

"Firestorm"

FADE IN:

TEASER

EXT. THE WAYNETECH LABORATORIES COMPLEX - NIGHT

The complex is dark, with the exception of a single window from a lone building spilling its light onto the complex grounds. A SHADOWY FIGURE enters the frame, peers into the window, then quietly slips into its entrance.

INT. WAYNETECH, SECRETARY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

We find the light's source, a desk lamp, where a secretary, DOREEN, late 20's, slaves away. Her back is to us, fingers dancing across her CHATTERING computer keyboard.

We hear the SQUEAK of an opening door. Doreen stiffens, alerted to a presence. Then, in a good-natured tone...

DOREEN

You're late, Ronnie.

RONNIE (O.S.)

My Doreen, you know nothing
could ever keep me from you.

We PULL BACK to reveal RONNIE RAYMOND, late teens, worn clothes and rough around the edges. Under his arm is a bulging cardboard box labeled, *STAN'S DELI*. Ronnie is a delivery boy. He swaggers up to the desk and sets his gaze upon Doreen, the object of his desires.

RONNIE

Why do you let that slave driver
keep you here night after night?

DOREEN

He signs my paychecks.

RONNIE

I can take you away from this -
candlelight dinner, you, me,
and *Sleepless in Seattle* on DVD.

DOREEN

I think they have laws against
that sort of thing.

Undaunted, Ronnie plants a styrofoam soup container on
Doreen's desk, bats his eyes...

RONNIE

You're weakening, I can tell.

...and heads for the door at the far end of the room. Doreen
holds back a CHUCKLE, shaking her head as he exits.

INT. WAYNETECH LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Where we find two scientists deeply engrossed in their
work. They barely notice Ronnie's entrance. He saunters
up to the first, dressed in a welder-style mask and suit,
hunched over a large hi-tech machine. This is DOCTOR
MARTIN STEIN. As Ronnie begins to off-load his dinner...

RONNIE

Chow time, Doc - tuna, no
mayo, crusts cut-off, and
buttermilk.

He barely responds.

MARTIN

(muffled)

Uh huh.

Ronnie holds out his hand for the tip. Nothing, then...

RONNIE

So, uh, how's it going?

Martin seems to come to life. He pulls off his mask
revealing a bookish man, glasses, early 50's. He's
thrilled over Ronnie's apparent interest in his project.

MARTIN

Well, I'm glad you're *finally*
showing interest, Ronald.
I'm now to a point where we
can actually alter the atomic
structure of matter...

RONNIE

I believe *I'm fine* how are you
is the normal response, Doc.

Martin furrows his brow then digs deep into his pocket.

MARTIN

Maybe you should take some
of your tip money and put it
toward college, instead of
whatever it is you do with it.

RONNIE

(sotto voce)

Hmph, that'll be the day.

Has Martin struck a sensitive chord? Ronnie shakes it off
and moves on to the second man, a balding, crusty codger,
DR. DONALDSON. He's also bent over a project of his own.

RONNIE

Here you go, Dr. Donaldson,
luke-warm chicken broth...

He rears back as if he were just offered a plate of mud.

DONALDSON

What kind of swill is this?

Both Martin and Ronnie react...

RONNIE

It's what you always order.

Donaldson composes himself then backpedals. He ducks for
cover behind the demeanor of a sweet old man.

DONALDSON

Of course, son, I do apologize.

RONNIE

What's the matter, Doc? You're
not yourself today.

Suddenly, from the above skylight, a CRASH followed by a
shower of broken glass. THE BATMAN swings in, hits the
floor, and produces a batarang. He barks out to Ronnie.

BATMAN

Get back!

He lets the batarang fly. It lands with a THUNK, splitting Donaldson's forehead! Ronnie and Martin are horrified.

MARTIN

Oh my...

But it's not Donaldson. The frail fossil MORPHS into none other than the villainous CLAYFACE!

BATMAN

Where's the real Donaldson,
Hagen?

Enraged, Clayface puffs up like a blowfish then bellows...

CLAYFACE

The same place you're going,
Bat-breath, oblivion!

Clayface MORPHS his hand into a pile driver and launches it into Batman. The Dark Knight rolls, the driver misses, instead completely obliterating a piece of lab equipment.

Martin reacts.

MARTIN

Nooo!

