

**Eye of the Storm Crossover**

**StormWatch: Team Achilles**

"Of, By and For The People"

Written by Micah Ian Wright

**Second Draft**

October 29, 2003

Wildstorm Comics  
888 Prospect Avenue  
La Jolla, CA 92037

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**PAGE 1**

PANEL ONE

A dark stormy night. Lightning crashes through the sky, silhouetting a huge, gothic castle's turrets. This is Bran Castle, also known as Castle Dracula. There are tons of pics online. Here's some- <http://www.romaniax.com/castles/>

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION  
Bran Castle, Romania

PANEL TWO

Small panel. Push in on one of the Castle's tower windows. A dim shape can be seen in the darkened room beyond.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Inside the room. Lightning cracks the sky outside, illuminating the face of BARON CHAOS, an armor-clad madman in the mold of Dr. Doom. His armor should be really evil looking. Do a great job because we'll be using him again in the Wildstorm Universe. :)

BARON CHAOS  
A storm this big is portentous of calamitous upsets in the natural order of things. I must consult the cards.

PANEL FOUR

The Baron has a set of tarot cards laid out in the standard celtic cross system. <http://www.learntarot.com/ccross.htm> will show you how to lay them out. The cards should be (in the order of the above webpage):

Position 1: Ace of Cups Reversed (upside down).  
Position 2: 2 of Pentacles.  
Position 3: 7 of Pentacles Reversed.  
Position 4: 5 of Swords.  
Position 5: 6 of Swords.  
Position 6: Queen of Cups.  
Position 7: King of Swords.  
Position 8: 10 of Pentacles  
Position 9: Page of Swords Reversed  
Position 10: Judgement

**CONTINUED:**

BARON CHAOS

Fascinating. The cards show that all the signs  
are in place.

**PAGE 2**

## PANEL ONE

The Baron taps the Judgement card.

BARON CHAOS

Judgement. It represents using critical faculties to take a stand. Making hard choices, separating the wheat from the chaff.

BARON CHAOS (cont'd)

All in all, an excellent sign for a coup, wouldn't you say, President Gzorny?

## PANEL TWO

The other side of the stone turret. Hanging from wrist chains slumps a handsome middle-aged man with a strong profile and greying hair. He has a black eye, a cut on one of his lips and his fine suit and shirt are shredded.

PRESIDENT GZORNY

You'll never get away with this, Kemény.

BARON CHAOS (OFF SCREEN)

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

## PANEL THREE

The Baron seethes behind his iron mask, eyes narrowed, body language furious, he rages at the helpless politician.

BARON CHAOS

My name is BARON CHAOS! Speak it with reverence, fool, for I am your NEW RULER!

PRESIDENT GZORNY

You are a would-be dictator with delusions of grandeur. This short-lived coup will end with you in chains.

BARON CHAOS

FOOL! Who will stand against me? The common people desire nothing more but to be dominated by a ruler with an Iron Fist! They will WELCOME my rule, for I remove the burdensome need for them to think for themselves!

SOUND E/FX

(at very edge of panel behind Baron)  
Ktinktink.

**2 CONTINUED:**

## PANEL FOUR

He's still ranting, the loon. Behind him, a thin metal pronged hook streaks across the panel, trailing coiled wire. Lightning outside casts a shadow on the wall showing the shape of a man holding a rifle of some sort superimposed over the lines of the window

BARON CHAOS

With Hungary under my control, I shall create  
a paradise on Earth for those wise enough to-

## PANEL FIVE

Inset panel. The hook drives its way into his armor.

BARON CHAOS

-Ehh?

**PAGE 3**

PANEL ONE

Electricity surges through the wires into the Baron's armor. His every extremity twitches in agony.

SOUND E/FX

Fzzzzzaaaaakkkk!

BARON CHAOS

Aaaaaaggggggghhhhhh!

PANEL TWO

AJEET PATEL, a 35-year old Sikh Indian crashes through the window on a rappelling rope.

AJEET

GET DOWN! On the Ground!

PANEL THREE

The Baron collapses to his knees.

