the new black, armored, stealth suit, with a red spade on the left breast, along with an equipped utility belt. His right arm contains a digital display.

A visual of his head's up display in his suit (an electronic visual enhancer that also displays pertinent info about the suit) showing Tom and Stacy, through the window, sitting at the table talking.

Jack looks down at his right arm.

Zoom in on his right arm. It displays blueprints of the house.

JACK

Ah! Vin's tech never fails me.

A clock appears in his head's up display. It displays the time 22:30

JACK (CONT'D)

Good enough!

Jack is running toward the mansion

THE GIRL'S BEDROOM

Two girls are sleeping. There are stuffed animals everywhere.

REAR OF MANSION

Jack stands outside the back door, just below the little girls' room, holding his right hand over the security keypad. Close view on screen displaying a message.

SCREEN

Access Granted

The door opens swiftly.

Jack walks into the hallway.

Jack evades security camera by pressing in to the wall.

Jack quickly walks past the room with Tom and Stacy.

Jack presses the button on the side of his mask.

The display shows infrared body heat of Tom and Stacy sitting in the room while Jack is looking through his eye piece.

Stacy and Tom look up to see the doorway. A shadow of Jack is shown on the ground of the hallway.

STACY

We have company!

Tom gets up from the table and lunges toward his desk.

Tom grabs a gun from his desk. Stacy stands up from her seat looking toward the hallway.

STACY (WHISPERING) (CONT'D)

Out the door and moving left. It looks like he's headed upstairs.

Tom runs out of the room with Stacy trailing behind him.

TOM (SCREAMING)

THE GIRLS!!

Tom and Stacy corner Jack at the bottom of the staircase.

TOM (CONT'D)

You got 0 seconds to tell me why you are in my house.

Tom begins to fire his gun toward Jack. Stacy stands behind Tom

Jack stands at the same position while bullets bounce off of his armor.

JACK

That all you got?

Jack raises his left arm, firing back with a firearm connected to the forearm of the suit.

Stacy knocks Tom down to the ground, out of the way of the bullets.

Stacy runs toward Jack with a balled up fist.

Bullets rip Stacy's clothes, but don't harm her.

STACY

FUCK! Just bought this!

Jack attempts to run up the stairs.

Stacy quickly grabs Jack from behind.

Stacy punches Jack through a wall.

Tom's daughters appear at the top of the stairs. Stacy stares at the direction of the hole in the wall.

The girls run screaming down the stairs.

BOTH GIRLS

DADDY! DADDY!

Stacy walks through the hole in the wall toward where Jack is lying on the ground.

Jack jumps on to his feet with Stacy standing in front of him, shocking her.

Jack looks to his side and spots a window.

Jack jumps through the window shattering it into pieces.

Stacy, Tom, and the girls run toward the window.

Jack floats in the air with jets ignited from his boots and hands.

He flies into the distance away from the mansion. There are propulsion jets on his back, hidden in the suit, that ignite as he lifts off.

Tom holding onto his daughters while staring out the window.

Close up view of Tom's face filled with hatred.

THE GORGON'S GATE/ AN ETHEREAL PLACE.

Computer screens hang on walls made of smoke. The floor appears to be made of stars. Gray and red uniformed minions, are busy working in front of screens or accessing their I-pads. In the middle, in a large chair, sits Ms. Vin. An African-American woman, of indeterminate age, wearing a skin tight, dark gray, low cut, body suit, with knee high black, high heeled, boots. She has long, green, dreadlocks with gold jewelry, resembling faces, hanging on the end of each dread. Next to her stands one of the uniformed minions.

MINION

Ms. Vin, Jack has failed us.

MS. VIN

Really?

MINION

Yes. He was confronted by a Meta.

MS. VIN

Those fucking things are popping up everywhere. We're going to have to do something about that.

EXTERIOR OF TOM'S MANSION.

There is a sleek black sportscar car in the driveway. We can see Tom standing in the door with Stacy behind him. Her clothing is bullet riddled but she appears fine. The broken window that Jack escaped through to the right of them.

A tall Sikh exits the car. His name is Arumar. He is wearing a gray suit with a white shirt and a dark gray tie. His turban is small and black.

Arumar is walking toward the front of Tom's mansion passing by the driver's side front of his car.

ARUMAR

I got here as fast as I could. No cops?

TOM

Sound proof house, off the beaten path, hides a lot of sins.

ARUMAR

The kids?

TOM

Upstairs. Shaken but okay.

They are now in the foyer of the mansion. There are bullet holes everywhere and a large hole where Stacy punched Jack through the wall. Whispers of smoke can be seen coming from some of the holes. There are electric sparks in the far hall. Arumar is in front of Tom and Stacy is close behind him.

ARUMAR

Any idea who did this?

TOM

Black armor, similar to mine, red spade on the chest.

ARUMAR

Jack?

STACY

Yeah, Jack.

Arumar looks at Stacy's bullet riddled dress as if seeing her for the first time. His left eyebrow raises.

Arumar's full attention is on Stacy, Tom notices.

TOM

Introductions are in order. This dapper gent is Arumar Singh, C.I.O. Of Hill Enterprises. The bullet riddled lass is Sassy. She works for us. Also, she's a meta who saved my family and knows everything about Siafu.

STACY

Stacy.

ARUMAR

Interesting. So what do we do now?

TOM

We get the kids somewhere safe and go see my mom. She seems to know what's going on.

ARUMAR

My sister just returned from Lahore. We can leave them with her.

SAGE'S MANSION'S BEDROOM.

