

THUNDERBOLTS

Issue 128

"HAMMER DOWN"
(Part 1)

by

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Second Draft

PAGE 1

1) Big, widescreen establishing shot. We're looking out across the runway at DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. It's NIGHT, with snow blowing almost horizontally, and a light frosting of snow on the ground. AIR FORCE ONE stands at rest on the tarmac, its nose pointing toward us. We are way out on the edge of the airfield here; no buildings visible in the darkness. TWO FIGURES stand waiting near the foot of the plane's boarding steps, flanked by Secret Service bodyguards. These figures are tiny in the panel, too far away to identify, but will soon be revealed as NORMAN OSBORN and his new personal assistant VICTORIA HAND (as introduced in DARK AVENGERS # 1).

LOCATION TITLE

*Dulles International Airport
Washington D.C.*

VICTORIA HAND

Aren't you freezing?

NORMAN OSBORN

I'm fine.

(link)

How much longer are we supposed to wait for this jumped-up little twerp?

VICTORIA HAND

They should be with us any minute now.

NORMAN OSBORN

That's what you said half an hour ago.

Panels 2 and 3 make a full-width panel, split down the middle:

2) Move in on them. NORMAN OSBORN stands squinting out at us through the snow flurries. He's smartly dressed in suit and tie, but wears no coat. He should be freezing, but he doesn't look it. He just looks bitter and pissed off.

NORMAN OSBORN

I resent being summoned like some kind of... lackey.

(link)

I have more important things to be doing right now. Global security initiatives don't just run themselves, you know.

3) Norman's private secretary VICTORIA HAND waits beside him, snuggled up in a luxurious black fur coat.

VICTORIA HAND

He's the only person in the world
who can make you wait for him now.
He's just making sure you know it.

(link)

At least let me get you a coat. It
must be six below out here...

4) Extreme close on Norman, bitter, staring out at us with eyes narrowed into slits; his lips pressed together tightly. He's ready to kill someone.

NORMAN OSBORN

I said I'm fine.

PAGE 2

1) Over-the-shoulder shot from behind Norman and Victoria, looking out across the black expanse of runway. A motorcade of black limousines is speeding toward them.

NORMAN OSBORN
Finally. Alright, Miss Hand...
(link)
Make me look good.

2) BIG REVEAL. Norman's POV. PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA steps out of the back of a limo, which has pulled up in front of us. He looks at us with a calm, measured manner; weighing us up.

PRESIDENT OBAMA
Mister Osborn.
(link)
Miss Hand.

3) Norman steps forward to shake hands with President Obama. Norman has switched on the charm; he's all ingratiating smiles now.

NORMAN OSBORN
Mister President. An honor.
(link)
Loved the inauguration speech.

PRESIDENT OBAMA
Thank you for coming at such short notice. I realize you must be a busy man, what with overseeing our SHIELD replacement...

4) The two men walk towards the boarding steps, followed by Victoria and the President's Secret Service entourage.

NORMAN OSBORN
We're calling it HAMMER.
(link)
I think it gets the message across.

PRESIDENT OBAMA
And what message is that...?

5) Close on Norman, grim. He means it.

NORMAN OSBORN

That this time, we're taking no
prisoners.

PAGE 3

1) President Obama stands at the top of the steps, beside the open door of Air Force One. A uniformed stewardess waits for him inside. The President pauses in the doorway, turning to look back at Norman, who is following close behind.

Roberto, please try and leave plenty of room for back-and-forth speech balloons. Thanks!

PRESIDENT OBAMA

I'm en route to the G8 summit in Moscow. Gotta get that global economy kick-started after the mess those Skrulls made of it.

(link)

I'd like you to fly with me.

NORMAN OSBORN

Mister President, with respect, I'm needed right here, overseeing homeland security--

PRESIDENT OBAMA

We'll put you on the return flight home. You won't even need your passport.

2) Close on the President. He looks serious, grave, concerned.

PRESIDENT OBAMA

You see, the thing is, Norman, I have misgivings. Grave misgivings.

(link)

My predecessor granted you unprecedented powers during his final weeks in office...

(link)

More power, perhaps, than should rightfully reside in the hands of one man in a democratic society.

4) President Obama's POV. Norman stands facing us, menacing. Victoria stands just behind him. She squeezes his upper arm with one hand, silently warning him to back off...