AJEET

Baron Kemény Zsigmond, by the power vested in my by the United Nations and the International Criminal Court, you are hereby under arrest for kidnapping and the unlawful usurpation of a sovereign democracy.

BARON CHAOS

(weak, small font)

Who... DARES?

AJEET

Ajeet Patel, StormWatch: Team Achilles, you son of a bitch. Now lie down flat on the ground with your arms straight out to the sides.

PANEL FOUR

Baron's POV, staring up at Ajeet. Ajeet points a modified SpecFor M4 with a big, round machine attached above the barrel (the EMP generator which took the Baron down) at the Dictator. Below the barrel is an M203 grenade launcher.

The Baron has a heads-up-display in his helmet. Red, Yellow and Green letters show his armor's system status. (see color codes below)

AJEET

Alpha Team, Bravo Unit has contained subject. Send in the rest of the team.

**3 CONTINUED:**

SANTINI (O.S.)  
Rodger that, Bravo Unit. Good job.

HUD TEXT DISPLAY (COLOR CODED)  
Main Processor: Rebooting (Y)  
Fusion Reactor: Power Interrupt (R)  
Strength Enhancers: Power Interrupt (R)  
Offensive Weaponry: Power Interrupt (R)  
Defensive Shield: Reserve Power Engaged (G)  
(Life Support: Reserve Power Engaged (G)  
Auxiliary Systems: Offline (R)  
Teleportation System: Offline (R)

BARON CHAOS  
Reroute Life Support power to Offensive  
Weaponry, Override code Omega Three.

**PAGE 4**

PANEL ONE

Chaos thrusts out an arm. Green power bolts leap from his gauntlet, tearing up the wall. Patel barely throws himself out of the way.

BARON CHAOS  
Prepare to die, DOLT!

PANEL TWO

Patel fires an M203 round into Chaos' stomach. Chaos bends over in the middle, holding his waist like he's been punched hard in the stomach.

SOUND E/FX  
Thhhooooooooomp.

BARON CHAOS  
Oooooof!

AJEET  
Not today, Firang!

PANEL THREE

Small inset panel. Downshot over the Baron's shoulder as he looks down at what's in his hands (he caught the grenade).

BARON CHAOS  
Baszódj Meg!

PANEL FOUR

The grenade goes off in the Baron's hands/stomach, throwing him backwards against the wall, dislodging several large stone blocks.

SOUND E/FX  
KRAAAAKOOOM!

BARON CHAOS  
Gaaakgh!



**PAGE 5**

PANEL ONE

Chaos strains to pick up a 3'x5' stone block weighing several tons...

BARON CHAOS  
You challenge power beyond your comprehension!

PANEL TWO

...and hurls the block at Patel...

BARON CHAOS  
Now die like the insignificant bug you are!

PANEL THREE

...who dodges aside, but doesn't clear the block entirely. It clips his thigh. Meanwhile, it completely SMUSHES the President of Hungary who's still chained to the wall. Blood squirts everywhere.

PATEL  
Aggggggh!

SOUND E/FX  
Skrisssshhhh

PANEL FOUR

The Baron stoops down to deliver a glowing punch to the fallen Patel...

BARON CHAOS  
I have a message for your United Nations, worm-

PANEL FIVE

Same shot, FLINT's hand grabs the Baron's energized gauntlet. She's off-panel.

FLINT (O.S.)  
I've got a message for you, Baron Jiveass.

BARON CHAOS  
Eh?



**PAGE 7**

PANEL ONE

The Baron hauls Flint to her feet...

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

And disappears in a twinkle effect of an old-school teleporter. It's NOT Authority door technology, it's dissolve-into-energy tech, like a 60's episode of Star Trek. DO NOT USE AUTHORITY or STORMWATCH TECH!

As the Baron and Flint disappear, behind him a round, blue Project Entry portal opens up.

NO DIALOG (cont'd)

PANEL THREE

42,000 feet above the Earth. The Baron energy-tingles into existence, still holding Flint.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION

The Stratosphere, 42,000 feet straight up.

