

"The Flash"

by  
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WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO  
D.C. COMICS

STUDIO DRAFT  
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FADE IN:

EXT. AERIAL VIEW -- BEGIN TITLE SEQUENCE

A sprawling Midwestern city shines like a jewel beneath a tranquil blanket of stars. Glass office skyscrapers, modern rail lines and expansive parks. A city like many in the heartland, save for one essential difference.

From our aerial perch, a RED BLUR streaks down streets and boulevards, up alleys and fire escapes, creating a crimson trail of sharp right angles, hairpin turns, and blistering geometric lines. If we didn't know better, we'd think this was a fire engine at warp speed.

But this is a HUMAN BEING.

A human who lives between the ticks of a second. No one sees him, no one hears him. But all who live here have felt his presence. He's everywhere at once, a guardian angel who rights wrongs with lightning speed.

END TITLES.

FADE OUT.

BLACK SCREEN.

A bolt of LIGHTNING crashes down through frame. Pull back to reveal we're looking at the reflection of lightning in the window of a Greyhound bus, speeding down I-70 in the heartland of America. In the window is a young boy with a thousand yard stare.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS -- NIGHT

This is WALLACE "WALLY" WEST, 14, soulful eyes, mistrustful of the world. A duffel bag with all his worldly possessions rests beside him in the near-empty bus. A road sign appears in the bus headlights:

"Keystone City - 422 miles."

The Greyhound plows through the driving rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 -- DAY

Crystal blue sky. The Greyhound rolls through flatlands, endless undulations of wildflowers and grasses, wheat and corn. Over this, the sound of tapping...

CUT TO:

Something taps on a metal rail. It's a platinum SIGNET RING with an inlaid circle of white gold, across which cuts a yellow lightning bolt. Widen to reveal...

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION -- DAY (CIRCA 1999)

BARRY and IRIS ALLEN, 30's, wait by the arrivals area. He's rough hewn, a muscular frame to match his solid Midwestern pragmatism. Her Ivory girl looks belie a core toughness.

IRIS

Would you stop with the tappy-tap-tap?

He stops tapping. She studies him, eyes narrowed.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Barry Allen, are you nervous?

BARRY

Me? No.

IRIS

(knows better)

He'll love you. Everyone loves you.

The bus enters the depot and pulls into a space. Barry and Iris watch people disembark. She squeezes his hand. Finally, a sullen kid emerges, duffel bag in hand.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Hi, Wally.

Iris hugs him, but Wally stands stiff as a board. Barry extends his hand.

BARRY

How you doing, kid?

Wally hesitates, warily returns the handshake. The man's hand envelops the boy's, and once again we see the ring.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY STREET -- DAY

A brand new 1999 Mustang rips through frame, weaving expertly in and out of traffic.

INT. MUSTANG -- DAY

Barry drives with precision, enjoying classic rock on the radio. Iris is in the passenger seat. Wally sits in the back with his hair whipping.

IRIS  
Barry, slow down.

She turns to Wally.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
He's a speed demon.

But Wally seems to enjoy it. On the radio, "Another One Bites the Dust" comes on as a DJ prattles:

RADIO ANNOUNCER  
He does it again, listeners!  
Keystone's City's Mystery Man caught  
another crook last night. We don't  
know who you are, but we love you  
Flash! Rock on, baby!

IRIS  
Heard of the Flash, Wally?

WALLY  
Yeah. Ask me, it's lame. I mean,  
why's he do it?

BARRY  
That's what he's supposed to do.  
Protect people.

WALLY  
Where I'm from, people don't get  
protected. It's every man for  
himself.

Barry and Iris share a look.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF KEYSTONE CITY -- DAY

The Mustang pulls into the driveway of a comfortable plantation-style house. There's a wrap-around front porch and a greenhouse filled with flowers and vegetables.

BARRY  
Welcome home.

Wally stares - he's never lived anywhere this nice.

INT. ALLEN KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The kitchen radiates warmth and the busy lives of the Allens. Wally scrapes the last fork full off his plate. He rises.

WALLY  
Hitting the sack. Thanks.

IRIS  
No need to thank us. You're part of the family now.

Barry and Iris watch him shuffle away.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
How'd he get so jaded?

BARRY  
...if you had his life...

IRIS  
(clearing the table)  
I just... want us to be able to reach him.

BARRY  
It'll come. Be patient.

IRIS  
What did you like at fourteen?

BARRY  
You.

He nuzzles her neck. She giggles, pushes him away.

IRIS  
And every other girl at Keystone  
Junior High.

BARRY  
Just you.

He nuzzles her again.

IRIS  
Barry, the dishes won't do themselves.

BARRY  
Allow me.

In a HIGH-SPEED BLUR, Barry does the dishes, mops the floor and bags the garbage. He reappears in front of Iris five seconds later, a big grin on his face.

IRIS  
Show off.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Wally unpacks his duffel bag in a large, airy room with a bay window. He places three worn t-shirts and jeans in the dresser. Next he removes a stack of Car and Motocross magazines. Stuck in a magazine is a letter from "Nebraska Child Protection Services."

Wally stares at the letter: *mother deceased, father abusive, remanded to custody of aunt and uncle.*

He paces the room, agitated. Just wanting to escape the memories of a troubled past. Something out the bay window catches his eye.

INT. ALLEN BEDROOM -- LATER

A comfortable room with a television on at low volume. Barry and Iris are in bed. He speed-reads the newspaper. She does a crossword puzzle.

IRIS  
Hang on. Here it is.

She uses the remote to turn up the volume on the eleven o'clock news. A telegenically handsome man speaks at a press conference. This is MAYOR VAN SAVAGE, charisma personified.

VAN SAVAGE

(on television)

I want to treat pollution as a hate crime, toxic dumping as murder, and illegal strip mining as rape. Keystone City will lead the nation in sane energy policy. Thanks to the tireless work of City Councilwoman Iris Allen, we're "going green."

He reveals architectural drawings of a sleek, modern hydroelectric dam. On the television, Iris joins Savage.

BARRY

There you are!

IRIS

(on television)

This initiative puts Kansas at the forefront of eco-technology. A modern hydroelectric plant that provides energy without air pollution or greenhouse gases...

Barry gives Iris a kiss.

BARRY

Proud of you, honey.

EXT. ALLEN HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The light in Barry and Iris' window goes out. Moments later, the window on the other side of the house opens.

Wally assesses his options. Jumps to a nearby tree branch, then stealthily drops to the ground.

He creeps to the driveway where Barry's Mustang is parked. Opens the hood and hotwires the car. Climbs into the driver's seat and lets out the brake.

The car rolls back down into the street. Wally hits the pedal and the car speeds off...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- NIGHT

Wally races the car at seventy miles-per-hour. Hair whipping in the breeze. He's been behind the wheel before.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- NIGHT

He screeches onto another street. Faster now. Getting off on the power of the engine. He heads for an intersection and a yellow light. Blazes through.

One problem.

There's a COP CRUISER waiting at the red light. The flashers and siren go on...

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

A six story solid brick edifice. Above the door, etched in marble, the K.C.P.D. motto:

"Safeguarding Our City"

INT. KCPD POLICE BULLPEN -- NIGHT

Wallace sits on a bench in the processing room. He watches cops escort a rowdy drunk to a holding cell. A young woman, strangely out of place amongst the cops, walks to the bench and sits beside him. This is LINDA PARK, 18, Asian-American, Harvard mind, Playboy body. A beat, then:

LINDA  
What'd they get you for?

WALLY  
Speeding.

LINDA  
How fast?

WALLY  
Ninety-two in a thirty.

LINDA  
Ouch.

WALLY  
You?

LINDA  
Arson.

Wally eyes her curiously. At that moment, Barry comes in with a mustachioed COP.



COP

...going ninety-two on a residential street. I ran the plates, saw it was your car, Barry. He's lucky you work in the lab.

Barry nods his thanks. The cop moves off. Wally keeps his head bowed, but Barry's focused on Linda.

BARRY

Thanks for keeping an eye on him.

Wally gives her a look - what?!

BARRY (CONT'D)

Linda's my intern. Linda, you've had the pleasure of meeting my nephew Wally West.

LINDA

Not officially. Nice to meet you, Wally.

She chuckles and exits. Wally watches her go, smitten.

BARRY

She's eighteen, chief. You ain't got a chance.

INT. MUSTANG -- LATER

Car doors slam closed. Barry guns the engine, pulls the car onto the road. Looks over at Wally.

WALLY

I'll save you the breath. I can grab a bus. You don't want me here. I don't want me here.

BARRY

Where were you going?

WALLY

Just drivin'.

Barry takes a beat, senses a way into this kid's psyche.

BARRY  
You like fast, huh? So fast no one  
can touch you, no one at all.

Wally gives a nod. Barry has him pegged.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Let's go fast. You and me. But  
let's do it legal.

EXT. BARN STRUCTURE -- NIGHT

The door swings open. Barry and Wally backlit. Eyes glued  
at something inside. Two Suzuki dirt bikes.

BARRY (V.O.)  
Remember, kid. Speed doesn't make  
your problems go away.

EXT. WOODS TRAIL -- DAY

Barry and Wally tear up the trails. Spewing dirt. Hitting  
little jumps with ease.

BARRY (V.O.)  
No matter how fast you go, you can't  
escape yourself.

EXT. HIGH JUMP -- DAY

Barry does a wicked high jump off a dirt mound.

BARRY (V.O.)  
It's about you, Wally. What kind of  
person do you want to be?

He lands with ease.

EXT. WOODS -- LATER

Barry and Wally ride their cycles through a twisting dirt  
trail. Neck and neck. Gunning it.

BARRY (V.O.)  
In the end, it's not the speed -  
it's what you do with it.

EXT. WOODS -- ANOTHER DAY

Wally rides the bike. Barry's nowhere to be seen. Wally doesn't see the tree root up ahead. His tire hits it hard, an ass over elbows flip over the handlebars. He writhes on the ground. Moments later, Barry appears.

BARRY  
(kneeling)  
You okay?

WALLY  
Where'd you come from?

BARRY  
Bend your arm. Wiggle your fingers.

WALLY  
I'm fine. Just a scratch.

BARRY  
Let me see.

WALLY  
I'm fine.

Barry pulls Wally's collar to examine the scratch.

WALLY (CONT'D)  
No-

Across Wally's upper back are scars the width of a belt.

EXT. COTTONWOOD TREE -- DAY

Barry and Wally recline under the branches of a stately old cottonwood tree.

BARRY  
So how bad was it?

WALLY  
Nothing I couldn't handle.

BARRY  
You didn't deserve those scars.

Wally's silent.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
That's done now. You're here. Your  
future's an open road. You can decide  
who you're going to be. I think  
you're gonna do great things.

WALLY  
How do you know?

BARRY  
(shrugs)  
I just do.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Days later. Barry and Wally watch a baseball game, munching  
Kettle Korn. Iris enters wearing gardening gloves.

IRIS  
Barry, can you help me? I need that  
potting soil in the greenhouse.

WALLY  
(rising)  
I got it.

Iris looks at Barry - pleasantly surprised.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY SQUARE -- NIGHT

July 4. Fireworks bursting overhead. The centerpiece of the  
square is a STATUE of the Flash. It's an impressionistic  
sculpture of a runner (think Mercury). Iris prepares to  
take Barry and Wally's picture in front of the statue.

BARRY  
Get in here, Iris.

Iris flags a passing PEDESTRIAN.

IRIS  
Can you take our picture?

The Pedestrian aims the camera. Wally puts his arms around  
Barry and Iris. Off the smiling family picture...

INT. KCPD POLICE LAB -- NIGHT

Close on Wally. Smiling. Eyes soulful, but the mistrust is gone. He watches Barry mix some chemicals on the lab table.

BARRY  
Check it out.

He pours one beaker into another. A small explosion of blue smoke occurs. They giggle like schoolboys.

WALLY  
Do that again.

Wally's attention is diverted when he sees Linda Park walk past in the outer hall. Legs galore.

WALLY (CONT'D)  
Be right back.

BARRY  
(winking)  
Good luck.

Wally's almost out the door when suddenly he stops. Turns back to Barry.

WALLY  
Uncle Barry?

BARRY  
Yeah?

WALLY  
Thanks.

He exits quickly. Barry smiles, knows this is a victory.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Wally emerges from the lab. Up ahead, Linda disappears down the stairwell. He follows.

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Wally's sneakers pound down the stairs to reach Linda.

WALLY  
Linda?

LINDA  
Oh hi, Wally.

WALLY  
Hey, I was thinking about setting  
the high school on fire. Thought  
you might want in.

Her laughter's music to his ears. The conversation's interrupted by a handsome uniformed officer, HUNTER ZOLOMON, 24, the guy Wally would want for an older brother.

HUNTER ZOLOMON  
Linda, got those lab reports?

LINDA  
I was on my way to get them, Officer.

It's clear she's got a crush on Zolomon. She obediently follows him down the stairs. Wally watches them go. Feeling invisible. That's when-

**A HUGE EXPLOSION rocks the building.**

Fire alarms blare. Wally charges up the stairs. Many other EMPLOYEES flood the stairwells, heading down. Wally fights against the panicked tide.

WALLY  
Move! Move out of the way!

INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Wally explodes through the sea of employees, searching their faces for Barry. He runs down the smoky corridor.

INT. POLICE FORENSICS LAB -- NIGHT

Flames lick the walls of the lab. Searing, spewing heat. Wally vaults into the room, searching. In a distant corner, Barry's sprawled on the ground. Motionless.

WALLY  
Uncle Barry, get up! Gotta get out!

The flames ROAR higher, fueled by chemicals that fill the lab. Wally tries to cut through the fire when... BOOM. A secondary explosion sends him careening against Barry's lab table, spilling the glass beakers Barry was mixing.

The chemicals soak Wally's shirt and pants.

The smoke's thick now, acrid, a dense, impenetrable wall between Wally and Barry. Other COPS appear at the door.

COP  
Get outta there, kid! Get out!

Wally ignores them, shields his face, plows into the wall of fire. But the flames are too much. He retreats a moment later with his jacket on fire. Choking horribly-

WALLY  
I can't get through. I can't get through. I can't...

Wally sinks to his knees, overcome with smoke, as the Cops scramble to drag him from the room.

FADE TO BLACK.

And OVER the high speed revving of motorcycles...

**"TEN YEARS LATER"**

EXT. KANSAS MOTOCROSS RACE TRACK -- DAY

A dozen motocross cycles fly over a jump on a twisting, hilly track. We're at the Kansas Motocross Championships. The leader of the race wears a red uniform with a logo on the back: *a white circle with a gold lightning bolt.*

ESPN ANNOUNCER #1  
If he can just hold on, Wallace West will win his first National title.

ESPN ANNOUNCER #2  
After so many disappointments, will this finally be the year?

Tight on Wallace. The boy's now a man: broad shoulders, lean and muscular, a face that lets him get away with anything. He hurtles over a dirt mound.

ESPN ANNOUNCER #1  
Boy, he's really catching air today. Final approach. He's far ahead of the pack.

The bleachers are packed with fans. The ESPN announcing team sits by the finish line. Wallace guns the throttle, gaining distance on the other racers.

