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# **LEGO DC Super Heroes: Justice League - Attack of the Legion of Doom!**

By James Krieg

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Daily Planet News with Lois Lane.  
Today's top story: justice by sea.  
Looks like Black Manta  
is the catch of the day.  
Justice by land.  
Oh. This Penguin  
is going to need an ice pack.

- Ha-ha.

-Aah!

Justice in space.  
I bet Sinestro is now aware  
of the gravity of his situation.  
I hope supervillains have health insurance  
because it looks like they're gonna need it.  
Since the Justice League's formation  
months ago, they have yet to lose a battle.  
From now on,  
if you wanna see any supervillain footage...  
you'll have to watch The World's Most  
Ridiculous and Embarrassing Videos.

Back to the actual news.

The Army's prototype nuketron reactor  
began operating today.  
This experimental power plant will generate  
more energy than the combined--  
Enough of that.

Despite her bad grammar  
and terrible reporting...

...the intrepid Lois Lane is correct.

The Justice League  
is putting us out of business.  
You paint a picture as black as the bottom  
of the Mariana Trench, Luthor.  
Surely things can't be that bad.  
No, Manta, Luthor is right.  
Our glass is half empty  
and the full half is full of failure.  
In the past, each of us fighting a lone hero  
had some chance of winning.  
But now, against all of them?

I say to you...

...that if the supercriminals of the world  
want to survive...

...we too must band together and form,  
not a league of justice...  
...but a legion.  
A Legion of Doom.  
Ah, sheesh.  
They went for it.  
Everything is going  
according to my plan.  
Your plan, Luthor?  
I'm allowing your participation in my plan  
because it serves my purpose.  
Summon them.  
Summon the world's vilest villains here...  
...to this, this Hall of Doom...  
...to begin my conquest of the Earth.  
And so the Justice League falls  
to Darkseid.  
Booyah!  
Surrender now, Dork-sew.  
You are no match for my power, child.  
Heads up.  
In your face.  
World's best cyborg! Ow!  
I put the boogie in the berg  
The Cyborg  
You saved my life, Cyborg.  
- Batman's life.  
-Mm-hm.  
-Impressive. We should hang out more.  
-Whoo!  
Sure, Batman. That would be great.  
I've got a pool table back at the Batcave  
and--  
Wait, what? Pools? Pools sound great.  
I'd just totally love to play pool with--  
Uh, huh?  
Oh, dang, it was a dream?  
Oh, no, no, no. I overslept.  
I'm gonna be late.  
I'm gonna be late for the meeting.  
Again.  
Stupid cord.  
You're late, Cyborg.  
Uh, hi, everybody.

Vic, don't you have like an atomic clock built into you?

Sorry about-- Heh-heh. I ju--

I was up late working on a secret project, which--

Think nothing of it, young Cyborg.

We started without you.

After waiting a million years, which feels like 5 million years to me.

- The downside of super-speed.

-Relax, Flash. Have a doughnut.

Oh, boy.

Hey, wait a minute.

There's only one.

Mom raised me to have manners.

That doughnut should go to you, Wonder Woman.

Well, that's very chivalrous, Flash, but--

Pfft. Him? Chivalrous? Are you kidding? Offering you a doughnut?

- Whoa!

-A princess should have a throne.

Hal, I'm Wonder Woman,

I certainly don't require special--

There. Delicacies from around the world.

Food fit for the palate of a princess.

Okay, sit down, both of you.

Sit.

As you know, it's election day.

We'll be voting for a new hero to lead the Justice League.

Please, everyone, vote with your heart.

I beg to differ, Man of Steel.

Vote for the candidate who makes hard decisions...

...based on cold data and infallible instincts.

Now, I suggest we take that vote.

- I vote for Wonder Woman.

-I'm not even running.

She's a write-in and I'm voting for her.

Twice.

My vote goes to Superman, who is actually running.

My vote goes to the Dark Knight.  
- No offense, Superman.  
-Oh, none taken.  
Hmm. Looks like a tie...  
...since Superman and I undoubtedly voted  
for ourselves.  
That never even occurred to me.  
I voted for you.  
And the winner is Batman.  
All right, Dark Knight. Up high.  
Congratulations, Batman.  
The people have spoken and my absolute faith  
in the system assures me...  
...that you are clearly the correct leader.  
The trouble alert.  
A robbery at Metropolis  
First National Bank.  
- What's the word, chief?  
-The word, Flash, is "go."  
Freeze!  
Hold it right there, Joker.  
I'm not the Joker. I'm the Trickster.  
Totally different.  
Would the Joker attack  
with a can of snakes?  
- Yeah. Yeah. He probably would.  
-Sounds like him.  
- Whoa!  
- Aah!  
- Huh?  
-Hey, the Joker just blew up our car.  
No. That's not even a joke.  
It's a trick. Like trick shoes.  
The Joker doesn't have trick shoes.  
I'm the Trickster. The Trickster.  
- Ah!  
-Ah. Our old friend, the Trickster.  
Finally. He gets me.  
I know he isn't really our friend.  
I was being ironic.  
And now for my next trick:  
a disappearing act.  
I'm not a fan of this guy's tricks.  
There.