BARON CHAOS

Goodbye, StormWatcher.

PANEL FOUR

The Baron energy-tingles away. Flint falls towards the planet far, far away below her, a panicked look on her face.

NO DIALOG

**PAGE 8**

PANEL ONE

The turret room. Doctor Grunier hunches over Patel.

PATEL

Doctor, I assure you that my hip isn't broken...

GRUNIER

Be silent.

PANEL TWO

The Baron energy-tingles into the shot.

BARON CHAOS

More of you?

GRUNIER

I am medical personnel. I am a noncombatant.

BARON CHAOS

All the sweeter when I suck the marrow from your broken bones.

BARAK (O.S.)

I don't think we're going to have any of that.

PANEL THREE

Small. The Baron spins

BARON CHAOS

Who?

PANEL FOUR

Santini stands next to Avi Barak who's sitting in the chair, playing with Chaos' tarot cards. Barak holds up the Emperor card.

BARAK

The Emperor. That normally means assuming control, being in a position of strength, success and power. But yours is inverted, meaning you're fucked.

BARON CHAOS

Enjoy your jokes in Hades, worm.

PANEL FIVE

Baron Chaos raises his crackling gauntlet.

**8 CONTINUED:**

BARAK

Oh, I don't think you want to do that, Baron.

BARON CHAOS

Oh? I KNOW I do.

PAGE 9

PANEL ONE

Medium shot on Avi. He forms the executive finger-steeple.

BARAK

No, it's a waste of time. You've already defeated us.

BARON CHAOS (O.S.)

And now I shall kill you, churlish fool!

PANEL TWO

Push in on Avi. He smiles a tight, thin smile.

BARAK

But you've already killed us. Listen to my voice, Baron: you have won. You have defeated the worms.

PANEL TWO

Push in really tight on Avi's eyes. They're very intense, a deep cerulean blue.

BARAK

The worms are destroyed and you are safe in your castle. Relax now in your triumph. Relax. Relax. You feel safe. Warm and safe. Safe enough to deactivate your armor and remove your helmet.

PANEL THREE

The Baron unsnaps his helmet and begins to pull it off his head. Shoot it from behind like Empire Strikes Back when Vader's helmet is off his head. Barak and Santini recoil at his scarred, burned face.

BARON CHAOS

Fools. They thought they could challenge Baron Chaos.

BARAK

That's right, they were fool. Now they have been destroyed by the all-powerful Baron Chaos.

BARON CHAOS

Yes... Destroyed...

PANEL FOUR

Santini steps up to the Baron. He waves his fingers in his face.

**9 CONTINUED:**

BARON CHAOS

All... Powerful...

SANTINI

How long's he going to be like this?

BARAK

I dunno... he's fighting it. Maybe three minutes?

SANTINI

More than enough time.

## PANEL FIVE

Santini punches the shit out of the Baron's jaw with a pair of Brass Knuckles. He slumps, unconscious.

SOUND E/FX

Thaaak

**PAGE 10**

PANEL ONE

Santini calls on his radio headset.

SANTINI  
Santini to Tefibi. Come on through.

PANEL TWO

Tefibi sneaks a look out of a StormWatch teleport portal (round & blue -- see how CP draws it).

TEFIBI  
Is he dead?

SANTINI  
No. But he's unconscious. Hack into his systems and get this armor off of him. I don't want him cooking us alive if he wakes up.

PANEL THREE

Tefibi bends over the Baron and runs two leads from a portable computer to the Baron's armor. NEVER SHOW THE BARON'S BURNED FACE! Cover it with Tefibi's knee or show just the edge of his head or cast a shadow somehow, but we should NEVER see his face!

TEFIBI  
Well, the armor's powered down, but he's got a million booby traps set to kill anyone who tries to pull it off him.

SANTINI  
Can you hack it?

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi sneers upwards at Santini.

TEFIBI  
Does a bear shit in the woods? Of course I can hack this primitive Eastern European shit.

SANTINI  
Then do it and shut up.