ESPN ANNOUNCER #1 (CONT'D)  
He's on the table-top, only one jump left.

ESPN ANNOUNCER #2  
It's a crotch-tester.

ESPN ANNOUNCER #1  
Take it slow, son.

ESPN ANNOUNCER #2  
Oh no! He's going full frontal!

Wallace recklessly vaults into the air. He loses control of the bike on the landing. It skids out from under him. He hits the ground face first.

ESPN ANNOUNCER #2 (CONT'D)  
Face plant!

ESPN ANNOUNCER #1  
God, it hurts to watch, Phil. So much potential. So little achievement.

ESPN ANNOUNCER #2  
It's like the kid can't help himself. Once again Wallace West is a day late and a dollar short.

The second place rider zooms over the jump and heads toward the checkered flag.

ESPN ANNOUNCER #1  
Bobby Jackson crosses the finish line to win the gold!

The fans go wild for Bobby Jackson.

EXT. KANSAS MOTOCROSS RACE TRACK -- MOMENTS LATER

Wallace groans in the dirt. Motocross medics hurry out to check on him, followed closely by a man in a motorized wheelchair. This is JOHN HARRIS, African-American, great-looking, Wally's best friend.



JOHN  
 You sonofabitch! That's the third  
 bike you've wrecked this season.  
 Tired of rebuilding the damn things!

John zooms off to inspect the mangled motorcycle.

WALLACE  
 (rising painfully)  
 Don't worry about me. I'm fine.  
 Just dislocated my shoulder.

EXT. KANSAS MOTOCROSS TRACK -- LATER

Wallace limps off the field. Iris comes down from the bleachers, expression stern. The past ten years have aged her, but she still sparkles.

WALLACE  
 Hey. Didn't know you were here.

IRIS  
 What? Miss the chance to see you  
 break your neck?

WALLACE  
 Shoulder. I'm saving my neck for  
 next week.

IRIS  
 Maybe it's time for you to get a  
 real job. I don't want you to end  
 up in a wheelchair like John.

WALLACE  
 Leave John out of this.

IRIS  
 It's time to think about what comes  
 after this. You've been on the  
 circuit longer than most of these  
 guys. What's next?

A passing MOTOCROSS FAN accidentally bumps into Iris. He wears a ski cap over heavy brows.

MOTOCROSS FAN  
 Sorry.

IRIS  
It's okay.

She turns back to Wallace. Softens.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
I love you, which is why I'm on your  
case. I have to make a quick stop,  
then I'll see you at the house for  
dinner?

WALLACE  
Yes, ma'am.

She kisses him on the cheek.

EXT. STATE CAPITOL -- DAY

A grand baroque building on the north end of City Square.  
Iris pulls her car into a reserved parking space. The sign  
says "Iris Allen, State Senator."

INT. STATE CAPITOL -- DAY

Iris strides through the bustling office. She reaches a  
SECRETARY seated outside a large office.

SECRETARY  
Hello, Senator Allen.

IRIS  
Hi, Gina.

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

An ornate office with windows overlooking City Square.  
GOVERNOR VAN SAVAGE has the green credentials of Al Gore  
wrapped in a John Kennedy body. He greets Iris warmly.

VAN SAVAGE  
There she is - the brain trust. Got  
any other initiatives to make me  
look good?

IRIS  
Hello, Van.

He crosses from behind his huge desk and gives her a hug. A  
warm comraderie here.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
I got a weird call from Jim Holt,  
the City Engineer. He said someone's  
stealing power from the dam.

VAN SAVAGE  
What?

IRIS  
They traced the power drain to Savage  
Energy.

VAN SAVAGE  
I don't get it.

IRIS  
I know you're out of day-to-day  
operations, but can you look into  
it?

VAN SAVAGE  
Yeah, of course.

He picks up the phone. Dials. A moment later-

VAN SAVAGE (CONT'D)  
Samantha, it's Van. I need you to  
check into something...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SAVAGE ENERGY -- NIGHT

A campus of low slung modern buildings. The Savage Energy  
logo is an ear of corn in front of the sun.

INT. SAVAGE ENERGY -- WEATHER LAB -- NIGHT

The weather lab itself resembles NASA Mission Control:  
consoles, large tv screens, rows of work stations, etc. One  
television screen shows a huge grain silo on the outskirts  
of Keystone City. Another shows what look like oil derricks  
in a desolate valley.

DR. MARDON  
Let's see the test satellite locked  
onto Keystone City.

DR. MARK MARDON, 40's, is a sweaty dumpling of a man with a chip on his shoulder the size of Manhattan. His ASSISTANT hits some buttons on a console.

DR. MARDON (CONT'D)  
C'mon hurry. Wake up.

New images appear on the screen. A satellite suspended in earth's atmosphere. Hovering over the big blue marble. With high-gain antennae, altitude controls, and black metal solar panels, it looks like a deadly alien insect.

A VOICE (O.S.)  
Dr. Mardon, we need to talk.

Mardon swivels to face DR. SAMANTHA STARK, 30's, a whiskey-voiced blond with a badge identifying her as "Research Director" - Mata Hari in Prada. Privately:

SAMANTHA STARK  
What're you doing?

Mardon smiles and reaches into a receptacle filled with what appear to be coins. He extracts a small SILVER DISK.

DR. MARDON  
Prepping for tonight.

SAMANTHA STARK  
You're drawing attention.

DR. MARDON  
From who?

SAMANTHA STARK  
The woman you're going to kill.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

The lot's almost empty. Wallace strides past a pack of KIDS surrounding a MOTOCROSS RIDER (Bobby Jackson) holding the event trophy in his hand, signing autographs.

Wallace reaches his own cycle. It's a restored Triumph. A THIN KID, 12, stands nearby, admiring the bike.

THIN KID  
Nice bike.

WALLACE

Thanks.

He gets on the cycle and kickstarts the engine.

THIN KID

Can I get a ride?

WALLACE

Not tonight, man. I'm beat.

The Kid turns to go and Wallace sees five small BRUISES on the kid's arm, evenly spaced. He knows what this is: the vise-like grip of a big man's hand.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Hey.

THIN KID

(turning)

Yeah?

Over the whine of an engine...

EXT. CRAPPY NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

Wallace's Triumph zooms through a low rent part of town, the Kid holding on tight. Wallace pulls to a stop before a dilapidated little house. The Kid climbs off the bike.

THIN KID

Thank you.

WALLACE

Don't thank me. Toughen up. There's not gonna be someone around to save you when your old man smacks you around. Nobody saves anybody.

He catches himself, realizing his own world view isn't appropriate right now. Gives a friendly wink.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Lift some weights.

He guns off on the bike, wiping frame to reveal the Savage Energy logo on an entrance gate across the street.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

A Savage Energy prospectus sits on the table. A stew simmers on the oven. The radio's on NPR.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

...it's expected that Kansas Governor Van Savage will announce his intention to run for President at the massive Green Rally in Keystone City...

Iris studies a LARGE FILE at the kitchen table. It's filled with articles about Savage Energy, scientist Mark Mardon, and photographs of weather silos and other objects.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Savage made billions with his "green technology" company, then became Mayor and now Governor of Kansas. His environmentally conscious platform seems to have struck a nerve with the public...

A DING from the oven. Iris removes from the bottom oven a fresh-baked shortcake. Just need strawberries.

EXT. ALLEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Iris hurries to the outdoor greenhouse with a basket, pausing to note dark, pregnant storm clouds rolling in from the north. Gonna be a doozy.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

She barely makes it inside before the first drops of rain pelt the top of the green house. Iris walks to a row of strawberry vines and picks ripe berries. Within minutes torrents of rain pour from the sky, sheets of water cascading over the glass walls of the greenhouse.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

Wallace speeds the Triumph through the driving rain. An act of suicide for anyone else; for him, second nature. In the distance, Iris' house is visible.

EXT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

Winds whip at a frenzied rate. A tree splits after a huge gust. The branch shatters the greenhouse roof.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

Iris rushes to the door. She tries to pull it open but the wind's too strong.

Bolts of lightning and thunder shatter the night.

EXT. ALLEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Wallace skids into the driveway. He hops off the bike and heads for the house when a SCREAM from the greenhouse catches his ear. He sprints to the side of the house.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

Rain pours in from the shattered roof. Winds swirling and gusting. Iris takes cover near a row of geraniums.

Wallace bursts through the door-

WALLACE  
Aunt Iris!

IRIS  
Wally!

He races across the room, hand outstretched, reaching to pull her into his arms and lead her to safety. He gets within three feet, extending his hand-

Their hands clasp... just a HUGE BOLT OF LIGHTNING crashes through the hole in the ceiling.

The bolt hits Iris with the force of a sledgehammer. Electric tentacles run from her body to Wallace's--

She tumbles to the ground, but strangely, Wallace remains standing. The electricity's had no discernable effect on him. He kneels beside her.

WALLACE  
Iris, wake up!

IRIS  
(weakly)  
Wally.

WALLACE  
C'mon, Aunt Iris. Wake up. You're  
gonna be okay. Please.

Her eyes flutter. She smiles weakly.

IRIS  
There's something I never told you,  
Wally. About your Uncle. And that  
ring I gave you when he died.

She squeezes his hand tightly.

WALLACE  
Aunt Iris?

No response. She's left this world for another. Wallace  
lets out a choked sob. Head bowed, he notices something on  
her collar. It's a charred SILVER DISK half the size of a  
dime. Strange.

EXT. ALLEN HOUSE -- LATER

Through the rain, spinning red and blue cop flashers and an  
ambulance. Wallace stands with a DETECTIVE we might recognize  
as Officer Hunter Zolomon from ten years back.

ZOLOMON  
Wally, I don't know what to say.  
Some kinda freak accident.

WALLACE  
I need to speak to Linda.

ZOLOMON  
She's over there.

Wallace spins around to find Linda Park, now 28, still brainy  
and gorgeous. She wears the blue windbreaker of the Keystone  
City Police Department.

LINDA  
I'm so sorry.



WALLACE

Look. I need a favor. Figure out what this is.

He hands her the silver disk. Linda takes it, curious. Over this, the whine of Wallace's motorcycle...

EXT. VARIOUS CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Various shots, Keystone City, devoid of people. Wallace rides along slick, shining wet streets, lit only by street lamps and metronomic flashes of lightning. Racing fast. Speed the only escape from his pain.

New street. More rain. Lightning and thunder coming in unison. No one with any sense would be out in this storm. A BUSBOY in a rain slicker hauls trash bags to a nearby dumpster. He looks up to see Wallace barreling down the street at eighty miles per hour.

And that's when it happens.

Wallace doesn't see the CITY BUS heading on a perpendicular path, driver's vision obscured by the rain. Heading toward him at forty miles per hour. Coming closer.

At the last moment he glances up. Eyes wide.

THE BUS OBLITERATES THE BIKE.

Any normal person's road kill, but Wallace suddenly finds himself standing on the sidewalk. Safe from harm. The Busboy stares at him, mouth hanging open.

BUSBOY

How'd you do that?

WALLACE

(dumbfounded)

I don't know.

Wallace stands, soaked, contemplating what's happened. Wanting only to escape, he stumbles away. The first steps are tentative, but then he picks up speed.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Twenty, thirty, fifty, eighty miles an hour. Streaking through the rain - a blur against a backdrop of mirrored skyscrapers.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN -- NIGHT

Faster now. Ninety, a hundred, a hundred ten. Out in the flatlands, the storm's peaking. Bolts of lightning slam the ground. He dodges them like a gazelle.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

At the woods on the edge, a DEER munches leaves. Looks up - sensing something. *A blazing streak careens down the highway, leaving a twenty foot wake of fire on the asphalt.*

The deer's eyes widen: what the hell?

EXT. SOMEWHERE -- NIGHT

Now - tight on Wallace. Not even out of breath. The rain's slowed to a drizzle. He gapes at the sign at the edge of the highway.

"Welcome to Colorado"

He turns back to the direction from which he just came. A similar sign is on the other side of the highway.

"Keystone City - 422 Miles"

Rain runs in rivulets down his face. Tilt down his body to his Nikes - smoking and sizzling from the asphalt, rubber bubbling on the soles.

INT. WALLACE'S BEDROOM -- DAY

The morning sun blasts through the window. Wallace wakes up in his messy room, groggy, bleary-eyed. He has what amounts to a severe hangover.

Vague memories. Iris dying. A lightning storm. Running like a wild banshee. He's about to write it off as a nightmare when he notices his sneakers on the floor. Picks them up. The soles are melted smooth as a baby's ass.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Let me get this straight.

INT. WALLACE AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John Harris sits amidst the shattered wreckage of Wally's Triumph, which is spread across the floor of the messy bachelor pad.

JOHN  
Your aunt got hit by lightning while you were grabbing her hand.

WALLACE  
It killed her, but I didn't feel a thing. Then I ran to the Colorado State line in less than twelve minutes.

Wallace extends the smooth-soled sneakers.

JOHN  
You're talking a little crazy, you know that?

WALLACE  
(sighing)  
Wanna beer?

JOHN  
We're outta beer.

Wallace rises - then suddenly disappears.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Wallace? Yo, Dubbs, where you at, man?

Wallace appears back from the store holding a six pack of frosty Coors Light.

WALLACE  
You owe me two-thirty.

JOHN  
Please. You had that out in the hallway.

WALLACE  
Where's that hat you wear? The one  
with the brim?

JOHN  
In my room.

Wallace disappears and reappears in less than a second. He  
hands John the hat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(a little freaked)  
Okay, what's going on?

Wallace extends a ring box. Opens it to reveal the lightning  
bolt signet ring.

WALLACE  
This was my Uncle Barry's. I got it  
when he died.

JOHN  
You've never showed me this before.

WALLACE  
Never worn it.

JOHN  
Why not?

WALLACE  
I don't know. Maybe I was angry he  
died. Point is, there's a lightning  
bolt on this ring.

A palpable tension here. Both sensing they're onto something  
bigger than either can understand.

JOHN  
Lemme see it.

Wallace hands it over. John opens the box to reveal the  
ring. John takes it from the box. His fingers caress the  
ring's surface. Suddenly a RED SUIT blasts out of the ring.  
It hovers in the air, then flutters to the ground.

WALLACE  
Whoa!

Wallace picks up the suit. A light-weight red polymer weave with a white circle and lightning bolt at the center.

JOHN  
(staggered)  
Dude... your Uncle was the Flash.

They both sit silent... staggered.

EXT. ALLEN HOUSE -- DAY

A distant hum approaches over golden fields of corn. Wallace pulls up on his Triumph. Gets off. For a moment, he just stands still and soaks in the air, the birds, the wind.

INT. ALLEN HOUSE -- DAY

Wallace enters. There's a table in the foyer displaying family photos. Many of them include young Wally with Barry and Iris.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Iris' copper pots and pans hang over the stove. Wallace takes a moment, notes the Savage Energy file sitting on the kitchen table. He exits. On a mission.

INT. ATTIC -- DAY

Wallace roots through boxes labeled: "Barry's clothes, Barry's shoes, etc." It's as though Iris packed these things thinking he might come back some day. Wallace touches a particularly faded old workshirt. Something comforting here.