Bird's eye view. Sage and Alecia are lying nude in bed on top of the covers. It is dark outside. Alecia is face down with her arm across Sage's stomach. They are sleeping.

Phone rings

Sage wakes and answers the phone, reaching over Alecia to do so.

SAGE

Hi honey ... What!?! ... Oh my fucking God, yes, come right over!

Sage shakes Alecia

SAGE (CONT'D)

Wake up! Jack just shot up Tom's house.

Alecia's startled face

ALECIA

Mmm, wha?

SAGE

Jack just shot up Tom's fucking house!

ALECIA

Oh God, are the kids okay?

SAGE

Yeah, they all are, but Tom's coming here now. Get dressed. This is going to be a long night.

INSIDE THE GORGON'S GATE

Jack is standing in front of Ms. Vin. He is holding his helmet in his left hand.

VIN

I know what happened.

JACK

How?

VIN

There are transmitters built into the suit.

Ms. Vin and Jack walking down a hallway.

JACK

Your suit, your rules.

VIN

A good motto to live by.

JACK

What now?

VIN

We need to get ahead of things.

Ms. Vin turns to face a new woman who has stepped in front of them. The new woman is dressed in a simple black suit with a derby on her head.

VIN (CONT'D)

This is ToxxZynn. She's from Earth 3. She's developed a drug that kills metas. It just makes addicts out of everyone else.

ToxxZynn is holding a bag of blue powder.

JACK

I'm not a dealer.

VIN

You are now.

MICKEY FARAGAMO'S BEDROOM.

Mickey is heavy set and wearing hideous pajamas. His body is still on the floor. His head is facing the floor but his body is facing up. There are a few bullet holes in his torso. There is a gun on the floor and the room is a mess. It looks like a mighty struggle happened here. Interior bedroom. CSI Juanita Cutter, a small, Hispanic, woman, wearing a CSI jacket, dark blue pants, and carrying an evidence collection case. Lieutenant Konrad is wearing a tan overcoat over the clothes he had on in issue 1. Vinny Faragamo is a well-built Italian man, wearing a 3 piece Armani suit.

CSI Cutter is bending over to pick up a shell casing.

CUTTER

What kind of shells are these?

Mickey Faragamo's body in the background.

VINNY

They told me you're the genius,
Cutter. You tell me.

CUTTER

Armor piercing, loaded with
something explosive, first guess.

VINNY

Why'd you ask then?

KONRAD

You called me, Vinny. We can always
leave and let some of your flunkies
fuck this up.

VINNY

Nah.

CUTTER

Why *did* you call us? You're not
exactly being helpful.

VINNY

All bullshit aside, he was my old
man and I loved him. I want the
fucker who did this brought down.

KONRAD

You mean "brought in."

VINNY

Whatever.

SAGE'S HOUSE. INTERIOR KITCHEN.

Latest high tech cooking gear. The new Samsung fridge, with
touch screen, can be seen. Tom, Alecia, Sage, and Stacy are
sitting at a medium sized, square, table drinking coffee. Tom
and Stacy are sitting next to each other with their backs to
the wall. Sage is facing them and Alecia is sitting alone at
the head of the table.

There is a platter of, untouched, doughnuts, and an urn of
coffee on the table.

There is a black and white banker's box on the side of the
table.

Sage and Alecia are wearing, loose fitting, sweat suits.
Stacy is wearing one of Tom's T-shirts, which hangs almost to
her knees, and her work shoes.

SAGE

Now all those cats are out of the bag, what can I do to help?

TOM

You can tell me what you were doing at Mickey's.

SAGE

What do you know about the Gorgon's Gate?

TOM

Never heard of it. What is it?

SAGE

It's what killed your father.

TOM (SHOCKED)

I thought he killed himself.

SAGE

It was easier to let you think so.

TOM

THAT? My dad swallowed a bullet? That was easier?

ALECIA

Trust her Tom. She knows what she's saying.

SAGE

Your scientists finally discovered what your dad knew years ago. What they haven't discovered, but they will, is the rift between the parallel dimensions. That rift allows direct access to all the Earths. You can, literally, walk from one to another. That gateway is called the Gorgon's Gate and is controlled by a woman named Ms. Vin.

FLASHBACK: Tom's dad, Mike Hill, sitting with Ms. Vin at dinner. He is in his early 30's here. Casually dressed, but professional.

SAGE (V/O) (CONT'D)

When your dad discovered her he tried to work with her.

FLASHBACK: Tom's dad building the suit

SAGE (V/O) (CONT'D)

At first they got along well. Your dad even started work on a prototype of the Defender suit for her.

Back at the table.

TOM

I always wondered why there was nothing like it in our D.O.D. contracts.

SAGE

Your father had a lot of secrets. They're all in the box. Just know this. Vin is pure evil and older than western civilization. She's working to control all 5 habitable earths. And your dad may have helped her achieve that goal.

LATE NIGHT, IN A STREET, SPARSELY LIT.

We see an armored car parked in front of a nondescript warehouse. There is a uniformed guard standing outside, smoking a cigarette. We see Oshun and Bes surveying the scene. They wearing their traditional costumes while in the alley next to the building. They are hidden from the guard.

OSHUN

Right where Vinny said it would be.

BES

That psycho scares me. I think he's meta.

OSHUN

Don't give me the feels neither Sunshine.

BES

Fuck it, let's just get this done.

Another guard is walking out of the building toward the armored car, carrying two large money bags. Bes crouches.

Just as the guard opens the back of the armored car Bes leaps onto his back and snaps his neck. Oshun surprises the other guard with a pink mist that she blows into his face.