PANEL FIVE

Close up on Santini, listening, cocking his head to the side.

SANTINI  
Does anyone else hear a high-pitched whistling sound?



**PAGE 11**

PANEL ONE

Big Panel. The fast-falling Flint crashes through the roof of the turreted room, raining huge blocks down into the middle of the room. Everyone dodges backwards towards the walls.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Santini and Barak stare at a GIANT HOLE in the floor.

BARAK

Was that Flint?

SANTINI

It was a bit of a blur, but I think so.

PANEL THREE

DOWNSHOT through the hole. The room below has had the floor torn out of it as well, the floor below that as well, and so on, going down 10 floors or so.

SANTINI

Take Dr. Grunier and go see if she's okay.

BARAK

Yessir.

TEFIBI (OFF SCREEN)

(huge bold font)

Insipid Dolts!

PANEL FOUR

Panicked, Santini points his gun offscreen at one of the Baron's Gauntlets which is sticking into the shot from the bottom corner of the panel.

TEFIBI (O.S.)

(huge font)

Verily shalt I smite thee with the power that I doth wield in my steel phalanges!

SANTINI

Freeze, Motherfucker!

**PAGE 12**

PANEL ONE

Reverse angle. It's Tefibi wearing the gauntlet. Baron Chaos is still out like a light. Santini and the bandaged Patel have their weapons pointed at him.

TEFIBI  
Easy, Action, it's a joke.

SANTINI  
That kind of joke gets people killed, Tefibi.  
Namely you.

TEFIBI  
Well, I thought it was funny.

SANTINI  
Finish stripping that shit off of him, then  
I'll laugh.

PANEL TWO

Tefibi pulls the Baron's boot off, a pissy look on his face.

TEFIBI  
(small font)  
"Gee, Thanks for disarming the armored madman  
in our midst, Tefibi! None of us could have  
done it because we're too primitive to use a  
television remote, that's for fucking sure.  
Gosh, you're a real hero!"

PANEL THREE

C/Up on Santini receiving a radio call.

BARAK (OVER RADIO)  
Sir, this is Barak. We've got Flint. She's  
bruised but okay.

SANTINI  
Good to hear it.

BARAK (OVER RADIO)  
Thing is, she fell so far down that she  
uncovered something pretty interesting. I  
think you need to see it for yourself, sir.

SANTINI  
I'll be right there. Santini out.

**12 CONTINUED:**

PANEL FOUR

Santini looks down at Tefibi, who now has both of the Baron's boots, his shin and thigh guards and his arm and forearm guards off. The only thing left on him is his chestplate.

TEFIBI

Sir? Before you go...

SANTINI

Yes?

TEFIBI

Do you have a rag or a handkerchief or something I can drape over this guy's face? It's really creeping me out.

**PAGE 13**

PANEL ONE

A darkened room. A rough hole in the ceiling lets in a cone of light. A huge pile of stones lies in a heap below the hole. Santini rappels into the room on a rope.

SANTINI

Hello? Barak?

BARAK (O.S.)

Over here, sir. Follow the glowing light.

PANEL TWO

Huge panel. A HUGE room, like the NORAD room in "War Games" -- huge dark television monitors everywhere, a line of evil Robots stands against the wall. Flint is there, cradling her left arm as if it hurts.

SANTINI

Holy Shit.

BARAK

It's pretty amazing, isn't it?

SANTINI

What was this guy planning here?

FLINT

Looks like a world coup. Plans to take over at least a few of his neighbors, for sure.

SANTINI

It's not enough to be super-smart or super-powerful... why do these idiots always try to take over the world? It's like a disease they have. And Stage One is building a jackassed World Invasion Room like this one.

BARAK

Hey, look at this!

PANEL THREE

Huge panel. The big darkened tv screens have come to life. On them, we see scenes of THE AUTHORITY attacking America. tearing the tops off of tanks, beaching nuclear submarines, Hawksmoor making a giant hand from the city smash a Hummer.

TV NEWS VOICES

(jaggy tv balloons with no tails)

1. everywhere at once!