NORMAN OSBORN

With respect, that's a little rich coming from the so-called leader of the free world.

VICTORIA HAND
(small text)
Norman...

5) Now the President walks towards us along one of the narrow corridors inside Air Force one, closely followed by Norman and the rest. Check out the movie AIR FORCE ONE for visual ref.

PRESIDENT OBAMA
And, well, now I've heard some allegations. Shocking allegations.
(link)
I thought it only fair to give you the opportunity to refute them face-to-face, away from the eyes of the media.
(link)
I'm sure you'll agree, the last thing this country needs is another StarkGate.

PAGE 4

1) Norman scowls as, in the foreground, Obama stops at the wood-panelled door to his office, which is being opened for him by the stewardess...

NORMAN OSBORN
Allegations? From whom?

PRESIDENT OBAMA
I believe you've already met...

2) DOC SAMSON stands waiting for them in the office. He's smartly dressed in a suit and shirt, no tie; his green hair short and neat. Samson is smiling, relaxed, almost smug.

PRESIDENT OBAMA
Doctor Leonard Samson.

DOC SAMSON
Mister President. Thank you for agreeing to see me.
(link)
Norman.

3) Doc Samson takes his seat, holding up a shiny DVD disk in a clear plastic CD case. He's smiling with grim satisfaction; he knows he has Norman exactly where he wants him, and he's going to enjoy getting even.

DOC SAMSON
I wasn't sure about the in-flight entertainment around here, so I took the liberty of burning my own DVD.
(link)
Some of the camerawork's a little shaky, but believe me, there's plenty of action.

4) Extreme close on Norman; pure hatred in his eyes. His rage is contained, but he's a pressure-cooker, ready to blow...

DOC SAMSON
(from off-panel)
It's called "Massacre At Thunderbolts Mountain..."

5) Extreme close on Norman's fist at his side, squeezed so tight the knuckles are showing white. NOTE: Norman is wearing gold cuff-links; this will become important later on.

DOC SAMSON
(from off-panel)
I think you're going to love it.

1) Small inset on a big panel 2. It's NIGHT. A FEMALE SILHOUETTE squats UPSIDE-DOWN beneath the arm of a heavy industrial crane; her hands and feet sticking to the underside like Spider-Man. She is a black shadow, devoid of any detail except for faint reflections in each of the EIGHT lenses on her NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES. This is our first glimpse of YELENA BELOVA, alias BLACK WIDOW II, although we won't fully reveal her face yet.

NOTE: We can't make out any of the following detail yet, but just for the record she's wearing a high-tech, figure-hugging black "mission suit" with flexible, lightweight body-armor sections. A multi-function line-slinger/dart-launcher on each forearm. Electro-adhesive pads on her gloves and boots for Spider-Man-style wall-crawling. And a high-tech handgun holstered on each hip.

2) BIG! Green-tinted WIDOW-VISION, i.e. Yelena's POV through the high-tech night vision goggles. Wide establishing image of a decommissioned SHIELD weapons depot. A heavily-guarded, fortified storage facility made up of several huge, squat, low, blast-proof concrete bunkers with sloping sides. Several huge industrial cranes loom over the scene; the four-legged cranes you see at industrial docks. Uniformed HAMMER TROOPERS patrol the catwalk atop the curtain wall. On a guard tower is a SHIELD logo and a notice below reading SHIELD PERSONNEL ONLY! LETHAL RESPONSE! The logo and the word SHIELD have been crossed-out with yellow-and-black hazard tape.

NOTE: The "Widow-Vision" image outline is made up of eight overlapping circles; one for each of the lenses. The display can switch through various different imaging modes; right now it's "starlight" light-amplification. She's zoomed-in on the guards patrolling along the wall far below; computerized targeting reticles pick them out. Computer data scrolls down the sides of the screen; range to target, wind speed, GPS location, relative humidity, elevation, you name it. Total information overload.

LOCATION TITLE

*Former SHIELD Weapons Depot
Six Weeks Ago*

RADIO JAG

(no tail)
*Doghouse, this Red Dog Seven
checkin' in.
(link)
All quiet on the curtain wall. Zero
contacts.*

RADIO JAG
(no tail)
Roger that, Seven. Stay sharp.