Bes snaps the second guard's neck as Oshun retrieves a set of keys from his body.

OSHUN

Hop in the back. I'll drive.
There's too much to carry.

BES (CHUCKLES)

This is gonna piss off a bunch of commie mobsters.

OSHUN

That's Vinny's problem.

INTERIOR OF A SLEAZY STRIP CLUB, IT BELONGS TO VINNY.

One nude, female, dancer on a pole, two topless, female, bartenders, (these three can be any race) news on the TVs behind the bar. There's a sign advertising NIPS-A-POPPIN' EVERY THURSDAY FROM 5:00 PM TO 7:00 PM / \$2.00 DRAFTS.

Captain Walter Thompson is sitting at the bar nursing a bourbon. Sitting next to him is another stripper, wearing nothing but pink panties and heels. She is drinking a mixed drink. She is tall, African-American, and voluptuous. She is Bombshell, a/k/a Officer Laquanda Carlson, an undercover operative. View is behind the two of them, wide shot.

CAPTAIN

You know, Carlson, you didn't have to take this assignment.

BOMBSHELL

It's Bombshell here, Cap. Anyway, Vinny thinks I got dirt on you and all our snitches are dead. Someone had to get in.

CAPTAIN

Sad but true. So what've you got?

BOMBSHELL

You know all that tech we've been seeing?

CAPTAIN

Yeah.

BOMBSHELL

There's some new player in town, name of Ms. Vin. I don't know who she is or where she's from, but even Vinny gives her props.

He leaves \$50 on the bar.

CAPTAIN

It's a name. It's a start. Thanks.

BOMBSHELL

Thanks for the drink.

THE WAKE FOR MICKEY FARAGAMO. INTERIOR FUNERAL HOME.

A priest is standing by the casket. The room is full with mobsters and politicians. Jack is there with ToxZynn, standing near Vinny.

JACK

I'm truly sorry for your loss. Your father was a good man.

VINNY

He spoke well of you too.

JACK

After the funeral I'd like to sit down with you so I can continue my relationship with your family.

VINNY

Good to hear. I like loyalty.

Vinny looking at ToxZynn

VINNY (CONT'D)

Who's your friend?

JACK

My new business associate, Ms. Zynn.

VINNY

I thought you worked solo.

JACK

Times change. This will be good for all of us.

EXTERIOR FUNERAL HOME.

People milling about smoking. Tom is in his Siafu suit next to Stacy, who is wearing all black and her face is covered. They are hidden on a roof surveying the scene.

TOM

It was nice of the mayor to pay his respects.

STACY

His bread knows its butter.

TOM

Who was that with Jack?

STACY

Not a fucking clue.

TOM

Think it's this mysterious Ms. Vin?

STACY

Doubtful. She likes the shadows and there's cameras everywhere today.

TOM

Yeah, I counted C.I.A, F.B.I., C.P.D., and one I don't know.

STACY

We should get going. Too easy to be seen.

4 armed attackers, all wearing suits, surprise Tom and Stacy. They are heavily armed and firing as they arrive.

Stacy tears into the attackers with fists flying. Tom is firing exploding darts from wrist guns on his suit and punching at the same time.

Stacy is shocked to look down and see blood. Whatever these attackers are using is deadly to metas.

Tom sees what's happening, grabs her, and leaps away from the battle.

The various government agencies see the fight and leave their hiding places, rushing to the scene.

The attackers spy the incoming agents and cops.

One of the attackers punches a button on a panel located on his right arm. It's similar to the one on Jack's suit.

The attackers flee in the opposite direction of the way Tom and Stacy fled.

AN UNDERGROUND LAB.

Stacy is lying on a medical table, covered by a sheet, and hooked up to various monitors. Tom, still wearing his suit but with the helmet off, is standing next to her with a worried look on his face. Arumar is holding a clipboard and also looking at Stacy.

STACY

Oh fuck this hurts, but I think I'll heal.

TOM

What could do this to a meta?

STACY

I don't know but we'd better find out.

ARUMAR

Until we do we need to get you some armor.

EARTH 2.

Still in the same location as Chicago, but it's very different here. There are no high rises. Nothing over 5 stories. The homes and buildings are spread over many miles. Everything is colored in muted earth tones. There is no "Loop" or other defined city center. The streets are wide.

Sign on street near city limit. "Welcome to Sanali Township".

INTERIOR OF A SMALL BAR

It's crowded with black people. There is a TV showing the news.

TV (V/O)

This evening marks the 800th anniversary of the Motherland freeing the western countries from the horrid oppressions of white people. Less than a year later a treaty with the Xho Dynasty would formalize the split of global powers and end war as we know it.

People walking the streets, near vendors or outdoor food carts. All the people are dark skinned.

TV (V/O) (CONT'D)

As always, the celebration and public orgies will start at sunset. Please remember to bring your entire family so no one gets left behind.

TOP OF A BUILDING WITH SOME ROUND TABLES ON IT.

It is empty except for 2 people sitting across from each other at a table. One is Trev Jax a/k/aUzziah in his uniform. The other is Tam Rown a/k/a Anoni. She is wearing a loose, pantsuit like, outfit of beiges and browns. There are TVs on the roof and they all have the news on.

On screen under image of a dark skinned woman is the chyron Qu Shahani: President of Preserve Our Families

QU SHAHANI

It's an absolute travesty what these deviates are doing. The gods were very clear. A man must have multiple wives, or a woman must have multiple husbands. To do any less thins the gene pool. If these perverts want to be monogamous let them do what same sex couples do; pair up, have all the sex they want, and not pollute the gene pool. Strength through genetic diversity is our heritage. Don't let these miscreants ruin it.

