Cut Scenes for Adventure Thirty-Three

Cut Scene One:
When Darkseid left the underground floors in Adventure Thirty-Two, the Boom Tube was so powerful, it knocked most characters to the ground. No only did it knock Raven Stick to the ground, he suddenly experienced unbelievable pain in his head. Imagine every really bad headache you’ve ever had; now combine the all into one massive headache. Once he hit the ground, he passed out for a few brief moments. What follows is what he remember from when he was passed out...

The camera opens on an endless vista of a broiling desert landscape. The heat is rising from the sand, causing a warp effect on the horizon; no oasis in site. The heat is oppressive and you hear only the whistle of the wind as it races over the dunes. Without warning an explosion appears in front of you. Sand and newly formed glass shards are thrown up in the heat of the explosion. More explosions begin all around you. Your view is swirling with black smoke and fire. A figure is now running towards the camera view, through the fire and smoke. It’s Celeste, also known to you as Dream Girl. She’s wearing a brown bombers jacket and some sort of desert combat fatigues. Her hair is long and flowing behind her, and her face appears as some indeterminate age (neither as a 20- nor 30-year old). She seems to be searching the explosion sites, which inexplicably now appear as destroyed military vehicles. She is calling out, "Brandon! Brandon!" She continues to run, heading off camera past your view. Shortly, the smoke in the air begins to swirl anew. Something large is stirring the smoke, displacing it. The smoke moves aside, as the flapping of large black wings can be seen. A large black bird moves towards the camera and past, obviously intent on catching Celeste. The scene goes black.

Raven Stick awoke abruptly only to find that Darkseid had gone. However, the haunting images from his dream stayed with Raven Stick.

Cut Scene Two:
I can’t believe I’m doing this. Lived my life as a normal Joe. Never had no desire to do something special. But my neighborhood…my home…it’s just got out of hand. Then I started seeing them Challengers in the paper, and on the news with that oriental lady. They was like a light in a dark room.

In the shadows on the alley, a figure crouches. His form is large, but is hardly noticeable, because of his dark colored clothing.

I didn’t figure these colors would hide me like this. All them brooding heroes wear black, don’t they? But Cynthia, that’s my wife ya see, she read somewhere that black actually stands out unless it’s against a black background. So she dyes me these clothes, all browns and greens and grays, and sure enough, it works. Dozen folks musta passed near me. None even looked my way.
Across the street from the alley three teens walk quickly up to a closed storefront. The figure in the alley sees them, and watches intently, his beefy hand, coved in a glove, slowly reaches for his enormous wrench. One of the youths produces a brick, and before he finishes throwing it into the store window, our figure races from his concealment. The windows smashes inward as a taller teen notices the fast moving lumbering man rushing towards him and his cohorts, wielding a huge wrench. He pulls a large pistol and fires, calling to his friends “shit, it’s the Foreman!” several shots seeming to land, but none seem to harm the oncoming man. The teen’s partners quickly grab the various trinkets from the window display, only turning as they hear the heavy thud of their tall friend slumping into the sidewalk, as he learns the physics of wrench meeting shoulder firsthand. The brick thrower draws a switchblade, and lunges at their huge assailant, only to meet the oncoming ham sized fist traveling towards his face. The last teen, having long since dropped his stolen goods stares at the figure, blocking out the night. It produces a deep “Sorry kid, shoulda stayed on the straight and narrow” before quickly bringing his large fist down upon the teens head. The teens would awake later, duct taped to a nearby lamp post, awaiting the police.

I hate having to do that to kids so young. They ain’t so much older than my Danny. I only get through it when I sees how folks have changed ‘round here. They smile more. Kids been playing in the street…somethin’ they ain’t done for years. And when I hear my Annabelle talkin’ about what she heard that ‘heroic mister Foreman’ done, well, I almost cry.

Like I said, never woulda thought this would be me. I mean, I always been like this. My folks said I been strong as an ox since I was born. Was quick, and never got sick, and they said I took to noticing things like a duck to water. But I never was violent. Ma never would have allowed that. Most violent I was, was as center in football in high school. I was a star player. Made more tackles than the linebackers. But by junior year, I quit, on account of me feeling it wasn’t fair. I was different. When folks wasn’t looking I could life a car. I healed from cuts in a day or two tops. Didn’t seem right. I tried focusing on studying, but I was never no good at it. I WAS good at fixin’ stuff, so when I got out of school (barely passin’) I went to the city and took up construction work for Mr. Steelgrave. That’s when I met Cynthia.