3) Yelena SWINGS on a thread-thin nanofilament line from her wrist launcher. Her feet tucked up under her, Spider-Man style. Just a nimble black silhouette against the night sky --

4) Yelena LANDS like a black cat atop the concrete roof of one of the warehouse-sized bunkers. Gently, silently absorbing the impact in a dynamic crouch.

1) Close on Yelena, lit up by a tiny laser-cutter that she uses to slice open a ventilation grille on the roof. We don't really need to see what she's doing, though; more important that we see the light and smoke reflected in her goggle-eyes. This is our first real look at her face, although the goggles hide pretty much everything but her mouth and chin. She pouts when she's concentrating, and there's something of a "sulky starlet" quality to the look.

2) BIG! Now we're inside the storage bunker. Low angle, looking up at the ceiling past stacked mountains of military hardware crates (high-tech plastic/metal crates, NOT old-fashioned wooden ones). Deep shadows. Yelena lowers herself UPSIDE-DOWN on a line from a ceiling air vent, like a black spider silently descending on a silken thread...

3) POV from close behind Yelena as she pulls off her goggles, shaking her blonde hair loose as she looks down into a crate, which she holds open with her other hand. We can see an ultra-high-tech BAZOOKA nestled within.

YELENA BELOVA
(in Russian, Cyrillic)
Beautiful...

4) Reverse angle; extreme close on Yelena, revealing her beautiful features for the first time. She looks right at the reader with a bored, almost petulant expression. Eyes half-lidded. TWO HAMMER TROOPERS stand behind her, one on each side, aiming squat laser rifles at the back of her head. They wear black uniforms, helmets and body armor with HAMMER insignia (refs).

HAMMER GUARD
(jagged)
Freeze!
(link)
Hands where we can see 'em, lady!

YELENA BELOVA
(in Russian, Cyrillic)
Damn it.

HAMMER GUARD 2
You wanna give us an excuse to fry
ya, please, go right ahead.

PAGE 7

1) Yelena has stepped to one side, away from the crate, so there's now a clear space in front of her. She stands with her hands half-raised, facing us, with her back to the troopers...

YELENA BELOVA
I need to tie my shoe.

2) Yelena suddenly ducks and ROLLS FORWARD. Hang onto your hats, kids, 'cause this happens FAST --

3) Yelena continues her forward roll, tucking her head down and putting her weight onto both hands on the floor. At the same time she KICKS straight up and back with both legs, kicking both RIFLES right out of the hands of the shocked Troopers! Their weapons spin up into the air --

FX
THOK

4) Continuing the forward roll, Yelena flips her legs up over herself as she rolls onto her back. Even as she's rolling, upside-down, she aims both her wrist dart-launchers and FIRES back at the Troopers --

FX
PTOO

5) Yelena has rolled into a crouch on one knee, holding out both hands and CATCHING BOTH LASER RIFLES by the hand-grips, ready to fire! Behind her, each Trooper topples backwards with a poison dart lodged in the carotid artery in his neck. Both SNARL in shock and pain as they fall, already losing muscle control and starting to convulse --

FX
FAP FAP

PAGE 8

1) Extreme close. HANDS CLAP in the shadows. A man's hands, in a nice suit with gold cuff-links...

NORMAN OSBORN
(off-panel above)
Oh, bravo!

FX
CLAP CLAP

2) Yelena WHIRLS around at the sound of his voice, snarling, dynamic, aiming both laser rifles one-handed --

YELENA BELOVA
Show yourself!

3) BIG. NORMAN OSBORN casually steps out of the shadows, maybe 20 feet away from her, all smug and mysterious, like an evil Rod Serling. Yelena aims her weapons at him from the foreground. They both completely ignore the two HAMMER Troopers, who lie CONVULSING on the floor like epileptics; their teeth gritted, every muscle tensed, fingers clawed, foaming at the mouth. Black Widow venom is a nasty neurotoxin...

NORMAN OSBORN
Yelena Belova -- alias Black Widow II. I see your reputation is well earned.
(link)
Please, allow me to introduce myself--

YELENA BELOVA
I know who you are, Osborn. And if you are here, this can only be a trap.
(link)
So tell me -- how many guns are on me right now?

4) Close on Norman, smiling, shrugging nonchalantly.

NORMAN OSBORN
None. I came alone.

5) Yelena SNARLS angrily, still aiming --

YELENA BELOVA

Do you take me for a fool? Or
perhaps you think you can take me
down single-handed...