Justice League, split up and find him.  
And watch out for his corny tricks.  
No escape for you now, Trickster.  
I got this, Flash.  
No, I got this.  
The oldest trick in the book.  
Wait till Wonder Woman hears  
that you fell for a banana. Unh!  
No sign of him.  
You can't hide from my x-ray vision,  
Trickster.  
I found him.  
End of the line for you, Trickster.  
Huh?  
We'll flush you out of this sewer  
soon enough, Trickster.  
My sensors are picking up movement  
in this tunnel.  
There's something down there.  
Whoa!  
Looks like a job for my Bat-dental floss.  
You've gimmicked your last gimmick,  
Trickster.  
Your gags are a drag.  
You're bag of tricks just ran out.  
Your tricks just treated you to a trip...  
Right to Blackgate Prison.  
Another win for the Justice League.  
High five.  
- Five what?  
-Ugh.  
Come quietly, Trickster.  
You either let me go...  
...or we're gonna have a smelly situation  
on our hands.  
I got this.  
Ooh!  
- And now to dispose of it.  
-Cyborg, wait.  
Huh?  
Uh-oh.  
I did it. Booyah!  
Ew! What's that smell?  
- Oh, that's nasty.

- Oh, that's bad.  
What is that?  
Looks like Cyborg's about  
to get a Bat lecture.  
Glad I'm not in his shoes.  
I was trying to tell you, Cyborg.  
That was a stink bomb.  
Now this whole section of the city stinks.  
Not to mention you guys. Phew.  
Heh-heh. Looks like I got the last laugh,  
Justice League.  
Ew.  
Uh, Oops?  
Welcome to the Legion of Doom.  
Obstacle Course of Doom.  
Defeating the Justice League is no small  
matter so our legion must be comprised...  
...of only the most skilled of scoundrels.

**Your task:**

crush your competition...  
...validate your villainy for the legion.  
There are no rules!  
What? Wait a minute.  
Okay, there is one rule.  
Club members have to be able to attend...  
...meetings and social events  
inside our headquarters...  
...and I see someone here  
who won't even fit through the door.  
Sorry, Giganta.  
- Rules are rules.  
-Ah!  
All right, now without further ado,  
I'd like to get things started.  
And they're off.  
This first section should put a little spring  
in their step.  
And a little fall. Ha-ha-ha.  
Here comes Cheetah.  
Looks like cats don't always land  
on their feet after all.  
Gorilla Grodd swings  
past the Robe-gators.

But this next section  
is going to drive him bananas.  
Ooh. Man-Bat swatted  
like a man-gnat. Ha-ha-ha. Man-gnat.  
We're coming up  
to the Deadly Doughnuts.  
And Cheetah gets dunked.  
Joker's right on time to catch the bus.  
Ha-ha-ha. This course is a monster...  
...and it looks like  
it just got the best of Penguin.  
That was priceless.  
Too good. Too good.  
This contest is over.  
Wait a minute.  
There's one competitor missing.  
Uh, who is this guy again?  
Deathstroke the Terminator.  
- Most impressive.  
-Maybe he should be the leader.  
Thank you.  
Huh?  
We made it.  
Unfortunately,  
we only have six parking spots...  
...so goodbye.  
Congratulations. You're in.  
And welcome to all our new members.  
Keep your kudos, Lex.  
What we want is crime.  
And so you shall have it, Cheetah.  
This is a covert government facility  
known as Area 52.  
Don't you mean Area 51?  
The old Area 51 was shut down.  
This is the new 52.  
It is a top secret government base...  
...full of advanced experimental weaponry  
and confiscated alien technology.  
They don't want any of it  
falling into the wrong hands.  
And by the wrong hands, heh-heh  
they mean our hands.  
Quite so.



Legion of Doom, prepare for evil.  
Yeah.  
Aah! Ooh!  
Have Cyborg's functions terminated?  
No, (By-bot, I'm not dead.  
I was working on some new upgrades  
for the hall, but I'm a little distracted.  
What is Cyborg's malfunction?  
Well, I kind of made  
a big, stinky mess today.  
I'm not sure the others want me around  
right now.  
Cyborg designed Cy-bot  
to clean and perform chores.  
Cy-bot will clean  
Cyborg's big, stinky mess.  
You're right, Cy-bot.  
I need to clean up my own messes.  
Help.  
Hey, guys, I just wanted to apolog--  
Wha--  
Whoa.  
You guys got new outfits!  
Superman, you're wearing your underwear  
on the inside?  
Nice choice.  
And, Batman, shiny new armor  
for the Dark Knight.  
Wonder Woman, patriotic as always,  
but more understated.  
Flash and Hal, well...  
You haven't changed a bit.  
My costume  
is an indestructible construct.  
And why mess with perfection?  
Am I right, princess?  
Pfft. You'd better be indestructible  
with that jewelry slowing you down.  
You can't beat a costume  
that screams "fastest man alive."  
So why don't you brush off,  
faster than any man alive?  
- What the--? Hey.  
-Heh.