**(MORE)**

**13 CONTINUED:****TV NEWS VOICES (cont'd)**

2. completely humiliating the troops sent to stop them!
3. Completely vague and irrational reasons given for this attack-
4. -claim that they are retaliating on behalf of aliens who destroyed Florida-
5. Frankly, Bob, it's an insult to the sovereignty of the United States!
6. attacking American military and governmental interests all across the globe, flickering in and out using their alien "door" technology-
7. Superpeople gone crazy... isn't this the job of the United Nations StormWatch team? Where are they?

**PAGE 14**

PANEL ONE

Big panel. Shot of the Chicago disaster from Issue #1 of the crossover over the shoulder of a sit-down news anchorman. The bottom right corner of the screen has the FAUX NEWS logo.

FAUX NEWS ANCHOR

-ousands dead from the callous and unprovoked attack on Florida by sinister Alien forces. Now, Rogue Super Powered Thugs, THE AUTHORITY are taking over America! Who do these super thugs think they are? And are they in league with the aliens who attacked us?

PANEL TWO

The anchor puts his hand to his ear.

FAUX NEWS ANCHOR

Ladies and Gentlemen, we're receiving word that President Patrick Kent has called an emergency press conference. We're receiving a live feed from the White House. Let's listen in...

PANEL THREE

President Kent sits at the conference table of Air Force One (see reference section). Behind him on the wall is the Presidential Seal.

PRESIDENT KENT

-Vice President is at an undisclosed location. Next?

PANEL FOUR

A female reporter in a suit stands in a group of about six reporters... not too many, it's not a big room.

REPORTER

Mr. President, if this attack by THE AUTHORITY is part of the alien invasion, then why has only the United States been attacked?

PANEL FIVE

The president bangs his podium with a karate-chop hand (see reference).

**14 CONTINUED:**

PRESIDENT KENT

Because they're EVIL! They think just because they can fly and laserify things with their eyeballs, they can get away with this kind of power usurpatude. But they're wrong! And America will show them wronger still!

PAGE 15

PANEL ONE

Santini, Barak and Flint stare at the television screens with slack looks on their faces.

FLINT

Laserify? Usurpatude? Wronger? Since when is English as a first language not a requirement to be President?

PRESIDENT KENT (O.S.)

Look, I know how hard it is to put food on your family! You think these people are here to freedomate America? America will deal with these superpowered maniacs in the only fashion that they can understand: more super powers.

BARAK

We're so fucked. You think he'll go nuclear?

SANTINI

I could see him nuking a few cities, if he thought it would stop The Authority...and I can see The Authority doing worse if THEY think it's necessary. They're not going to stop so long as there's a threat- oh, shit!

PANEL TWO

StormWatch Headquarters. Santini's words come out of a console radio on a desk. Jukko, loaded down with guns and equipment leans down to the radio. In the background, Jaeger pushes a stretcher loaded down with weaponry towards the teleporter platform. Jaeger's leg is in a full leg cast. Jukko's arm is in a sling.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION

StormWatch Headquarters, 500 meters below the United Nations building, New York City

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)

StormWatch Central, this is StormWatch One. Tell me you guys are watching the television?

JUKKO

Yes sir, we wanted to alert you, but we didn't want to compromise your operational security. It can only be a matter of time before THE AUTHORITY engages us. Jaeger and I are evacuating the facility.

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)

Good. You gather all the equipment on the standard evac sheet. I need to talk to Jaeger.



**15 CONTINUED:**

## PANEL THREE

Shot on Santini, talking a sat-phone with Jaeger.

JAEGER

Sir? It's Weiss.

SANTINI

Jaeger, good. I need you for a special cleanup detail.

JAEGER

Yes sir.

## PANEL THREE

StormWatch Prison Level. Jaeger stands in front of a locked door, his palm on a palm scanner, his eyes being scanned by a laser.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION

StormWatch Superhuman Prisoner Detention Level

SANTINI (CAPTION)

We've got some special packages in the basement that I don't want anyone from THE AUTHORITY getting hold of.

