

DOCTOR SOLAR MAN OF THE ATOM

OVERVIEW

Doctor Solar, Man of the Atom brings all the mind-bending potential of cutting edge science to bear in thrilling, epic-scale super-hero action.

Imbued with godlike power during the catastrophic failure of a thermonuclear fusion experiment, Doctor Solar is now the world's only hope against science run amok. Don't think it hasn't. Supercolliders in use today could conceivably create black holes, magnetic monopoles or so-called "strange matter" that could destroy the planet. Transhuman, or "H+" engineering, nanotechnology, humankind's increasing ability to impose its will on nature, and more present terrifying possibilities, including the means to *empower evil*. With the fantastic strength and awesome energies at his command, Doctor Solar battles super-villains and forces beyond ken to defend our very existence.

Immeasurable might, amazing intellect and profound knowledge of the factors that shape the universe make Doctor Solar nigh invincible, the "God of Energy." Can he be a man as well? Can he cling to the life he once knew? The fact is, he *must*, for his humanity is what keeps us safe from *him*.

His greatest power is *focus*. Solar is a hero like no other.

In this redevelopment, the intent is to bring the original *Doctor Solar, Man of the Atom*, created and set in the 1960's, into the Twenty-First Century, honoring the core concepts, updating the science, ratcheting up the human drama and making the action far more spectacular.

FIRST STORY ARC: "Troublemaker" (working title) – 4 issues.

SUMMARY: The aftereffects of the cataclysmic event that empowered Doctor Solar ripple throughout spacetime causing *anomalies*—strange, unpredictable consequences.

Science fiction writer Whitmore Pickrel discovers that fantastic characters he has created during the course of his career are *coming to life*. At first, it's accidental. Then, he learns to do it deliberately. Then, he begins to create new entities specifically designed to suit his own increasingly *selfish* purposes.

Then...he opens the door to disaster.

Such *thought forms* are called “tulpas” in Tibet, where legend has it that, with great effort and concentration, certain elder lamas can create beings out of pure thought.

But not like *these*. Pickerel’s creations are ever more dangerous, ever more powerful and ever more devoted to his personal gain and gratification. Even if Doctor Solar can stop Pickerel, what will befall when his living, breathing, tremendously powerful, utterly real creations are free to pursue their *own* agendas?

Writer – Jim Shooter

Artist – Dennis Calero

ISSUE #1 “Pickerel’s Perils” (working title)

COVER DATE: ?

ANTAGONISTS: *Whitmore Pickerel* and his creations, *Glow* and *Leviathan*.

SYNOPSIS: Friday, midday. The story begins with Doctor Solar battling *Leviathan*, an eight-foot tall, monstrously strong, nearly invulnerable man, in the streets of New Paltz, New York. *Leviathan* appeared out of nowhere, hungry, and had been tearing up local pizza joints and pubs, scarfing down mass quantities of food and drink. Godlike Solar is far more powerful, but concern for innocents and property hamper him.

Cut to the New Paltz Village home of late-forty-ish Whitmore Pickerel. As cell-phone video of the disturbance (before Doctor Solar arrived) is aired, he gapes in disbelief—then pulls a paperback he wrote off the shelf. It’s entitled *Leviathan*. The cover painting looks just like the thing tearing up the town. He was working on the sequel just last night....

Doctor Solar warps gravity to get *Leviathan* out of town—straight up! But what then? Knock him out? How do you know just how hard to hit someone, or how big a jolt of energy would it take to put their lights out for as long as is convenient, like they do in the movies?

Finally, Doctor Solar bends rails from old, defunct train tracks around *Leviathan*, binding him. Then, he puts *Leviathan* down where he’ll be found, hoping that police will figure out what to do with him.

Then, after changing to normal clothes, Doctor Solar goes to the Atom Valley Nuclear Laboratory, where he works—or used to. Officially, he’s listed as missing, presumed

dead, a victim of the disaster. He slips in discreetly, using his powers, and makes his way to the office of his only confidant, Lab Director Doctor Clarkson.

(NOTE: Of course, Doctor Solar won't tell anyone else anything about himself, even his name. To everyone but Clarkson, he's the Man in the Red Suit, or just "Red Suit.")