She used to pass one of the sites every day on her way ta class. The guys would hoot an holler, but not me. Mind you, I thought she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw, but that was no way to carry on. I would just smile and wave…and she waved back. One day she actually waved me down, and asked me to dinner. Here I was, a big dumb ox, and this young woman, pretty enough to win miss America, wants to go out with me. Over the next year, we fell in love, and got married. I worked while she got her medical degree. Somehow, despite all her brains and my total lack of em, she loved me. She started working at a clinic in the Valentine district, where we lived. She coulda worked anywhere…graduated with honors, top of her class. But she wanted to help those who couldn’t get help. We saved up, and bought a couple of buildings, one for her to start her clinic, and a rundown apartment building. I fixed em
both up nice, and we helped out all we could. Eventually we had Danny and Annabelle. Luckily they take after their mom.

Cynthia has known about my being different almost since the start. I think one of the things she loved was that I didn’t use them for selfish reasons. Well, when I came to her about me trying to be a hero, she just hugged me and cried. She helped me with my outfit, and talked to me about making sure I hit people so I didn’t kill em and such. She stitches me up when I get hurt, and makes excuses for me and such...oh crap.

Foreman comes upon three figures. One is wielding a large golden rivet gun, another has a mechanical golden scoop on his left arm, and the last is wearing a golden helmet and gloves. They are standing the lot next to a building Foreman knows there has been a great deal of controversy over. A wealthy developer has been trying to buy it to tear it down. Some of the residents have been there for over 50 years. Without rent control, they would have nowhere to live, and the developer has refused to offer any real money, claiming the area is worth so little. Based on the outfits of the three figures, they intend to devalue the property further.

I know these folks probably got some powers or gadgets. I ain’t never fought no super types. I’m tough, but I can’t take the types the Challengers do.

Still hidden, Foreman looks at the trio, and out of the corner of his eyes. On the roof of the building on the other side of the lot a figure in black was looking back at him. A green glow comes from his eyes, and bits of his costume, and Foreman recognizes him immediately. It’s the Jester, and he is giving Foreman a thumbs up. Grinning beneath his mask, Foreman suddenly feels the situation change. With that simple gesture, his resolve is renewed and he charges into battle.

The person holding the rivet gun turns out to be a woman, and she is quick to notice the charging wrench wielder. Red hot rivets flash out, one even burns into his shoulder, but Foreman is able to avoid the rest. Foreman continues to move, and the helmeted man begins to lower his head and charge as well. Just before they crashed together, Foreman drops and rolls through the opposing man’s legs, a move that belies his size. This sends his foe crashing into the street. Foreman quickly stands and continues traveling towards the other foes, bringing his boot up and stomping into the chest of the tall woman, while swinging his wrench into the mechanical arm of the man next to her. Putting all his strength into it, the device shatters as the huge tool smashes into it. Foreman quickly gives the disarmed man an uppercut, which sends him to slumber land, and then slams his fist into the back of the grounded woman’s head.

The ground begins to shake, and Foreman whirs around, only to see a rapidly approaching helmeted man a few feet from him. Less than a second before connection, Foreman is sure he is mincemeat, but there was a green flash in front of him, and another almost instantly far above and a third to his right. His opponent in front of him has vanished, and Jester is standing next to him. A second later there is crash behind them and then a low moan.
Jester removes his mask and smiles. “I’ll leave these for you to tape up, and leave your patented note to the cops…” despite his mask, Foreman manages to look sheepish. “You may want to also consider taking some spoils of war as it were. Not that I condone stealing, but that rivet gun kinda fits your style, and anything that helps out a fellow hero, can’t be all bad.” With that, Jester reaches out and shakes Foreman’s hand who barely responds or seems to be aware of what was going on. Jester then waves, and teleports to a nearby rooftop and begins running and hopping from roof to roof. Flipping all the way.

Foreman stands there for a bit, watching the figure disappear into the city. When at last the speck had disappears, Foreman begins rounding up the trio, making sure to relieve the woman of her rivet gun.

*What a night. My first super villain, AND I get the thumbs up from Jester? What a night…*I can’t wait to tell the missus*