## PANEL FOUR

The door slides up, revealing the bound-up Arabic Terrorist HAMOQ from issues 1-4 (see issue #4 for reference of his captivity). He's bound up in metal tape, huge hoses leading to and from his orifices for feeding and waste disposal. He sneers at Jaeger. Jaeger's body language is calm and relaxed.

SANTINI (CAPTION)

Go according to the list we set out before... some of it you manually dump, some of it we're keeping for later.

HAMOQ

Filthy Dog! Come to interrogate me again? You are illegally imprisoning me! I have had no trial, no lawyer-

JAEGER

You're wrong. You were tried in secret by a military tribunal empowered by the world court in the Hague. Your verdict was laid down in a confidential brief.

**PAGE 16**

## PANEL ONE

Jaeger shoots Hamoq in the face with some sort of plasma rifle. We shouldn't see what it's doing to Hamoq yet... just show his head obscured by the plasma stream.

SOUND E/FX

Braaaa-Kaaaaaak!

## PANEL TWO

Angle on Jaeger, wiping blood off of his face-mask, staring through the mask with hate-filled eyes.

JAEGER

You were found GUILTY. The sentence was death.

JAEGER

Rot in Hell, MURDERER.

## PANEL THREE

Jaeger walks out of a glowing blue circle into in the teleporter room. Jukko and Codename: Alias are waiting there. (See CP's designs for #18 to see what this guy looks like when he's not pretending to be someone else).

JUKKO

All packed up?

JAEGER

Yes. I feel sad. I think I will miss this place, dark and airless as it was.

JUKKO

It's just a place like any other. We'll find somewhere better.

## PANEL FOUR

Small panel. Jaeger pushes a button which reads "ARM" on a green computer touch-screen.

JAEGER

You believe so? The odds of The Authority allowing the United Nations to continue the StormWatch program are slim indeed.

## PANEL FIVE

Small panel. The computer screen changes to a red color. Jukko smiles.

**16 CONTINUED:**

COMPUTER TEXT  
SELF DEFENSE GRID ARMED.

JUKKO  
And when did we ever ask the United Nations'  
permission for anything we've done?

**PAGE 17**

## PANEL ONE

The three men walk into their glowing circle. On the other side of the room, a square Authority Door glows as it opens. Apollo and Midnighter are walking out of it.

APOLLO

And I'm betting you that they're not going to be here.

MIDNIGHTER

Then we'll raid their computers to find out WHERE they are! God, you're so literal sometimes!

## PANEL TWO

Apollo & The Midnighter look around at the empty SW HQ. The gun racks are all empty, things are thrown about from the hasty exit. Midnighter walks towards the computer terminal with the red screen.

APOLLO

Too literal. Well, I'd say they've literally taken off. And you literally owe me \$50.

MIDNIGHTER

Take it out in trade tonight. Let's check the building and make sure they're not squirreled away somewhere.

## PANEL THREE

Apollo stares into the basement cell of Hamoq. Midnighter approaches from down the hallway.

MIDNIGHTER

Two other cells were in use, but they're empty now.

## PANEL FOUR

The cell. Hamoq's dead body hangs there. He's got a steel skeleton, so he should look kinda like a Terminator burned clean of his flesh, only just empty sockets and singed skin around his neck.

APOLLO

So he was the only one who wound up like this. I wonder who he was and why Santini killed him in such a brutal manner?

**17 CONTINUED:**

MIDNIGHTER

He was probably just some innocent kid born with superpowers. This is a message for US. This proves Santini's a dangerous psychotic. This proves what we're doing is right.

PANEL FOUR

On the wall beside Hamog's dead body, a small television screen shows Santini's smiling head.

SANTINI (ON TV)

Attention intruders. This is an automatic videotape courtesy of the security system. The computer has identified your DNA signatures as belonging to members of The Authority. You're trespassing.

MIDNIGHTER

Oh shit.

PANEL FIVE

Small inset panel of Santini's lips.

SANTINI

Boom, bitches.