They talk about the reactor event and the aftermath—including anomalies, like Leviathan, apparently.

There will be a brief recap of Doctor Solar's origin and the events preceding this story. All relevant characters will be introduced, including Doctor Clarkson, the brilliant, beautiful Doctor Gail Sanders, the deceased, presumed saboteur Doctor Bently, and others.

We explain that Doctor Solar now looks different—that when he was transformed and empowered in the reactor, he came out looking thirty years younger, remade in his own, idealized image of himself, rather than as the chubby 58-year-old he was.

That's one reason Doctor Solar has remained "missing." How would he explain his new, younger self to anyone? Especially Nuclear Regulatory Commission investigators.

We cut to Nuro, who is fascinated by the weirdness occurring since the reactor disaster at Atom Valley. He is aware of much of what went on, since his agent inadvertently caused the disaster, and he was monitoring it closely. His analysis offers some insights—and makes it clear that he has big plans to exploit opportunities this...*situation* presents.

We introduce Nuro's closely held, global technology corporation, Lovejoy International, the source of his wealth and the power base that entitles him to a seat among the world's elite, largely corrupt, *superclass*—those few individuals who often secretly exert influence, if not control, over world affairs.

Meanwhile, Pickerel sees reports on the news about the battle in New Paltz, a bunch of conflicting accounts. Several mention a man in a red suit, and one student claims Red Suit was flying—though the student quickly adds that maybe he had a jet pack on.

Red suit? Flying? Not one of mine, Pickerel thinks. Is there someone else out there whose character came to life?

Spurred on by the notion that there might be a competitor, Pickerel decides to experiment. He begins writing a long description of *Glow*, a part Venusian femme fatale from one of his space operas.

Doctor Solar and Clarkson discuss the NRC investigation. They've found out very little. Only Doctor Solar and Clarkson know what really happened. It's too momentous, *too profound a change in the world* to disclose. Yet, anyway....

Doctor Solar is eager to do some investigating of his own. Bently was the saboteur, he knows that, but who was he working for?

Clarkson says they FBI has been trying to unlock files on Bently's computer without success. Tomorrow, they're going to pack it up and send it to Quantico. Doctor Solar says he's going to have a look at it. Impossible, says Clarkson. Bently's office is sealed. Not to me, says Doctor Solar.

He slips in as a beam of light. For someone to whom energy is touchable and easily manipulated—*it'll come if he calls it*—piercing “impenetrable” encryptions is no harder than working loose a knotted shoelace. The files open....

Cut to Pickerel's home. He hasn't finished writing the description—barely started it, actually, but to his amazement and delight, beautiful, sexy *Glow* is suddenly there beside his desk. Apparently, he doesn't need to write anything. Just concentrate.

Glow is quickly in his lap. And immediately all over him. And starting to *glow*. Pickerel lustfully welcomes this at first...but then, with growing horror and revulsion tries to push her away....

We discreetly cut away, back to Doctor Solar. Bently's super-secret, heavily protected files are all pictures and videos of pretty girls! Pin-ups, mostly, not even all that racy. Nice collection of Victoria's Secret lingerie TV fashion shows....college cheerleader competitions from ESPN....

Soon, Doctor Solar is back in Clarkson's office. Bently even had a collection of clips of Doctor Gail Sanders edited from security cam footage, says Doctor Solar. Apparently, he was a very lonely old man. This doesn't mean he wasn't the saboteur, but it certainly wasn't what Doctor Solar expected to find.

Speaking of Gail, Clarkson says, she's been inconsolable since your “death.” She's your biggest fan.

Doctor Solar's internal narrative tells us that he made a fool of himself with her the night before, when he mistakenly thought she was romantically interested and tried to kiss her. He also recalls that he “erased” that embarrassment by changing 18 seconds or so of the past—as fully detailed in #0. He wonders what she would think of the “new him?”

On his way out, Doctor Solar sees Gail in the hall, though she doesn't see him. He *almost* approaches her. No. Not yet.