Anoni turns off the TV

ANONI

So, Trev, you off playing hero again?

UZZIAH

C'mon Tam. Someone has to help them.

ANONI

But why the fucking honks?

UZZIAH

If we ignore the least among us, we deplete us all. Besides, what good was giving them their freedom if we just lock them away?

ANONI

I'm sorry. But they're all white with pale eyes. They look like they crawled from a sewer.

Uzziah stands up.

UZZIAH

What say you, Tam? You sure you won't put on that sexy Anoni costume and come with?

ANONI

Nah, you go ahead and play Uzziah I've got to close up the bar.

Uzziah gives her a quick kiss on the lips.

Uzziah leaping off the roof and jumping over three or more houses at a time as he heads south.

UPSCALE COFFEE HOUSE IN CHICAGO

Arumar & Stacy are sitting in a café. They are drinking coffee. Arumar is wearing his usual suit and Stacy is wearing a nice dress.

STACY

So how long have you worked for Tom?

ARUMAR

Actually, I worked with his dad. I've known Tom since he was a teenager.

STACY

Really? You don't seem that old.

ARUMAR

I'm not, really, I graduated M.I.T. when I was 16. I joined Mr. Hill that year. I'm only 3 years older than Tom.

STACY

So you're smart and good looking.

ARUMAR

I don't know about all that. I'm a bit of a loner. I live in my work.

STACY

Sorry, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable.

ARUMAR

It's all right. I'm actually having a good time for once.

STACY

A first time for everything?

ARUMAR

How about you?

STACY

I came on board a few years back. Just after you guys announced a cure for AIDS. I've always wondered, how that came about.

ARUMAR

Well, that was all Tom. He'd developed a bio-mechanical heart to act as a catalyst for a cold fusion reactor. It failed spectacularly.

ARUMAR (CONT'D)

Per protocols that Tom instituted when he took over, all of the new elements he'd devised were tested in a lengthy series of possible combinations. Diseases, foods, anything that could be impacted organically was introduced to the, new, organic elements.

ARUMAR (CONT'D)

One of the scientists noticed that the human immunodeficiency virus, the root cause of AIDS, disintegrated when exposed to one of the compounds. After a year of fast track testing Tom presented the findings to the government.

ARUMAR (CONT'D)

People still have to sign waivers to use the resulting drug, it hasn't cleared all the FDA's hurdles yet, but, so far, it shows a 100% cure rate, no matter how advanced the disease is.

STACY

Not bad for something that "failed spectacularly."

STREET VIEW. JUNGLE TOWN, EARTH 2.

Dilapidated housing, decaying shops, streets filled with potholes. At one time everything was brightly colored, but now it's all coated in grime. We see nothing but poorly dressed white people milling about.

Uzziah is standing next to a police officer in the middle of the street. The black officer is wearing a white uniform, with a white hat that has a dark, yellow, bill. There is graffiti on the wall behind the cop saying, "Welcome to Jungle Town".

UZZIAH

Good evening Officer.

OFFICER

Evening, Uzziah. Kind of quiet tonight.

The two of them walking away down the street.

UZZIAH

Quiet is good.

OFFICER

Yeah, just the thought of getting roused by you keeps these animals in line.

UZZIAH

They're people, not animals.

OFFICER

So you keep saying. So nobody keeps believing.

UZZIAH

Well, we'd bett ... what the hell is that?!?!

Close up on a white male, sitting on the street. His shirt and pants are open. He has clearly wet himself. His head is tilted to the side. His eyes are glazed and watery. His face is contorted in a rictus smile. There is a blue stain under his nose and drool rolling down his chin.

OFFICER

That? That's one of those Tox Heads.

Uzziah is facing the officer.

UZZIAH

Tox Head? What's that?

OFFICER

Some new drug called Toxic. Gets 'em high and happy, then turns 'em into vegetables.

The two of them looking at the man on the street. He doesn't move or react at all.

UZZIAH

Where's this shit coming from?

OFFICER

Don't know, don't care. The more honks kill themselves, the less work for me.

UZZIAH

Fuck that! You know as well as I, shit from here ends up on our streets too.

A DINGY OFFICE. ONE BARE BULB HANGING FROM THE CEILING.

Two white guys in seedy suits with guns holstered to their chests. Man #1 is seated at a desk. Man #2 is standing beside him. One of Ms. Vin's, female, minions is in the room with them standing next to the desk near Man #2.

MINION

Sales have been good in Jungle Town. What about elsewhere?

MAN #1

Just started roll out two weeks ago.

MINION

Very good. Do you need anything from us at this time?

MAN #2

How bout a little bitchin' nakey time with you?

Minion punches through Man #2's chest with her right fist.

Man #2 is lying on the desk in a pool of blood. Man #1 looks shocked. Blood dripping from the heart she's holding in her right arm.

MINION

It appears you need a new assistant. Please make sure the next one has manners. Good day.

AN EXERCISE ROOM IN SAGE'S MANSION.

She is face down, nude, on a table getting a massage from Alecia. Alecia is wearing a loose, white, robe with nothing underneath it.

ALECIA

Better?

SAGE

Mmm, mmm.

Close up of Sage's face from under the massage table.

ALECIA

So what now?

SAGE

I hang up the suit. This is no war for old women.

ALECIA

I agree, but what will you do?