([link](#))

Either way, I am insulted!

1) Norman steps forward, casually casting an appraising glance down at the bazooka lying in the open crate. Yelena stands with both rifles levelled at him.

NORMAN OSBORN

You're supposed to be dead, you know. Your SHIELD file says you were vaporized fighting the Avengers...

YELENA BELOVA

That's what they were supposed to think.

(link)

Get to the point, Osborn. My time is valuable.

2) Yelena's POV. Osborn nails us with a penetrating look.

NORMAN OSBORN

Your time is worthless.

(link)

Look at you. The most lethally effective agent ever to graduate from Moscow's Red Room training facility...

(link)

... Now reduced to stealing weapons and equipment from decommissioned SHIELD facilities.

(link)

Such a waste.

3) Closer on Norman, his eyes glinting in the gloom. Sinister. The Devil offering temptation. Leave room for a big speech here.

NORMAN OSBORN

You're a warrior without a war, Yelena. But I can give you one.

(link)

You see, I'm assembling a new covert assassination squad. Off the books, totally deniable. Unlimited resources.

(link)

No rules, Yelena. You'd answer to no-one but myself and your own--

(link)

Well, I was going to say your own conscience. But we both know you don't have one.

(link)
So tell me...

4) BIG! Norman's POV. Yelena looks intrigued. She lowers one of the laser rifles to her side. The other she holds vertically, resting her elbow on her cocked hip. Sexy, badass and dangerous...

NORMAN OSBORN
(off-panel)
How would you like to be the new
team leader of the Thunderbolts?

1) Full width. Air Force One cruises 35,000 feet above the snowy mountains of Alaska. Two F-35 fighter jets fly close escort. It's DAWN, with orange sunlight spreading across the far horizon...

LOCATION TITLE

Alaskan Airspace
Now

DOC SAMSON

(from Air Force One)
In clinical terms, the words psychotic and psychopathic are far from synonymous...
(link)
... But in Norman Osborn's case, both apply.

2) Medium close on Doc Samson, sitting in the President's office.

DOC SAMSON

I'd characterize him as a bipolar psychotic with concurrent aspects of psychopathic megalomania and malignant narcissism.
(link)
In layman's terms, a lethal cocktail of intersecting personality disorders that makes him one of the most dangerous human beings on the planet.

3) Widen to reveal the whole scene. President Obama sits at his desk. The DVD lies on his desktop. Samson and Osborn sit in comfortable chairs facing him.

PRESIDENT OBAMA

That's quite an assertion, Doctor.
(link)
So in your professional opinion, would you consider Mister Osborn fit to run a global security initiative?

DOC SAMSON

In my professional opinion, Mister President, Norman Osborn isn't fit to walk the streets.

4) Samson looks over at Norman, who smiles, untroubled, as if he finds Samson's accusations mildly amusing.

DOC SAMSON

Frankly, he should be incarcerated
in a maximum-security mental
institution for the good of
humanity.

NORMAN OSBORN

Sticks and stones, Samson.
(link)
Go ahead and say your piece.
I have nothing to hide.

1) Samson, intense.

DOC SAMSON

The truth is, Sir, that shortly before the Skrull invasion, Norman Osborn suffered a complete psychotic breakdown and murdered over a dozen CSA security staff in cold blood.

2) Norman leans forward, speaking firmly and directly, interrupting Samson.

NORMAN OSBORN

Really, Samson? This is the best you can come up with...?

(link)

Mister President, as my report clearly stated, Thunderbolts Mountain was attacked by psychic super-terrorists who manipulated the security detachment's memory of events.

(link)

This is a matter of record.

3) Two-shot. Samson interjects. Norman dismisses him, scornful.

DOC SAMSON

Were the security cameras hallucinating too?

(link)

The video feed clearly shows the Green Goblin attempting to murder two CSA marshals.

NORMAN OSBORN

Fright masks can be bought at any five and dime store, Samson.

(link)

For all we know, you were the one wearing it.

4) Obama, grave, taking all this in. Elbows resting on his desk, fingers steepled.

PRESIDENT OBAMA

What are you suggesting, Osborn?

5) Close. Norman leans back in his chair, smug. Playing the ace up his sleeve.

NORMAN OSBORN

The good doctor is simply trying to mask his own culpability in this matter by making spurious counter-accusations.