That evening, Leviathan smashes his way out of jail. Easily. He could have broken out of the rails Red Suit wrapped him in just as easily, but he knew Red Suit would have simply come up with something stronger.

Doctor Solar, who had more or less been expecting this, hears about it on the police band, which he's been monitoring. He doesn't need a radio.

Doctor Solar intercepts Leviathan. They battle, spectacularly. Once or twice, Leviathan manages to break away by causing danger to fleeing innocents. Each time he runs the same direction. Doctor Solar realizes that he's headed somewhere, not just randomly wilding like last time.

Doctor Solar bars Leviathan's way. It becomes mano-a-mano—a slugfest. Doctor Solar goes down, apparently badly broken! Leviathan tosses him into a dumpster and marches on.

At Pickerel's house, Glow is ransacking the liquor cabinet, already very drunk. Pickerel is annoyed and unhappy, blankly watching TV.

Glow throws up on the carpet—we suggest this, rather than show it—and laughs about it. Shouldn't have eaten that cheesh samwish. She finds a suitable scotch and drinks from the bottle. Pickerel asks, isn't she drunk enough? Glow says, no, since he doesn't want to be *friendly*.

Pickerel says he's not interested. That *glowing* thing she does when she's feeling "friendly" is very disconcerting. And she *stinks!* Doesn't she ever bathe?

All his fault, she says, for lamely describing her glow and her "musky scent," ad nauseam—an appropriate term. He also made her a heavy drinking, endlessly friendly party girl. It goes over big with other dumb characters of his, but not so well here, apparently. God, how she wishes she had a Jovian ciggie.

A TV news reporter describes the destruction wrought by Leviathan. A witness said he killed someone and dumped the body in a dumpster, but no body has been found.

Pickerel realizes from the report that Leviathan is headed this direction! Of course he is, says Glow. He's coming here. You'd better start making more cheesh samwish... cheethe sanmish...*food*.

How would Leviathan know where...? stammers Pickerel.

If he's like me, he's got a lot of your thoughts rattling around his head, says Glow. After all, that's what we are—your thoughts.

A second later, Leviathan rips open the locked front door and enters.

Glow—all aglow—paws drunkenly at massive Leviathan. C'mon, she says. Let's get friendly, big boy.

No, he says, pushing her away. You stink.

Pickerel cringes away, terrified. Leviathan looms over him. Hi, Whit, he says. Got anything to eat?

Outside a window, Doctor Solar peers in. He was faking being hurt, of course, so he could follow Leviathan.

This is getting interesting....

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ISSUE #2 “Out of the Frying Pan....” (working title)

COVER DATE: ?

ANTAGONISTS: Whitmore Pickerel, Leviathan, Glow and introducing *Susan* and *Moloch*.

SYNOPSIS: Friday night. Leviathan smashes through the picture window of Whitmore Pickerel's house, slamming/shoulder tackling Doctor Solar. Leviathan noticed him spying. He could have sworn Red Suit was dead.

Necessary brief recaps will be provided along the way.

Doctor Solar hits Leviathan hard, sending him hurtling back inside, taking out a chunk of wall in the process and doing even more interior damage. Ouch.

Pickerel shrieks! They're wrecking his home!

Doctor Solar enters. Pickerel cowers. Leviathan struggles to get the room to stop spinning. Glow, practically *glistening*, approaches Doctor Solar.

You look...*improbable*, Doctor Solar says.

Glow, who makes Jessica Rabbit look boyish, agrees. Blame *him*, she says, indicating Pickerel. And I know I stink like a Martian muskrat. Want to get friendly anyway?

Leviathan struggles to his feet, groggily, but poised to attack. You suckered me, he says. You played possum so I'd lead you here.

Don't even think about it, says Doctor Solar. Leviathan backs away.

Who created *you*? asks Pickerel.

I did, says Doctor Solar.

The truth comes out about Leviathan and Glow. Pickerel begs Red Suit not to hurt him since he's *real*. The girl and the big one are....

Are *just* as real, says Doctor Solar. I can assure you that they are living organisms. I'm no expert on spiritual things. If you want to know whether they have souls or whatever, consult a theologian.