He opens a box of Barry's shoes. Dress shoes, work boots, a couple pairs of sneakers. Instinct tugging, he grabs a pair and turns them to see the soles.

Melted smooth as a baby's ass.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY DAM -- DAY

A sleek, modern hydroelectric dam. A city mourns for one of its own taken so violently in the prime of life. On the viewing platform hangs a banner proclaiming this the-

"Iris Allen Memorial Dam"

Van Savage speaks to a CROWD OF THOUSANDS. It seems Iris had many friends.

VAN SAVAGE  
Iris was pure gold here in Keystone  
City, and as we say goodbye, I'm  
reminded of a poem by Robert Frost.

Wally stands next to John (in wheelchair). In a row of KCPD cops are Linda Park and Hunter Zolomon.

VAN SAVAGE (CONT'D)  
"Nature's first green is gold, Her  
hardest hue to hold."

In a back row of on-lookers we see Dr. Mark Mardon and Samantha Stark.

VAN SAVAGE (CONT'D)  
"Her early leaf's a flower, But only  
so an hour."

Savage struggles to maintain composure.

VAN SAVAGE (CONT'D)  
"So dawn goes down to day. Nothing  
gold can stay."

EXT. DAM PLATFORM -- LATER

Wallace receives the grief-stricken condolences of many mourners. First is Van Savage.

VAN SAVAGE  
Sorry, son.

WALLACE  
Thank you, sir.

Savage moves to hug Wally, who responds stiffly. It's a slightly awkward moment.

VAN SAVAGE  
God bless.

He moves on. Next are Linda Park and Zolomon.

ZOLOMON

Wally, I'm sorry. I know we've fallen out of touch the last few years, but anything you need, I'm here.

WALLACE

Thanks, Hunter.

Now it's Linda's turn.

LINDA

She was my hero.

WALLACE

Check out the silver disk I found on her collar?

LINDA

It's going to take a couple of days for the tech department to give me a report. Meanwhile, why don't you get out of town for awhile? You've been through a lot.

EXT. DAM PLATFORM -- DAY

Ten feet away, John watches Wallace and Linda converse. They share a hug. Moments later, Wallace approaches.

JOHN

When you gonna tell her?

WALLACE

Tell her what?

JOHN

How you feel? Seems to me ten years is long enough.

WALLACE

Don't start-

JOHN

I've seen a million girls come through your door. She's different.

WALLACE

Enough, John.

JOHN  
I'm guessing she feels the same about  
you. But cause you guys met around  
the time Barry died, you're both too-

WALLACE  
Enough.

JOHN  
Okay. Sorry.

An uncomfortable beat, then:

WALLACE  
I gotta see if I can do more than  
just run fast. Where can we go to  
test this stuff out? Somewhere no  
one notices strange behavior.

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 -- DAY

Close on the driver's side of John's van, speeding along the  
Interstate. John drives. Wallace sits in the passenger  
seat. Or at least appears to...

CAMERA rises up and over the van to reveal that Wallace is  
actually sprinting alongside the van.

INT. JOHN'S VAN -- DAY

John checks the speedometer. 90... 95...

JOHN  
You're over a hundred!

WALLACE  
Guess what?

JOHN  
What?

WALLACE  
I'm still in first gear.

Wallace takes off like a bullet, leaving John in the dust.



EXT. INTERSTATE 70 -- DAY

A HIGHWAY PATROLMAN with a radar gun sits on his motorcycle at the side of the highway. CARS drive by, speeds registering on the display of the radar gun. 66 mph... 58 mph... then suddenly a blur that registers 478 mph on the display. The Patrolman bangs the side of the radar gun.

PATROLMAN  
Piece of crap.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP -- NIGHT

Sin City. Neon everywhere. Wallace is now in the passenger seat of John's van as they enter Vegas.

EXT. WYNN HOTEL -- NIGHT

A golden tower stretching high in the sky. Money, glamour, beautiful babes. The van pulls into the valet area. John lowers himself out of the van.

JOHN  
C'mon, give it a try. Just see if  
you can do it.

WALLACE  
Will you shut up then?

JOHN  
I promise.

EXT. WYNN HOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

The backside of the hotel. Wallace backs up to give himself some running room.

JOHN  
C'mon. You got this.

Wallace races UP THE SIDE of the Wynn Hotel for about six feet, then topples back onto his ass. Hard.

EXT. WYNN HOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

He gears up, tries again. This time he makes it about nine feet up the side of the wall before crashing back down.

WALLACE  
Can't do it.

JOHN  
Go again. Push it.

EXT. WYNN HOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Wallace sets himself, determined, and races with great speed toward the wall. First floor, second, third. Tenth, fifteenth, twentieth, till he finds a perch on the ledge thirty-seven stories above the ground.

He did it! Enjoying the accomplishment, he scans the glittering vista of night-time Las Vegas. He's on top of the world. He glances down.

WALLACE'S P.O.V. -- the asphalt thirty-seven stories below, an uninviting landing pad.

He's seized by a dizzying vertigo that almost makes him topple off the ledge. Holy shit. *How does he get down?*

INT. WYNN HOTEL -- NIGHT

The ground floor elevator dings open. Wallace steps out, sheepish, and hurries out of the hotel.

EXT. CAESAR'S PALACE -- NIGHT

Wallace and John move past Roman statues in front of Caesar's Palace. The flowing fountains span half a football field.

JOHN  
Check it out.

Wallace has a twinkle in his eye.

WALLACE  
How much you give me?

JOHN  
Two bills.

WALLACE  
You're on.

Wallace zooms toward the fountain, hops the retaining wall, and for a moment or two seems to gain traction on the surface.

But then he sinks, hits bottom, finally falling in face first. John nearly busts a gut laughing, finally catches his breath:

JOHN  
Forget the two hundred. That was worth it.

INT. TAO NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

Pumping music and hot bodies on the dance floor. Wallace and John sit at the bar.

JOHN  
Barry Allen was the Flash. Now you got super speed. By logical extension, that means you're the Flash too.

WALLACE  
I'm a lot of things, buddy. A hero ain't one of `em.

Their attention is drawn by a CUTE GIRL who strides past in a super short mini. They both admire her backside.

JOHN  
Yeah. That's what I'm talking about.

And maybe it's the desire to see that again that causes Wallace's body to vibrate. This vibration results in what we'll call the TIME BEND EFFECT.

Wallace stays absolutely still, but the molecules around him shift and wriggle and TIME REWINDS about fifteen seconds.

WALLACE  
I'm a lot of things, buddy. A hero ain't one of `em.

Their attention is drawn by the Cute Girl who strides past in a super short mini. They again admire her backside.

WALLACE (CONT'D)  
Was that weird?

JOHN  
What're you talking about?

John's totally oblivious to the time bend, but Wallace has paid a price. He's shaken and sweaty from exertion.

WALLACE  
We gotta go home.

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 -- DAY

The same Highway Patrolman with a radar gun sits on his bike at the other side of I-70. CARS drive by, speeds registering on the display of the radar gun. 61 mph... 59 mph... then suddenly a blur that registers 605 mph on the display.

PATROLMAN  
Piece a crap!

The Patrolman throws the radar gun onto the highway, where it's promptly crushed by an eighteen wheeler.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

A sunny morning in Keystone City. Wallace enters the station beneath the marble etching: "Safeguarding Our City."

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

He steps into the fourth floor corridor. With grim resolve, he marches to the forensics lab.

INT. POLICE FORENSICS LAB -- DAY

Wallace walks into the lab. It's like being slammed in the face with the past. Linda turns from the lab table.

WALLACE  
Wow. You run this place.

LINDA  
Barry left me some big shoes to fill.

Wally nods. Barry left him some big shoes too.

WALLACE  
There's times I wonder what things would be like if I could've pulled him out of that fire.

LINDA  
It was a lab accident. Mercury's an  
incredibly volatile chemical. You're  
lucky you weren't killed.

WALLACE  
(shifting gears)  
You look at that silver thing?

She solemnly leads him to the lab table. The silver disk's  
been deconstructed. Inside: circuitry.

LINDA  
It's an advanced GPS locator.

WALLACE  
Locator?

LINDA  
A tracking device. But it's not  
like anything the tech guys have  
ever seen.

WALLACE  
(perplexed)  
What would that be doing on her  
collar?

She holds up the charred disk's casing. There are two little  
hooks on either side.

LINDA  
Someone put it there.

Wallace reels... remembers...

*EXT. KANSAS MOTOCROSS RACE TRACK -- DAY (FLASHBACK)*

*Iris scolds Wallace by the bleachers. A passing MOTOCROSS  
FAN accidentally bumps into Iris. A ski cap pulled over a  
heavy brow.*

MOTOCROSS FAN  
Sorry.

IRIS  
It's okay.

INT. KCPD POLICE LAB -- DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Wallace turns to Linda.

WALLACE  
There was a guy who bumped into Iris  
at the track. I saw his face. I  
think he put it there.

He starts to exit, but she grips his arm.

LINDA  
Wally.

WALLACE  
What?

LINDA  
Where you going?

WALLACE  
To find him.

LINDA  
Do you know his name? Where you  
gonna look?

Wallace burns with anger.

WALLACE  
Everywhere.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

He bursts from the doors of the station. Starts to jog,  
then picks up speed...

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY -- AERIAL VIEW -- DAY

From our aerial view, a BLUR races through the city - parks,  
alleys, restaurants, fleabag motels - a frenzied search for  
a MAN'S FACE. A needle in a haystack.

VISUAL EFFECT - Wallace can scan people's faces at an  
incredible rate. Faces appear before his eyes: old, young,  
man, woman. An endless stream of citizenry.

Finally, like a heat-seeking missile bearing in on its target,  
his eyes lock TIGHT on a man-

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY STREET -- DAY

CLIVE YORKIN is a tattooed skinhead wearing a ski cap, walking on a street bustling with pedestrians. Wallace appears as if from nowhere to confront Yorkin.

WALLACE  
We need to talk.

It takes a moment for Yorkin to register that this is the nephew of Iris Allen. His response is swift and sudden. He yanks a gun from his waistband and fires at Wallace.

BULLET'S POV. The bullet hurtles toward Wallace. Right between his eyes.

Instinctively, like swatting a fly, Wallace swipes his hand in the air and catches the bullet mid-flight. The only person more surprised than Yorkin is Wallace himself.

But Yorkin has used the brief moment to escape. He bowls through the midday CROWD, knocking people down in his wake. The crush of shoppers makes it difficult for Wallace to pick Yorkin out. So Wallace sprints ACROSS THE SHOULDERS of the sardine-packed crowd. As he awkwardly skips from one shoulder to another:

WALLACE (CONT'D)  
Sorry... `scuse me... sorry...

Up the block, Yorkin sees a FERRARI stopped at a red light, driven by a RICH GUY. Yanks open the door.

CLIVE YORKIN  
Get out.

He grabs Rich Guy, hurls him to the curb. Jumps in the Ferrari. The car leaps forward with a roar and speeds through a red light.

Wallace is right on its tail when an EIGHTEEN WHEELER barrels through the intersection to block his path. Wallace grimaces, sliding under the eighteen-wheeler like a baseball player stealing second. He pops to his feet. Close call. Takes off again.

The Ferrari makes a screeching left turn, narrowly squeezing past a CEMENT MIXING TRUCK backing out of an alley.

Wallace runs up the side of the mixer, churning his legs so fast it spins and spews concrete all over workers and pedestrians.

He uses the speed to vault HIGH IN THE AIR, a long jump of epic proportions. Still unfamiliar with his powers, he flails arms and legs, crashing down on the Ferrari's roof, tumbling to the pavement.

WALLACE  
Gotta work on that.

EXT. CITY AERIAL VIEW -- DAY

A HELICOPTER emblazoned with the station call letters KCRS flies above the city.

INT. KCRS HELICOPTER -- DAY

The PILOT turns to the TRAFFIC REPORTER.

PILOT  
What the heck's that?

They look down at the strangest sight. A wild chase between a human and a Ferrari. Or rather a blurry streak jabbing at the back of the fishtailing Ferrari.

INT. FERRARI -- DAY

Yorkin glances into the side mirror to see Wallace right on his tail. He's stunned. Jams the pedal harder.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Low angle. The Ferrari blasts through frame, Wallace close behind. Yorkin's a skillful getaway driver, negotiating turns at ninety miles an hour. People dive out of his way. One PEDESTRIAN gets caught flat-footed.

PEDESTRIAN  
No!

Wallace outraces the Ferrari to pluck the Pedestrian out of harm's way. He returns to pursue the Ferrari. He tries to open Yorkin's door but it's locked. He trips and tumbles end over end, crashing into a storefront wall.



He rises. Clothes tattered. Pursues again. It's easy enough to catch the Ferrari - but how do you get to Yorkin inside? A beat, then Wallace has an idea.

He snatches the Ferrari's fender and rips it free. Now the other fender. Then the roof. Then the hood. In less than a five seconds, he's racing against the SKELETAL FRAME of the Ferrari!

CLIVE YORKIN

Uh oh.

The Ferrari skeleton swerves out of control, losing its grip on the asphalt. *The car hurtles into the air toward a FAMILY crossing the street thirty feet away.*

Mom. Dad. Kid. They cower. No time to run.

Wallace stands frozen. Not sure what to do. He spontaneously spins a MINI-CYCLONE toward the flying Ferrari, diverting it's path by a mere seven degrees. It sails above the crowd and crashes into the second story of a tenement.

The Ferrari flips and hits the pavement with a crunch of metal. No one's hurt. Except Yorkin, that is. He lolls on the pavement, scraped and battered. Wallace grabs his throat. Squeezes tight.

WALLACE

Who are you?

A VOICE

There he is!

Wallace turns. People everywhere. Staring. At him. Whispers running through the crowd. *Who's that? Is that the Flash?* Wallace feels exposed. He releases Yorkin's throat and disappears in a streaking haze-

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT

Wallace approaches the building, beaten and bedraggled from the chase. He glances up to see a light burning brightly in the fourth floor lab. Linda's silhouette is visible in the window above. He prepares to run-

INT. POLICE FORENSICS LAB -- NIGHT

Linda gathers her things to leave for the night. Wallace's face appears in the window behind her. He's perched on the fourth floor ledge. For long moments, he watches her. Wistful.

Linda grabs her purse. Heads for the door.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY -- NIGHT

She emerges, searching her bag for keys, to find Wallace standing triumphant.

WALLACE  
Looking for these?

He dangles her keys on his finger.

LINDA  
Wally, what are you doing here?

WALLACE  
I found the guy who put the GPS  
locator on Iris.

LINDA  
What? How?

WALLACE  
It's a long story. Have you eaten?

LINDA  
I was just on my way-

WALLACE  
Louie's Charcoal Pit, Monday night  
rib special.

LINDA  
I'd love to, but I can't. I'm late.

She steps onto the elevator, holds open the door.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
You coming?

WALLACE  
Gotta take care of something.

She waves goodbye as the elevator doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

Linda watches the display: 4,3,2,1. Ding. The elevator door opens. Wallace stands holding a takeout box of Louie's ribs. He opens the box.

WALLACE  
Sure I can't tempt you?

EXT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

She steps out of the elevator, totally perplexed.