Batman rolls to his feet. He heaves a batarang that splinters into five separate pieces. They connect, imbedding themselves into Clayface's chest. He looks down at the puny seemingly ineffective weapons and...

CLAYFACE

(laughs defiantly)

...suddenly, each of them EXPLODES. The joke's on him. This does send Clayface tumbling back. He slams against a wall, shattering more lab equipment, starting a small FIRE.

CLAYFACE

(pained grunt)

Now he's really pissed. He recovers and charges Batman, MORPHING his fingers into ten razor-sharp tendrils.

Ronnie runs to Martin's side.

RONNIE
We've got to bolt, Doc!

But Martin is more worried about his lab. He's frozen in his tracks.

Batman continues to fight off Clayface's unrelenting advance. He takes another swipe at our hero. Batman ducks. Clayface slices through an electric cable. SPARKS fly, IGNITING more chemicals, setting FIRE to Martin's device.

MARTIN
My work!

Martin breaks free from Ronnie and runs to his precious machine. Ronnie trails behind, imploring him...

RONNIE
No, Doc!

Batman picks up a chair and heaves it at Clayface. He deflects it effortlessly. The tumbling chair slams into Ronnie and Martin, knocking them into the machine. Suddenly, it EXPLODES.

Batman and Clayface are bowled over by the force and are momentarily stunned.

Where Ronnie and Martin once stood there is now just a pile of debris. Suddenly, the twisted pieces of metal start to shift. Something starts to rise from under the pile - a GLOWING figure, body PULSING with energy, hair AFLAME! An amazing sight, we will come to know him as...

FIRESTORM!

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WAYNETECH, LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

As many small FIRES join to become one big one, the room fills with an impenetrable blanket of smoke. FLAMES assault the ceiling, weakening the supports.

Batman and Clayface rise to their feet. They take in Firestorm, both not knowing what to make of him. Then they turn to one another and tense, ready to continue, ready to strike.

Suddenly, ceiling supports start to buckle and give. A large beam crashes to the floor, bringing a pile of debris with it, blocking the door and the only exit.

The two enemies stare each other down, silently acknowledging that to continue their bout in this inferno would be foolhardy.

CLAYFACE

Some other time, Bats.

Clayface then flattens himself out like a pancake and slithers under the debris and the now barricaded door.

Batman turns to Firestorm and barks out...

BATMAN

Where are the others?

Firestorm doesn't acknowledge. He's dazed, confused, and overwhelmed by the fire.

Batman snaps his head right then left, searching..

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Dr. Stein!

Firestorm, now panicked, tries to beat back the flames. As he does, peculiar ENERGY BOLTS shoot out of his hands, striking the walls, forming ICE PATCHES and ICYCLES!

Batman reacts to this.

BATMAN

What the...?

They're out of time. Another beam crashes to the floor. Batman grabs the still very confused Firestorm and fires his batline through the skylight. He triggers the take-up reel and the two make their escape.

EXT. WAYNETECH COMPLEX, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

An adjacent building - Batman with Firestorm in tow swings in. As he sets him down...

BATMAN

Stay put. I'm going after
Stein and the kid.

Batman steps up to the ledge and aims his launcher.

Firestorm is a little more lucid now.

FIRESTORM

Uh, Mr. Batman, *I am* the kid.

Batman pauses and turns back.

MARTIN (V.O.)

And I'm here, too.

Firestorm hasn't noticed that Martin *isn't* there.

FIRESTORM

You okay, Doc?

Ronnie can hear Martin's voice but Batman can't.

BATMAN

Who are you talking to?

MARTIN (V.O.)

I'm having trouble seeing.

FIRESTORM

I'm talking to Doctor Stein.

BATMAN

Stein isn't here.

MARTIN (V.O.)
Of course I'm here.

Firestorm snaps his head around, looking for Martin.

FIRESTORM
Of course he's here he's...
(beat, then)
...not here? Doc!

MARTIN (V.O.)
No need to yell, Ronald, I'm
right here.

FIRESTORM
Uh, no, you're not.

BATMAN
You're talking to Stein?

MARTIN
Please don't talk about me as
if I'm not here.

FIRESTORM
You're *not* here.
(to Batman)
Can't you hear?

BATMAN
No.

FIRESTORM
Hoo boy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATCHTOWER, EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

Now in a hospital-style smock, Firestorm is laid out on an examination table. J'ONN stands over him, hands extended, concentrating. He is performing a mind probe.