Keep them out of trouble, he adds. Then vanishes.

Leviathan menaces Pickerel, demanding food. There must be a restaurant he didn't trash earlier. Pickerel orders several hundred dollars worth of pizza and Chinese—or else.

Later, Glow turns to still-hurting Leviathan. I'm going to take a shower, she says. Then, how about I kiss everything and make it better? Leviathan and Glow commandeer Pickerel's bedroom.

Exhausted, Pickerel tries to sleep on the couch, hoping to wake up in the morning and discover that this was all just a bad dream—but they're making too much racket. He goes to his computer....

Cut to Doctor Solar, at home, on the phone with Doctor Clarkson. He knows it's late, but asks if he can come over. Clarkson says certainly—and suddenly, Doctor Solar is there in his kitchen, having traveled along the phone connection.

They talk quietly, so as not to awaken Clarkson's wife, sleeping upstairs. Doctor Solar has decided to come back to work on Monday. Let the chips fall.... He needs to be there to study what happened inside the reactor and learn more about what he has become.

Clarkson isn't sure that's wise, but agrees.

Doctor Solar doesn't admit it, but part of his desire to cease being "missing" stems from wanting to see Gail.

Next morning, Saturday, Pickerel rudely awakens Leviathan and Glow, screaming at them about what they've done to his house, his wallet, his life. And the *toilet*...! What a mess! I need a bigger one, says smirking Leviathan, looming over Pickerel.

But Pickerel did some research last night and discovered that tulpas can be *unmade* by their creator. He demonstrates on a large rat in a cage that he brought into being this morning. *Poof!* It's gone.

Leviathan and Glow back away. Glow reminds Pickerel of what Red Suit said—it'd be *murder*. Leviathan says, okay, okay, we'll go.

Oh, you're *going*, all right, Pickerel screams. They flee. Pickerel lets them. He may be a pathetic loser, but he's no murderer. He even regrets unmaking the rat.

Later, Doctor Solar and Doctor Clarkson meet for lunch to brainstorm and plan. What and how much do they tell the NRC? And the staff? Doctor Solar has other problems, too—an ex-wife and college age son who, at the moment, think he's dead. So do a few friends who deserve to be told...something.

Meanwhile, as workmen work on repairing Pickerel's house, he ponders what he needs to do. Leviathan and Glow know he can kill them on a whim. Who's to say they won't try to murder him in his sleep? If only he had someone to talk to, someone he could trust....

Well....

Why not *make* someone?

He starts scribbling notes. This one must be made verrry carefully. *Perfectly*.

Suddenly, while at lunch, Doctor Solar picks up a police band call. He has to go.

In a Victoria's Secret in a mall in Poughkeepsie, Glow browses through their sexiest clothes. She already has a number of items draped over her arm. Meanwhile, Leviathan's intimidating presence is keeping employees, customers and two bruised,

disarmed cops huddled in a corner. Rather than his costume, Leviathan is wearing comfy clothes that fit, sort of. There are shopping bags on the floor beside him from Casual Male XL and one from Bath and Body Works.

When Glow has finished her “shopping,” Leviathan reminds her to empty the register, like in the other places.

Doctor Solar arrives and grabs Leviathan to keep him from seizing a hostage. Glow flails at Red Suit! She’s not going to let him hurt her man! As gently as possible, Doctor Solar brushes her away...

...giving Leviathan the opening to hammer him. Doctor Solar staggers back a step. Leviathan grabs him by the throat. Doctor solar makes his throat as hot as the surface of the sun. Leviathan yanks his paws away and stumbles back yelping.

Busted, Leviathan and Glow surrender.

He tells them not to move, zooms away at lightspeed and reappears seconds later with \$413, all the cash he had in his wallet and in the cookie jar at home.

He orders Glow to hand over the money they stole—but then he gives her the \$413! He tells them that, because they’re new here, and because they didn’t hurt anyone seriously, he’s going to let them go. This time. They can keep the clothes, cosmetics and feminine hygiene products. *He’ll* pay for them, and whatever damage they’ve done on this crime spree, and return the stolen money. But, they’d *better* stay out of trouble from now on.