LINDA  
Where'd you get those?

WALLACE  
(eyes twinkling)  
I always keep a spare set in the trunk. Have one. C'mon, you know you want it.

She sniffs the delectable ribs.

LINDA  
Okay, just one. But I'm really late.

He follows her toward the door.

WALLACE  
I'm onto something here, Linda, I know it.

They exit through the doors.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT

They come out onto the street:

WALLACE  
I think my Aunt was murdered by a bolt of lightning.

He suddenly stops short. Hunter Zolomon leans against his snazzy sports car at the curb.

ZOLOMON  
Hey, Wally. Linda, what's with the  
rib? We're going to dinner.

He opens the door for her.

LINDA  
Hold on a sec.  
(to Wally)  
Wally, that's pretty farfetched. Do  
you have proof?

But for Wallace, the sight of Linda and Zolomon as a "couple"  
is like a punch in the gut.

WALLACE  
It's okay. We'll talk tomorrow. Go  
ahead. We'll talk later.

He hurries off into the night with his box of ribs. Zolomon  
opens the car door for Linda.

ZOLOMON  
What's up with him?

LINDA  
(concerned)  
I don't know.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A television plays the news. On screen is the aerial view  
chase footage of Wallace chasing the Ferrari through the  
streets and alleys of the city.

NEWS ANNOUNCER  
Keystone's citizens were buzzing  
today about the chase between a  
Ferrari and a human today.

A picture of the wrecked Ferrari fills the screen.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Could this be the return of the  
mysterious Flash?

A rogue's gallery of MUG SHOTS fills the screen.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
As Keystone's City's resident guardian  
angel in the nineties, the Flash  
captured many arch criminals.

A graph shows crime going up over the last ten years.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
But then one day - he disappeared.  
Sure, crime's gotten worse, but the  
bigger mystery's why - why'd he  
abandon the city that loved him?

Back to the footage of Wallace and the Ferrari.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
The million dollar question: is the  
Flash back in Keystone City?

Pulling back to reveal Samantha Stark and her lover watching  
the news in bed. It's Van Savage.

VAN SAVAGE  
Dammit.

Please allow me to introduce Van Savage. He's a man of wealth  
and taste. Gone is the perma-pressed politician seen earlier,  
replaced by a cunning, ruthless villain.

SAMANTHA STARK  
Why're you stressed?

VAN SAVAGE  
The timing couldn't be worse. We're  
two days away.

SAMANTHA STARK  
Relax.

She starts to massage his shoulders, but Savage pulls free  
and enters the opulent bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Savage stares into the mirror. He removes his blue-tinted  
contact lens.

VAN SAVAGE  
Why didn't Watkins warn us?

His eyes are inky black and fathomless.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Samantha lounges on the bed.

SAMANTHA STARK  
He's incompetent.

Savage emerges from the bathroom. Perches on the bed. She stares into his bottomless eyes. They kiss.

VAN SAVAGE  
Take care of it.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Samantha strides toward a large security center.

INT. SECURITY CENTER -- NIGHT

She enters a high tech room, dozens of security monitors with images of his spectacular estate. The security team snap to attention.

SAMANTHA STARK  
Where's Watkins?

Chief of Security WATKINS is summoned to face Samantha. Watkins is 40's, military fit, utterly competent.

WATKINS  
Yes, ma'am?

SAMANTHA STARK  
Why wasn't the Governor warned about the Flash?

WATKINS  
Only found out tonight, ma'am. It was broadcast on the news.

SAMANTHA STARK  
If we can get our information from the news, why do we need you?

WATKINS  
He came out of nowhere. There was no way we could-

From beneath the sleeve of Samantha's dress, a switchblade mechanism snaps forward a ten inch Bowie knife. She jams it into Watkins stomach. He drops like a stone.

SAMANTHA STARK

You, Jones.

Security Guard JONES turns to Samantha, terrified.

SAMANTHA STARK (CONT'D)

Smile. You just got a promotion.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Meanwhile, Van Savage walks to a door with a heavy lock. He undoes the combination and enters.

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

He descends the steps two at a time.

INT. MEDITATION ROOM -- NIGHT

A small room with an earthen floor. A small pit's been dug in the center of the room, from which emanates a reddish glow. Savage squats in front of the pit.

Reveal now it's a basketball-sized METEORITE, pulsing with energy. He places his hands over the object in the pit, feeling the warmth, drawing its power.

The glow dances in his inky eyes.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY SQUARE -- NIGHT

Close on a flame. Dozens of candles are set at the base of the Flash statue - the streaked steel image of a running man. Bouquets of flowers, cards, personal notes. The plaque reads: *You never stood still long enough for us to say thank you. The Citizens of Keystone City.*

Wider now. A vigil in progress. Hundreds in attendance. The Flash has inspired an outpouring of nostalgia, a yearning for safer, carefree times. Not far away sits Wallace on a bench. Pigeons peck for crumbs at his feet. Lovers stroll in the moonlight, the sounds of gentle laughter.

He tosses his last rib into the box. Truly alone.

EXT. IRON HEIGHTS -- DAY

The sun rises over Iron Heights, a looming, ugly prison built in 1910, surrounded by acres of barbed wire fencing and sharpshooter security towers.

INT. IRON HEIGHTS -- DAY

A row of high security cells. HECTOR, 50's, Hispanic, huge Buddha belly bulging from a skin-tight guard uniform, leads Wallace down Cell Block 6, Row 2.

HECTOR  
We call this section of the prison  
the "Rogue's Gallery." Specially  
designed cells to hold the criminals  
the Flash caught years back.

They pass a cell with walls covered with images straight out of Hieronymus Bosch. Demons, ghouls and freaks. ROY G. BIVOLO, Bohemian, paints with homemade dyes.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
Roy G. Bivolo. Artist. Got bad  
reviews at the Keystone Museum of  
Modern Art.

WALLACE  
I remember reading about him.  
Newspapers called him the "Rainbow  
Raider." Killed six art critics  
with bullets filled with paint.

Wallace and Hector reach a fireproof cell, where a man hovers over a small fire burning in his steel cell potty. Hector raps his night-stick loudly against the bars.

HECTOR  
Mick, out with the fire.

MICK RORY, acerbic, Irish, snuffs out the fire with bare, fire-scarred hands.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
Mick Rory, firefighter. Papers called  
him "Heatwave." Went crazy from  
inhaling asbestos dust. Became an  
arsonist-for-hire.



They pass the next cell, where a FERAL MAN with flowing blond tresses sits on the edge of his iron bunk.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
Hartley Rathaway. "The Pied Piper".  
Born deaf, so his rich pops bought  
him sonic ear implants. He can make  
sounds that'll boil your brain.

Wallace now notices that there are two dozen RATS snoozing like puppies at Hartley's feet.

WALLACE  
What's with the rats?

HECTOR  
My man uses sound to control animals.  
Naturally, we give him lots of  
personal space.

They reach a door marked Visitor's Room. Hector swipes his security card over the lock.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
Thank God the Flash is back. This  
city could use a hero.

Wallace stares down the row of cells: a living museum of Barry Allen's life and accomplishments.

WALLACE  
Don't get your hopes up. It mighta  
been a one time deal.

INT. ROGUE VISITOR'S ROOM -- NIGHT

They enter a drab blue room. Wallace slips into a chair across from a chicken-wire plexiglass barrier.

HECTOR  
I'm only letting you see this guy  
cause your Uncle was Barry Allen.  
He was one helluva guy.

WALLACE  
Thanks, Hector.

Hector drops into the background. Moments later, Clive Yorkin is led to a seat by a GUARD on the other side of the plexiglass enclosure. The guard moves away.

For a long beat, Wallace just stares at Clive. Hating this bastard. Then he picks up the ancient phone that's their communication device. Clive does the same.

CLIVE YORKIN  
Do I know you?

WALLACE  
Iris Allen was my aunt.

CLIVE YORKIN  
My condolences.

WALLACE  
Why'd you put a locator on her collar?

CLIVE YORKIN  
I don't have to talk to you.

WALLACE  
(controlled fury)  
Who were you working for?

CLIVE YORKIN  
Go to hell.

WALLACE  
Who, dammit?!

No response. Wallace's blood boils.

WALLACE (CONT'D)  
Who?!

Still Clive is silent, unremorseful, and something weird happens. Wallace burns with emotion.

*And that's when his molecules begin to shift.*

Wallace PASSES THROUGH the chicken wire and plexiglass barrier separating the two men. He's suddenly next to Clive, who stares at him with eyes like saucers-

CLIVE YORKIN  
*What are you?*

Even Wallace is stunned at his own maneuver. He grips Clive's neck like a vise. Squeezing.

WALLACE  
Tell me.

CLIVE YORKIN  
(gurgling)  
I can't.

WALLACE  
Who are you working for?!

CLIVE YORKIN  
(still gurgling)  
He'll kill me.

WALLACE  
So will I.

CLIVE YORKIN  
It was... it...

WALLACE  
(choking harder)  
Tell me.

CLIVE YORKIN  
It was Van Savage.

WALLACE  
You're lying.

CLIVE YORKIN  
It was Savage. I swear.

Hector chats with a fellow GUARD outside the visitation area. He suddenly notices Wallace choking Yorkin INSIDE the cage.

HECTOR  
Hey!!!

EXT. IRON HEIGHTS PRISON -- DAY

Hector and the other Guard hurl Wallace out of the prison onto the asphalt. He tumbles in the dust.

INT. WALLACE AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Hours later. Wallace consults with John. Motorcycle parts are still strewn all over the living room.

WALLACE  
Iris had a file on Savage Energy in her kitchen. I think she was onto something involving Savage, and that's what got her killed.

JOHN  
You better have proof. You're talking about the Governor of Kansas.

WALLACE  
I'll get proof.

John mulls this, then:

JOHN  
Tell Linda Park about this?

WALLACE  
Not about Savage.

JOHN  
Cause you don't want her to think you're out of your gourd.

WALLACE  
Yeah, pretty much.

INT. POLICE FORENSICS LAB -- NIGHT

Linda Park studies police reports on Clive Yorkin. A long list of petty arrests. In the background, a CLEANING WOMAN finishes her work in the empty lab.

CLEANING WOMAN  
Good night, Ms. Park.

LINDA  
(not looking up)  
G'night, Theresa.

Theresa exits. Linda's examination of the Yorkin files is interrupted when Zolomon enters.

ZOLOMON  
What're you doing?

LINDA  
Ooh, you scared me. Looking into  
this Iris Allen thing.

ZOLOMON  
You work too hard.

LINDA  
Pot. Kettle.

ZOLOMON  
(smiling)  
How about dinner tomorrow night? I  
have a rooftop terrace with a view  
you wouldn't believe.

He *is* awfully handsome.

LINDA  
Okay. Sold.

Zolomon winks and heads off, then turns back-

ZOLOMON  
It doesn't take a Detective to figure  
out he's into you.

LINDA  
What?

ZOLOMON  
Wally. He's been hot on you since  
he was a teenager. Sure his "theory"  
about Iris isn't just a way to get a  
little sympathy nookie.

LINDA  
You're gross. Besides, Wally's right.  
The circumstances of her death are  
really bizarre.

ZOLOMON  
Or maybe you're hot on him too.

LINDA  
Hunter, stop it.

ZOLOMON

(a wink)

See you tomorrow.

He exits. Linda studies the Yorkin file.

INT. WALLACE AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Wallace gathers his things, heads for the door. John glides his wheelchair after Wallace.

JOHN

Where you going?

WALLACE

Savage's house.

JOHN

Are you crazy?

WALLACE

Maybe.

John speeds forward, cuts Wallace off.

JOHN

There's gonna be security up the wazoo. You really wanna check this out, I'm with ya.

WALLACE

Goin' alone.

JOHN

You ain't hitting the Savage estate with no back up.

WALLACE

If he doesn't answer my questions I'll kick his butt all over the house. Don't need you, John.

Words that unintentionally inflict pain.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

That's not what I meant.

JOHN  
Nah, I get it. Wouldn't want the  
cripple to hurt himself again.

WALLACE  
Stop.

JOHN  
Don't go "Lone Ranger" on me, Dubbs.  
(then:)  
I lost my legs, not my heart.

EXT. SAVAGE ESTATE - NIGHT

Pitch black night. The Bel Air of Keystone City, where large estate-style homes are separated by acres of woods, flora and fauna. Wallace and John pull up above the sprawling Savage estate in John's van.

INT. JOHN'S VAN -- NIGHT

John quickly scans the estate with a pair of binoculars, then hands them to Wallace.

JOHN  
Check it.

Wallace peers through the lens.

BINOCULAR POV - It's INSANE - a self-sustaining "eco-tectural" mansion with zero energy, waste or carbon emissions. The football-field size lawn is lined with space age windmills, blades spinning at top speed.

House window awnings are made of solar panels which rotate to catch the sun. On the left is a large recycling center with melting and crushing capacity.

INT. JOHN'S VAN - NIGHT

John hands Wallace a small ear bud.

JOHN  
Stick that under your mask. That  
way we got contact.

WALLACE  
Thanks.

JOHN

Now suit up. You've got work to do.

WALLACE

I'm not wearing the suit.

JOHN

I don't know this from personal experience, but usually when you commit felony breaking and entering, some kind of mask is desirable.

EXT. JOHN'S VAN -- NIGHT

Wallace steps out of the van. A deep breath. Raises his fist high, innately knowing what to do. The suit blasts out and Wallace runs straight into it in two milliseconds.

He disappears in a streaking red haze...

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A security room, lined with monitors. Two SECURITY GUARDS eat sandwiches and stare at the screens. A faint RED BLUR streaks across ten screens in a row.

SECURITY GUARD #1

See something?

SECURITY GUARD #2

Nah.

SECURITY GUARD #1

There was a line that went across the screen.

SECURITY GUARD #2

(chewing)

I hate solar power.

EXT. SAVAGE MAIN HOUSE -- NIGHT

The Flash halts behind a large geranium pot thirty yards from the mansion. From his view, a GUN-TOTING GUARD with walkie talkie patrols the front. The Flash tips over the large pot. It smashes on the ground.



GUN-TOTING GUARD  
 (into walkie)  
 Heard a noise in the west quadrant.

He hurries to investigate... and now the Flash appears in the spot the Guard just vacated.

THE FLASH  
 I'm going in.

JOHN (O.S.)  
 (filtered)  
 Gotcha.

INT. HOUSE -- VARIOUS -- NIGHT

The Flash charges inside and we get a WHIPFAST POV through a grand kitchen, spare bedrooms, closets and bathrooms fit for a king. There's nothing improper or amiss.

He hurtles through corridors in the house. Races past a MAID so fast she doesn't even see him. A German shepherd lying on the carpet senses something. Lets out a warning bark then goes back to sleep.

JOHN (O.S.)  
 How you doin', buddy? Find anything?

THE FLASH  
 Not yet.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY -- NIGHT

A GUARD tilts his head. Did he hear someone's voice? He keys his radio.

INT. DRAWING ROOM -- NIGHT

Van Savage, eyes closed, listens to Beethoven. A SECURITY GUARD enters.

SECURITY GUARD  
 Governor, we have an intruder.