Whoa, whoa, I don't understand.  
What's going on here?  
Our former costumes were ruined  
with a permanent stench.  
It compromised our effectiveness  
as crime-fighters.  
Right, because it's my fault  
your old ones got all stinky.  
Nonsense.  
We all needed a change.  
Why don't we come up  
with something new for you too?  
- We can't, Wonder Woman.  
-Why?  
Cyborg doesn't wear clothes.  
- The trouble alert.  
- Justice League, this is General Lane...  
...commanding officer of Area 52,  
a top secret government installation.  
We are under attack  
from person or persons unknown.  
But it's probably alien.  
You say that like it's a bad thing, general.  
Just get over here and take a--  
Let's go. I can feel myself  
growing older just standing here.  
Not so fast, Flash.  
Batman is the duly-elected leader.  
This is his call.  
Prepare the Javelin for launch.  
Look alive, team,  
we've entered Area 52 airspace.  
Ooh. A top secret government compound  
loaded with top secret technology...  
...and located in a top secret location.  
How'd you even know where to find it?  
-Il'm--  
-Batman.  
Right? Gotcha.  
Hmm.  
It's quiet.  
Too quiet.  
Except for the theremin music.  
Cyborg, would please stop it?

Sorry, I was just having a little bit 0--  
Truck!  
Welcome to your defeat, Justice League.  
Defeat at the hands  
of the Legion of Doom.  
Copyright and trademark.  
Ah! Legion of Doom?  
- Petrified Pandora.  
-Villains working together?  
- I did not see that coming.  
-I did.  
Destroy them.  
Justice League, move out.  
You heard our captain. Let's move.  
Superman, your league is no match...  
...for the Legion of Doom!  
You should've joined  
the Legion of Bad Marksmanship.  
The Legion of Doom  
will have your heads.  
Tails. You lose.  
Hold still, you fidgety flibbertigibbet.  
Flibbertigibbet? What's a flibbertigibbet?  
Ooh!  
Oh, no.  
It's no use trying to hide from me, Grodd.  
Who's hiding?  
I'm just getting a feel for my new ride.  
Hey, I felt that.  
School's in session, youngster.  
Well, here's my homework.  
Ooh!  
Class dismissed.  
Hey, Sinestro.  
Here comes your worst nightmare.  
My worst nightmare involves  
public speaking in my underwear.  
You're not even close.  
All aboard the Haymaker Express.  
Ha-ha. Ticket punched.  
Take this, you parasitic pinball.  
Missed me. Nice try.  
Better luck next time.  
Full tilt, loser.

Now to finish off the half-man.  
So, Robot Man, is that all you can do?  
Sit there while the real men do the work?  
Stupid elevator.  
Come on. Open. Open.  
Impossible.  
I have this thing turned up to 11.  
Forget your worthless Earth technology,  
Luthor.  
Enter this boom tube.  
It is an inter-dimensional gateway  
controlled by this Father Box.  
Yet another gift of Darkseid.  
Why didn't you just boom tube us here  
from the Hall of Doom?  
It is not my will  
that your legion knows of me, yet.  
Come. You are wasting time.  
Could've saved a lot of time  
if we hadn't flown here.  
It was a three-hour flight  
from Slaughter Swamp...  
...and Manta's ship smells like a wharf.  
Impressive technology.  
With these tubes, I could take over the--  
You will take over this pitiful world  
with the tools I give you.  
I am happy to accept your aid. For now.  
What was that?  
Oh, I said I like to put Band-Aids  
on cows.  
Sub level 13. Hardware. Underwear.  
Forbidden alien technology.  
Hold it right there, you alien weirdo.  
I knew it.  
Aliens trying to take over the planet.  
Well, sorry, pal,  
not on General Sam Lane's watch.  
How quaint.  
Correction. Hardware. Underwear.  
Unconscious paranoid generals.  
The cylinder is right over there.  
Go.  
Incredible.

Unh.

Did somebody get the license number?

Oh, is your space jewelry not cutting it,  
Hal?

Here, let me show you  
how to get your hands dirty.

Huh? Huh?

Oh, no!

There. That ought to take the chill out--

You two are about to become  
the brave and the cold.

This jobs calls for something dull  
and blunt.

Hey)'-

Ha-ha-ha. Huh?

Are Batarangs all you've got, Batman?

You should know, Black Manta, that I'm  
trained in the secret skills of martial arts.

Your lasers and armor are no match  
for the ancient vibrating palm technique.

Surrender now.

Here's your answer, fool.

Oh, no, my battery.

Cat.

You frustrating feline, I can't see!  
Legion of Doom, mission accomplished.

Let us make our victorious retreat.

What's Lex got there?

Nothing good.

Oh, no, you don't.

Back for another lesson, Robot Boy?

Here's a pop quiz.

You failed.

Once again, it's up to me to clean up  
after lesser people's messes.

They're getting away.