**PAGE 18**

PANEL ONE

Exterior, the United Nations building. Jets of Fire and Smoke explode upwards from the manholes in the street in front of the compound, throwing the manhole covers far into the sky.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

The Carrier. Apollo and Midnighter are completely burnt, their uniforms hanging off of them in tatters, their hair singed, faces covered in soot. THE DOCTOR wiggles his fingers at them like Dr. Strange. JACK HAWKSMOOR stands at the edge of the panel, watching.

APOLLO

-arely made it out with our lives.

THE DOCTOR

Bio-acid, thermal bombs, nanoscopic shrapnel... they sure set up a neat little trap. If you weren't who you are, I'd be looking at two corpses right now.

JACK HAWKSMOOR

The question now is what do we do about them?

MIDNIGHTER

DO?

PANEL THREE

C/up on Midnighter. Mega-Pissed, facemask half-burnt off.

MIDNIGHTER

Santini has a pathological hatred of SPB's. He isn't going to just lie down and let US take over the United States. Hell, he formed StormWatch to prevent EXACTLY what we're doing. As of right now, STORMWATCH has declared war on THE AUTHORITY.

MIDNIGHTER

So I'll tell you what we DO. We find them and we stop them. Because Lord knows SANTINI'S going to try to do the exact same thing to US.

ENGINEER (O.S.)

You might be in luck...

PANEL FOUR

On the Engineer smiling, a holographic map of Europe floating in midair behind her.

**18 CONTINUED:**

ENGINEER

StormWatch's systems were completely destroyed, so I couldn't pull anything out of them... but the United Nations took an emergency call from Hungary eight hours ago. Something about a superpowered coup.

ENGINEER

Anyone want to place bets where Santini and crew might be right now?

**PAGE 19**

PANEL ONE

Santini addresses the entire StormWatch crew.

SANTINI

These people have bitten off a pretty big bite. It's my goal to make them choke on it.

PANEL TWO

Panels 2, 3 & 4 are one picture of the whole crew lined up from left to right across the page, but broken into panels. In the first panel are Alias and Patel.

SANTINI

You two are new. The Authority doesn't know you exist. You leave now, you live until you grow old and die. No shame in walking away.

PANEL THREE

Barak (in his Hawaiian shirt) and Dr. Grunier.

SANTINI

You two are technically civilians. You leave, no one's going to think anything less of you. You didn't sign on for anything rough.

PANEL FOUR

Jaeger, Golovin, Pinckney, Tefibi.

SANTINI

The rest of you... well, by now, you're marked for death. If you want, you can go to Finland. You certainly qualify as political refugees and the Finnish Expatriate Superhuman Strike Force will vigorously defend their borders from any attack by The Authority. You'd be safe there.

PANEL FIVE

On Santini, Flint and Jukko.

SANTINI

Obviously, Flint and Jukko can't go. Superhumans aren't allowed in Finland under any circumstances.

PANEL SIX

C/U on Santini.



**19 CONTINUED:**

SANTINI

As for me, I won't run. I can't. I'm in this until we force The Authority out of the United States.

SANTINI

It's not going to be easy. If you come with me to fight The Authority, I guarantee some of you will die. But remember this: we beat them before, we can do it again. Anyone who wants out, everyone here will understand.

**PAGE 20**

PANEL ONE

Everyone stares at one another, at the floor, at their fingernails, whistles, etc.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Tefibi steps forward.

TEFIBI

Yeah, uh, I gotta say, sir, I'm not really big on suicide...

TEFIBI

But at the same time, I ain't about to lie down and let these creeps take over the USA. I mean, Patrick Kent and his administration are a bunch of corrupt slime, but that's what elections are for, right? Or impeachment?

TEFIBI

So who the fuck appointed these superfucks to be the almighty arbitrators of how free people run their countries? I don't know about everyone else, but I'm in.

PANEL THREE

Santini smiles real big and pats Tefibi on the shoulder.

SANTINI

Tefibi, that may just be the bravest thing I've ever heard you say.