Savage opens his eyes and we see that the blue-tinted contacts are back in.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Well-armed GUARDS race down the hallway in formation. They look like the offensive line of the Chicago Bears.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The Guards charge toward the Flash. The Flash in turn charges toward them. His warp-fast speed knocks them across the hall like tenpins. Think NFL crushing hit x 100. The men tumble all over the floor, unconscious.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The Flash rounds a corner to find another bevy of GUARDS hurtling toward him. This time they've broken out of formation, hoping to seize and hold him still.

VISUAL EFFECT - The Flash bobs and weaves like a halfback through the split formation of hulking guards. Evasive maneuvers accomplished in a nanosecond.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The Flash reaches the steel door with heavy lock.

THE FLASH  
Found a door. Going in.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Careful.

The Flash raises his palm toward the lock. It vibrates and pops open. Behind the door is a stairwell leading down into blackness.

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

He goes down and down, step after step leading him to...

INT. TROPHY ROOM -- NIGHT

It's said that in the homes of the world's wealthiest people are private art and antiquities collections to boggle the mind. These people don't share their treasures with bourgeois museum-goers. They hoard the history and art of mankind for themselves. Such is the case here.

The Flash moves past glass cases, mesmerized. Among the items: a battle sword from the time of Genghis Khan; a wooden impaling stick from the reign of Vlad the Impaler; a thumbscrew from Merry Olde England; a handwritten edition of Mein Kampf.

A VOICE (O.S.)  
Barry Allen.

The Flash swivels. Van Savage stands at the door.

VAN SAVAGE  
Thought I killed you ten years ago.

Savage laughs mockingly when he's BOWLED into by the 678 mile-per-hour force of the Flash's shoulder plowing into his belly. Savage crashes back against a glass case filled with gruesome instruments of torture.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Hey, what's going on?

The Flash is on Van in a millisecond, punching his face fifty times in the span of two seconds. If Savage even feels the blows, they're like pesky insects.

VAN SAVAGE  
My turn.

Savage punches the Flash, who crashes back against a case containing Iron Cross medallions.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Wallace, you there?

Savage bears down on him. With nowhere to turn, the Flash hurls the medallions at meta-speed. Savage deflects the medallions with his forearm. Unfazed.

His fist crashes against the glass of a scary-looking collection of ornate Russian daggers. Savage plucks and throws them one by one. The Flash twists and ducks at warp speed. The daggers plunge into the wall.

Savage crashes his fist into the next case containing a medieval crossbow. He fires three arrows. The Flash gracefully bobs and weaves to avoid the arrows.

He starts to flee, but Savage has already broken another case to retrieve a South American bola, two heavy balls connected by a leather cord. He hurls it, entangling the Flash's legs, dropping him like a stone.

Savage bends low to rip the red mask from his face. He reacts with some surprise-

VAN SAVAGE  
Wally West. Guess the apple doesn't  
fall far from the tree.

One swift kick in the head and it's lights out. Savage slings the Flash's limp body over his shoulder.

INT. JOHN'S VAN -- NIGHT

John taps his earpiece. Panicked.

JOHN  
Dude, I got no audio and I'm freaking  
out. You read me?

EXT. RECYCLING CENTER -- NIGHT

Savage carries the Flash over his shoulder into the recycling center at the back of the property. The primary feature of the center is called (true fact) a MUNCHER, a square pit with gnashing blades and walls that crush cut plastic into blocks two foot square.

VAN SAVAGE  
Let me tell you something, son.  
You're no Barry Allen.

He hurls the Flash into the Muncher. The whirling razor sharp blades tear the plastic near his body. The walls close in, squeezing, crushing...

INT. JOHN'S VAN -- NIGHT

John's still trying to connect with Wallace to no avail.

JOHN  
Dubbs, where are you? This isn't  
funny. C'mon, man! If you're dead  
I'll kill you!

A burly face appears at his window: a SAVAGE GUARD. He's with an equally large GUARD. They open the door, see he's in a wheelchair.

SAVAGE GUARD  
Outta the van.

INT. THE MUNCHER -- NIGHT

The walls crush closer on the unconscious Flash. The gnashing razor sharp blades are inches away from cutting him to shreds, after which the closing walls will crush him into a block of recycled plastic.

EXT. SAVAGE ESTATE HELICOPTER PAD -- NIGHT

Savage greets a few trusted aides on the way to a waiting helicopter. He enters. The copter lifts off.

INT. THE MUNCHER -- NIGHT

The Flash's eyes flutter open. He tries to right himself, but getting traction on an ocean of plastic bottles is near impossible. The walls get closer. The blades get nearer.

The Flash focuses, ignores blades rotating centimeters from his face. His body crackles with electric voltage. Suddenly -  
*A BLINDING WHITE JOLT OF ELECTRICITY.*

He's made himself a human conduit.

EXT. SAVAGE ESTATE -- NIGHT

John motors forward on his wheelchair with a Guard on either side. The entire estate suddenly goes pitch black.

SAVAGE GUARD #1  
What the hell?

INT. SECURITY ROOM -- NIGHT

The Security Guards are just dim outlines in the blackout.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
Even the backup generator's dry.

SECURITY GUARD #2  
Gimme carbon fuels any day.

EXT. RECYCLING CENTER -- NIGHT

The Flash climbs out of the Muncher. Dazed, battered, but alive. He puts his hand to the earpiece.

THE FLASH

John?

No response.

EXT. SAVAGE ENERGY -- NIGHT

Savage Guard #1 grabs John by the throat.

SAVAGE GUARD #1

What the hell's going on?

He suddenly drops to the ground, immobilized by a streaking red blur.

SAVAGE GUARD #2

Gene, what's wrong?

Guard #2 is enveloped by the blur, and he too hits the ground unconscious. The Flash appears before John.

JOHN

Nice timing.

THE FLASH

Van Savage killed my uncle.

Over this, per-lap:

LINDA (V.O.)

Van Savage, the governor?

INT. POLICE FORENSICS LAB -- NIGHT

Late, dimly-lit. Wallace, cleaned up but visibly bruised, talks with Linda and Detective Zolomon.

WALLACE

Yes.

ZOLOMON

What's your evidence?

WALLACE  
He told me. I think he had something  
to do with Iris too.

ZOLOMON  
Any witnesses present?

Wallace shakes his head.

ZOLOMON (CONT'D)  
So it's your word against his.

LINDA  
Hunter, there's definitely something  
weird going on.

ZOLOMON  
We need hard evidence. A GPS tracker  
isn't enough.

WALLACE  
In his basement, he's got Nazi  
weapons. Battle swords from ancient  
times. Torture devices. Check it  
out if you don't believe me.

ZOLOMON  
What were you doing in his basement?

WALLACE  
Checking the plumbing. I was looking  
for clues, dammit.

Zolomon decides to humor Wallace.

ZOLOMON  
Okay. I'll look into it.

WALLACE  
Bring reinforcements. He won't go  
down easy.

Zolomon exits, leaving the two of them alone. Wallace reveals  
the file compiled by Iris.

WALLACE (CONT'D)  
I found this at Iris' house. She  
was checking out Savage Energy.

LINDA  
Why?

WALLACE  
You're a cop, you tell me.

He slides her the file, their fingers accidentally touching to create a SPARK of static electricity. Both feel it.

LINDA  
Wally?

WALLACE  
Yeah?

LINDA  
You okay?

WALLACE  
I'm fine.

LINDA  
We've been friends a long time. You can tell me the truth.

He hesitates, unsure whether this is the time to unburden himself about his newfound powers.

WALLACE  
Just check the file. Please.

EXT. SAVAGE ENERGY -- NIGHT

The helicopter lands on the roof. Savage climbs out to be greeted by an AIDE.

AIDE  
Just got word from your security at home. The intruder escaped.

Savage scowls, contains his rage...

INT. WEATHER LABORATORY -- NIGHT

Close on a giant television screen. Visible is the insect-like weather satellite with a Savage Energy logo. Hovering above earth's atmosphere. Scary.



DR. MARDON (O.S.)  
The satellite releases a burst of  
electrical energy which causes a  
flash current from the clouds to the  
ground.

Mardon's trying to impress Samantha. He reaches into the  
receptacle and removes several small silver disks.

DR. MARDON (CONT'D)  
These aren't just locators, they're  
grounding rods for lightning. Between  
this and the other weapons, I'm  
guaranteed a Nobel Prize.

Savage storms into the lab. He strides past rows of  
technicians on his way to Mardon.

VAN SAVAGE  
Shut down the testing till we launch.

DR. MARDON  
I'm still working out kinks.

VAN SAVAGE  
You got Iris Allen, that's enough.

DR. MARDON  
But-

VAN SAVAGE  
Don't make me ask again.

Mardon wilts under Savage's gaze. He motions for the  
technicians to power down their equipment. Tosses the silver  
disks back into the receptacle. A GUARD approaches Savage  
with great deference.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sorry to interrupt, Governor. You  
have a visitor.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE -- NIGHT

Immaculately decorated. Savage walks into the office to  
find a man sitting comfortably on the leather couch, gun  
visible in his shoulder holster.

It's Hunter Zolomon.

ZOLOMON

Wally West dropped by the station tonight.

VAN SAVAGE

He broke into my house.

ZOLOMON

Said you have a basement filled with some pretty freaky things.

VAN SAVAGE

Arrest him for trespassing?

ZOLOMON

I've got questions, Savage.

Savage grabs Zolomon by the throat and smashes him against the wall. Holds him dangling-

VAN SAVAGE

This is your fault, you know. I told you to strangle him after you killed his uncle!

ZOLOMON

(choking)  
Let go.

VAN SAVAGE

Because you were weak, I have to deal with the Flash.

ZOLOMON

...can't breath...

Savage lets him drop in a pile on the floor. Zolomon wheezes and coughs.

ZOLOMON (CONT'D)

I've worked for you for ten years.  
Been loyal to you. Killed for you.  
And you don't even tell me you murdered Iris Allen?

Savage considers this. His scowl disappears.

VAN SAVAGE  
You're right, Zolomon. It's time I  
told you the truth about who I am.

As Savage continues, we FLASH BACK to various images, all  
shot impressionistically:

EXT. ANCIENT CAVES -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dim outlines of early men staring at the sky.

VAN SAVAGE (V.O.)  
At the dawn of man's existence, I  
was there. As ignorant and uninformed  
as the rest...

A meteorite leaves a glowing trail in the sky.

EXT. FIELD -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The meteorite lies in a small crater.

VAN SAVAGE (V.O.)  
...I came in contact with a force of  
nature that enabled me to live many  
lifetimes...

A hand reaches toward the meteorite's glow.

EXT. ANCIENT EGYPT -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

People stare at something in awe.

VAN SAVAGE (V.O.)  
I've been witness to mankind's  
greatest achievements.

A newly-built sphinx rises to the heavens.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Men do battle with swords and shields.

VAN SAVAGE (V.O.)  
And it's greatest horrors.

A soldier is impaled by a sword.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET -- DAY

Present day. Overcrowded with people.

VAN SAVAGE (V.O.)  
The earth's population has grown a  
hundred fold. I've come to believe  
that man's natural tendency is to  
rape and plunder.

EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS -- DAY

The most beautiful lake you've ever seen.

VAN SAVAGE (V.O.)  
Not only each other, but the earth  
as well.

A busted pipeline spews oil into the lake.

EXT. PITTSBURGH FIELD -- DAY

An ugly gash across the wilderness. It's a strip mine.

VAN SAVAGE (V.O.)  
For thousands of years, I've been  
witness to mankind's destruction. I  
can't be a witness anymore.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO -- DAY

A hurricane devastates the shoreline.

VAN SAVAGE (V.O.)  
The Earth fights back as man heats  
the planet to intolerable degrees.  
But nature needs a hand.

Row after row of flooded houses.

EXT. OUTER SPACE -- NIGHT

Against a glittering backdrop of stars, the lethal satellite  
hovers high in earth's atmosphere.

VAN SAVAGE (V.O.)  
And that's where I come in. Finally,  
technology allows me to help nature  
rid itself of a pestilence. Man.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE -- BACK TO PRESENT

Zolomon's stunned. Savage has his head bent low.

VAN SAVAGE  
I know it's hard to swallow. But  
we're in the eleventh hour. The eve  
of the apocalypse. I need people I  
can trust by my side.

He looks up, contacts now removed. Eyes inky black.

VAN SAVAGE (CONT'D)  
A chosen few will survive the  
apocalypse. You're one of them.

Zolomon recoils - truly afraid.

ZOLOMON  
I'll kill him tonight.

VAN SAVAGE  
Don't want you to blow your cover.  
But I can use your help.

ZOLOMON  
Whatever you want.

VAN SAVAGE  
I want to set loose a few old friends  
to create some mayhem, draw out Wally  
West, then kill him. I know they'll  
be motivated.  
(a grin)  
His Uncle put them away.

INT. IRON HEIGHTS PRISON -- NIGHT

Wide shot, three cells in which reside Roy G. Bivolo, Mick  
Rory and Hartley Rathaway. The remote-controlled cell bars  
slide open with a metallic clang. Slam. Slam. Slam.

HECTOR  
All I know is, you must have friends  
in high places.

The men happily exit their iron cages. Hartley's rats follow  
him through cell door. Scrambling at his feet.

EXT. IRON HEIGHTS PRISON -- NIGHT

The three rogues exit prison with their meager belongings in paper sacks. A limousine with dark tinted windows idles at the curb. The driver gets out and opens the back door.

Bivolo, Rory, and Rathaway exchange looks, then climb into the back of the limo, followed by two dozen rats.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY -- DAY

Brand new day. Workers in cherry picker cranes hoist a huge sign over the Convention Center. It says: "Keystone City Welcomes the Green Rally."

Other shots. Lines in the middle of the street are repainted green. Posters of Van Savage with the slogan "Green is Good" are hung from buildings. Street-sweepers make the city pristine for the expected crush of visitors.

EXT. STOREFRONT -- DAY

A SHOPKEEPER puts up a sign in the window. It reads: "Half Off Wheatgrass Shots." CAMERA FLOATS up to the apartments over the storefront, eventually pushing in on a window...

INT. WALLACE'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Pan across the messy floor. The Flash suit lays in dirty tatters. Wallace is a lump under the covers. There's an insistent knock at the door.

WALLACE

Go away.

John rolls in with a coffee. Wallace tries to sit up, but the pain's too great. He accepts the coffee.

JOHN

You look like crap.

WALLACE

Eat me.

JOHN

Gotta get your strength up. Go after Savage.

WALLACE  
I'm letting the cops handle it.

JOHN  
You're the Flash.

WALLACE  
My uncle was the Flash. Don't you  
get it? That's not me. I got enough  
trouble taking care of myself.

Wally rolls out of bed in his boxers. He limps out of the  
room. John whizzes after him.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Wallace walks to the kitchen for some sugar. John follows.

JOHN  
I'd give anything to get out of this  
chair. I never give up trying.  
You're the fastest man alive and you  
want to walk away.

A news report plays on the small counter television.

FEMALE ANCHOR  
Hero or Hoax? The news media descends  
on Keystone City to see if this is  
the actual return of the Flash, as  
citizens wait a hopeful vigil...