(link)

He was clearly in league with the terrorists. Even as the attack was unfolding, he was smuggling a hidden weapon in through our base security.

(link)

Go ahead, Samson. Deny it.

1) View from Obama to Samson, who shrugs guiltily.

PRESIDENT OBAMA
Is this true, Doctor? Did you
breach security?

DOC SAMSON
Well, alright, yes, that much is
true -- but I didn't know anything
about any terrorists.
(link)
The ceramic knife was simply part
of a radical therapy I was
developing for Robbie...

2) Close. Norman, intense.

NORMAN OSBORN
Therapy, he calls it.
(link)
Samson used his credentials as a
trusted psychiatric professional to
gain access to C.S.A. Marshal
Robert Baldwin -- a troubled young
man with deep emotional problems --
and tried to convince the poor boy
to kill himself!
(link)
And when our team psychiatrist
Doctor Karla Sofen tried to stop
him, Samson beat her almost to
death!

3) Close. Samson is in tight control of his anger.

DOC SAMSON
That's an outrageous distortion of
the facts, Osborn, and you know it.

4) Widen, to take in the whole room. All three men rise to their
feet. Obama picks up the DVD. Norman is smiling, adjusting one of
his gold cuff-links...

PRESIDENT OBAMA
Alright gentlemen, I think I've
heard enough.
(link)
It's time I took a look at this
footage and decided for myself.

NORMAN OSBORN
Quite right, Mister President...

5) Extreme close inset. Norman presses a fingertip to his cuff-link, activating a hidden micro-transmitter...

NORMAN OSBORN
(off-panel above)
I was about to make the same
suggestion myself.

FX

BDEEP

1) Wide. The two F-53 fighters, Eagle One and Eagle Two, escort Air Force One through clear blue skies.

AIR FORCE ONE
(jagged)
*Eagle Wing, be advised we are now
leaving Alaskan airspace.*
(link)
Do you read any contacts? Over.

EAGLE ONE
(jagged)
*Negative, Air Force One. We got
clear skies all around.*

2) Medium close on the cockpit canopy of Eagle Two. The Pilot peers sideways out of the canopy, grinning broadly --

EAGLE TWO
(jagged)
Hey, I can see Russia from here!

3) Angle on the two fighter planes as Eagle Two's WING EXPLODES! A smoky white vapor-trail rises up to touch it -- the path of a missile! Only the wing explodes, giving the pilot a few more precious seconds to eject. Eagle One is positioned to witness the whole thing --

EAGLE ONE
(jagged)
Holyyy--!

4) Eagle One SCREAMS straight toward us! A SECOND MISSILE rises up behind it, curving in toward it. In the background behind Eagle One, Eagle Two EXPLODES into a fiery mess of tumbling wreckage! The pilot managed to eject in time; we can see his white parachute snapping open, the empty ejector seat spinning away --

EAGLE ONE
(jagged)
We just lost Eagle Two--!
(link)
*I saw a vapor trail but I got zip
on the scope--!*

1) Eagle One pulls into a tight corkscrew manoeuver, spewing radar chaff and flare "countermeasures" -- but the missile snakes in relentlessly toward it --

RADIO JAG
(jagged; no tail)
*Eagle Two, evasive! You got one on
your tail--!*

FIGHTER ESCORT
(jagged)
Can't shake the son of a--

2) The missile hits Eagle One's JET ENGINE, which EXPLODES --

RADIO JAG
(jagged; no tail)
Eject! Eject!

3) Eagle One's pilot EJECTS as the entire plane is engulfed in the fireball! The cockpit canopy bubble spins out and away; the ejector seat literally rocketing up into the air --

4) View from behind the Eagle One pilot as he descends on a parachute. Burning debris falls around him. He has his back to us, watching Air Force One power away from us through the sky. FOUR MORE MISSILES are curving up towards Air Force One, leaving smoky white vapor trails in their wake...

PILOT
(jagged)
Break! Break! Incoming!
(link)
*Air Force One, I read three--
negative, four missiles inbound on
your six!*

1) Wide establishing shot of the interior of Air Force One's cockpit. It's based on a Boeing 747, but packed out with military-grade hardware. The PILOT (male, moustache) and CO-PILOT (female, pretty) wear military flight suits and helmets with integral shaded goggles, hiding their eyes. The Pilot wrenches the flight controls sideways --

CO-PILOT

They're through our
countermeasures!