They thank him and leave in a hurry. Doctor Solar does, too.

Meanwhile, Pickerel is creating the perfect woman. He calls her *Susan*. She’s very pretty, totally obedient and completely devoted to him. She’s not quite a Stepford Wife, though. She’s a true helpmate, an independent thinker, smart, thoughtful, insightful and just plain wonderful, if, well, owned.

After she appears, she kisses Pickerel passionately—a promise of things to come—then finds rubber gloves, a bucket, cleaning supplies, a clothespin for her nose and buckles right in cleaning the mess in the bathroom.

After several visits to the ATM and anonymously paying for everything, Doctor Solar, nearly broke, starts trying to suss out how to transmute base metal to gold....

Later, Pickerel and Susan talk. He tells her his fears regarding Leviathan and Glow. The solution they come up with is creating a powerful *guardian*—but one totally obedient,

like her, one that won't have nasty or expensive downsides. Pickerel is at a loss. He toys with and discards notion after notion. Can't imagine an appropriate creation.

Susan goes to cook dinner while he thinks. Because he was up all night, he falls asleep in his chair...and dreams....

A darkness appears in the sky over the house. Susan notices it. An unnatural, roiling blackness. Pickerel wakes up. There's something terrifying about whatever this is. It spreads. Regathers in the distance. Spreads again. Regathers again. It's moving east. Toward Poughkeepsie.

As Doctor Solar is returning the stolen cash to Bath and Body Works and paying for the feminine products his, *um*, friends took, the lights in the mall flicker...and dim. A torrent of eerie darkness moves like a wind through the mall.

Doctor Solar flashes as an x-ray burst to the roof.

The flowing darkness finds him, and in front of him, swirling, coalesces...

...into a handsome young man, stylishly dressed for ancient Mesopotamia.

Who are you? Doctor Solar asks.

Moloch, says the young man. And you...are *dead*.

Moloch *obliterates* Doctor Solar with an inconceivably powerful burst of energy.

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ISSUE #3 "...Into the Inferno" (working title)

COVER DATE: ?

ANTAGONISTS: Whitmore Pickerel, Susan, Moloch and introducing *Surya*.

SYNOPSIS: Saturday, late afternoon. Doctor Solar doesn't take obliteration lying down. He reforms and strikes back—something one can do if one is an energy being and isn't too dispersed. The clever, innovative, visual battle between Doctor Solar and Moloch rages.

Necessary brief recaps will be provided along the way.

(It seems, by the way, that when Moloch arrived on this plane, he sensed that Doctor Solar was its most powerful defender—and went right after him.)

Losing, Moloch breaks off and flees...

...and completely disappears. Doctor Solar can sense no trace of him.

Doctor Solar checks in with Pickerel. Pickerel insists he had nothing to do with Moloch. Doctor Solar leaves. Moloch, hiding in the closet, holding Susan and poised to destroy her, comes out. Pickerel did well convincing Red Suit. Pickerel's slattern—and he—will live a little longer. Mostly, says Moloch, because he finds her...pleasing.

You are horrible, Susan hisses. *Thanks*, says Moloch.

Doctor Solar reports to Doctor Clarkson. Nothing to do but keep watch and wait.

Clarkson has great difficulty believing/accepting all of this. He often muses over the Golf Trophy Doctor Solar burned a hole in, to remind him that this is real.

Moloch and Pickerel talk. Pickerel tells him his story—about creating Leviathan and Glow, then Susan, then him, Moloch. Moloch says that he doubts that Pickerel “created” anything. He doesn't have the knowledge to create anything complex. Probably doesn't know a pancreas from a spleen. Probably just brought the first three here from somewhere else.

Does he, Pickerel, not understand that everything *he* thinks of as “real” is just a bunch of particles, which are waves, and that his thoughts are waves, which are particles, and there's not a spacious difference? Did it ever occur to him that the “real” world might be some other place and that this world might just be some delusional fool's fantasy?

Is that true? Pickerel asks.

I don't know, Moloch says, but it sounds good. Lets go with it.