Nobody steals government property  
while I'm around.

Superman, you okay?

Those afterburners really pack a punch.

Villains working together?

It was only a matter of time.

Ah, but we kicked their butts.

Up high.

We gotta work on that.  
You let them get away.  
Don't get your Army-issued undies  
in a bunch, admiral.  
The only thing they got  
was a giant can of soda or something.  
It was an alien.  
A dangerous monster from space.  
And you let it slip through your fingers  
because of your incompetence.  
If it was incompetence.  
How do I know all you aliens  
aren't in cahoots?  
Hey, Superman isn't an alien.  
He's a-- Oh, yeah, I guess he kind of is.  
Wait a minute, Flash.  
The real question is,  
why are you incarcerating aliens?  
Ugh. Well...  
I'm not the one being questioned here,  
Superman.  
Now, if you'll excuse me,  
I've got government property to locate.  
Surely our government  
isn't arresting extraterrestrials.  
Based on my analysis of his behavior...  
...more likely that General Lane  
is greatly exceeding his authority.  
Why the long face, Cyborg?  
You held your own  
against a formidable opponent. Good job.  
Good job? They got away.  
If it wasn't for me,  
we could have stopped them.  
You're still the youngest  
and greenest member of this team.  
Cut yourself some slack.  
Yeah, don't be so hard on yourself, kid.  
You did fine.  
Look, this is the first time we've met  
a completely superpowered team.  
It was a total surprise. There were bound  
to be some growing pains.  
The question is,

what happens next time we meet?  
Stupid vibrating palm.  
Stuck with a Legion of Losers.  
Yeah, none of you had my back.  
I was all alone.  
Better alone than stuck in a saucer  
with Grodd.  
That was a humiliating defeat.  
- Excellent work, everyone.  
- Huh?  
Are you nuts, Lex? We were lucky  
to make it out of there in one piece.  
Yeah, you said we'd destroy  
the Justice League.  
Your estimate of our effectiveness  
as a team...  
...left much to be desired, Luthor.  
Listen to you all.  
You're disappointed that you didn't beat  
the Justice League in a fair fight?  
What part of supervillain  
do you not comprehend?  
My Korugarian friend is correct.  
The whole point of our raid on Area 52  
was to give us a secret weapon...  
...to tip the scales in our favor.  
A game-changer.  
Here it is.  
Hmm?  
Calm yourself, friend. You're safe now.  
I, Lex Luthor, release you.  
Yipe!  
You saw how my band of freedom fighters  
battled to rescue you...  
...from the clutches  
of the dastardly Justice League...  
...the horrible oppressors of our world.  
We're all on your side.  
It's true. Don't be afraid.  
We rebels in the Legion of Doom  
freed you.  
Tell them your name.  
O... J'onnn J'onzz.  
I am J'onnn J'onzz

of the planet you call Mars.  
Thank you for freeing me.  
Swell. How is this little space lizard  
supposed to help us, Luthor, huh?  
Show them what you can do, my friend.  
Fantastic.  
Now, will you join our righteous revolution  
against the tyranny of the Justice League?  
But your name, Legion of Doom...  
As in doom for the Justice League.  
A name to strike fear  
into their wicked hearts.  
- Yeah, yeah, that's exactly what it meant.  
-You are correct. Yes.  
Those who held me captive  
should be punished.  
- Outstanding.  
-All right!

**Observation:**

with the Justice League...  
...and more time performing upgrades  
to the Hall of Justice.

**Query:**

It's no use.  
Not even my hobby can clear my mind.  
I need some advice.  
- Help.  
-I've wanted to be a hero my whole life...  
...and being on the Justice League  
is a dream come true.  
It's just-- I feel like I'm not--  
You feel. That's the problem.  
You need to stuff your emotions  
deep down inside.  
Feel nothing.  
Only plot, plan and react to a world  
full of cowardly, superstitious criminals.  
It's the healthy thing to do.  
- But I feel like I'm just not up to speed.  
- Having me throws off the average.  
If you wanna up your game...  
...get hit by lightning



when surrounded by chemicals and--  
You make it seem so easy.  
You know what we used to say  
in flight school?  
Fake it till you make it.  
You just gotta dig deep and man up...  
...or machine up...  
...or whatever.  
Seems like whatever I do,  
it's the wrong call.  
Are you feeling a teensy bit blue,  
Cyborg?  
Here's a little song we used to sing  
back in Kansas. Always cheered me up.  
Oh, a farmer needs a rake  
And a plow and a hoe  
And lots of pep and some zip  
And a tiny pinch of go  
And get into his overalls  
And hat and shoes  
If he wants to lose  
The early morning blues  
Ha-ha.  
And then Superman sang me a song  
that I did not get at all.  
Oh, yes, I've heard that song before.  
I didn't get it either.  
Listen, Vic, you look at your recent battles  
and see mistakes.  
That's just your perception...  
...not necessarily the perception of others...  
...and certainly not my perception of you.  
You're a young hero  
with a lot going for you.  
You just have to trust your instincts.  
Give yourself time to grow  
and believe in yourself.  
So you're saying I should really beef up  
my cybernetic components...  
...so I can then trust myself.  
Exact-- Wait, what? No.  
Thanks, Wonder Woman.  
That's exactly what I'll do.  
Right now.