TEFIBI

Yeah, well, I'm already regretting it, so don't expect to hear much more. I do have one question, though...

SANTINI

What's that?

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi indicates the other side of the room. Tied to a chair is Baron Chaos in his helmet, a pair of underwear and nothing else. He has a HUGE red scar all the way across his chest.

TEFIBI

What the hell are we going to do with Baron Chaos?

**20 CONTINUED:**

SANTINI

Why's his helmet still on?

TEFIBI

I got sick of looking at his ugly face. Look, it's not like we can drop him off with the International Criminal Court like our original plan. We show up in the Hague, we're dead.

SANTINI

It IS a conundrum... Luckily, it's an easily solvable conundrum.

**PAGE 21**

PANEL ONE

From behind Baron Chaos. Chaos is in silhouette as Santini shoots Baron Chaos twice, once in the chest, once in the head.

SANTINI

Sic Semper Tyrannis, asshole.

PANEL TWO

Everyone looks a little shocked... not too much, maybe just a little.

SANTINI

Shocked? Get used to it. We're off the books now, people. We're going to have to be worse than they are because we don't have the advantage of godlike power. Every one of these people who we run across, we leave dead as a warning to The Authority: do not FUCK with the Human Race.

SANTINI

Now pack up anything we can steal from Baron Chaos' armory and get the Hell out of here before The Authority manages to track us down.

PANEL THREE

Shot from the thighs down, Everyone's legs leap into action, going this way and that. In the center of the panel, completely ignored is the chairbound dead body of Baron Chaos, lying on its side on the floor, bleeding.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

Baron Chaos's HUD POV, looking up at the StormWatchers pushing a flying car like the old Fantastic Four bathtub into a Project Entry Portal.

HUD TEXT DISPLAY

Main Processor: Power Interrupt (R)  
Fusion Reactor: Power Interrupt (R)  
Strength Enhancers: Power Interrupt (R)  
Offensive Weaponry: Power Interrupt (R)  
Defensive Shield: Power Interrupt (R)  
Life Support: ONLINE (G)  
Auxiliary Systems: Power Interrupt (R)  
Teleportation System: Power Interrupt (R)

**21 CONTINUED:**

BARON CHAOS

(tiny letters as he whispers)

Santini... I will make you suffer for this.

**PAGE 22**

PANEL ONE

The Project Entry panel snap shut just as an AUTHORITY DOOR pops open. The Authority steps out of it in full battle pose. SWIFT points off-panel at something.

HAWKSMOOR  
FREE-Ah shit, we missed them.

SWIFT  
Wait, what's that?

PANEL TWO

The Doctor hunches down over the shot body of Baron Chaos. The Doctor wiggles his fingers, creating mystical healing lights all over Baron Chaos.

THE DOCTOR  
He's lost a lot of blood. The cranial trauma is pretty severe as well.

HAWKSMOOR  
Get that tin can off his head!

PANEL THREE

Baron Chaos' POV. It should be all wavy due to the mystical healing energies suffusing his body and creating a cocoon around him. The Doctor has just pulled off his helmet. The Authority all stare down at him, reacting in horror at his face.

ENGINEER  
My God! What did they do to the poor man?

MIDNIGHTER  
I'm telling you, Santini is INSANE. THIS is what he has planned for all of US.

HAWKSMOOR  
Will he live?

THE DOCTOR  
Yes. I don't know how he survived this long with a bullet wound like that in his head, but now we're here, he'll be fine.

PANEL FOUR

On Hawksmoor, very serious.

HAWKSMOOR  
Okay, I think we're all aware of what kind of lunatics we're up against now.

**(MORE)**

**22 CONTINUED:****HAWKSMOOR (cont'd)**

This is exactly the kind of evil we're seeking to combat. Let's go finish off Washington D.C. and Patrick Kent, and then we're going to have a short sharp chat with the United Nations.

## HAWKSMOOR

So far as I'm concerned, STORMWATCH is officially disbanded and the murderous criminals who are in it are wanted for murder and assault.

## HAWKSMOOR

And woe betide anyone who disputes that with me.