SAGE

Not me, we. Our family still owns that private island south of Bermuda.

Sage rolling over on the table pulling Alecia to her.

SAGE (CONT'D)

We skinny dip in the waves, stay the hell out of the way, and hope Tom survives what's coming.

VINNY'S STRIP CLUB. BACK OFFICE.

Vinny is sitting in a chair behind his desk, pushed back against the wall, with his pants around his ankles. One of the strippers is on her knees, giving him a blow job. An armed guard is standing next to him, looking around the room. Bombshell, wearing a loose T-shirt, shorts, and high heels, is seated on a couch across the room near the door.

VINNY

You could pick up some extra dough too if you wanted.

BOMBSHELL

No thanks. I do well enough on the pole.

VINNY

Yeah you do. The most of any broad here.

Someone is knocking on the door.

The guard opens the door. A shadow of a man can be seen.

The guard closes the door, crosses the office, and whispers in Vinny's ear.

Vinny brusquely pushes the stripper away and starts zipping his pants.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Fun time's over, everybody out.

Everyone leaving. The stripper getting dressed as she goes.

Bombshell spies a man in a gray suit with red trimmings. He is tight to the wall. His face is obscured by shadows.

INSIDE A HIGH TECH LAB

Stacy is standing nude, with her arms spread wide, on a revolving platform. You can see a few scars on her torso. Hundreds of tiny lasers are pointed at her. Tom and Arumar are looking through a window as she does. There are numerous displays in the room with them.

STACY

Is this really necessary? Couldn't I wear a leotard or something?

ARUMAR

Even one micron can mean the difference between life and death.

A digital display of a suit of armor in green outlines, with many measurements cascading by.

TOM

Relax, you're not the first woman I've seen naked and, besides, we're almost done.

STACY IS IN THE CONTROL ROOM WITH THEM.

She is wearing a robe, tied shut, with her arms folded across her chest. They are all looking at the silver armor on the screen. It is similar to Tom's with some concessions for her curves.

STACY

Nice. Does it come in black?

ARUMAR

Any color you like.

The display now shows the armor colored black. They are still looking at the armor.

TOM

Sassy, the deadly ghost. I like it.

STACY

Sta ... oh, fuck it.

THE GORGON'S GATE

Ms. Vin is sitting in her chair. A minion is standing next to her.

MINION

Thanks to the wars on Earth 5, Toxic has become a bit of an epidemic. Almost 40% of the soldiers are using it and it's spread all over the world. We've killed quite a few secret metas thanks to that. Earths 2 and 4 are on schedule and it's finally being distributed to the general populaces. Earth 1 is just starting delivery and Earth 3 won't touch the stuff.

MS. VIN

Good enough. We'll kill the supply, and the addicts, once it's embedded fully. Then we'll deal with Earth 3.

OUTSIDE A DRAB WAREHOUSE

Sassy and Siafu are on a nearby roof looking down at the dark warehouse. Both are fully armored.

The warehouse has a large parking lot, none of the lights are on in the lot, and is, otherwise, surrounded by woods. It's a cloudy night and the moon is barely visible. There is a light rain falling.

Arumar is sitting in a lab, wearing a headset, talking to them. As always, he's impeccably dressed.

ARUMAR

Your suits both have the same upgrades. Each has jet packs embedded on the back and guidance jets on your hands and feet. They are ion powered and good for approximately three hours of flight time. There is also a pulse cannon on your left arm. Just remember, using the cannon reduces your flight time.

Close up of Sassy and Siafu

SIAFU

Thanks Arumar. Hopefully they won't be needed. This is just a simple arms bust.

SASSY

Simple? With Vinny involved?

The warehouse flashes brightly on the inside.

The warehouse is dark again.

SASSY (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?

SIAFU

No clue.

The warehouse opens up and two trucks can be seen pulling out. They are cube vans. They are all white with Dinky Cola logos on the side. (**NOTE:** A company called *DINKY* used to make Cola trucks for kids. Three people will get this joke)

Sassy and Siafu leap, without jets, off the building they're on.

SIAFU (CONT'D)

This looks like our clue.

The warehouse flashes again as they get near.

They switch directions and land in the woods.

ARUMAR SITTING AT A COMMAND CENTER IN THE LAB.

ARUMAR

Be careful. Based on your father's notes I think I know what those flashes were.

OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

Sassy and Siafu hiding in the bushes.

SASSY

Can they kill us?

ARUMAR (V/O)

Maybe.

The two trucks are getting near. Their lights are off.

Sassy facing Siafu.

SASSY

Go? No go?

SIAFU

Go. Carefully. We can't let these weapons hit the streets.

Sassy and Siafu emerge from the bushes in front of the trucks.

The passenger side of each truck opens fire on them with large rifles shooting balls of energy.

Siafu is knocked to the ground. Sassy opens fire on the trucks with her pulse cannon.

The front truck explodes as four, armed, bad guys, mixed races, pour out of the back of the second carrying more large rifles.

Siafu gets back up, firing his pulse canon.

SIAFU (CONT'D)

Hot fuck is that gonna leave a bruise!

SIAFU (CONT'D)

Use the darts if you can. We can't question dead people.

Sassy and Siafu concentrate their fire on the four armed newcomers using darts. All four fall at the onslaught.

SASSY

Man, they're gonna have nasty headaches tomorrow.

SIAFU

Fuck them! Get the driver and the shooter!

The passenger comes around the truck with a large rifle, firing. Sassy goes down this time.

SASSY

Holy shit! What is that thing?

Siafu shoots the shooter with darts, the shooter goes down. The driver can be seen running away.