One thing Moloch knows for sure—Pickerel didn't create *him*. He already was...and because of Pickerel's piddling around, he sensed that there was a *here*. And he *came* here, following Pickerel's piddling like a beacon. Broke out of where he was and *kicked the door down* to enter here.

In truth, he doesn't really remember much about where he came from. Except that it was hot. Too much fire. He usually likes fire. But...too much, too hot.

Pickerel asks what he wants.

Everything, says Moloch. I have a weakness for children, he adds.

You're sick, says Pickerel.

No, no, not like that, says Moloch. I *eat* them. Anyway, I am what *you* would call a god, and I want it *all*. Only one thing here stands in my way. The Red Suit.

Cut to Doctor Solar searching for, trying to sense Moloch. No luck.

On his way home, he passes Gail's house, accidentally on purpose—and sees Gail arriving home from a date...

...with *Doctor Rasp*, Atom Valley's leading roué. He watches as she kisses Rasp good night. Then invites him in.

That's enough. He zips home, feeling awful for snooping and jealous as hell.

Doctor Solar doesn't need to sleep, but can, and usually enjoys it. Not tonight. It's either tossing and turning or bad dreams.

Meanwhile, Moloch commands Pickerel to conjure up a being that can destroy, *him*, Moloch!

Then, Moloch leads Susan to the bedroom! Though every fiber of her being protests, she cannot resist his will. Pleading to Pickerel with her eyes, she helplessly follows Moloch.

Enraged, Pickerel concentrates as never before...all night...spurred on by Susan's screams.

In the morning, Sunday, Susan emerges from the bedroom, looking pale. She staggers to the very clean bathroom. Moments later, Moloch emerges, wearing Pickerel's robe.

Pickerel is waiting for him...with *Surya*, a mighty sun god.

Kill him, says Pickerel.

But Surya *bows* before Moloch.

Nice work, says Moloch. He'll do.

Now, says Moloch, we'll need some foot soldiers. Lots of them. Strong, durable. Sort of like Leviathan.

But they'll clog the toilet, whines Pickerel.

Then make them of stone and let them draw their energy from the Earth, not food, says Moloch. Idiot. They can stay out back.

Moloch summons Susan back into the bedroom.

Meanwhile, Doctor Solar can't stop himself from checking to see whether or not Rasp's car is still in Gail's townhouse complex's parking lot.

Yep.

He's deeply troubled. Irrationally, he tells himself. Get a grip.

Later that day, an army of Stone Golems stands in Pickerel's back yard.

Moloch emerges from the bedroom and assesses Pickerel's production. Not adequate. More, he says.

It's a long, lonely day and a long, lonely night for both Pickerel and Doctor Solar.

In the morning, Monday, at the Atom Valley Nuclear Laboratory, Doctor Clarkson announces at a staff meeting that, though he is not present at the meeting, Doctor Solar has returned to the lab. Without saying anything concrete, Clarkson drops hints that sort of explain Doctor Solar's temporary disappearance, talking in vague generalities about his "ordeal" and the "danger" of the situation he's in. He doesn't lie, but one might assume that Doctor Solar was injured, and/or perhaps hiding out due to threats from the mysterious people responsible for the sabotage.

Clarkson says Doctor Solar will remain sequestered for the time being, available only by phone—except to the NRC investigators, of course. He'll meet with them tomorrow.

In his office, Doctor Solar watches the meeting via video feed. He can't take his eyes off of Gail....

Later, Doctor Solar leaves his office. No one is supposed to be in that part of the complex except him—but *Rasp* is there, in the hallway! He sees Doctor Solar, calls to him and runs toward him. Hey, buddy!

Doctor Solar is wearing baggy clothes that make him look bulkier, dark glasses and a hat. His collar is turned up. He actually *wants* to be seen from a distance, *wants* his car to be seen in the parking lot—but he doesn't need Rasp—*especially* not Rasp—in his face right now.

Doctor Solar ducks around a corner, and transports himself as a beam of light to the end of a long corridor, turns another corner, effectively evading Rasp, and rematerializes...

...finding himself face-to-obscured-face with *Gail* as she's exiting *her* office.