J'ONN'S P.O.V.

A cascade of images embedded in a rain of swirling colors runs through J'onn's mind: Martin asleep on a lab table -

Ronnie at home, getting slugged by an abusive father - Martin arguing with a woman, then looking down at piece of paper with the word *divorce* printed across it - Ronnie hauling huge back-breaking deliveries - the explosion - the merger - both Ronnie and Martin in confused, panicked states - and in the midst of it all, a pulsing Firestorm.

INT. WATCHTOWER, CORRIDOR

Batman is approaching the Examination Room as J'onn steps into the corridor.

BATMAN

What did you learn?

J'ONN

This may sound incredible.

BATMAN

I'm about to go track down a man made entirely of clay. Try me.

J'ONN

It seems Dr. Martin Stein and the boy, Ronnie Raymond, are co-existing within the same person. Ronnie controls the body but Stein is definitely a presence. Their new body is a result of that merger.

BATMAN

Does he, do *they* know about their appearance?

Suddenly, from within the Examination Room...

FIRESTORM (O.S.)

Ahhhhhh.

No reaction, beat, then...

J'ONN

Yes.

Batman starts to walk away.

BATMAN

I'm sure you can handle it.

J'ONN

There is also the issue of
his transmutation powers.
I sensed in him a great
potential. His abilities
may warrant nurturing.

Batman halts, stiffens, then turns back.

BATMAN

I know what you're thinking,
J'onn. You know it takes more
than a freakish lab accident to
qualify for this line of work.

(emphatic)

For the public's sake, as well
as his own, *he* stays here
until we can separate *them*.

And Batman exits.

INT. WATCHTOWER, EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Firestorm has been listening near a half-open door.

FIRESTORM

Is it true? Am I a freak?
And what the heck is going on
with my hair?

NOTE: From now on we should see Martin as an ethereal
disembodied head, his own, representing his continuing
presence and part of Firestorm symbiosis - per the comic.

MARTIN

We are a hybrid, Ronald,
somehow imbued with the
abilities of my matter
transmutation device.

Firestorm only half hears him. He's busy testing his new
abilities.

FIRESTORM

I'm sure that means something
in someone's language.

He extends his hand toward the examination table. An
ENERGY BOLT shoots out and turns the pillow to stone.

FIRESTORM (CONT'D)

Did you see that, Doc? I
turned the pillow to stone.

MARTIN

There must be a way to reverse
this process.

FIRESTORM

Why should we? Having powers
could be cool.

MARTIN

No, Ronald, this isn't normal.

Firestorm steps up to the mirror and looks in. A peculiar
image stares back at him - flaming hair, gleaming eyes, an
unsettling sight.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

We've become inhuman, an
abomination.

The image of J'onn joins Firestorm's reflection in the
mirror, startling him.

J'ONN

I don't believe those words
are necessarily synonymous.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE WATCHTOWER, TRANSPORTER ROOM - LATER

A door slides aside and J'onn and Firestorm enter. J'onn
is giving him a tour of The Watchtower.

FIRESTORM

But, I thought only *I* could
hear Dr. Stein.

J'ONN

You share a telepathic
link with him. With my
advanced telepathic
ability I am also able to
communicate with Dr. Stein.

MARTIN

Finally, adult conversation.

Ronnie doesn't appreciate the slam.

RONNIE

You're all heart, Doc.

The transporter chamber SHIMMERS and BLACK CANARY
MATERIALIZES on the pad. She gives Firestorm a wink and
quickly exits the chamber. Firestorm goes ga-ga.

FIRESTORM

Hellooo, nurse.

J'ONN

We use this device to
teleport to and from Earth.

Martin is awestruck.

MARTIN

Amazing technology.

J'ONN

There is more.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE WATCHTOWER, CORRIDOR

AS WE FOLLOW - J'onnn and Firestorm pass other Jlers,
hustling down the corridor, preoccupied with various world-
saving activities. For Firestorm it's like a star-studded
walk down Hollywood Boulevard.

FIRESTORM

Hey, wasn't that..?

J'ONN

The transmutation powers
you possess are controlled
mentally through sheer will.

MARTIN

As I suspected. Did your
tests reveal anything about
the breadth of the power,
its limits?

J'onn stops and turns to them to make his point.

J'ONN

I detected no limits.