I don't know why I didn't think of it before.

Just gotta gear up.

Booyah.

What's up, Batman?

Mm.

How you feeling, Hal?

I'm living the dream, Vic.

And I'm doing it way better than Flash.

- Batman.

-Have a nice day.

Batman,

I know this must sound strange...

...but I think I just passed you twice,  
and I don't--

Perhaps if you concentrated  
on superheroing...

...instead of butting into  
other people's business...

...you'd be a better Justice League  
member.

Oh, right. Sorry.

And that's how I learned...

...you should never milk a cow in the barn  
when the lights are off.

Hey, wait up.

Hey, Batman, maybe that was meant...

...to be more constructive criticism  
when I passed you just now--

I didn't say anything when you walked by  
just now.

Yes, you did.

And you told me to butt out.

Came off a little rude.

Batman would never tell you  
to put your butt out.

He may be the Dark Knight,  
but to me, he's the Polite Patrolman.

But that's not an official nickname.

I came up with it myself.

You must be getting a double image  
in your cybernetic eye. Let me help.

There. Better?

We'll have to table this little chat  
until later.

It's that nuketron reactor that went online,  
the one the government hopes...  
...will provide a solution  
to the world's energy needs.  
By Hippolyta's hairnet,  
the reactor is malfunctioning.  
It's in danger of a total meltdown.  
A core meltdown would endanger  
thousands of citizens.  
- What are your orders, Batman?  
-Let's go.  
There she blows.  
Get it? Because it's gonna blow up.  
Not now, Green Lantern. Cyborg, how long  
before the energy core melts down?  
This is strange.  
My readouts don't detect anything wrong.  
Everything looks normal.  
Time for an oil change, Tin Man?  
Look at that thing.  
That's about as normal  
as Batman smiling.  
What are your orders, fearless leader?  
Cyborg and I will secure the perimeter.  
Flash, you and Wonder Woman  
get the power plant crew out of that inferno.  
Superman and Hal,  
you're both immune to radiation.  
Stop the energy core  
from melting down...  
...or else Metropolis becomes a lifeless  
radiation hot zone for the next 10,000 years.  
Ugh. That's a pep talk?  
Remind me to never attend  
your motivational seminars.  
Let's do this, guys.  
Don't worry, fellas,  
I'll have you out of danger in a flash.  
Ooh.  
Huh?  
Cassandra's corset,  
can't you see the danger you're in?  
Huh?  
Hey, my sandwich.

Batman,  
I'm still reading everything is normal.  
We'll deal with your software glitches  
when we get back.  
Superman, Hal, what do you see?  
The coolant pump between  
the water supply and reactor core is toast.  
No wonder it's overheating. I'm on it.  
Reporting from inside the nuketron reactor.  
It looks as though this reactor will blow  
at any moment.  
Making this the greatest man-made  
catastrophe of all time.  
I'd better get a Pulitzer for this.  
It's Lois. She's in the reactor.  
Superman, help!  
There you go, Lois.  
Now let's get you out of here before--  
Lois?  
Hal.  
Your coolant pump isn't working.  
Then you come pump it.  
Batman, the core temperature  
is hotter than the sun.  
We're in full meltdown.  
We have only about a minute...  
...to stop the core from burning  
and irradiating Metropolis.  
- My sensors aren't--  
-Cool the core to a safer temperature...  
...long enough to get it  
out of the building.  
I'll do my best.  
Hal, help Superman get that core  
out of there.  
Already on it, Bats.  
Something's not right here.  
Hold steady.  
Get ready.  
Here we go.  
Saved the day.  
Again.  
Hey, you got it. Ha-ha-ha.  
Camera one.

Camera two.

Camera one.

Camera two.

Cyborg to Batman,

something's funny here.

And I mean funny "messed up,"

not funny "ha-ha-ha."

There was never

anything wrong with the reactor.

I'm beginning to think you're right.

Aw, the nuketron reactor is finished.

Why did you destroy our power plant?

- What are you, blind?

-Ahem.

What my colleague means to say

is that you may not have noticed...

...your new power plant

was experiencing a meltdown?

You know, now it does look

a little less melty.

The only damage

is the damage we inflicted ourselves.

You and the league have just destroyed

a multibillion-dollar power plant...

...that could've made Metropolis

a world leader in energy production.

- What do you have to say for yourselves?

-Lois, you're okay.

Okay? I'm livid, like everyone else on Earth.

What do you say to your critics...

...who claim the Justice League

has too much power and no oversight?

- Whoa, whoa, whoa. What critics?

-My daddy, for one.

- He's your daddy?

- Who's your daddy?

I knew he was your daddy.

There was no meltdown.

The reactor was working fine.

Do you see, people?

We let super-powered goons

run around unrestricted...

