

```
<?xml version="1.0" encoding="UTF-8" standalone="no" ?>
<FinalDraft DocumentType="Script" Template="No" Version="4">
```

```
<Content>
```

```
<Paragraph Type="Show/Ep. Title">
```

```
<Text>â€œSTARCROSSED: PART TWOâ€ </Text>
```

```
</Paragraph>
```

```
<Paragraph Type="General">
```

```
<Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
```

```
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
```

```
Style="Underline+AllCaps">Teaser</Text>
```

```
</Paragraph>
```

```
<Paragraph Type="Action">
```

```
<Text>FADE IN:</Text>
```

```
</Paragraph>
```

```
<Paragraph Type="Scene Heading">
```

```
<SceneProperties Length="3/8" Page="1" Title="">
```

```
<SceneArcBeats/>
```

```
</SceneProperties>
```

```
<Text>Ext. Norad command - dAY</Text>
```

```
</Paragraph>
```

```
<Paragraph Type="Action">
```

```
<Text>We are outside the massive mountain fortress of NORAD COMMAND.
We see SOLDIERS patrolling the area, weapons at the ready. Tanks and APCs
cruise by, all looking for targets. Tension hangs heavy in the air. OVER
THIS WE HEAR FRANTIC VOICES.</Text>
```

```
</Paragraph>
```

```
<Paragraph Type="Character">
```

```
<Text>Radar tech #1</Text>
```

```
</Paragraph>
```

```
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
```

```
<Text>All of our ICBM commands are reporting zero-fire capability.
</Text>
```

```
</Paragraph>
```

```
<Paragraph Type="Character">
```

```
<Text>RaDAR TECH #2</Text>
```

```
</Paragraph>
```

```
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
```

```
<Text>All Trident subs are reporting inoperative, sir.</Text>
```

```
</Paragraph>
```

<Paragraph Type="Transition">
 <Text>CUT TO:</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Scene Heading">
 <SceneProperties Length="1 2/8" Page="1" Title="">
 <SceneArcBeats/>
 </SceneProperties>
 <Text>Int. Norad command - dAY</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>The high-tech command center of the North American Radar Command. The room is filled with equally high-tech workstations maned by RADAR TECHS of varying races and genders. The front "wall" of the center is actually a huge, plasma screen display currently showing a map of the world. The display is lit up like a Christmas tree as alarms and signals go off. RADAR TECHS are yelling out status reports to GENERAL WELLES.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>Radar Tech #3</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>General Welles, France is reporting total failure of all its ballistic systems.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>RADAR TECH #4</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>The UK's ICBMs are all non-responsive, sir.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>RADAR TECH #5</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Russia reports the same. All long and intermediate range missiles are inoperative.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>General welles</Text>

</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Patch me through to NATO Command.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>RADAR TECH</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Opening a line now.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>The image of the world fades. The plasma screen splits into sections and fills with the faces of other NATO </Text>
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF" Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12" Style="AllCaps">Commanders </Text>
 <Text>from around the globe. General Welles speaks to them solemnly.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>GENERAL WELLES</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Gentlemen, we are faced with an unprecedented situation. There has been a simultaneous, catastrophic failure of defense weapons around the world. In the face of the Thanagarian threat, we need to form an offensive strategy if we have any chance of--</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>The signal goes fuzzy. The screen fills with electronic snow.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>GENERAL WELLES</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Get that line back up!</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>RADAR TECH</Text>

</Text>ADAM</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Can't, sir. It's being jammed.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">Talak Talak's</Text>
 <Text> image fills every monitor in the command center. His hawk mask
reeks with menace.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>Talak</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Do not attempt to adjust your monitors. I am H' </Text>
 <Text AdornmentStyle="-1" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="">ro</Text>
 <Text> Talak of the Thanagarians. We control all broadcast
frequencies. We control your planet. </Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Transition">
 <Text>CUT TO:</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Scene Heading">
 <SceneProperties Length="2/8" Page="2" Title="">
 <SceneArcBeats/>
 </SceneProperties>
 <Text>Ext. Washington mall - SIMULTANEOUS</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>We see armed HAWK SOLDIERS sailing above the monuments of our
nations capital.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>Talak (V.O.)</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Your world faces a crisis from which only we can protect you

<Text>Your world faces a crisis from which only we can protect you.