A blue, red, and yellow figure zips by. It's all a blur
but we recognize the super-color scheme.

FIRESTORM

Was that...?

(beat)

This place is a regular
hero's club.

J'onn leads them to another door.

J'ONN

I would hardly call The
Watchtower a clubhouse.

INT. WATCHTOWER, MONITOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door slides aside. J'onn and Firestorm enter. This
room is filled to the brim with hi-tech equipment and
scores of monitors - an impressive sight.

FIRESTORM

Wow! Does it play *Doom*?

J'ONN

From here we monitor the world,
watching for trouble spots
and responding when needed.

MARTIN

Impressive, but I'm curious.
Why do you do this?

J'onn's tone conveys his deepest convictions.

J'ONN

Because we can. And if we
don't, who will?

Beat, then from the intercom...

COMM VOICE

J'onn, can you come to the
hangar?

J'ONN

Please excuse me.

J'onn exits.

FIRESTORM

So, what about it, Doc?
Think I should take a shot
at the hero bizz?

MARTIN

Ronald, may I remind you that
we are a we not an I.

FIRESTORM

Okay then, we should do it.
We've got the powers.

MARTIN

What these people do goes
beyond having powers. There
are other issues to consider,
character for one.

Firestorm's attention is drawn to a monitor.

TIGHTER reveals an armored car jacking in progress.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Maturity is another, neither
of which you possess.

FIRESTORM
(refers to monitor)
Dibs, Doc, let's kick some butt.

MARTIN
Did you not hear me just now?

No. Firestorm closes his eyes and concentrates.

FIRESTORM
Sheer will, huh?

The room is suddenly bathed in a brilliant FLASH OF LIGHT.

Firestorm turns toward his reflection in a viewport. His smock has been transformed into Firestorm's signature costume. He lets out a satisfied grin.

FIRESTORM
Not bad.

MARTIN
No, Ronald, no!

FIRESTORM
Come on, let's do some good.

As Firestorm heads for the door...

MARTIN
Mr. J'onzz, a little help
here!

INT. THE WATCHTOWER, J'ONN'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

J'onn is seated in a chair, his eyes closed in meditation.

MARTIN (V.O.)
Mr. J'onzz!

He opens his eyes. Do we detect a subtle smile?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAYNETECH, LABORATORY - NIGHT

This place is completely decimated.

A Shadowy Figure moves quietly among the debris. It stops and bends closer to Martin's machine, now a mangled mess. Our shadow is, of course, Batman.

From an open door, criss-crossed by police barrier tape, a TV is BLARING away in the b.g. A snoozing GUARD is passed out in front of it.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

(on TV)

...the armored car robbery was
thwarted by a new costumed
hero who calls himself Firestorm.

Batman's attention immediately turns to...

THE TV

We see footage of Firestorm swooping down on a speeding armored car - zigzagging erratically through the streets of Gotham - smashing into cars and barely missing pedestrians.

Two ROBBERS are hanging on its doors, guns blasting away. Firestorm makes his body intangible. The bullets pass straight through him. Then, with a wave of his hand, Firestorm literally TRANSFORMS the vehicle into a large wedge of SWISS CHEESE. The fleeing dairy product comes skidding to a halt, allowing the police pursuit to catch up and surround the criminals.

Firestorm performs a victory roll and then rockets skyward.

TIGHT ON BATMAN

He scowls.

EXT. THE SKY - DAWN

Firestorm is soaring high over Gotham City, performing a series of aerobatic moves. The ever-present image of Stein trails behind, eyes clenched shut in abject terror.

FIRESTORM

Wahoo, I've got this nailed!

MARTIN

Stop grandstanding, Ronald!
Get us back to terra firma!

FIRESTORM

Whatsamatter, 'fraid of heights?

MARTIN

Yes!

Firestorm looks down...

A crowd has gathered in the park near a lake. Firestorm zeroes in on a BEAUTIFUL GIRL. She's waiving at him.

FIRESTORM

And the hits just keep comin'!

She tumbles into the lake and disappears under the water.

FIRESTORM (CONT'D)

Uh oh, damsel in distress!
Can you swim, Doc?

MARTIN

No!

Firestorm executes a high speed dive straight into and under the water. He emerges a split second later, carrying the Beautiful Girl. The crowd goes nuts.

CROWD

(cheering)

As Firestorm touches down the Girl gives him a kiss...
...then transforms into Clayface.