...and this is the type of thing

that is bound to happen.

I mean, just look at all the weapons  
on the robot one.  
They could go off at any moment.  
- Boo!  
- Weapons are evil!  
I don't like guns!  
The so-called Justice League  
needs to pay for its crimes.  
They must be controlled  
before something worse takes place.  
We've been had.  
There was no meltdown.  
People, people, don't panic.  
This has apparently been  
one big misunderstanding.  
I just jumped in there.  
I hope you don't mind.  
You're the people person.  
I'll let you run with this.  
The Justice League  
is all about responsibility.  
I'm sure  
that once we've explained everything...  
...the world court will happily find us--  
- Guilty as charged.  
-What?  
For the charges  
of stink bombing Metropolis...  
...attacking a top secret  
government facility...  
...and wanton destruction  
nearly causing a nuclear meltdown...  
...the Justice League is banished  
from the planet Earth.  
Effective immediately.  
Down with the Justice League!  
I used to like them, but now I don't.  
Nice call letting the big blue Boy Scout  
speak for us.  
And that's why I voted  
for Wonder Woman.  
All right, this conspiracy  
has gone far enough.  
We have to get to the bottom of it.

We're going dark. Off the grid.  
We'll work from the shadows to solve this  
mystery. Get ready to follow my lead and--  
- Nope.  
-What are you doing?  
I'm the leader of the Justice League.  
You've made a point  
of following my orders.  
Not this time. The Justice League was  
formed to serve the people of the world.  
They overrule your authority, Batman.  
If they want us gone, we go.  
Nice speech, alien.  
Guards, get these heroes out of my sight.  
And so the world says goodbye  
and good riddance to the Justice League.  
Yes. All right.  
High five. Heh.  
Now, wipe away those tears, Cyborg.  
It's a big galaxy.  
Stick with me and we'll have a blast.  
You know, I know a planet inhabited  
by broken toasters.  
Maybe we can find you a girlfriend.  
- I think you can let go of Batman now.  
-Hmm?  
Oh. Heh. Sorry about that, Batman.  
But the law is the law.  
We'll discuss your little mutiny later.  
Our job now is to gather evidence...  
...prove we were framed  
and then return to Earth.  
I'm afraid returning to Earth  
is not an option.  
Sinestro. I'll make quick work of him.  
You call this quick?  
I'd be totally done by now.  
Right?  
I just came to give you  
a little farewell gift.  
I hope you kept the gift receipt, Sinestro.  
Keep firing. He'll have to keep up  
that shield and won't be able to attack.  
Think so?

Meet my new best friend.  
It's called a Father Box.  
Doesn't this just bowl you over?  
Prepare to be flushed  
to the other side of the galaxy.  
Oh, I get it. Bowl. Flush.  
Like a toilet!

**And then I said:**

"Prepare to be flushed  
to the other side of the galaxy."  
I bet Flash didn't get it.  
Congratulations to us all.  
The Legion of Doom is victorious.  
And to the victors go the spoils.  
- The Earth is ours.  
- Yeah!  
Yes!  
As discussed earlier,  
we will be dividing up the loot.  
In this case,  
that means everything on Earth.  
I claim everything yellow.  
No way. Bananas are yellow.  
Well, you can have the green bananas.  
Is gold yellow?  
Because, you know, that's not fair.  
You can't just call all yellow.  
I call red. Everything red is mine.  
Rubies, lipstick, apples.  
The ocean's blue.  
- Everything in the ocean is mine.  
-Sinestro, as a bonus...  
...why don't you treat yourself?  
Go destroy their Hall of Justice,  
so when the conquest begins...  
...people will know  
they have no one to turn to.  
Heh-heh. Don't mind if I do.  
Lex, all this talk of conquest...  
...of dividing this planet  
like the spoils of war...  
...are we not liberators  
bringing freedom?



Yes. Yes. Of course, J'onnn.  
We are freeing them.  
We're freeing them  
of making their own decisions.  
Don't you worry your telepathic green head  
about it. Trust me.  
I Will.  
For now.  
Problems with the Martian?  
He's catching on.  
Fortunately,  
he's already served his purpose.  
Feel free to eliminate him permanently.  
Oh, the pizza's here.  
We're caught in the gravity pull  
of that black hole. Hang tight.  
Hanging.  
Come on, baby. You got this.  
Ugh. I'm giving her all the willpower  
I've got, but I just can't escape its gravity.  
- You guys all right back there?  
- All right.  
Ow.  
Oh, poor friend.  
I shall sing the Themysciran song  
of dead heroes for you.  
No need to sing, Wonder Woman.  
He's just a dummy.  
That doesn't matter. He was our friend.  
No, that was Cy-bot. Huh.  
No wonder he was acting weird  
ever since takeoff.  
Which leaves us with two questions:  
How do we get out of this jam...  
...and where is the real Cyborg?  
I hate to leave the guys in a lurch...  
...but I know there was something fishy  
going on.  
There must be some clue here,  
but where?  
Where? Where?  
Ah! A clue.  
Some kind of weird alien tech.  
How'd this get here?

