

TRINITY

2.06 | "REALM"

Written by
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Based on by characters created by Alfred Gough, Miles Millar, and
DC Comics.

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. LANG RESIDENTS - BEDROOM - DAY

TIGHT on a closed eye.

Moments pass before it darts open. We pull up to reveal...

LANA LANG, laying down in bed. Just waking up, she releases a slow yawn, then gazes to the left side of the bed to see it empty. She sits upward, and her gaze travels across the room. A look of worry crosses her face, and we...

CUT TO:

INT. LANG RESIDENTS - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lana makes her way down the stairs, leading into the living room to see Quentin, awakening from his sleep. He stretches his arms out, then hears Lana's footsteps on the approach.

LANA

Morning...

QUENTIN

Good morning.

LANA

You slept down here last night?

QUENTIN

Yeah, I was up all night. Didn't want to bother you.

Lana sits down on the sofa, next to him.

LANA

You could have.

Quentin grins, slightly. Then shakes his head.

QUENTIN

It's all good. Sofa was more comfortable than I would have thought, considering how old it is.

LANA

Hey, that's an antique piece of sitty right there.

They both chuckle, softly.

LANA (CONT'D)

So, do you wanna tell me what kept you up?

QUENTIN

It was nothing. Just couldn't seem to fall asleep.

LANA

It was Valentina... wasn't it?

Quentin's eyes drop to the floor, as he is lost for words, trying to avoid eye contact with Lana.

LANA (CONT'D)

Quentin, I don't mind talking about her, and that's what you're worried about. I'm not going to play the jealous girlfriend role.

QUENTIN

I know, which is probably why I don't talk about her. She's from the past, and I can't help but feel like I'm cheating on you whenever I think about her.

LANA

You two were going to get married, and then she was just... gone. You can't blame yourself for still having unresolved feelings. I know I don't blame you.

Quentin sighs, then Lana rests her hand on Quentin's thigh.

LANA (CONT'D)

Look, you may not want to talk about it now, but know that I'll always be here for you, whenever you decide it's the right time.

QUENTIN

I know. That's why I love you.

Lana grins, then goes in to kiss Quentin, but stands from the couch, avoiding the gesture. Lana looks stunned, not knowing what to think. She pauses for another moment, then gazes back at Quentin as he steps into the other room. Off that, we...

CUT TO:

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Hank and Cynthia lying next to one another in bed. Warmly cuddled under the dark, red blankets.

Hank begins to awaken. He gazes down at Cynthia, who sleeps peacefully. He can't help but smile, as he stares down at her. Hank brushes his fingers through Cynthia's brown locks, putting a few strands behind her ear, which causes her to awaken.

Eyes fluttering, Cynthia gazes up to see Hank, looking down at her with a sweet grin. She chuckles, warmly.

CYNTHIA

That's a nice sight to wake up on.

HANK

No kidding. Hi.

CYNTHIA

Hey, what time is it?

HANK

Don't know.

CYNTHIA

You gonna make me look?

HANK

I'm not taking my eyes off of you.

Cynthia smiles, then the two meet for a long kiss. Cynthia breaks away first, jittery, then jumps out of bed. Hank follows suit, catching up to her as she exits the bed room.

Cynthia wears a white, buttoned shirt, and underwear, as Hank, shirtless, wears a pair of grey shorts.

HANK (CONT'D)

Somebody got a good night's sleep.

CYNTHIA

I was in a coma for a month. I've got a good month's sleep.

HANK

True.

In the kitchen, Cynthia goes into the fridge, and takes out a carton of milk, then sets it down on the counter top in front of her.

CYNTHIA
Cereal?

HANK
Second cabinet to your right.

Cynthia winks her eye at Hank, then goes for the cereal.

HANK (CONT'D)
So, how's your memory holding up?
Anything new?

CYNTHIA
Not a thing. I mean, little bits
and pieces, but nothing that makes
a lick of sense.

HANK
Try not to think about it much.
They should come back on their own,
eventually.

CYNTHIA
It's strange though. It's like I
know where to find the memories,
but something blocking me.

Hank's brow folds, in thought.

HANK
Maybe your mind doesn't want you to
remember. Like, it's protecting you
from something.

CYNTHIA
Whatever it is... I don't like it.

Off of Cynthia's confusion we...

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A messy apartment. Clothes hanging off the side of a
recliner, scraps of paper on the floor. Pete walks out his
bedroom, shirtless, unfolding a black tank top.

He makes his way to the mirror by the front door, then puts
the shirt on. Looking down, as he adjusts the clothing, we
spot a figure behind Pete in the mirror. It's Jake Gold. Pete
looks up, and see's him as well. His eyes tensens.