A shot of the people and flowers surrounding the Flash statue,  
reminiscent of Buckingham Palace after Diana died.

WALLACE  
See what I'm talking about? These  
people are waiting for something  
that's never gonna come -

He shuts off the television.

WALLACE (CONT'D)  
I got my ass kicked out there. Savage  
was right. I'm no Barry Allen.

JOHN  
He left you that ring for a reason.

WALLACE  
I wish I knew what it was.

JOHN  
Then find out.

WALLACE  
How?

JOHN  
Use your skills, grasshopper. You  
said you could rewind time.

EXT. ALLEN HOUSE -- DAY

Wallace rides up on his Triumph. Gets off the bike. He stares out over the fields. In the distance is the towering cottonwood tree where he sat with Barry as a kid. A deep breath, then he heads toward the tree.

EXT. COTTONWOOD TREE -- DAY

Wallace stands beneath the willowy branches. His body begins to vibrate. In a tenth of a second, he's moving so fast he appears to be still... and it's like time's moving past him. For the most part, a streaking blur. But the pain's excruciating, and like G forces on an astronaut, it slows him down... revealing images from his past.

*Flashbacks: Recently, crime scene tape and detectives scouring Iris' greenhouse; six years ago, Wallace kissing Iris goodbye and leaving for college, possessions in a small suitcase; Barry and Wally leave for work on the night Barry died.*

Lightning crackles around his body. Face a grimace. Too painful to go back any further. And suddenly, the streaking past becomes too much - like a BAD ACID TRIP. Out of control, the past is a smoking blur - days, weeks, years speeding past like a runaway train - a haze through which a HAND reaches out to him... a hand wearing a ring with the distinctive yellow bolt of the Flash...

Very tight shot. Like the image so beautifully rendered in Michelangelo's "Creation of Man," Wallace's hand seeks that of his rescuer. They clasp. Wallace is suddenly yanked from the dizzying vortex into...



EXT. COTTONWOOD -- DAY

Wallace stumbles in the grip of a man with a blue workshirt, arms rolled to the elbows. It's Barry.

BARRY  
I've missed you, kid.

Wallace sags into Barry's arms, wrung like a rag.

WALLACE  
I did it. I made it back.

EXT. COTTONWOOD TREE -- LATER

The sun sets red against the sky. They sit beneath the tree. Wallace looks like he's been run over by a Mack truck.

BARRY  
I was experimenting with some chemicals during a storm. Lightning struck right through the window. Next thing I know, I'm the fastest man alive.

WALLACE  
But how?

BARRY  
My best guess is it altered the oscillation frequency of every molecule in my body. But whether it's genetics or destiny or coincidence... it is what it is. I was trying to replicate the chemical combination that gave me speed the night I died. You must've come into contact with that mixture.

WALLACE  
The chances we'd both get splashed with chemicals and struck by lightning are a million to one.

BARRY  
More like a million to two.

Wallace's attention shifts. Iris has appeared on the back porch of the house. Ten years younger.

WALLACE  
(a whisper)  
Iris...  
(rising)  
Aunt Iris!

BARRY  
She can't hear you. This isn't real,  
Wally. Somehow we're both tapped  
into a force that lets us communicate.  
You can't affect her in any way.  
It's why I can't go back in time and  
stop my own murder.

Iris suddenly catches sight of them. She calls out-

IRIS  
Wally!

Wallace looks at Barry, whattaya mean she can't hear me?  
Suddenly 14 year old Wally, in jeans and t-shirt, runs from  
the trees behind them toward the porch.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
(heading inside)  
Wash your hands, change out of that  
shirt, it's time to eat.

Wallace watches himself run into the house. A sweet, sad  
moment. Barry watches, a bit wistful himself-

BARRY  
He's a good kid. Always was. He  
just didn't know it.  
(beat)  
C'mon. Show me what you can do.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY -- DAY

Wallace and Barry stand in a field.

BARRY  
Our power comes from all around us.  
It's in every ion, positive or  
negative. Harness the power of the  
lightning and you won't believe how  
fast you can go.

Wallace closes his eyes. The air crackles around him.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
That's it, kid. Trust it.

Thin tentacles of lightning criss-cross Wallace's body. He opens his eyes.

WALLACE  
How fast are you?

BARRY  
I was pretty fast in my day.

WALLACE  
Wanna race?

BARRY  
Nope.

WALLACE  
Chicken?

They lock eyes. Simultaneously TAKE OFF LIKE ROCKETS, leaving a ten foot trail of scorched earth in their wake. The background whips by as they race across the plains of Kansas. Dead even. Then Barry pulls ahead.

The ground begins to rumble. Wallace churns harder, catches Barry and passes him. The rumbling gets louder. Still louder. Then an earth-shaking BOOM. The two men slow to a stop. Barry's amazed.

BARRY  
You broke the sound barrier.

WALLACE  
You never did that?

BARRY  
Never did.

WALLACE  
So I'm faster than *you*?

BARRY  
I let you win.

EXT. ELECTRICAL TOWER -- DAY

Wallace stands at the top of a hundred foot tall electrical tower. Barry's next to him.

WALLACE  
You sure about this?

BARRY  
Trust me.

He shoves Wallace off the tower. Wallace hurtles downward. Just when it looks like he's going to crash, he flutter-kicks his legs and comes to a gentle landing.

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

Wallace and Barry stand by a heavy running river with force five white water.

BARRY  
Only thing you need for speed is  
traction. Now go for it.

Wallace runs across the surface of the water, hopping the rapids like ski moguls.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

The side of a nearby building is a three foot thick brick wall. Wallace sprints toward the building and slams directly into the wall. He tumbles back onto his ass, leaving an indentation of crumbling brick.

WALLACE  
(rising)  
Okay, seriously. This isn't fun.

BARRY  
Do it again.

Wallace rises, dusts himself off. We see the brick wall has half a dozen Wallace-size indentations. He backs up. Sprints toward the wall again. His molecules shift - his body becomes almost vaporous, like a ghost.

VISUAL EFFECT - Wallace's body, pixilated, makes it halfway through the three foot wall of brick. It's excruciating to be caught in dense matter.

He presses forward, struggling to make it all the way through.

The wall spits him out on his ass again. He struggles to his feet, winded, pissed off.

WALLACE  
(bitterly)  
I'm wasting time.

BARRY  
Your powers grow when you use them to help ordinary people. That's what being the Flash is about.

WALLACE  
I just want Savage.

BARRY  
Then you don't stand a chance.

Wallace's conflicted.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Wally, I get it. Who wants to get up in the middle of the night to save a stranger? But the good you do lives on after you're gone. That's what a legacy's all about.

Barry studies him - intense:

BARRY (CONT'D)  
I want you to remember something I said a long time ago. Speed doesn't make your problems go away. No matter how fast you go, you can't escape yourself. It's about you, Wally. What kind of person do you want to be? In the end, it's not the speed - it's what you do with it.

WALLACE  
I'm not you, Uncle Barry.

BARRY  
I'm not asking you to be me. I'm asking you to be you.

Wallace says nothing.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Now go put the guy who killed me in jail.

WALLACE  
Don't worry, Savage is mine.

BARRY  
Savage ordered it. But he doesn't do the dirty work.

EXT. ROOFTOP TERRACE -- DUSK

Hunter Zolomon watches the sun set over Keystone City. He's dressed formally. Behind him the scene is set for romance: a small table with champagne chilling, candles lit. The terrace door opens. A figure enters. He turns.

ZOLOMON  
Hey, gorgeous.

Linda walks toward him in a red dress so stunning it takes his breath away. She holds her service revolver.

LINDA  
You're under arrest.

ZOLOMON  
What?!

LINDA  
Last night, three prisoners were released from Iron Heights on a "technicality." The officer who signed the five-ten form was you.

Zolomon walks toward her.

ZOLOMON  
I can explain.

He gets closer. She kicks him in the balls so hard his eyes roll back. He drops to his knees.

LINDA  
Don't bother.

He recovers. Rises to his feet. Walks toward her with a knowing smile.

ZOLOMON  
You won't kill me.

A VOICE  
No, but I might.

Standing at the edge of the roof is the Flash.

EXT. ROOFTOP TERRACE -- MOMENTS LATER

Push in on Hunter Zolomon's face...

ZOLOMON  
I'm not sayin' anything till I see  
my lawyer.

Camera does a full 180 rotation to reveal that Zolomon is hanging from the roof of a forty story residential tower. The Flash holds his ankles. The gun slips from Zolomon's holster and plummets to the ground.

THE FLASH  
Full confession on tape. Implicate  
Savage.

ZOLOMON  
Screw you.

The Flash lets him go. Various shots of Zolomon in holy terror, plunging down. On the twentieth floor of his drop, a red streak appears on the side of the building, slowing down to reveal the Flash.

THE FLASH  
Full confession.

Zolomon screams. The Flash picks up speed and comes to a cushiony landing on the ground. He runs in furious tight little circles, creating an UPDRAFT.

The updraft prevents Zolomon from being killed, but he still hits the ground with a tremendous thud. He writhes in pain as the Flash squats over him.

THE FLASH (CONT'D)  
Ready to talk?

ZOLOMON  
Go on. Kill me. I'll never talk.

The Flash considers his next move when the whine of approaching police sirens fills the air. He points a finger at Zolomon.

THE FLASH  
We're not finished.

EXT. LUXURY APARTMENT -- TEN MINUTES LATER

A cop car pulls away with Zolomon in the back, wiping frame to reveal Linda talking to a POLICE CAPTAIN.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
Okay, Linda. We're gonna hold him  
till we clear this up.

Linda turns away, only to find Wallace standing nearby.

WALLACE  
Nice dress.

LINDA  
That's me. All dressed up and no  
place to go.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY -- NIGHT

Big city shot, gleaming towers beside hundred year old brick streets with old-fashioned lamps. One of these is a circular office building rising to the heavens.

INT. PHILLIPE -- NIGHT

On the top floor is "Phillipe," one of those four star restaurants that slowly spins around to give you a 360 degree view of the city. The elevator opens. Wallace and Linda step out. Every eye in the place stares at this singularly gorgeous couple. A MAITRE'D approaches.

MAITRE D'  
Do you have a reservation?

WALLACE  
Uh... yeah.

The Maitre D' goes to check the reservations book. When Linda's head is turned, Wallace streaks to the hostess stand ahead of the Maitre D'.



MAITRE D'  
(checking book)  
Ah, yes. Here it is. Wallace West.

Wallace hands a pen back to the Maitre D'.

WALLACE  
Thank you.

INT. INTIMATE BOOTH -- NIGHT

Wallace and Linda share the best table. All around, a rotating 360 view of Keystone City. Romantic as hell.

LINDA  
According to your Aunt's file, a meteorologist at Savage Energy named Mark Mardon stole power from the dam. That power's been routed to a tract of land in Bison Valley.

WALLACE  
Where's that?

LINDA  
About ten miles outside the city limits.

WALLACE  
That's where we'll go.

LINDA  
There's nothing there. Just prairie for a hundred miles.

Over Linda's shoulder, through the window of the revolving restaurant, Wallace sees a GRENADE launched up into the air, exploding, showering down a yellow spray of mist.

LINDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
So what's out there that needs that kind of power?

He shakes it off, refocuses his attention on Linda. Then a purple grenade explodes in the sky. Then green. Then orange. He sighs, reluctant, but...

WALLACE  
Scuse me, bathroom.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY SQUARE -- NIGHT

Roy G. Bivolo stands on the steps of the Keystone City Museum of Modern Art with a modified Rocket Propelled Grenade launcher (RPG). He fires grenades into the air. The museum's in a ring of buildings surrounding City Square, whose centerpiece is the commemorative statue of the "The Flash."

ROY G. BIVOLO

You hated my work, philistines, now  
you'll pay!

Follow one of Roy's grenades high into the sky where it explodes, brilliant blue, then mists down upon a crowd of people who YAWN like they're in a poppy field.

Now, from the vaporous blue mist, the Flash emerges in red suit with lightning bolt. Bivolo grins.

ROY G. BIVOLO (CONT'D)

Long time no see.

He fires at the Flash with incredible accuracy. Hits once with a purple grenade... then yellow.. then back to red.

The Flash yawns, the opiate effect of the grenades overtaking his senses. But he fights to his feet. Running at whipfast speed, he snatches the RPG and shoots Bivolo with twenty colored grenades. Bivolo smashes against the wall and changes color, a revolving human fruit stripe.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Linda peruses the menu of fois gras and confit of duck. Wallace appears in his seat so fast it startles her.

LINDA

You were gone a long time.

Wallace stifles a YAWN.

WALLACE

Sorry.

LINDA

Is that paint on your face?

WALLACE  
(ignoring her comment)  
So you were saying that Savage Energy  
owns land in Bison Valley.

LINDA  
Yes, but why. Last June, Savage  
Energy launched a weather satellite  
over Keystone City. Iris suspected  
it might be a weapon of some sort.

WALLACE  
That's what killed her. A weather  
weapon.

Over her shoulder, the revolving view now reveals the City  
Square with roaring flames from a building. Wallace glances  
at Linda, who's oblivious to the mayhem behind her.

LINDA  
Again, we have no proof.

Wallace makes an elaborate show of pulling out his cell phone  
and checking the display.

WALLACE  
Sorry, phone call.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY SQUARE -- NIGHT

Mick Rory wears his old firefighter's uniform and uses a  
homemade flamethrower with a fuel tank strapped to his back.  
Great JETS OF FLAME torch storefronts and keep crowds of  
people scurrying for their lives.

MICK RORY  
Burn, baby, burn!

From the smoke and flames, the Flash appears. He looks up  
at a burning building.

EXT. BUILDING -- NIGHT

On the top floor, an OLD WOMAN cries for help. The Flash  
runs up the wall, dodging flames that roar from the windows.  
He reaches the top floor and plucks granny right out of the  
window. He gently flutter-kicks them to the ground.

GRANNY

Thank you.

Just then, Mick Rory appears.

MICK RORY

You're mine, Flash!

His flamethrower blasts a mighty flame. The Flash walks directly toward the stream of fire, using his hands to create a molecular vacuum that divides the stream in half. The Flash walks down the middle to Rory. He punches him out cold with one high-speed punch.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Wallace slides into his seat across from Linda. Eyes glazed, looking worse for the wear.

LINDA

Wally?

WALLACE

Yeah?

LINDA

Do you have a coke problem?

WALLACE

No... speed.

LINDA

I knew it. You've been acting bizarre lately.

WALLACE

Not the drug. I'm talking about speed. Real speed.

She's confused. Wallace takes a deep breath.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I've been wanting to tell you this since it happened. It all goes back to Barry.

Once again he's distracted by turmoil below. A crowd of people, thousands perhaps, racing through the city square.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Be right back.

He disappears. Linda turns to watch him go and spots the commotion forty floors below. People running wild in the streets. Curious, she rises.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY SQUARE -- NIGHT

Crowds of people are terrorized by a PACK OF RATS. Hartley Rathaway stands beneath the commemorative statue of the FLASH in the center of the park. In his hand is a high tech sound emitter. The squeals are so high-pitched we can't hear.

HARTLEY RATHAWAY

(to his rats)

Feast hearty, boys!