Siafu tosses a grenade in the back of the truck.

Sirens can be heard as police approach.

SIAFU

Questions are gonna have to wait. Let's get gone!

The truck explodes as Sassy and Siafu fly away.

A BEACH ON AN ISLAND.

Sage and Alecia are lying, nude, on two lounge chairs, close to each other. They are holding hands. There are tropical drinks on the arm rests. It is a bright, sunny, day. A couple of gulls can be seen in the distance. There is no one else around.

You can see the scars on Sage's chest and stomach. She still has a couple of bandages.

ALECIA

Do you miss it?

SAGE

Not yet.

IN ARUMAR'S LAB

Tom and Stacy are both topless, sitting on a table back at the lab. They both have large bruises on their chests. Arumar is wrapping Stacy's ribs.

ARUMAR

It is as I feared, it seems. Those flashes mean that Vinny has access to mobile portals.

TOM

You mean they can go from world to world without using the Gorgon's Gate?

ARUMAR

Exactly.

TOM

Well, that sucks.

EARTH 5. A PLANET AT WAR WITH ITSELF.

Scene is Kounumba Province, the Earth 5 equivalent of Chicago. It is a war zone. There are armed troopers at barricades, buildings have iron bars over all their windows, people, mixed races, cling to walls and avoid the main streets. There are no buildings over 4 stories tall. Any cars seen have bars over their windows. All cars are small, armored, and utilitarian.

A voluptuous black woman is sitting on throne made of skulls. She is wearing a black dress, slit to the waist, barely containing her breasts, with another slit up her left leg that comes to her waist. Her legs are crossed at the knees. She has on red, open toed, boots, and a lot of silver jewelry. Her finger, and toe, nails are red too. The room is dark, lit with torches, and the walls are covered with violent imagery. Can be tapestries, murals, photos, or paintings.

There are two men, one black, the other Asian, standing on either side of her. Except for gun belts across their chests, handgun belts on their waists, and knee high black boots with a knife sheath in each boot, they are completely nude. Both are well endowed.

A door being opened by a male guard. He is wearing a gun belt and knee high black boots and nothing else. A middle aged white woman is dropping her robe as she enters. She is nude beneath it.

GUARD:

Appearing before her holy majesty, Queen Vamp, goddess of Kounumba Province, comes the emissary for Earth 1.

WOMAN

Your majesty, I come to you
honestly.

VAMP

As all who are pure will.

The woman is kneeling, with her head bowed, in front of Vamp.

VAMP (CONT'D)

Were the weapons delivered?

WOMAN

Yes your majesty. But there was a
problem.

Vamp is clearly upset.

VAMP

I do not let you live to cause me
problems.

WOMAN

Not I, your majesty. Some Earth 1
commandos in battle suits destroyed
the shipment.

Vamp is angry.

VAMP

Bend them to Hell! Do I have to
kill everyone myself?

The woman is now completely prostrate in front of Vamp.

WOMAN

Whatever your will, my majesty. You
are the true gift from the Gods.

VAMP

Yes I am, and don't you ever forget
it.

Vamp reaches over and strokes the arm of the Asian guard.

VAMP (CONT'D)

Do we know who these heretics are?

WOMAN

Yes your majesty.

Vamp waves her hand in the direction of the Asian Guard.

VAMP

You will tell me all you know, then
you may service Kwon.

WOMAN

May the Gods bless your majesty.

Vamp is talking to the African-American guard. We can see the woman fellating the Asian guard in the background.

VAMP

Vin calls us War World, like it's
an insult. But she likes our
weapons well enough. She set this
shit up. We'll let her deal with
it, cover any losses, and clean up
her own mess. I have more important
things to worry about.

A DINGY DINER IN CHICAGO.

Cutter and Konrad are sitting across from each other. He's wearing a short sleeve shirt with a brown tie, tan slacks, and brown shoes. She's wearing a T-shirt which reads KIDD BODE!, jeans, and sneaks.

There is a "No Smoking" sign on the wall next to them. They are both smoking. They each have a cheeseburger, some fries, and cup of coffee in front of them. Each about half eaten. There is a pot of coffee in the middle of the table. The diner is called GudEetz and the name is painted on the window.

KONRAD

Okay, food's great, yada yada, why
am I here on my day off?

CUTTER

You hear about Vinny's "vegetable
shipment" getting all blown to
hell?

Close up of Konrad taking a puff on his smoke.

KONRAD

Yeah, I'm crying inside. What about
it?

Close up of Cutter, sipping her coffee.

CUTTER

Some of the weapons used matched
that freak Siafu's.

KONRAD

Big fucking deal. Freak wants to kill baddies, God fucking bless him.

CUTTER

I said "some," not all.

KONRAD

Interest piqued, go on.

CUTTER

We only got pieces, but what we got isn't even on the drawing board at Area 51. We're talking plasma cannons, ion pulse beams, shit straight outta sci-fi.

KONRAD

Okay, weird shit. Don't explain why I ain't home watching the game.

CUTTER

You remember Vinny's dead daddy?

KONRAD

Yeah, salt of the earth, loved by a hamster. What about him?

CUTTER

The residue we found there was the same as the shit I found in Mickey's shells. I had to run tests three times to be sure.

Outside the diner, we can see them eating through the window.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

You once said you thought the Faragamos were getting out of town help. I don't think you realize how far out of town that may be.

THE HILL HOUSE. MIKE HILL, TOM'S FATHER IS STILL ALIVE.