PETE

Jake?

Pete looks back, quickly but Jake is out of sight. Pete looks around the apartment, disturbed.

CUT TO:

INT. ROTH RESIDENTS - RACHEL'S ROOM - DAY

RACHEL tosses and turns in her sleep. Her forehead is drenched with sweat, and she looks as if she is deeply disturbed. Obviously, having a nightmare, we...

FLASH TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE...

RED SKY, BLACK CLOUDS. Floating down, we stop on Rachel Roth, gazing around the hellish place. Her eyes light up with fear.

QUICK flashes of demonic creatures. High screeching, and violent, terrifying roars.

RACHEL's head is down. She wears a deep, dark blue head dress, and hood. She mutters an odd phrase, over and over again, until her head raises. She opens her eyes to reveal her pure white pupils.

BLACK Ravens fly around her, ferociously, and her mouth opens wide, releasing a horrible scream. We hear a loud ringing, in the distance. Growing louder and louder as she continues to scream. END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

RIINNG! RIINNG! RACHEL jumps up from her nightmare. Terrified. She notices her cell phone ringing on the night stand beside her bed, and it takes her a moment to answer it. She finally does, then rests her hand atop her forehead, stressed.

RACHEL

Hello?

LANA (THROUGH PHONE)

Rachel, it's me, Lana.

RACHEL

Lana... yeah...

LANA (THROUGH PHONE)

Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you. I just wanted to check up on you. I haven't seen you since that night.

RACHEL
I know... look, tell Quentin I
didn't mean to screw up his place.
I'll find a way to pay for it.

LANA (THROUGH PHONE)
We're not worried about that
Rachel. I just wanted to make sure
you were doing okay.

There is a long pause, as Rachel stares, blankly.

LANA (THROUGH PHONE) (CONT'D)
Rachel, you there?

RACHEL
Yeah. Look, I'm fine. Just got a
few things I need to work out.

LANA
Okay. Well, if you need to talk
about it --

RACHEL
I'll let you know. Got it.

LANA
Alright.

Short pause, as Lana goes to hang up. Then Rachel's eyes
widen.

RACHEL
Lana, wait! There is something I
wanted to talk to you about.

LANA
What is it?

RACHEL
I think I may have some information
about that thorn...

Rachel looks off, determined. Off that, we...

BLACKOUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cynthia and Hank are having their morning coffee. Cynthia takes a sip, then looks curious.

CYNTHIA

You haven't talked much about
Valentina. What she was like when
she was... me...

HANK

I guess there's not much to talk
about. You know as much as I do.
She was a bit on the crazy side.
But, I guess that's what confusion
does to you.

CYNTHIA

It's almost like I know her
somehow. I'm sure it's just what's
left from whatever she did to my
head in the future... it's hard to
explain, but I've been seeing
memories that aren't mine. I think
they're hers.

HANK

Maybe Quentin could help you out.

CYNTHIA

Oh no... I'm not sure me bringing
up the woman he thought to be dead
until a few days ago would pass as
casual conversation.

HANK

Well, make it casual. You two are
friends again, right?

CYNTHIA

Well, he doesn't hate me. At least,
I don't think he does. But I
wouldn't go so far to call us
"friends."

HANK

Cynthia, you've got to stop blaming
yourself for whatever happened
between you two.

CYNTHIA

I have to blame myself. It was nobody's fault but my own. I let a mad woman get inside my head... and I'm not even talking about Valentina. I knew Amanda wasn't all that she said she was, but I didn't care. It was better than going back to the way things were.

HANK

The way things were?

CYNTHIA

I don't wanna talk about it.

HANK

Fine... we don't have to. I'm just trying to figure you out. The more and more I try, the harder it gets.

CYNTHIA

Then stop trying.

Cynthia stands to her feet, then walks to the other side of the room, arms crossed. She sighs. Hank walks up behind her.

HANK

Listen... I don't know about your past. I couldn't begin to guess how hard your life was, but what's done is done. I know it might not seem that way, but that's the way it is.

CYNTHIA

Henry, I'm not like you. I can't just move on.

HANK

Why not?

CYNTHIA

Because every time I let myself forget how much my life sucks, I get a really painful reminder, that ends with someone close to me getting hurt.

HANK

So that's what this is about. You're worried about me?

CYNTHIA

You... Lana, Quentin. Yes.

Hank smiles.

HANK

Look Cynthia, I'm glad you care. But you can't let the bad things that have happened in your life define who you are. At least not all of you. When you find something good, you hold onto it for as long as you can.

CYNTHIA

What if "as long as I can" isn't long enough for me.

HANK

Then too damn bad.