FIRESTORM

(gagging)

Yuck!

Clayface MORPHS his hand, making it ten times its normal size. He grabs Firestorm.

CLAYFACE

Give me Stein and I might
let you live, whelp.

Firestorm slithers free. Using his speed and agility he easily dodges two blows from the lumbering Clayface.

MARTIN

What does he want with me?

FIRESTORM

How should I know?

(to Clayface)

Hey, doughboy, you want the wrong guy. Stein doesn't do face-lifts.

Clayface forms a spinning buzz saw blade and launches it at Firestorm. He barely dodges it as it pulverizes a tree.

MARTIN

Ronald, you're making him mad!

FIRESTORM

Relax, Doc, we're supposed to taunt the bad guys. It's part of the routine.

MARTIN

This is not a lounge act!

FIRESTORM

Oh yeah? Watch this.

Firestorm churns up an ORB OF ENERGY at his fingertips and fires it at Clayface. But it bounces harmlessly off the villain and feeds-back into Firestorm. As SPARKS fly...

FIRESTORM/MARTIN

Ahhhhhhhh!

...our hero crumples to the ground. Then silence.

CLAYFACE

Stupid kid.

Clayface slowly closes on our unconscious hero. He MORPHS his arm into an executioner's axe and raises it as we...

CRASH TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY CENTRAL PARK - DAWN

Where we left off...

Clayface rears back to strike when FOOM, a mortar-like shell impacts and imbeds itself in his chest. This sends him tumbling. He regains his stance and sees that...

Batman has arrived on the scene, a smoking RPG-like launcher is perched on his shoulder.

Clayface looks at the protruding projectile and absorbs it into his body.

CLAYFACE

(laughing)

A dud? Is that the best you
can do?

BATMAN

You've put on weight, Hagen.
Must be the water.

Clayface charges Batman. He repels the assault by using the spent launcher like a baseball bat against his skull. Clayface staggers back. He appears woozy, drunk-like. He looks at Batman, puzzled.

CLAYFACE

What...did...you...do...to...me?

Batman responds with a flying drop-kick. Another good shot in and Clayface stumbles.

BATMAN

This ends now, Clayface.

Clayface convulses then spits the mortar out onto the ground. Mustering up the last of his strength he makes a break.

Batman heads off in pursuit. He starts to gain.

Clayface staggers past the unconscious Firestorm. Clearly, he's lost this round. He pauses, has an idea. He finds the strength to pick up Firestorm, then he flings him into the path of a passing truck.

Batman stops in his tracks, faced with a dilemma: stop Clayface or rescue Firestorm. The choice is obvious. He pulls out his batline and launches it.

The truck is barreling down at the unconscious Firestorm, now a lump in the middle of the street. The driver spots him. He slams on the breaks. Too late, TIRES SQUEEL. He's going to hit! Not today. Batman swoops in and snags Firestorm. The two swing to safety.

They hit the ground. Batman releases Firestorm, looks around. No sign of Clayface. He got away. Off Batman's consternation we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, CENTRAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Firestorm is still laid out, coming around but groggy.

FIRESTORM'S P.O.V.

The first thing he sees is Batman, looming over him.

BATMAN

You were supposed to stay put.

INCLUDING ALL

Firestorm stands and dusts himself off.

FIRESTORM

What are you, my dad? The last thing I need is another adult pushing me around.

BATMAN

If you want to live you'll listen - you too, Dr. Stein.

MARTIN

Listen to him, Ronald.

FIRESTORM

(snidely)
We're all ears.

Batman crosses away and picks up the errant mortar.

BATMAN

For years Matt Hagen has been
seeking a cure for his very
unusual condition. Apparently,
he hopes that Dr. Stein's
machine can do just that.

MARTIN

I wish that were true. If
I could help the poor soul
I would. But my transmutation
process only works on
inorganic matter.

Beat as Ronnie reacts, then...

FIRESTORM

Now he tells me.
(then)
The Doc says his device won't
work on Clayface.

Now Batman reacts. This was unexpected.

BATMAN

What?

Batman simmers. Now what?

FIRESTORM

(refers to mortar)
That gizmo seemed to do
the trick.

Batman opens a cap on the mortar pours out some water.

BATMAN

It just slowed him down.
Hyper-absorbent silica - clay
needs moisture to be malleable.