From a river of scurrying rats steps the Flash.

THE FLASH

Put down the weapon.

HARTLEY RATHAWAY

Yeah, right.

He adjusts the pitch on the sound emitter, so now we can HEAR the head-splitting tone. The Flash staggers under the sonic barrage. Eardrums pounding. The pain is so great he turns away. Sees something across the street.

Keystone Wine and Cheese Shop. Behind a plate glass window are enormous wheels of cheese and bottles of wine. The Flash raises his hand. Focuses. Molecules shift. The plate glass window shatters.

Close on a RAT, nipping at a screaming Lady's shoe. He swivels his head to a delectable smell. Wider now, as a thousand rats race en masse into the shop, allowing the terrified citizens a path to freedom.

The Flash battles through piercing sound waves to grapple with Hartley Rathaway. He hurls him against a wall. The feral villain tumbles amid his rats. Groggy.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Wallace strolls back to the table, casually adjusting his collar. He notes Linda's seat is empty.

He scans the restaurant. The Maitre D' approaches:

MAITRE D'  
Pardon, Monsieur. She left.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

The telephone wires above the city streets bend and stretch and now we see why. The Flash sprints on the cords, a tight-rope act that allows him to scan the streets below for any sight of Linda. He finally finds her.

One problem.

She's held hostage by Hartley Rathaway. He's using his sonic emitter to guide dozens of rats up her body. They climb up Linda's curves, one rat snuggling into her cleavage.

*Naturally, she's petrified.*

The Flash ponders what to do. And then, shockingly, HE RUNS AWAY. Hartley does a little jig.

HARTLEY RATHAWAY  
That's right, little man! Run away!  
Run away!

All of a sudden, it's as if a jet plane has flown directly above Hartley's head. Windows rattle. Buildings shake. The rats scurry away.

HARTLEY RATHAWAY (CONT'D)  
(clutching his ears)  
A sonic boom! My ears! What are  
you doing to my implants?! My  
implants! My implants!

Smoke and sparks pop from his ears. He drops the sonic emitter, writhing in pain. Police sirens blare in the distance, coming closer. The Flash turns to get Linda. Stops short. Stunned.

Linda's gone.

INT. WALLACE AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Wallace paces, beside himself. His mood's dark. John's there too. The television is on-

NEWS ANNOUNCER

The scene you see are the citizens  
of Keystone City celebrating the  
return of the Flash.

A volley of Flash images from City Square, taken on cell  
phones and video cameras.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

No doubt about it, folks. The Flash  
is back.

WALLACE

I know Savage has her.

JOHN

You don't know for sure.

WALLACE

Yeah. I do.

His pacing gets faster. Still faster. Till he's just a red  
blur back and forth across the living room.

JOHN

Dude! Chill.

The blur becomes Wallace again.

WALLACE

If I hadn't worn that damn suit,  
Savage would have no reason to go  
after Linda.

JOHN

Don't blame the suit.

WALLACE

I'm gonna get that sonofabitch.

JOHN

I'll come with ya.

WALLACE

Not this time.

JOHN

I can help you, man. I know I can.  
I wanna be part of the action.

WALLACE  
I'm not getting you killed. No  
freaking way.

EXT. SAVAGE ENERGY -- DAWN

The sun's first rays glint off the silvery water on a huge Roman-style fountain. A reflection appears in the mirror-like liquid. It's Wallace West.

He stares at his own reflection, pondering. Searching his face for a sign of the man his Uncle knew he could be.

VAN SAVAGE (O.S.)  
Hello, West.

The front doors of Savage Energy open to reveal Savage, holding Linda by the back of the neck. He ushers her forward till he's within three feet of Wallace. Linda struggles in his grasp. Still gorgeous in her red dress.

LINDA  
Wally, what're you doing here?

WALLACE  
Thought you could use a chaperone.  
(to Savage)  
Let her go.

VAN SAVAGE  
You want her, have her.

He flings Linda aside. She flies fifteen feet, crashing and tumbling to the ground. Wallace steps toward Linda, but Savage grabs his collar and HURLS him head over heels into the silvery fountain.

What happens next is curious. Wallace tries to gain footing in the water, but can't. He flops like a fish on dry land.

VAN SAVAGE (CONT'D)  
Can't get traction? It's mercury.

Wallace tries to rise, but the metallic globules render him powerless. Savage reveals a BOMB with LED readout display.



VAN SAVAGE (CONT'D)

Same type of bomb we used on your uncle. Now you can die just like him.

WALLACE

What is it you want?

VAN SAVAGE

There's no greater threat to this planet than humankind. My job's to eradicate that threat.

He sticks the bomb to the side of the fountain. Engages the triggering device. The LED readout counts down from 15 seconds. Savage calmly heads back into the building.

VAN SAVAGE (CONT'D)

I'm going to start again. One Adam.  
One Eve. A new Garden of Eden.

The bomb ticks down... 15, 14, 13. Wallace tries desperately to grip the side of the fountain and pull himself out. But try as he might, it's no use. 12, 11, 10. He slips back into the mercury. Exhaustion overtaking. Suddenly-

A VOICE

Wally!

Linda has risen from the ground. She hurries toward the fountain. 9, 8, 7...

WALLACE

Stay away, Linda! Get away!

What happens next is very fast. Linda clasps Wallace's hand and pulls with all her might. 6, 5, 4. The slippery mercury allows Wallace to SLIDE OUT of the fountain. He hits the ground hard, globes of mercury spinning off his body.

3, 2, 1...

Wallace grabs the bomb from the fountain and hurls it into the air at meta-speed. It flies a hundred yards in the air and EXPLODES... high in the sky... a potentially lethal bomb rendered a harmless fireworks display.

LINDA  
(stunned)  
How'd you do that?

WALLACE  
It's a long story.

INT. WEATHER LABORATORY -- DAY

On a security monitor: Wallace scoops Linda into his arms and they disappear in a blaze of speed. Pull back to reveal Van Savage watching... seething... foiled again...

He turns to a TECHNICIAN.

VAN SAVAGE  
Start the launch.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY

The Convention Center is a jewel in downtown Keystone. Buzzing with excitement. Buses disgorge thousands of delegates. Hawkers sell hemp t-shirts, "Green is Good" buttons, and Van Savage bobble-head dolls.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)  
I'm here at the site of what may one day be called the second American Revolution.

Van Savage elicits near messianic fervor among his followers, from Boomers to Granola crunchers to Gen Y students.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Today, a massive Green rally organized by Van Savage.

Crowds climb off the interstate buses in droves. Farmers and salesmen, doctors and lawyers. A tangible sense of excitement that they're part of history in the making.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY

Jumbotron screens broadcast the Green message. People swarm into the convention center: families, women toting baby bjorns, grandmas and grandpas, etc.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)  
It's expected Savage will announce  
his candidacy for President...

Campaign workers hand out green placards with "Savage" in  
white letters. It's a 21st century Woodstock.

EXT. MIDWESTERN PLAINS -- DAWN

The Flash carries Linda in his arms across plains of  
wildflower and meadowlark.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP -- DAWN

Close on the Flash and Linda. They stare down at Bison Valley  
below. Thousands of yards of dry scrub brush.

LINDA  
Why would they divert power here?

WALLACE  
There's a grain silo over there.  
What's that thing?

He points to what looks like a large oil derrick deep on the  
west side of the valley.

LINDA  
Got me.

Awkward silence. Then finally:

LINDA (CONT'D)  
I still can't believe it. You're  
the Flash.

WALLACE  
Barry was the Flash.

LINDA  
You do a pretty good imitation.

WALLACE  
I didn't ask for this. I just wanted  
to live a normal life.

LINDA  
Maybe you weren't meant to live a  
normal life.

They're very close. Sparks flying.

WALLACE

Linda, there's something I have to tell you.

LINDA

You've been in love with me since the night we met?

(off his nod)

Me too.

They move closer. Moments away from their first kiss when a sudden RUMBLING shakes the valley below.

LINDA (CONT'D)

What's going on?

THEIR POV - An awesome sight. For miles, great holes open in the Earth. Perfectly round, symmetrical, gaping holes. As Linda and Wally watch - perplexed and awed - hundreds of rockets rise simultaneously from the maw of the Earth.

LINDA (CONT'D)

My God.

Like giant poisonous mushrooms, the rockets sprout. As cargo, each carries a giant black insect-like device with the logo "Savage Energy."

WALLACE

Those are weather satellites.

LINDA

Like the one over Keystone City.

The rockets stretch a solid mile.

WALLACE

They're going global.

EXT. WEATHER LABORATORY -- DAY

Van Savage enters the lab to find Mardon staring at the six huge screens with various shots of Bison Valley: the grain silo, the oil derrick plunger; the rocket field.

DR. MARDON  
Rockets are in position, we're at  
five minutes and counting.

A digital display ticks down from five minutes. On the big screen one of the forty foot tall rocket launchers suddenly appears to MELT into nothingness.

VAN SAVAGE  
What's that?! Enlarge the image!

Now on the screen: a red blur strips the satellite rockets part by part.

VAN SAVAGE (CONT'D)  
Stop him!

DR. MARDON  
I can't!

VAN SAVAGE  
Use the weather weapons to destroy  
the city.

DR. MARDON  
Are you crazy?

VAN SAVAGE  
It'll distract him from the launching  
field.

DR. MARDON  
I won't do that.

VAN SAVAGE  
Do it, Mardon.

DR. MARDON  
No. Thousands of people will die.

Savage flicks a glance at Samantha.

VAN SAVAGE  
True. But you, Doctor, will have  
the honor of being first.

Mardon's eyes grow wide as saucers. He tumbles to the ground. Samantha pulls the knife from his back. Savage addresses the terrified technicians.

VAN SAVAGE (CONT'D)  
Blow down Keystone City.

EXT. BISON VALLEY -- DAY

The Flash strips another rocket. Depositing parts in a growing scrap pile. Linda watches nearby.

EXT. SAVAGE ENERGY AIRFIELD -- DAY

Hangar doors open, inside are four F-18 fighter jets emblazoned with the Savage Energy logo on the side.

AIR TOWER  
(filtered)  
Air unit, you're cleared for takeoff,  
stay in alignment.

They roar into the sky.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY

Thousands of green Savage placards wave in unison. This is history in the making. Waiting for Savage's emergence.

INT. WALLACE AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

John watches the Green Rally on television.

NEWS REPORTER  
...the crowd waiting for a glimpse  
of Governor Van Savage...

He pounds the arm of his chair in frustration.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY SKYLINE - DAY

Four F-18's fly in formation. Bomb doors open to release a dusty yellow payload over a puffy white cloud. These are cloud seeders, dropping chemical payloads into clouds to cause terrible storms, rain and hailstones.

Push in on the cloud closer till we're...*INSIDE THE CLOUD*... chemicals combining to super-charge positive and negative ions. The cloud interior turns dark and ugly.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY

Winds blow at gale force. The "Green is Good" banners festooning the Convention Center flap wildly. A few rip free and flutter into the sky.

That's when it begins to hail. Immense HAILSTONES plummet from the heavens, exploding on the sidewalks. PEOPLE scream and run for cover. One poor guy gets knocked silly by a hailstone the size of a fist.

EXT. BISON VALLEY -- DAY

The Flash has created a Mount Everest of spare rocket parts. Perhaps twenty have been dismantled. Hundreds remain.

INT. WEATHER LABORATORY -- DAY

Samantha cleans off her knife. Savage pushes a technician aside and hits buttons on a console. An image of the grain silo appears on the television screen.

EXT. BISON VALLEY -- DAY

The Flash is about to knock down another rocket when a loud grinding makes him stop. The grain silo half a mile away starts to open its electronic side panels to reveal a centrifuge housed inside. A CYCLONE spits out, then five more. Headed straight for Keystone City.

WALLACE  
C'mon, we have to go.

He scoops her in his arms.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY

Gale force wind rips away sections of the roof. People scream and rush for the aisles. Pandemonium.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY

As people stream out in droves, the Flash deposits Linda beneath an overhang. On the street, the winds howl and rain comes in sheets.

THE FLASH  
You'll be safe here. Be back soon.

Now... through wind and rain, a figure marches into the heart of the storm. The Flash. He casually sidesteps dozens of hailstones. Scans the forbidding horizon.

*What the hell's going on?*

INT. WEATHER LAB -- DAY

Savage barks at the technicians.

VAN SAVAGE  
Hit them harder.

Technicians switch buttons.

EXT. BISON VALLEY

The oil derrick plungers start to pump into solid rock at the edge of Bison Valley. Into Earth's core.

INT. EARTH -- DARKNESS -- EVENING

The plunger rams into a tectonic plate half a mile beneath the ground. It splits into a widening fault line.

INT. WALLACE AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

John struggles to close the windows against violently whipping wind and hailstones. He gets the windows shut when the building's rocked by a sudden trembler.

4.3 on the Richter.

John powers his chair back to the television. A NEWS REPORTER in weather gear stands in the whipping rain.

NEWS REPORTER  
...a sudden storm has knocked down  
power lines and cut phone service  
through much of Keystone City...

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY

A POWER LINE's torn loose from it's support pole. Charged with electricity, it dances like a wild snake in the middle of the street. People run madly to avoid getting fried.

A LADY stands frozen as the power line wriggles within an inch of her body - which is caught in hand by the Flash.



Oblivious to the electrical charge, he wraps it around the support pole and ties it tight.

THE FLASH

You're safe, m'am.

The LADY screams at the top of her lungs. The Flash turns. The six cyclones have reached the city.

INT. WALLACE AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

A hailstone shatters the window. John barely notices, attention focused on the brave News Reporter, who literally bounces on the quaking earth.

NEWS REPORTER

...the real danger being earthquakes  
now coming on a continuous basis...

John stares at what's behind the Reporter. The Iris Allen Memorial Dam, with a growing crack in the retaining wall.

JOHN

Uh oh.

John reaches for the phone. Line's dead. He pulls out his cell and glances at the screen: No Service.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY -- AERIAL VIEW -- DAY

Close on the first of six CYCLONES. Twisting furiously on its path of destruction.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY

The Flash sees it coming. Despite the people screaming and cowering all around, he knows what to do. He begins to spin in place. Faster and faster.

*Creating an equal but opposite cyclone.*

VISUAL EFFECT - *THE TWO CYCLONES COLLIDE*. Like battling tops the cyclones crash together, split apart, then crash again. The oppositional force eventually causes both to dissipate into thin air.

In quick succession, the Flash spins four more cyclones to counter the oncoming rush of twisters. People stare at the dissipating cyclones in awe.

But before the Flash can spin again, a SHOUT is heard.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY STREET -- DAY

A BOY yells for his LABRADOR RETRIEVER, who's broken free from his leash and cowers in the path of the sixth and last cyclone. The Labrador stands frozen in terror.

The Flash scoops the boy and the dog in his arms just as the cyclone blows over the street, tearing down lampposts, street signs, and building awnings. But in saving them...

*He's missed the last cyclone.*

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY SKYLINE -- DAY

The whirling twister heads toward a RESIDENTIAL APARTMENT TOWER. The Flash races toward the tower, but he's way behind. Legs pumping, speeding up...