Hank leans forward, and kisses Cynthia on the forehead. Cynthia grins.

HANK (CONT'D)

And when it comes to Quentin... I don't know he very well, but I'm good at reading people, and I can tell that he's happy to have you around. You're needed there, and more importantly... you're wanted too.

CYNTHIA pauses for a moment, then nods.

CYNTHIA

Thank you.

HANK

Anytime.

They both smile, then there is a hard knock on the apartment door. Hank walks over to the door, and opens it, revealing PETE on the other side.

HANK (CONT'D)

Pete...

PETE

I think I'm going insane.

HANK

Yeah, there's a lot of that going around. Come in.

Hank steps out of the doorway, and Pete walks inside. He closes the door.

PETE

Hey Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

Did I hear that right? You're going insane?

PETE

I don't know, but I've been...

(Beat)

Hey, you colored your hair.

Cynthia grins, then touches her brown locks.

CYNTHIA

Oh, yeah.

PETE

It's nice.

Pete smiles, and Hank rolls his eyes slightly, then clears his throat. Pete notices, then gets back on topic.

PETE (CONT'D)

Right. I've been seeing things. Things that aren't really there, or haven't actually happened.

CYNTHIA

Like visions?

PETE

More like delusions. Weird things in the back of my head. People, popping up in the corner of my eye.

HANK

People? What people?

PETE

Uhm... nobody important.

PETE chuckles slightly, obviously lying.

PETE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I was hoping you would be able to tell me something. You seemed pretty well informed when you projected yourself from your coma-vision.

CYNTHIA

I still don't remember any of that. All I can see is Valentina Vostok. She's like a disease.

PETE

Don't tell Quentin that.

CYNTHIA

I won't if you wont.

HANK

Okay, between the both of you, this is starting to get kind of serious. I think the solution to our problem is right in front of us.

CYNTHIA

I'm not following.

HANK

Well, you said it yourself... you're having flashes... images of a life that's not yours. It all started when Valentina took control over you.

CYNTHIA

With the month I was supposedly trapped in an everlasting vision, who knows when it started.

HANK

All I'm saying is, she has been presumed dead for how many years? Then she makes her reappearance the same day you wake up? Whatever's going on, I bet she can give us some answers.

PETE

The only thing we know about her is she's really good at staying hidden.

HANK

We know that Quentin has a connection to her, which means he may be able to tell us something we don't know.

CYNTHIA

So... I've got to have that casual conversation, after all.

HANK

You don't have to. But it might be the only way to make sense of what's going on, and get your memories back.

CYNTHIA

And what if I don't want them back?

HANK

That's fine too. But I'll leave it up to you.

Cynthia's gazes turns to Pete, before she releases a long sigh. Off that image, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ODYSSEY, CITY - DAY

Rachel is walking downtown, beside Gar. It's a normal day in downtown Odyssey. People crowd the city streets, going about their business.

RACHEL

Thanks for covering for me.

GAR

Yeah, sure. Why are you cutting class again?

RACHEL

I told you, I have a few things to take care of.

GAR

Yeah, I heard that part. What's the other part?

RACHEL

What "other" part?

GAR
You know, the other part. The part
you're not telling me?

RACHEL
Oh, that part. I'm not telling you.

Gar sighs in annoyance, then Rachel stops in her tracks.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Look, I know you may not know
everything about me, but... it's
complicated.

GAR
I know you're not the average girl.
I'm not so normal either, trust me.

RACHEL
Gar, you're about as normal as they
come.

They chuckle together.

GAR
All I'm saying is, you can trust
me.

RACHEL
I know I can. I still gotta go.
Thanks again.

Rachel storms off, leaving Gar alone.

GAR
Yeah... you're welcome.

He sighs, disappointed.

CUT TO:

INT. CHECKMATE - RECRUIT QUARTERS - DAY

Inside the small, but livable room, JAKE GOLD puts clothing
in a suitcase. There is a knock at the door. He stops, then
the door opens. Amanda Waller enters.

AMANDA
Agent Gold. How are you?

JAKE
I'm great, thanks.

AMANDA
I see you're all packed and ready.

JAKE
Just about.

AMANDA
Well, I won't keep you.

Amanda turns to leave him be, but Jake stops her.

JAKE
Wait... Dr. Waller. Can I speak
freely?

AMANDA
Go ahead.

JAKE
Do you... think I'm ready?

AMANDA
Ready?

JAKE
For actual field work. To get out
of this place, for good?

AMANDA
Jake, you're not leaving Checkmate
for good. You'll always have this
place to come back to.

JAKE
Yeah, but you know what I mean.

AMANDA
Jake, you're one of my best agents.