FIRESTORM

Get us a few more of those
and Clayface is history.

Batman bristles.

BATMAN

What do you mean, us?

FIRESTORM

Hey, I did all right stopping
those goons!

BATMAN

You were sloppy and lucky
that no bystanders were
injured.

(admonishing)

Take my *advice*. Hang up your
costume, Firestorm, you're
in over your head.

Batman FIRES OFF his batline and swings away.

MARTIN

Maybe now you'll listen to
me, Ronald.

This exchange has cut Ronnie to the quick.

FIRESTORM

So what you're both really
saying is all I'm good for is
delivering *hero sandwiches*.

MARTIN

Well, no, I mean...

As if on cue there's a FLASH OF LIGHT. Firestorm is gone
and Martin and Ronnie are standing next to one another in
his place. They've re-split. Martin is elated.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

The process *is* reversible!

Ronnie is less-than-enthused over the change.

RONNIE

Oh yippee, I'm me again.

MARTIN

Could it be so simple? It seems our union was maintained by human will. In this case yours, Ronald.

RONNIE

So, once I accepted the fact that I'm a loser things zapped back to normal?

(beat, then)

Thanks, Doc, you made my life.

Martin finally starts to realize that Ronnie really is a sensitive, sincere young man. Perhaps he's been too hard on him.

MARTIN

I didn't mean...

(beat)

Ronnie, can I buy you a cup of coffee?

RONNIE

No, I'll see you at the lab, as usual.

Ronnie heads off alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

This place hasn't seen use for years, or has it? TIGHTER on the floor reveals a splotch of mud. A familiar black boot enters frame, followed by an equally familiar black glove that scoops up a sample. We PULL OUT revealing Batman, cautiously surveying the mud and then the scene.

He continues deeper into the building. Signs of some recent life, mostly books and stacks of paper, are present along with a large map of Gotham City on the wall. Batman finds one book, face down and open on the table. He picks it up and leafs through it.

The cover reads, *Journal of Dr. Martin Stein*.

BATMAN

(reading)

...the high-speed cloning project
can increase the world's food
supply a thousand fold...

DONALDSON (O.S.)

(pained moan)

Batman reacts and runs to the source of the sound - a darkened corner of the warehouse. He finds Dr. Donaldson, taped to a chair, withered away but alive. Batman quickly cuts him from his bonds.

DONALDSON

Thank heaven.

Batman wastes no time. He holds up the journal.

BATMAN

Dr. Donaldson, I thought
Bruce Wayne cancelled the
agricultural cloning project.

Donaldson shifts uncomfortably - busted!

DONALDSON

Ah, yes he did. But Martin
would not let it go. He felt
it could do too much good.

BATMAN

Then Clayface isn't looking
for a cure.

DONALDSON

A cure? No, he wants the
rapid cloning technology but
I couldn't help him. *Martin*
is the expert.

Batman whips out his commlink.

BATMAN

Watchtower, come in.

J'ONN (V.O.)
This is the Watchtower.

BATMAN
I was wrong about Clayface.

INT. WATCHTOWER, MONITOR ROOM - INTERCUTTING

J'ONN
And you admit to it. I am
intrigued.

Batman bristles, then...

BATMAN
Clayface is after cloning
technology, not a cure. He
wants to multiply.

As J'onn realizes

J'ONN
He intends to create an army
of Clayfaces.

BATMAN
Where is Firestorm?

J'onn closes his eyes, attempting to sense, then...

J'ONN
I cannot locate him, but I
am sensing Stein and the
boy as two separate entities.

Batman reacts, not good, and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAYNETECH, LABORATORY BUILDING B - DAY

TIGHT ON the door. The sign says "Complex B." This is a
different lab annex. TILTING DOWN we see a familiar clay-
like substance oozing under the crack.

INT. WAYNETECH, LABORATORY BUILDING B - CONTINUOUS

We find Stein, once again in his welding suit and mask, hard at work on another piece of equipment.

Clayface re-forms into frame.

CLAYFACE

Your cloning project, Stein,
I want it.

Stein whips off the mask. It's not Stein, it's Batman!

BATMAN

Given up on finding a cure,
Hagen? That's not like you.

Clayface grimaces, then...

CLAYFACE

Let's just say I've accepted
who I am. Now others are going
to have to accept me on my terms.

BATMAN

As enforced by your army?