FLASHBACK: Sage is demonstrably pregnant. She is standing in the living room, looking out the window. Mike Hill walks in, barefoot, wearing slacks and a half tucked in work shirt, with Alecia behind him. She is wearing a conservative dark blue skirt, matching blazer, with a white shirt and stockings. She has on a women's party banquet tie, it is blue also.

MIKE

Honey? This is Alecia Yang. I've hired her to be your assistant.

FLASHBACK: Sage and Alecia are sitting in a small antechamber, they are drinking tea and there are biscuits on a platter between them.

SAGE

Well, you seem sane, how'd you end up here?

ALECIA (SMILING)

My father worked with your husband until he passed away a few weeks ago.

ALECIA (CONT'D)

Smoking and drinking did him in.

ALECIA (CONT'D)

Anyway, I had nothing to do with him gone and Mr. Hill offered me a job.

SAGE

Still, I'm sorry for your loss.

ALECIA

Don't be. I loved my dad, but he made a litany of bad choices.

FLASHBACK: Alecia getting up, cleaning plates.

ALECIA (CONT'D)

Forgive my saying, but I didn't see a baby's room.

SAGE

Well, this wasn't well planned. But there are rooms we can use.

ALECIA

Life is full of surprises.

SAGE

Oh, you have no idea.

A SEEDY HOTEL ROOM.

Two twin beds. Jack and ToxxZynn are each sitting on one facing the other. He is wearing black jeans and a sleeveless T-shirt showing off his tats. He is barefoot.

She is wearing a man's dress shirt, which hangs to her thighs, with only the top button open, and nothing else. There is a small duffle bag next to her. The news is on the TV, but neither is paying attention.

TV (V/O)

Police are still baffled as to why terrorists blew up a shipment of vegetables destined for Faragamo groceries ...

View from behind Jack. He uses the remote to turn off the TV while still looking at Toxx.

TOXX

Ugnara bin veen?

JACK

Gonna be a tough partnership if we can't talk to each other.

Toxx pulls a rectangular device out of the duffle. It has five, color coded, lines on it. From top to bottom they are blue, green, yellow, white, and red.

She pushes the blue line.

TOXX (VOICE COMING FROM DEVICE)

Can you understand me now?

JACK

I'll be damned. Who said Star Trek was fiction?

TOXX:(VOICE COMING FROM DEVICE)

What is Star Trek?

Wall in the background. A picture of a colorful bunny hangs on the wall.

JACK

Pop culture. Never mind. So what's this shit we're gonna sell to Vinny?

TOXX (VOICE COMING FROM DEVICE)

It's called Toxic. It was invented on my world. By me. It helps dementia patients focus, and be pain free, until they die. Normal brains experience hours of joy but it eventually turns them into mush.

JACK

Sounds like every other drug I know.

Toxx walking toward the window.

TOXX: (VOICE COMING FROM DEVICE)

There is nothing like this. It's 80% addictive on first use, and 100% fatal within 3 years.

JACK

That'll thin the herd. What about metas? What did Vin mean?

Toxx is standing at the window.

TOXX: (VOICE COMING FROM DEVICE)

Some genes are dormant in humans but very active in metas. It's how they get so powerful. When Toxic hits those active genes it kills instantly.

JACK

Remind me to coat my bullets with that shit next time I face that bitch.

VINNY'S STRIP CLUB.

A couple of nude dancers are entertaining a sparse crowd.

A couple of dudes, mixed race, walking through the club. They are bloody.

VINNY'S OFFICE.

The two dudes are sitting, stripped to their underwear, being looked after by a mob doctor. He is wearing a Hawaiian shirt and shorts.

Close up of one dude getting stitches in his arm

STITCHES

FUCK MAN! Watch what you're doing!

Two topless strippers carrying platters of bloody bandages walking away from Vinny's office in the hall.

Vinny looking at the doctor.

VINNY

Dey gonna live?

DOC

Most likely.

Doctor leaving Vinny's office counting a large wad of cash.

Vinny looking at his two goons. They are stitched up and dressing.

VINNY

I only wanna know one thing. Who am I killing for this?

STITCHES

Siafu and some bitch.

TOM'S MANSION. INTERIOR DINING ROOM.

Tom, Stacy, and Arumar, are sitting at a table. It's the same one as in issue 1. The cork-board with pictures pinned on it is still there. Tom is at the head of the table and Arumar and Stacy are across from each other. There are a variety of papers and odd looking artifacts scattered about. Tom & Stacy are both wearing robes. There is a pot of coffee on the table and all three have cups in front of them. There are also plates with partially eaten sandwiches.

TOM

Okay, so how does my dad fit into all this?

ARUMAR

According to your father, Ms. Vin granted special clients a portal generator. Some portals are for personal use, like this gauntlet.

A glove that comes up about to mid-forearm, with lots of buttons and a small screen on it.

ARUMAR (CONT'D)

Others portals are designed to move large objects, such as trucks or armies.

STACY

All well and good, but I wasn't shot by a fucking portal.

ARUMAR

No, but you were shot by what came through that portal. Based on your father's notes, I would say guns from Earth 5.

TOM

Then we need to get to some of these Earths and see if we can scrounge up some allies.

ARUMAR

Easier said than done. Your father left instructions for the gauntlet, but I can't decipher them.

A page filled with gibberish and a picture of the gauntlet.

Tom picks up the paper.

TOM

Ha! I'll be damned. It's the make believe language he created when I was a kid. We used to it tell each other secrets. It was a lot of fun.

STACY

That's cute as the dickens. Can you read it?