INT. RESIDENTIAL TOWER/EXT. CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY

The Flash races up the side of the building, plucking TENANTS from windows and casually tossing them out. Within seconds, two dozen screaming PEOPLE are hurtling to the hard, cold asphalt below. An airborne evacuation!

Now he races back down, running in circles to create an "air cushion" twenty times the size of the one he used on Zolomon. It's a strange sight, watching two dozen people bounce on a pillow of air which hovers them gently to the ground.

The Flash watches with a certain pride. But a FATHER and MOTHER stare up, panicked.

MOTHER  
Charlotte! Charlotte!

EXT. BUILDING WINDOW -- NIGHT

On the fifth floor, five-year-old Charlotte cries for her parents out the window. The cyclone is moments from crashing into the building.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY SQUARE -- NIGHT

The Flash runs up the wall of the building. He reaches the fifth floor ledge and plucks Charlotte right out of the window. She puts her chubby little arms around his neck.

CHARLOTTE  
What's your name?

For a moment, he says nothing. Charlotte stares at him quizzically.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
Don't you know who you are?

There's no longer any question.

THE FLASH  
I'm the Flash.

He gently drops her onto the air cushion below, just as-

EXT. RESIDENTIAL TOWER -- LONG SHOT - DAY

The cyclone plows into the side of the Tower. Pause. On the other side of the Tower THREE HUNDRED WINDOWS shatter outward in a dazzling shower of glass and metal.

The Flash is hurled to the ground far outside the reach of the air cushion. He hits the ground with colossal force, knocked deeply unconscious.

INT. WEATHER LABORATORY -- DAY

The viewing screens depict the impending launch in Bison Valley. The countdown reads 3:12 seconds. On another screen, Savage and Samanth stare at the convention center. The Flash is splayed on the ground.

VAN SAVAGE  
Finish him off.

SAMANTHA STARK  
My pleasure.

She exits the lab.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY STREET -- DAY

Despite the fierce rain, a crowd of CITIZENS have gathered to stare at the fallen Flash. One of them opens an umbrella to keep him from the rain. Then another. And another. Soon dozens of umbrellas have opened. A rainbow-colored shield over their unconscious hero.

EXT. WALLACE AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

John comes out of the apartment in his wheelchair. A lightning bolt hits the top of a nearby tree, frying the branches. John braves the rain, motors toward his van parked at the curb. He's reaching for the door handle when-

*A bolt of lightning hammers the van.*

Flames engulf the vehicle, sending John's chair toppling backwards. John lays splayed on the ground. His eyes drift to Wallace's Triumph motorcycle, parked ten feet away. Arm over arm, he crawls toward the Triumph, pulling his useless legs. He grips the handle bars of the Triumph. Pulls hard. Hoists himself into the seat.

He fiddles with an array of wires to HOTWIRE THE BIKE. It growls to life. With his free hand, he reaches down and shifts into gear.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY STREET -- DAY

Samantha drives a sleek sports car through the rain. She turns onto a block near the convention center. Through the windshield wipers she sees the umbrellas.

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 -- DAY

The road shoulder is lined with tractor trailers pulled to the side in the storm. Rain and sleet form a vast white blanket over the highway. To drive in these conditions is sheer lunacy. In the distance, the roar of an engine.

Appearing like a wraith from the veil of sleet is John, riding the Triumph at blazing speed. The bike lurches on the icy road. But John's gaze is steady and his hand tugs the throttle. He's on a mission.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY STREET -- DAY

Samantha wears a fashionable rain slicker with a knife buried halfway up the sleeve. She reaches the huge ring of citizens surrounding the Flash.

SAMANTHA STARK

Excuse me.

She cuts through the crowd.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY STREET -- DAY

John corners the bike into the weather-beaten city. He looks up ahead. All he can see is a large crowd of people with a rainbow of umbrellas. He motors forward, noting the figure of Samantha cutting through the crowd. He follows as the crowd parts wider.

Samantha gets closer.

SAMANTHA STARK

Move aside.

Samantha kneels before the Flash. John's eyes widen. There's a knife in her hand! She raises it high. Swings it down at his chest with great force.

JOHN

No!

John throttles the bike and PLOWS into Samantha - knocking her aside without injuring the crowd. The knife clatters to the ground. As the citizens converge on Samantha, John comes to a stop beside his fallen friend. Legs giving out, he topples to face Wallace NOSE-TO-NOSE.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The quakes. Hit the dam. Thing breaks, city drowns.

(no response)

C'mon, dude. You're the Flash. Make your Uncle proud.

And somehow, through the gauzy haze of unconscious, the Flash hears John. It takes a moment, but his eyes blink open. He stares at his buddy.

THE FLASH

Thanks.

JOHN

Beats sitting at home.

The Flash disappears.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY -- AERIAL VIEW -- DAY

A rushing red BLUR rips eight miles out of the city.

EXT. IRIS ALLEN MEMORIAL DAM -- DAY

The ground rumbles at the base of dam. Terra not firma. The cement retaining wall, the size of a hundred football fields, buckles wildly from the quake.

The Flash appears just as it SHATTERS, unleashing a TIDAL WAVE headed toward Keystone City. We're talking a hundred eighty million cubic gallons of water.

The Flash is swallowed in the deluge...

EXT. UNDERWATER -- DAY

The Flash does underwater cartwheels, arms and legs akimbo, buffeted by the force of wave. Righting himself, he pumps his legs underwater... gaining momentum...

EXT. TOP OF TIDAL WAVE -- DAY

He explodes from the frothing water and races ON TOP OF THE WAVE, legs churning to ride it like Kelly Slater without a surfboard. An incredible sight.

*Seven miles due south is Keystone City.*

The wave rolls over acres of woodlands, prairies and deserted coastal plains. Uprooting trees, flattening cornfields, tearing up turf.

The Flash rides hard, body crackling with electric energy. But the question remains: how to stop a city of three million from being flooded?

The Flash leaps from the top of the wave so that he's now running in front of the looming tower of water. He tries to SPIN A CYCLONE to deflect the water. No go. It's simply swallowed by the rushing liquid swell.

Now he races toward the approaching wave HEAD ON, hundreds of miles an hour, hoping to separate the wave into two smaller and less lethal ones. But the water's too malleable-

INT. UNDERWATER -- DAY

The Flash crashes into the raging water without achieving separation and is once again hurtled about. Clobbered by trees, boulders, even a dirty old shoe. Fighting to maintain consciousness, he forces himself toward the surface.

EXT. TOP OF WAVE -- DAY

The wave spits him out like a piece of undigested food. The Flash tumbles hard on the ground, looks up to see the wave threatening to engulf him again. He speeds forward, a MAD DASH ahead of the wave till he reaches the very edge of Keystone City.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Utter madness. Linda peels away, searching for Wallace. Her eyes widen at the gigantic TIDAL WAVE rising high above the skyline, threatening to engulf the city.

There's a collective GASP as the crowd sees the wave. People shriek and run away. But not Linda.

LINDA

Wally!

She fights the mob. *Running toward the tidal wave.*

EXT. EDGE OF CITY -- DAY

Pedestrians rush for cover. Cars try to drive in the opposite direction, creating a huge traffic jam.

The Flash stares at the wave. When in doubt, do what you do best. HE RUNS. But this time, on a horizontal path, back and forth, so many times he's a crimson haze. He levitates higher and higher, sprinting atop his own creation till he's eighty feet in the air. Now we see what he's made.

An invisible WIND WALL.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY STREET -- DAY

Linda sees the Flash high in the sky, races toward him.

LINDA

Wallace! Watch out!

The TIDAL WAVE crashes against the wind wall, rising vertically up the wall. An awesome and beautiful sight. Linda watches from the other side of the wall. Up and up it goes, a churning sea of water rising higher and higher, sucking the Flash into its murky depths.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Wally!

The water reaches its apex, rushing back in the direction it came, a reverse current heading back to the dam. The city's saved. The Flash is nowhere to be seen.

INT. WEATHER LAB -- DAY

Savage stares at the computerized screen that shows the water flowing away from the city. On the largest screen, the rockets countdown has reached 12, 11, 10, 9...

EXT. BISON VALLEY -- DAY

Over the span of a mile, rockets spew smoke and flame.

EXT. KEYSTONE CITY STREET -- DAY

The wind wall has dissipated, allowing Linda to search for Wally. No luck. Something gleams on the slick wet pavement. Linda bends to retrieve it. It's the signet ring Barry gave to Wally. To her, that can only mean one thing. Wallace West is dead.

She clenches the ring in her fist. World shattered.

INT. WEATHER LABORATORY -- DAY

Savage watches the screen showing Bison Valley. Though a dozen rockets are toppled, there are at least a hundred ready to go. The countdown: 3,2,1...

VAN SAVAGE

Yes...

EXT. BISON VALLEY -- DAY

The rockets lift off in a fiery haze of red and yellow. Rising slowly from their launchers.

*That's when it happens.*

A DELUGE of water flows into the valley, obliterating the rockets before they can launch. The dam water floods the valley and submerges the rockets. They bounce and bob like milk bottles in a valley of water.



EXT. KEYSTONE CITY STREET -- DAY

Linda sobs, clutching the ring in her hand. A faint red dot appears on the horizon. She looks up, squinting through tears... hope against hope... as...

The Flash appears. He takes her in his arms.

They kiss and it's MAJOR. Electricity crackles between their lips. Ten long years to get to this point.

LINDA  
Where were you?

THE FLASH  
Hadda do something with that water  
from the dam. Bison Valley was  
looking a little dry.

He kisses her again. Turns to leave.

THE FLASH (CONT'D)  
Now it's time for Savage.

LINDA  
Hold on. You dropped this.

She reveals the ring clenched in her hand. It sparkles in the rain. She slips it on his finger.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Go be a hero.

EXT. SAVAGE ENERGY -- DAY

Hurtling from afar... a RED STREAK encircles the Savage Energy campus and zooms into the building.

INT. WEATHER LABORATORY -- DAY

Savage rages at the technicians.

VAN SAVAGE  
What happened?!

The door to the lab BURSTS open to admit... The Flash.

## THE FLASH

I'll tell you what happened. When you killed Iris, you brought back the Flash.

The Flash attacks Savage, pummeling him with blows. It looks like Savage is fighting seven Flashes at once. The Flash delivers an enormous wind-up punch.

## THE FLASH (CONT'D)

This is for Barry.

Boom. Savage staggers on his heels. The Flash winds up again, this time even faster.

## THE FLASH (CONT'D)

This is for Iris.

The punch sends Savage crashing to the floor. Knocked out. But the Flash now confronts another problem. The console board is blinking ominously. On the screens: Keystone City is minutes away from seismic destruction.

There's only one recourse.

The Flash places his hands on the console. Breathes deep. Sucks in the power. *A human conduit.* The console shakes and rattles. Smoke issues from board. A BLINDING WHITE ENERGY bursts from the board into Flash's body.

The console whines to a stop. The screens flicker off, one by one, the citizens of Keystone City not knowing how close they came to complete and total destruction.

The Flash is whipped... battered... but victorious.

*And that's when Savage's hand claps his shoulder and spins him around.* Pounding the Flash with punches. Hammering him to the ground. He lifts the Flash overhead and hurls him across a console. The Flash groans, near unconscious.

Next to him is a receptacle... filled with silver disks. Savage grins, victory at hand, starts forward. The Flash grabs a disk from the receptacle. He hurls it at Savage at meta-speed. A silver bullet that embeds in Savage's custom-tailored jacket and knocks him backwards.

The Flash races to the console board. Scans the buttons with lightning fast mental abilities.

He powers up the console and presses buttons.

Savage rises. Staggers toward the Flash. His hands clamp around the Flash's neck. Squeezing with the strength of a dozen lifetimes.

The Flash's finger reaches for a final button. Just an inch away. His finger claws forward. Gasping.

Tight on the Flash's finger. Jamming down on the button.

EXT. SAVAGE ENERGY -- DAY

Through the rain, a lightning bolt crashes from the sky.

INT. WEATHER LABORATORY -- DAY

The lightning bolt pierces the roof of the building and strikes Van Savage in the chest. He lets go of his grip on the Flash's neck. Electricity crackling.

Staggering back... electrocuted.

He locks eyes with the Flash. A moment here. Then he collapses with a thud. The technicians sit frozen in their seats, terrified. The Flash turns to one of them.

THE FLASH  
Does the satellite have a self-destruct?

FEMALE TECHNICIAN  
Yessir.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The insect-like weather satellite explodes in a huge orange-red fireball against the backdrop of the Milky Way.

EXT. SAVAGE ENERGY -- DAY

Low angle, slow motion. The Flash walks from the flaming wreck of the Savage energy building. The backdrop's a wall of golden flame, and he looks BAD ASS.

EXT. IRON HEIGHTS PRISON -- NIGHT

It's hours later. The prison's gloomy and dark.

HECTOR (V.O.)  
Bed check. Lights out.

INT. IRON HEIGHTS PRISON -- NIGHT

Camera tracks Hector the guard along a row of cells in the specially-designed Rogue's Gallery wing of Iron Heights. He checks each cell as he passes. First Roy G. Bivolo, painting cell wall murals about his battle with the Flash.

HECTOR  
Roy, put away the brushes.

Next Mick Rory, striking a flint against the bedpost. Hector raps his night-stick against the bars.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
Out with the fire, Mick.

Then Hartley Rathaway, soundly asleep in the arms of a hundred rats. Finally, the last cell, where a figure lays curled in his cold steel bunk.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
Get used to that cell, Detective.  
Gonna be there a long time.

ZOLOMON  
Whatever you say, boss.

Hector continues on to the many other cells containing villains caught by the Flash all those years ago. Close on Zolomon... a devious smile creeps across his face.

EXT. WALLACE AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

But that's a story for another time. Tonight, there's only wine and roses. Over the purr of a Triumph engine, Wallace cruises to the curb with Linda on the back.

INT. STAIRS -- NIGHT

They walk up the stairs hand-in-hand. Reach the landing of his apartment and are about to go in when-

WALLACE  
Give me a second.

INT. WALLACE AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A dirty scuzzpit. Beer bottles, bike parts, dirty clothes strewn all over. He cleans it up at meta-speed.

INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING -- NIGHT

He ushers her inside.

INT. WALLACE AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

They enter his apartment. The television blares a special news report.

NEWS ANCHOR  
...the Savage Energy building burned to the ground this afternoon. Still no word from Governor Savage on this terrible tragedy and why he missed the Green Rally today...

She helps him limp toward the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

They enter. Walk to the bed. Encircle each other. She asks a question, coy:

LINDA  
Do you do everything fast?

WALLACE  
Not everything.

He leans toward her slowly, so slowly it takes nearly a minute for their lips to touch. He gives her the slowest, most passionate kiss in the history of kisses. But the drone of television from the next room interrupts-

NEWS ANCHOR  
This just in from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. A train derailed and is hanging off the edge of a mountain overpass...

The drone continues, but they know what this means. He's real sorry, but...

109.

WALLACE

Gotta run.

He turns to camera, holds up his fist, and the lightning  
bolt ring blasts RED over screen...

FADE OUT.

THE END