</Text>

</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Type="Transition">

<Text>CUT TO:</Text>

</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Type="Scene Heading">

<SceneProperties Length="2/8" Page="2" Title="">

<SceneArcBeats/>

</SceneProperties>

<Text>EXT. great wall of china - SIMULTANEOUS</Text>

</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Type="Action">

<Text>More armed Hawk Soldiers fly past the great wall. WALKERS below point skyward with fear.</Text>

</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Type="Character">

<Text>Talak (V.O.)</Text>

</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">

<Text>But to protect you, we must be free to act and move without interference.</Text>

</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Type="Transition">

<Text>CUT TO:</Text>

</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Type="Scene Heading">

<SceneProperties Length="3/8" Page="3" Title="">

<SceneArcBeats/>

</SceneProperties>

<Text>Ext. Metropolis - SIMULTANEOUS</Text>

</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Type="Action">

<Text>A CROWD OF PEOPLE is watching Talak on TVs outside an electronics store. Their faces are masks of anxiety. One of the gathered points skyward.</Text>

</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Type="Character">

<Text>Talak (V.O.)</Text>

</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Type="Character">

<Text>Talak (V.O.)</Text>

</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Type="Character">

<Text>Talak (V.O.)</Text>

</Paragraph>

```
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
  <Text>Cooperate, and our stay will be brief and without incident.
</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
  <Text>Citizen</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
  <Text>Look!</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
  <Text>Everyone looks. Hawk Soldiers are perched on the Daily Planet
globe, ominously standing watch over the populace.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Transition">
  <Text>CUT TO:</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Scene Heading">
  <SceneProperties Length="2/8" Page="3" Title="">
    <SceneArcBeats/>
  </SceneProperties>
  <Text>Ext. Street - SIMULTANEOUS</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
  <Text>HOVER TANKS move down the streets as </Text>
  <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">people</Text>
  <Text> flee in panic before them.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
  <Text>Talak (V.O.)</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
  <Text>Stand against us, our wrath will be unforgiving. </Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Transition">
  <Text>CUT TO:</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Scene Heading">
```

<SceneProperties Length="7/8" Page="3" Title="">
 <SceneArcBeats/>
</SceneProperties>
 <Text>Int. Thanagarian mothership - SIMULTANEOUS</Text>
</Paragraph>
 <Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>DIPLOMATS are gathered. Herded, really, like cattle. All look
anxious. A DOOR SLIDES OPEN. Talak enters with </Text>
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">Hawkgirl</Text>
 <Text> at his side. One of the leaders begins to speak.</Text>
 </Paragraph>
 <Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>Diplomat</Text>
 </Paragraph>
 <Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Commander, we ask that you release us immediately.</Text>
 </Paragraph>
 <Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>Diplomat #2</Text>
 </Paragraph>
 <Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Ask? We demand! You have no right to keep us prisoners, or to
occupy sovereign nations.</Text>
 </Paragraph>
 <Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>Talak</Text>
 </Paragraph>
 <Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>You are the ones without rights. In the name of the Thanagarian
military, we claim your planet as a garrison and have instituted martial
law. I know your nature is to fight against what you perceive as a threat,
even in the face of defeat. But your militaries are useless. Your Justice
League is defeated. Your only options are cooperation...or death. Choose
wisely. Now, you may go.</Text>
 </Paragraph>
 <Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>The diplomats, looking defeated shuffle from the room. After
they are gone, Talak turns to Hawkgirl.</Text>

```
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
  <Text>Talak</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
  <Text>You have lived as one of them. Do you think they will
cooperate?</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
  <Text>Hawkgirl</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
  <Text>I think they got the message. And what about the Justice
League; what are you going to do with them?</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
  <Text>Talak</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
  <Text>For special guests, I have made very special arrangements.
</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Transition">
  <Text>CUT TO:</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Scene Heading">
  <SceneProperties Length="2" Page="4" Title="">
    <SceneArcBeats/>
  </SceneProperties>
  <Text>Int. Prison shuttle - later</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
  <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">Kragger</Text>
  <Text> leads Hawkgirl into the prison shuttle. Her former teammates -
SUPERMAN, BATMAN, WONDER WOMAN, FLASH, MARTIAN MANHUNTER and GREEN LANTERN -
are being held in separate cells. All are held by varying restraints.
Except for GL. He merely sits in his cell, behind a force field, looking
like a wound thatâ€™s healing. HAWK GUARDS stand nearby. When Superman
```

sees Hawkgirl, he nearly goes ballistic.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>SuPERMAN</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Hawkgirl!</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>He pulls on this shackles, but he comes nowhere near breaking them. After just a moment of struggle, heâ€™s spent. He slumps with a heavy sigh.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>SUPERMAN</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text AdornmentStyle="-1" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF" Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12" Style="">Uhhhh.</Text>
 <Text></Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>Kragger gloats.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Character">
 <Text>Kragger</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Look at them. Weak, useless... Broken.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Parenthetical">
 <Text>(to Hawkgirl)</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>It would have been difficult to storm their Watchtower without the access codes you provided us. It would be impossible to keep them without the knowledge of their weakness you gav«Ñ±Ò«Ñëè«Ñëè«Ñëè±Ò«Ñ

You see the first 13 KB above. The remaining 129 KB (91%) of the file are not displayed.

Show the full file...