JAKE
Then why does it seem like Mr.
Luthor had to pull your strings to
get you to let me leave?

AMANDA
Watch it, Mr. Gold.

JAKE
I'm -- I'm sorry.

Amanda sighs.

AMANDA

No, I apologize. It's not about me believing that you're ready or not. It's your assignment. I don't like you engaging yourself with these people again.

JAKE

Don't worry Dr. Waller. I'll have everything under control. I know what I have to do, and you've trained me well.

Amanda grins slightly, then begins to head out.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Oh, and Dr. Waller?

(Beat)

Thanks.

She nods, then exits the room. CLOSE on her smile, as it soon fades away with guilt. Off that, we...

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - DAY

The place is in ruins after Rachel's destruction. Papers scattered across the floor. Glass, everywhere. Full, black garbage bags fill the room. The only thing that has been replaced is the large, computer monitor, which is on, playing the tape of Valentina Vostok being captured.

We PULL BACK, to see Lana is watching the tape, with a very disturbed expression. As screams can be heard on the screen, she shuts her eyes.

LANA

Alright!

The screen goes black, and Quentin walks up to Lana, holding a remote.

LANA (CONT'D)

Why didn't you show me this before?

QUENTIN

We had more important things to focus on. The mission comes first, not me chasing a ghost.

LANA

But, the thing is... she's not a ghost. I saw her, in the flesh.

QUENTIN

People have been avoiding me ever seen that day. I guess they can't look at me without trying to figure out what I saw in her. Enough to wanna marry her.

LANA

The Valentina we saw, wasn't the one you knew.

QUENTIN

But what happened to her, Lana. She wasn't like that. She changed, in the future. She was never --

LANA

The future doesn't matter, Quentin. You need to focus on right now. She'll turn up, I'm sure of it.

Quentin shakes his head.

QUENTIN

How do you do it?

LANA

What?

QUENTIN

Live with the thought that your evil ex-husband may still be alive.

LANA

I'm not convinced Lex is alive.

QUENTIN

But how do you deal with the not knowing?

LANA

Easy.

(Beat)

I have you.

The front door to the building suddenly opens, and Cynthia, Hank and Pete step inside. Lana and Quentin look toward them, with surprise.

HANK

Sorry for bursting in here like this.

CYNTHIA

Woah, what the hell happened here?

QUENTIN

You come in uninvited, then insult the way I take care of the place?

CYNTHIA

Quentin, I'm sorry --

QUENTIN

Cynthia, relax.

LANA

Wow, Cynthia. Didn't think you were having enough fun?

CYNTHIA

Just thought it was time for a change. Never though I'd dye my hair though.

LANA

I've actually been thinking about going red, myself--

QUENTIN

-- And as much as I'd hate to break the girl talk up... what are you all doing here?

CYNTHIA

We actually came to talk to you, Quentin... about Valentina.

QUENTIN

We were just talking about her, ourselves. What about her?

CYNTHIA

I've been having... I don't know, visions lately. I think they may be connected to her past.

QUENTIN

What do you mean, visions?

CYNTHIA

Almost like memories, but they're not mine.

QUENTIN

How do you know they're not just dreams?

CYNTHIA

Well, for starters... you're in them. And the little details are just... way too accurate.

Lana looks confused, as do the others.

QUENTIN

What am I supposed to say to that?

CYNTHIA

I don't know... something. I need to know how I can fix this.

QUENTIN

I wouldn't even know where to start. I haven't seen her in over four years.

(Beat)

She's not the woman I used to know. I don't think I can help you. I'm sorry.

Cynthia looks down, in disappointment. The group tenses up.

RACHEL (O.S.)

I might.

Everyone's attention turns to Rachel, standing at the doorway. She steps inside.

LANA

Rachel, I almost forgot you were stopping by.

RACHEL

I see why. It's a full house.

CYNTHIA

Ah, so this is Rachel. We haven't officially met. I'm Cynthia. This is Hank, and Pete. The other part of Team Trinity.

Rachel and Cynthia shake hands.

RACHEL
It's nice to meet you all.

PETE
Yeah, we're the sidekicks.

They all look at him, as he stares back at them.

PETE (CONT'D)
Okay, well I'm the sidekick.

Lana shakes her head.

LANA
You said you had some new info when
we talked on the phone?

RACHEL
Yeah.

Rachel sighs.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I've been having these weird dreams
lately. I don't know for sure, but
I think they're trying to send me
some kind of message.

QUENTIN
That's strange. Pete and Cynthia
just told us the same thing.

RACHEL
Really? Well, two times is a
coincidence. Three times and
something definitely up. Probably
something bad.

CYNTHIA
What kinds of dreams?

RACHEL