Gail (who didn't see Doctor Solar's light transformation) realizes that it's Doctor Solar. Her words spill out in a torrent. How is he? She was so worried. Was he hurt? There's so much she wants to ask him, so much she needs to *tell* him....

And then Doctor Solar picks up a police band broadcast. He says he has to go. He runs away. Stops. And asks if he could stop by at, say, eight, just for a few minutes, just to talk?

Okay, she says.

He turns a corner and joins the electromagnetic spectrum.

Moments later, as the Man in the Red Suit, he engages Surya.

Big fight.

From Pickerel's house, Moloch watches, pleased. Surya will soften him up. He sends the Stone Golems out to wreak havoc on the town and open another front, a distraction for Red Suit.

Moloch is generally a frontal assault, mano-a-mano kind of guy, and even this much "trickeration" is unpalatable to him, but...the prize is large and the enemy is strong.

Bi-i-ig fight....

CONTINUED....

MORE BRIEFLY....

ISSUE #4 “Though Hellspawn Should Bar the Way” (working title)

COVER DATE: ?

ANTAGONISTS: Moloch, Surya.

SYNOPSIS: Monday evening. Doctor Solar battles Surya. Sun God versus God of Energy.

Necessary brief recaps will be provided along the way.

In a motel in Wappinger’s Falls, Leviathan and Glow, who is now all minty fresh, hear of the major disturbance going on near New Paltz. They *know* it must involve Red Suit.

Doctor Solar is hard pressed. Surya is formidable.

Back at Pickerel’s house, Moloch is having a ball. Soon it will be time for him to take a direct hand. But first....

Moloch kills Pickerel—or so it seems—and buries him in a crate in the back yard, by magical means. Susan, he releases. He’s done with her for now. She flees.

(A NOTE: Later, we’ll learn that she’s pregnant.)

Then, Moloch joins the attack on Red Suit.

Doctor Solar fights desperately.

Then he notices that it’s 8:04 PM.

He breaks off. Vanishes.

Moloch never anticipated that. He took Red Suit as a fight-to-the-bitter-end-guy. He and Surya search for Red Suit cautiously, suspecting a trick.

Doctor Solar, in his baggy clothes, hat and shades rings Gail’s doorbell.

Moloch orders the Stone Golems to attack New Paltz and cause as much death and destruction as possible. Maybe that will draw Red Suit out again.

Gail tells Doctor Solar that she’s happy—thrilled—to see him. So glad he came.

She says, the evening we spent together, when you walked me to the door, I was terrified that you'd try to kiss me....

I know, says, Doctor Solar, I....

...but I really *wanted* you to, but if you did and I let you, you'd think I was just a star chaser, and you wouldn't respect me as a scientist, which I really want, because you *are* a star, and...I'm babbling.

What? says Doctor Solar.

Hordes of Stone Golems descend on New Paltz. And are met by *Leviathan!* Maybe they were meant to be "like Leviathan," but no way. He pounds them to pebbles by the score.

Meanwhile....

Look, Gail says, I realize that I'm too young to be of interest to you, but....

We need to talk, says Doctor Solar, backing away, but I really, *really* have to go right now. Please. Later. Talk. Tomorrow. After work. Okay?

Doctor Solar runs off into the night, and a second later is back in New Paltz. Feeling like a million 1951 dollars.

Doctor Solar kicks Surya's butt and seals him up in an alternate dimension—possibly the one Moloch escaped from.

Moloch, realizing that he's going to lose and be mashed to god-pulp before being returned whence he came, flees. Who knows where.

Leviathan, with some late help from Doctor Solar pulverizes the Stone Golems.

Various loose ends are wrapped up. Doctor Solar thanks Leviathan. Regards to the lady.

(A NOTE: Later, Glow will get a job as an exotic dancer, and Leviathan as a bouncer—off the books, of course—at a strip club in Yonkers.)

(ANOTHER NOTE: Pickerel awakens from the coma-like stasis Moloch put him in when Moloch vanishes. He realizes that he's been buried alive, and fighting panic, actualizes a huge alien *dog* from one of his stories that digs him out before he suffocates. Of course, then he has a new pet to take care of....)

FIN

For the moment....