TOM

Yeah. The multi-verse is ours.

VINNY'S STRIP CLUB.

Bombshell is working the pole, wearing a, neon pink, bikini. Vinny is wearing a black business suit and sitting at the bar next to a guy in a grey business suit with red cuffs. It is one of Vin's minions. The club is sparsely populated and no one else is sitting anywhere near Vinny.

MINION

Ms. Vin keeps her word. You will be reimbursed for your loss and we will make arrangements for a new shipment.

Vinny lifting a glass of bourbon on the rocks.

VINNY

That's good to hear. But that don't stop those freaks from doing this again.

MINION

Yes. That is an issue. With your permission, we can send some special security next time.

Bombshell is crouched down, off the pole, removing her top, and swinging it over her head. She is wearing a hidden ear piece, and she is cupping her hand over her ear with her free hand. his next line of dialogue is coming through a radio

VINNY

The more the merrier. Anything to stop these fucks.

UPSCALE RESTARAUNT

Oshun and Bes are sitting at a table. She is wearing a red, leather, dress that comes mid-thigh. She has on black nylons, fishnet, and red, open toed, shoes, and her hair is up in a bun. Bes is wearing a grey suit with matching shoes.

BES

We're getting into weird land here
V. We gotta be careful.

OSHUN

I got us in, I'll get us out.

BES

You always do. But this feels different.

OSHUN

I know what you mean. The Faragamos are gonna own this town if this keeps up.

BES

There are other towns. Other banks.

OSHUN

We owe Vinny one more score. Let's clear the books and then decide.

EARTH 2, ANONI'S BAR.

Uzziah is wearing regular clothes, sitting at a bar, nursing a beer. Tam/Anoni is tending bar. There are a few, exclusively black, customers in the place. Some have plates of food in front of them.

UZZIAH

Look, Tam, you gotta help me here.

ANONI

Why? Look, Trev, your heart's in the right place, but those people are animals.

UZZIAH

Even if you're right, and you're not, that shit's gonna be all over our streets sooner rather than later.

ANONI

I get it. You like helping. And you like dressing up as Uzziah. And you do a lot of good. I can't deny that.

ANONI (CONT'D)

Okay, tell me what we're looking for and I'll think about it.

UZZIAH

All I know is that it's called Toxic, and it's blue. The users I saw were drooling vegetables. The cops think like you do, so they turn a blind eye. Better there be some dead honks than they do any work.

ANONI

You can't blame them. I don't care what the new laws say.

UZZIAH

You're just not getting this. What kills one kills us all.

Uzziah, in uniform, bounding over rooftops, headed south.

THE GORGON'S GATE

Ms. Vin is walking down a long hallway, accompanied by two minions. She is wearing a red bikini with a gray cape and knee high, black, boots.

MINION #1

It seems the metas on Earth 5 die easier because of all the pollutants from the war.

(MORE)

MINION #1 (CONT'D)

Our scientists are working on new ammunition.

MS. VIN

Pity Toxic burns off when coated onto bullets. That would be the best solution. Very well, do what you can. Send the cunt her money, get that Earth 1 hood his new toys, and send along four of our elites to guard his next shipment.

MINION #1

As you command.

UPSCALE, QUIET, BAR IN CHICAGO.

Tom and Stacy are sitting at a small table. They each have drinks in front of them. Both are casually dressed.

TOM

You okay?

STACY

I hope so. Hurts like hell, but booze helps.

STACY (CONT'D)

Any idea what we just got hit by?

TOM

Not really. You heard Arumar. We have guesses.

STACY

Well, if anyone can find the facts, it's him.

TOM

True. He's smart and incapable of lying. I, literally, trust him with my life.

STACY

And mine too it seems.

TOM (LAUGHING)

You wanted in, you got in.

OUTSIDE THE BAR

Tom and Stacy walking down the street. The bar nearby in the background. They are next to each other, but not touching.

STACY

Like you said, I'm in. How about letting me all the way in.

TOM

What do you want to know?

STACY

Why? Why Siafu? Why any of this?

THE TWO OF THEM SITTING ON A BUS STOP BENCH.

TOM

I found the suit when I was young. Maybe 17. It was in the basement. Locked in a carton stuffed behind Christmas ornaments and crap like that.

FLASHBACK: Young Tom looking at the suit.

TOM (V/O) (CONT'D)

I was young, dumb, and full of cum. I wanted to be a superhero.

FLASHBACK: Young Tom putting on the suit.

TOM (V/O) (CONT'D)

There were instructions in the carton. My God, I never felt so powerful. So alive.

FLASHBACK: Young Tom, in the suit, standing with his hands on his hips, getting shot by bank robbers, to no effect.

TOM (CONT'D)

I started with little crimes. Banks, grocery stores, and the like.

FLASHBACK: View from the ground, Siafu leaping over an alley. He is in midair flying from roof top to roof top.

TOM (CONT'D)

I took the name from a book of deadly insects found around the world.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
Siafu's African and it seemed about right. It's versatile, smart, and lethal for an ant.

Tom and Stacy, once again, sitting on the bus stop.

TOM (CONT'D)
Arumar figured out pretty quick what I'd done and became my mentor. Not that he had many viable options if he wanted to keep his job.

The two of them walking through a park at night, in silhouette.

TOM (CONT'D)
But he wasn't my only teacher. I was still in school. And I learned something vitally important in those hallowed halls.

STACY
What's that?

The two of them further away, still silhouette.

TOM
What other people call the son of a successful black businessman who's doing well in school.

STACY
What's that?

TOM
Nigger.