CLAYFACE

My plans are simple. I will
create a world in my image -
a world of clay.

BATMAN

I don't think so.

Batman pulls out his mortar device and FIRES.

But Clayface is ready this time. He catches the mortar in midair and squishes it like a grape. He then forms his fists into two sledgehammers and charges. Batman ducks the onslaught. He gets a couple good kicks in but they do little to slow Clayface down.

Suddenly Doreen walks in. Batman looks up, sees her...

BATMAN

Stay back!

The momentary distraction is all Clayface needs to get in under Batman's guard. He swings, connects, sending Batman into a wall, THUD. He's out cold. Clayface looks down at...

...Doreen cowering in fear.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAYNETECH COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

A police line has been assembled outside the fence, holding back a hundred or so bystanders.

Martin arrives and approaches a POLICE OFFICER.

MARTIN

I'm Doctor Stein, what's going on here?

OFFICER

You're Stein? From what I hear you should get as far away from this place as possible.

A window opens on the lab building's second floor. Clayface appears and bellows...

CLAYFACE

Give me Stein!

INT. RONNIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A rundown apartment in a low rent district, this is Ronnie's home and life. A portly, unshaven man is strewn out on the couch, a forty-ouncer in his hand. This is Ronnie's DAD. He extends his empty hand...

DAD

Didja make any money today?

RONNIE

(sadly)

Yeah, sure...

Ronnie digs deep into his pocket, produces some bills, and slaps them into pop's greasy claw. Dad never breaks his gaze from...

THE TV and a live report from Waynetech!

NEWSCASTER

(on TV)

This is the second incident
at Waynetech Labs this past week.
But this time Clayface has taken
hostages. At this point spotters
can't determine whether Batman
is unconscious or dead.

ON SCREEN, Martin looks troubled, torn. He sighs, makes
his decision then heads toward the lab building.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

It looks like Dr. Martin
Stein, going against police
advice, is entering the building
to confront Clayface.

RONNIE

Boy, Doc, you sure don't
practice what you preach.

Ronnie closes his eyes and starts to concentrate.

INT. WAYNETECH, LABORATORY BUILDING B - CONTINUOUS

Martin enters the lion's den. He finds Clayface taunting
Doreen and four other lab technicians. Clayface turns and
sees Martin...

CLAYFACE

You! I want your cloning
device, now!

Martin tries to hide the fact that he's quaking in his
boots.

MARTIN

Release the hostages first.

Clayface grabs Doreen by the throat.

CLAYFACE

Comply, or I'll release
them from their pathetic lives!

The false bravado didn't work.

MARTIN

All right! All right! Over there.

With a trembling hand, Martin points to a chamber at the far end of the room. Clayface grins and climbs in.

CLAYFACE

Relax, Doc, you're about to become the granddaddy of a new race.

Martin approaches the controls, sighs, and hits a switch.

The chamber starts to HUM. Then, a SUNBURST, and there are now two Clayfaces in the chamber! As the original Clayface steps out...

CLAYFACE

(laughing)

Keep it goin', Stein.

...another FLASH OF LIGHT fills the room. A yellow gloved hand reaches in from O.S. and switches off the device. We PULL BACK to reveal that Firestorm has arrived!

FIRESTORM

Hey, mud pie, did ya miss me?

Clayface turns, sees Firestorm, and in a ROAR...

CLAYFACE

You're too late, Firestorm. Now that I know how to operate the device I no longer need Stein!

FIRESTORM

Is he that clueless?

(then)

Okay, Doc, now what?

MARTIN

After due consideration I say... we kick some butt. *But you must follow my lead.*

FIRESTORM

Based on the results of our
last grudge match I'd say
that's a plan.

Clayface charges.

Firestorm raises his hands to counter, then hesitates.

FIRESTORM (CONT'D)

Uh, if I can't zap organics how
do I avoid that feedback thing?

Like a speeding freight train Clayface is closing fast!

MARTIN

Be creative. The desk, Ronald!

Firestorm gets it. He reacts and fires an ENERGY BOLT at a
nearby desk. It transmutes into a steamroller and plows
over the attacking Clayface, mashing him into doormat.

FIRESTORM

Gotcha, Doc! Hoo-rah!

Suddenly, BLAMMO, Firestorm is blindsided by a large
baseball bat - which just happens to be attached to the
second Clayface. He goes tumbling and stops at...