Better check the security tapes.

Huh?

Oh, I know you.

Aha! That's the thing I saw.

I knew it couldn't have been  
some random green guy in red underwear.

All I have to do is get this evidence  
out there and clear the Justice League.

Clear them with who?

Within a few hours, the Legion of Doom  
will have taken over the world.

How sad for me.

Only one member  
of the Justice League left...

...and it's the weakest one.

I think you already know how this ends,  
don't you, half-man?

You missed.

Gotta keep moving. This evidence  
is more important than me getting payback.

Whoa!

Hey, that was Wonder Woman's  
Invisible Jet.

Oh, when she finds out what you did,  
you are gonna be in so much trouble.

She'll never find out...

...nor will the rest of the Justice League...

...because I flushed them all

to the opposite side of the universe.

I say flushed

because I created this Wormhole, you see...

...and it resembled a--

You just had to be there.

Go ahead, run.

It'll make your final defeat  
all the more enjoyable.

Gotta stay alive.

Gotta find a way to stop the legion.

What? The Justice League?

Alive?

What? What's he talking about?

Impossible.

Not impossible.

- For me.

-Ah!  
You are under my mental control,  
Sinestro.  
The only way to be set free  
is to do what I ask.  
You're the shape-shifter who set us up,  
aren't you? What'd you do to him?  
Martians, like me,  
have the ability to influence minds.  
Organic minds.  
Unlike yours, Cyborg.  
Oh, the power plant.  
Everyone else saw the plant malfunctioning...  
...because you were making them see that.  
But my cyber-organic brain  
is immune to your powers.  
I still don't trust you.  
Please. Stop.  
I am here to help.  
Pfft. Like you helped the Justice League  
get banished?  
The world is an all-you-can-conquer buffet  
for the Legion of Doom.  
I was tricked.  
Lex Luthor freed me from Area 52.  
I thought he was a liberator.  
I let my thirst for vengeance  
cloud my judgment.  
Please, let me make this right.  
I want to help you.  
- How?  
-I have some thoughts.  
Finally. Vanuatu, Vietnam,  
Venezuela, Virgin Islands...  
...Yemen, Zambia and Zimbabwe  
will go to Captain Cold.  
Wait, what? Why do I have  
to get the end of the alphabet?  
Grodd, you pedantic primate.  
You've bored the Legion of Doom to sleep.  
Enough of this.  
Let the conquest of the Earth begin.  
- Wow, look at all of this.  
-Impressive technology.

All right, Sinestro,  
time to un-flush the Justice League.  
Heh-heh-heh. Flush. That's a good one.  
Unh. It's working. Keep pouring it on.  
The Javelin  
is a state-of-the-art spacecraft.  
Never thought we'd have to get out  
and push.  
Athena's fallen arches, our way home.  
Everyone, heave.  
Yeah!  
Ya)'-  
Mm.  
You summoned me?  
No doubt to heap praise  
upon my brilliant execution...  
...of our plan to end the Justice League?  
Remember your place, human.  
You haven't completed  
your end of the agreement yet.  
To ensure our victory,  
I have provided a few more gifts.  
Huh?  
Who knew Lex had robo-monkeys  
up his sleeve?  
Color me impressed.  
Forward, my legions.  
The city will soon be ours.  
And as goes Metropolis,  
so goes the world.  
We lead the world and there's no doubt  
When there's no work  
We play and shout  
- Yeah!  
-Hello, former rulers of the world.  
It's Lex Luthor.  
Is it Luther or Luthor?  
I, Lex Luthor,  
the greatest criminal mind of our time...  
...and the leader  
of the nefarious Legion of Doom...  
...declare the immediate surrender  
of the world's governments.  
If you refuse...

...well, let's just say Metropolis is about to be a cautionary tale.

Okay, here's the plan.

Hal, you, Flash and Wonder Woman take out the Hall of Doom.

Superman and I will stop Grodd and the forces on the ground.

- What about me?

-I need you to stay in the hall, Cyborg. Hold down the fort.

And also keep an eye on this Martian. I told you, Batman, I am not a threat. So you say.

But you did impersonate us, frame us, and cause our banishment from Earth.

Yes, but other than that...

Batman, I wanna go with you.

Cyborg, by going rogue, like I wanted to...

...you saved us all.

But right now, I need you to make sure Sinestro and the Martian stay put.

Can you do that, soldier?

Yes, sir.

Victory is ours!

- Not quite.

- What?

Don't worry, Grodd.

You can have all the bananas you want in Blackgate Prison.

Destroy him.

Ha-ha. Little did you suspect that I designed the Bat-gorilla battle suit...  
...for just such an occasion.

Ah. Ha-ha-ha.

Shooting a man in the back?

I thought you were more evolved than that, Grodd.

Huh?

Luthor, we have company.

Ah! The Justice League.

I thought we ended them.

Why won't they just stay ended?

Let me show you how it's done.