PILOT

Brace for impact!

2) View from beneath Air Force One's wing, with two mighty jet turbines visible. We can see the four missiles streaking towards us from the background; one missile is homing in on each of the plane's engines. NOTE: A small device, about the size of a cigarette packet, is attached to the side of each jet engine...

3) All four missiles suddenly EXPLODE in mid-air, a hundred feet short of Air Force One!

4) Cockpit. The Pilot checks his screens, puzzled. The Co-Pilot turns to look at him...

PILOT

I-- I don't believe it! They've
self-detonated!

(link)

We're in the clear!

5) Closer on the Co-Pilot. She FIRES dart from a wrist-launcher hidden beneath the sleeve of her flight suit!

CO-PILOT

Don't count on it.

FX

PTOO

1) The dart has embedded itself in the Pilot's neck. He's already slumping sideways, convulsing and foaming at the mouth...

PILOT
(wobbly)
Ggggggggg

2) The Co-Pilot pulls off her flight helmet -- revealing herself to be YELENA BELOVA! With her other hand she thumbs a button on a tiny touchscreen remote control --

YELENA BELOVA
Thunderstrike, this is Black Widow.
(link)
Command deck is secure. Activating
smoke decoys...

3) The tiny devices on the side of the jet engines are SMOKE BOMBS. Now they DETONATE -- a small explosion no bigger than a firework, but spewing lots of thick black smoke...

CAPTION
"...Now!"

FX
PFAM

4) View from below and behind Air Force One as it powers away from us. A trail of thick black smoke pours from each of the four jet engines...

AIR FORCE ONE
(jagged)
Attention all hands! We have been
attacked by forces unknown!
(link)
Missiles have taken out all four of
our engines and we are going down
hard!

5) Yelena speaks into a radio headset mike. She looks serious, all business.

YELENA BELOVA
We may have just enough altitude to
glide back to the coast, but we'll
never make it to an airfield! I'm
going to try and put us down on the
Bering Glacier!

(link)

Everyone strap in and brace for
crash landing!

PAGE 17

1) Yelena begins to unzip her flight suit, revealing ample cleavage in a black sports bra...

YELENA BELOVA

Alright, you disgusting little pervert -- you're up.

(link)

And you were supposed to hide in my pocket!

2) Move in on Yelena's cleavage (I know!), where ERIC O'GRADY, alias the irredeemable ANT-MAN, pops up from between her boobs! He's maybe half an inch tall, hot and sweaty and GRINNING from ear to ear --

FX

POINK!

ANT-MAN

Yeah, but where's the fun in that...?

(link)

Ooh! No, wait! I got a better one --

(link)

"Just keeping abreast of the situation!"

(link)

Eh? Eh?

3) Yelena FLICKS his ass hard with her fingertip, sending him FLYING across the cockpit --

FX

FAP

ANT-MAN

YOWCH!

4) Rubbing his sore ass, Ant-Man clammers between the grille bars of a long narrow air-vent, where the floor meets the base of the wall --

ANT-MAN

Alright, I get it! Look but don't touch!

(link)

Man, all work and no play...

5) He scurries away from us down a long, narrow AIR/CABLE DUCT running along the superstructure of the plane. Stretching away into infinity, just a few inches wide, lined with bundled cables. Slots of light slant down from the grille ceiling.

ANT-MAN

Now which way is the what now?

1) A SECRET SERVICE AGENT hurries Obama along a corridor in Air Force One's main cabin. Norman, Samson and other Agents follow close behind, moving with urgency. NOTE: all the Secret Service Agents have radio earpieces, with a curly cord disappearing down into their suit collars. This will become important later on.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
This way, Mister President.
(link)
Don't worry, Sir. This is the
safest, most secure aircraft ever
built.

PRESIDENT OBAMA
Tell that to our fighter escort.
Did they manage to eject in time?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
I'm sure they're fine, Sir.

2) Extreme close. ANT-MAN pops his head out of the floor vent grille and peers out --

ANT-MAN
A-ha!

3) Worm's-eye POV. Ant-Man scurries across the carpeted floor, zig-zagging between the stomping feet of Obama and the Secret Service agent, who tower over us like giants --

ANT-MAN
(small text)
Hey, watch out!
(link)
Just like the man -- always tryin'
ta step on the little guy!
(link)
I voted for Colbert anyway...