...Batman's feet. Firestorm looks up into the eyes of the
now conscious Dark Knight.

BATMAN

I thought we talked about this.

They turn to see doormat Clayface re-forming. Clayface Two
moves to his side. Like some insidious offensive line they
tense for the attack.

FIRESTORM

(standing)

Uh, do you still have that
bazooka thing?

BATMAN

We're going to need something
a little bigger.

MARTIN

Ronald, I have an idea. Tell
Batman we need a diversion.

FIRESTORM

Doc says we need a diversion.

The Clayfaces charge.

BATMAN

I'm going to need more to go
on than that.

FIRESTORM

Please, just trust the Doc!

The Clayfaces continue to close. Batman looks at
Firestorm, then decides. He rolls, throwing his body
under the advancing line. They tumble..

MARTIN

Ronald, Batman can't hold
out for long. You must do
exactly as I say!

FIRESTORM

I'm all over it!

Martin is right, this fight is taking everything Batman
has. He pulls out all the stops. From his utility belt he
produces an explosive pellet and jams it down Clayface
One's throat. BLAMMO, that slows him down, at least for a
few seconds.

Meanwhile, Martin is directing Firestorm through the
creation of some kind of bizarre contraption.

MARTIN

Start with the chamber. Now,
transmute the air into an
armature.

FIRESTORM

A what?

MARTIN

We have a telepathic link,
Ronnie! See it in your mind!

Firestorm clenches his eyes.

FIRESTORM

Okay, I see it!

He launches an ENERGY BOLT at the chamber. An armature
APPEARS attached to it.

Batman pulls out his bolas and launches them at Clayface
Two. They ensnare him, but only for a few seconds. The
steel cables meld through his body and Clayface Two resumes
the attack.

Firestorm continues to construct the device. As it takes
form we see that it is a large centrifuge.

Clayface Two dives at Batman. The Dark Knight drops to his
back, kicks up his legs, then propels the behemoth into the
the other rampaging Clayface. They both go down.

The centrifuge is complete.

FIRESTORM

Now, Batman!

Batman immediately understands. He rolls, retrieves his
mortar launcher, sets himself between the two Clayfaces and
the device, and FIRES! FOOOM! The mortar plows into the
villains! The force propels them into the centrifuge
chamber. Firestorm SLAMS the door and hits the switch.

The centrifuge starts to spin, slow at first, then faster,
faster...

INSIDE

The Clayfaces are pinned to the wall. They begin to
flatten, more and more, forming into a single blob of clay!
Soon they are a featureless mass of dirt.

CLAYFACES

Ahhhhhhh!

OUTSIDE

Firestorm kicks a lever on the centrifuge device and gallons of water pour out of a spigot. He hits the power switch again and the centrifuge slows then stops.

Firestorm opens the chamber door and peers in. Clayface is gone, reduced to his component compounds.

FIRESTORM

Yuck! Somebody wanna call
maintenance?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAYNETECH, LABORATORY BUILDING B - MOMENTS LATER

The mop-up operation (literally) is in full swing. Police are on the scene. Firestorm is surrounded by a salivating squad of press people.

Doreen stands off in the corner, looking at Firestorm with dotting eyes.

PRESS MEMBERS

(walla)

FIRESTORM

So, Doc, how does it feel to
make a difference?

With a slight air of indignance...

MARTIN

Ronald, *my whole career* has
been about making a difference.

Ronnie's tone is impassioned, sincere, challenging...

FIRESTORM

So why not take the extra
step?

Beat as he considers.

MARTIN

Okay, I will.

(then)

Go ahead and take your bow.

You've earned it.

FIRESTORM

Hey, we'll both take one.

In the f.g. we see J'onn has arrived on the scene and has joined Batman.

BATMAN

We need to talk.

J'ONN

It seems that Ronnie and Dr. Stein have come to terms with their new abilities.

BATMAN

He's a loose cannon, undisciplined, inexperienced..

J'ONN

I believe Robin may have something to say about that.

Batman furrows his brow. J'onn's got him there.

J'ONN (CONT'D)

We have all needed help from time to time as we seek out our place in this universe. That is why we are a *team*.

Batman arches an eyebrow. He knows where this is heading.

BATMAN

Don't even consider it, J'onn.

J'onn crosses away with a warm satisfied look on his face.

Too late.

FADE OUT.

The End