I'd have to have eyes  
in the back of my head...  
...since I'll be way ahead of you.  
I'll consider this a net victory.  
Enjoy your time on the bench, Flash.  
Watch a real player score some points.  
So you like to play games, huh?  
Game on.  
Fifteen. Thirty. Forty.  
I'm on fire today.  
Let me cool you off with an ice pack.  
Huh? Aah!  
Heh-heh. Looks like  
you should've warmed up. Zero points.  
Flash escaping? Ten points.  
No, no, no, I had 40.  
Plus escape from ice,  
so that's an extra 15.  
I've got a little surprise for you,  
Wonder Woman.  
Uh, that wasn't the surprise.  
This is the surprise.  
We're out of surprises.  
How do we stop her?  
By exploiting her one weakness:  
her compassion.  
You missed, Lex.  
Did I?  
No. The animal hospital.  
Oh, we should run.  
I would, but I'm frozen with fear.  
Five hundred points.  
Six hundred points.  
You're less fun than a barrel of monkeys.  
How many of these are there, any--?  
No. Kryptonite.  
Hold on, Superman. I'm coming.  
The Hall of Doom  
was specifically designed...  
...to withstand your powers  
and exploit your weaknesses.  
It is only a matter of time before it defeats  
the entire Justice League.  
Not the entire league, my green friend.

I have an idea.  
What's happening to the Hall of Justice?  
I gave it an upgrade. It's my hobby.  
Three, two, one.  
Hold on.  
Yoo-hoo!  
anybody home?  
What? Stop this transmission.  
Where is it coming from?  
Luthor, I'm picking up something big  
flying towards us.  
On the screen.  
No. It can't be.  
Look, it's a giant bird.  
No, it's a plane.  
Well, it certainly isn't Superman.  
He seems to be taking a nap.  
I could use a nap.  
Cyborg.  
Now let's show them what we got.  
And we got style.  
Launch disco missiles.  
Unhand our duly elected leader, Grodd.  
Huh?  
Good to know you have my back  
when it counts, Superman.  
Looks like Cyborg had all our backs.  
He'll make a great leader someday.  
Let's go.  
Shoot everything we've got at them. Fire.  
Star shield, activate.  
I call this my in-your-face finale.  
Booyah! Booyah!  
Come on.  
I got to the pet hospital first.  
Nine hundred points.  
Wow, Wonder Woman,  
that looks pretty heavy.  
Even for you.  
Use your heat vision to seal the cracks  
in the building.  
Great idea.  
Don't worry, the birds are safe.  
That's a thousand points.

Birds? Ha! I've saved cats.  
That's 5000 points.  
Are you kidding me?  
Dogs. I've saved dogs.  
One million points.  
This ridiculous one-upsmanship  
has gone on long enough.  
We help people  
because it's the right thing to do.  
True heroes do not keep score.  
- Ugh. She's right, you know.  
-Yeah.  
But I'm totally better  
at not keeping score than you.  
Nuh-uh.  
Oh, no, you don't.  
You aren't going anywhere.  
Please, leave this to me.  
Yipe!  
That was so cool.  
Looks like you always get your man.  
Like you're some kind  
of Martian manhunter.  
Hmm. I like it.  
One last hunt.  
But-- But-- But I freed you.  
If it wasn't for me,  
you'd still be held prisoner.  
For that, I am grateful.  
So you'll let me go?  
Yes, but I'm afraid they may not.  
Yay, Justice League!  
- Sorry we exiled you guys. Our bad.  
- All right!  
Well, that's that.  
Guess it'll be quite a while before  
the Legion of Doom can make any trouble.  
Yes, that's true.  
Thanks to you, Cyborg.  
We're all alive,  
and the Earth is out of danger...  
...because you trusted your instincts.  
Good job.  
As for you, I couldn't be more sorry...



...for the way this planet treated you  
when you arrived.  
But sometimes we're a bit suspicious  
of things we haven't seen before.  
Our fearless leader  
used to think the same of me.  
Please know  
that was just one narrow individual.  
The people of Earth  
can be very welcoming.  
According to the bylaws of the league,  
I'm only leader for another 37 seconds.  
Then it'll be time for another election.  
You've still got my vote, Bats.  
My final act as leader  
is to offer a Justice League membership...  
...to our new ally.  
Really? Well, in that case,  
welcome to the team.  
It appears I not only have a new planet...  
...but a new family.  
Yeah!  
Let's party!  
Not so fast.  
I'm holding you all personally responsible  
for this damage.  
Manhunter.  
And if you don't--  
Cy-bot lives to party.  
All right. Boogie.  
Hmm.  
Hmm.  
Come in, Darkseid.  
This is Lex Luthor to Darkseid.  
Darkseid hears you, human.  
It's about time.  
I want out of here.  
Of course you do, Luthor.  
What is that to me?  
I gave you the tools you needed  
and more.  
Still you failed.  
Darkseid, you must help me.  
No. I need do nothing for you.

But if I want the Earth...  
...and the accursed Justice League  
destroyed...  
...then I must reach across the aisle.  
For the enemy of my enemy is my friend.