4) Obama sits in a large First Class-style seat in the main cabin. He hands the Secret Service Agent the DVD disk. Other Agents around them. Norman and Samson sit opposite, facing Obama. Samson beside a window.

PRESIDENT OBAMA
Put this in the crash-proof safe.
Just in case.
(link)
You understand?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
...Yes, Sir.

5) The lone Secret Service Agent walks briskly back along the corridor, carrying the DVD. He touches one finger to his radio earpiece.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Renegade is secure.

RADIO JAG
(jagged; no tail)
Roger that.
(link)
*E.T.A. to landfall, seventeen
minutes.*

PAGE 19

1) Low angle. The Secret Service Agent stands in a small, secluded guard station area off the main cabin. He's opening a small wall-mounted SAFE.

2) BIG! GHOST emerges intangibly through the wall behind the oblivious Agent, reaching skeletal hands toward him menacingly! Ghost's grimy, dirty-white helmet resembles the eyeless skull of an alien bug. His limbs and fingers scrawny, wasting away beneath the fabric of the suit...

3) Ghost holds his hands out on either side of the Agent's head, and an ARC OF ELECTRICITY zaps between his palms -- passing right through the Agent's skull, electrocuting him!

FX

FZZZZK

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

(jagged)

Aaagh!

4) Ghost holds the DVD disk, examining it.

NOTE TO LETTERER: When wearing his suit, Ghost always speaks with ragged speech balloons like Rorschach from WATCHMEN; a hoarse, guttural whisper.

GHOST

(ragged)

This is Ghost.

(link)

I have the disk.

RADIO JAG

(no tail)

Then let's hit 'em with the show-stopper.

1) Samson peers out of the window, using his hand to shield his eyes...

DOC SAMSON
There's definitely something out there...
(link)
Can't quite make it out...

2) Extreme close inset on panel 5. ANT-MAN crouches unseen on Doc Samson's shoulder, ATTACHING a small high-tech device to the back of Samson's shirt collar.

FX
SNIK

3) Ant-Man hops down into the dark, cavernous space beneath the seats...

ANT-MAN
Gamma Emitter's in place!
(link)
Hey, these rays ain't gonna sterilize my junk, are they?
(link)
Not that that would necessarily be a bad thing, but hey...

4) Wide. Doc Samson suddenly hunches forward, wincing in pain. Obama and Norman both notice.

DOC SAMSON
Nng!
PRESIDENT OBAMA
Doctor Samson? Are you all right...?

NORMAN OSBORN
Probably just air sickness.
(link)
Try not to throw up on yourself, Samson.

5) Close on Doc Samson, SNARLING at us with feral ferocity! His hands are clawed in pain; his pupils GLOWING GREEN! An early warning sign that he's about to Hulk out!

DOC SAMSON

(jagged)

Keep your *stupid sarcasm* to
yourself, Osborn! I'm *sick* of it!

PAGE 21

1) Close on Norman, smiling evilly, smug.

NORMAN OSBORN
Now, now, Doctor. Don't get angry.
(link)
We wouldn't like you when you're
angry.

2) Low angle, looking up at the ceiling above them. Everyone looks up, hearing a sound above them. Everyone but Samson, who is hunched over in pain, straining every sinew--

FX
THUD

PRESIDENT OBAMA
What the hell was that?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Something on the hull--!

3) Norman turns to stare at Samson with a look of HORRIFIED REALIZATION --

NORMAN OSBORN
Oh my God -- it's a trap!
(link)
He set this up! Samson -- he's in
on it!

4) Close on Obama, alarmed, urgent --

PRESIDENT OBAMA
What?
(link)
In on what--?

5) BIG! Everyone DUCKS as a section of the plane's wall suddenly EXPLODES!

PAGE 22

FULL-PAGE SPLASH! The explosion has ripped a ragged, 10-foot wide hole in the hull of the plane! Insulation foam, wiring, shredded hull and paperwork whirl through the air as the cabin explosively depressurizes! And into the hole, flying in toward us like a vision of the Devil himself comes THE GREEN GOBLIN, squatting astride his Goblin Glider, CACKLING with insane, malevolent glee, tossing pumpkin bombs!

FX

(Green Goblin)

A-HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

NEXT ISSUE:

It's Not Easy, Being Green...