

AND THERE CAME A DAY, A DAY UNLIKE ANY OTHER. A DAY WHEN FOUR VILLAINS CAME TOGETHER TO DESTROY E.G.G. ONCE AND FOR ALL. ON THAT DAY, THE MASTERS OF DOOM WERE BORN.

MASTERS OF DOOM

The World's Most Dangerous Villains

-EPISODE 19-

THE END OF EVERYTHING

MASTERS OF DOOM SEASON 2 FINALE

PART 2

LAST STAND

Norman Osborn sat in his office, hands clasped over his mouth, patiently waiting. Just then, his computer screen dinged. He tapped it and Dr. Doom's face appeared on the screen.

"It is time Norman. Whatever last preparations you must make, do so now. Our target nears, and I am preparing to launch the ring."

"Very well." Norman replied, cutting the transmission. He stood up, and touched the button on his wall, turning it to reveal vials of Globulin Green, and his Green Goblin costume and glider. He uncapped a vial, then took pause. He closed his eyes, and sighed.

"No time for weakness Norman." He said to himself. "It was always going to end this way." He upturned the vial and drank it. His hands trembled, as he dropped it and it shattered upon the ground.

"Ha..." He chuckled. "Ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha..." A sinister grin spread across Norman's face, as his eyes began to turn yellow. "Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Ha! Ha! Hahaha! HA! HA! HA! HA!" He fell to his knees and manically grasped his hair. "HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!"

* * *

Julian walked into the lab, where Smythe was whispering to Ailemara, who was giggling.

"What's so funny?" He asked, causing them to suddenly stop.

"Oh, nothing." Ailemara lied. Julian raised an eyebrow.

"Whatever. You got breakfast covered or what?"

"Why do I always have to cook for you guys?" She complained.

"You love cookin'!" Julian replied, just as Wally and Cylus entered.

"Mara! I woke up and you weren't there." Wally noted.

"I got a head start on the day!" She once more lied.

"And you didn't make breakfast?" Cylus observed.

"No! You guys can make your own breakfast!" She exclaimed.

"Well gee." Wally said, hugging her. "I thought you liked cooking for us."

"Forget her, let's hit an Ihop or something." Cylus suggested.

"Ya'll liquid?" Julian asked.

"I got about a buck fifty." Wally replied.

"Three bucks myself." Cylus added.

"Okay, and plus my 10 cents we got a whoppin' \$4.60." Julian deduced. "Great."

"Aren't we bad guys?" Wally asked. "Why don't we rob a bank or something?"

"Of course you would think of something so painfully simplistic." Smythe insulted.

"Butt out Alistair." Cylus warned. "Wally's on the right track though. We hit Ihop, but before the bill comes, we ditch."

"That is truly evil." Ailemara noted.

"Hey guys." Harry greeted, entering the room.

"Osbrat Jr.!" Julian exclaimed. "You may have just answered all of our problems! You got a black card or somethin', right?"

"I've got some cash..." Harry cautiously answered.

“Don’t be modest, you’re loaded!” Wally exclaimed.

“You wanna buy us breakfast?” Cylus asked. Harry sighed and smiled.

“Alright.” He agreed.

“Whoo!” They all cheered. Julian went to Norman’s office and knocked twice. “Yo Osborn, we outie 5000.” He called. There was no response. “Osborn?” He knocked two more times and the door slowly creaked open. Julian cocked his head curiously, then pushed it open and crept in. “Norman? Hey, where you at?” He suddenly felt the crack of glass under his foot. He looked down, and his eyes widened. “Y’all! Get in here! Quick!” He shouted.

“What’s going on?” Cylus asked, as he and the others, now alarmed, hurried over to Norman’s office. The place was trashed, papers and supplies strewn about, and all of the Goblin gear was gone.

“I don’t like this...” Ailemara stated.

“We shouldn’t be in here...” Smythe fearfully stated.

“Can is Smythe.” Julian said. He picked up a piece of glass. “Osborn, tell me that ‘Globulin Green’ isn’t what I think it is.”

“No, that...” Harry trailed off.

“Harry, focus.” Cylus said, grabbing his shoulder. “Is your dad the Green Goblin again?”

“No!” Harry quickly replied. “No... He... My dad’s been off the Green for years now. We’d know if something was up. Once he gets on that stuff... the fall is fast and steep. There’s no way he... I mean, we’d know... right?”

“Hey y’all!” Julian called, typing on the computer. “Norman very recently took an incoming call... from Latveria.”

“That’s not possible.” Cylus said. “Osborn was keeping Doom off your tail, there’s no way he’d be working with him.”

“Actually...” Ailemara stated, as they all turned to her.

“Mara?” Wally asked.

“Norman’s been working for Doom...” She replied. “For months now.”

“What the hell did you just say.” Julian growled.

“Traitor!” Cylus shouted. “You’ve known for months that Osborn was in bed with Doom and you’re just now telling us!”

“Come now,” Smythe interjected. “I’m sure Mara had her reasons...”

“Shut up Smythe!” Wally yelled. He took Ailemara’s hand. “Babe, this is big... Why didn’t you tell us?”

“He... He told me not to!” She exclaimed. “He said that Doom was a means to an end, and that telling you guys would destroy the trust and break up the team!”

“I guess you just never shook the whole alien spy thing, huh?” Julian growled.

“That’s not fair Julian.” She said.

“Nah, I’m sick of this Mara!” He shouted. “All you do is keep secrets! You didn’t tell us Eileen was Lightstream, you tried to kill us when your other Skrull friend showed up, you helped Westbrook

and Wuthrich escape when we had 'em right where we wanted 'em! And now this! How are we supposed to trust you!"

"Hey, just lay off a bit Julian..." Wally said.

"You're down with this Wally!?" Julian exclaimed.

"It looks bad, yeah, but we shouldn't be so quick to turn on Mara!" He exclaimed.

"You have a clear bias in this situation." Cylus noted.

"Guys, we're focusing on the wrong thing!" Harry exclaimed. "What if my dad was captured by Doom? Maybe that's why this place is ransacked! We... we have to find my dad!"

"Osborn's right." Julian said. "One way or another, we gotta find Norman. Because either he's in trouble..."

"Eeeeeee, hee, hee, heeeeeee...." A creepy laugh eerily echoed through the halls of Oscorp, gaining everyone's attention.

"... Or we're about to be." Julian finished. Everyone walked out and began to look around. Suddenly the power went out, and the backup generators kicked in, as alarms began to flash.

"Smythe..." Cylus said. "Get our gear." Smythe nodded and rushed off.

"Haaaaaa, ha, ha, ha, ha!!!!" Someone laughed from above.

"Come on out!" Julian shouted. "We ain't playin'!"

"Oh, but why not!" A cackling voice responded. Just then, something zoomed by like a rocket, causing all of them to hit the deck. They all looked up. Harry's eyes began to water.

“No...” He whispered. Levitating above them, on a bat glider, was the Green Goblin, a look of evil upon his face.

“Games are so much fun.” The Green Goblin said. “HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!” He dug into his bag of tricks and hurled a pumpkin bomb at them.

“MOVE!” Julian ordered, as they all began to run. The bomb detonated in an explosion of green smoke, sending them all flying forward. “Get up! Get up! Move!” Julian shouted, helping Harry and Cylus up, as the Green Goblin circled around for round two.

“Aaaaaahahahahahaha!” He laughed, hurling bombs.

“Watch out!” Ailemara cried, hugging Wally and phasing, causing the bombs to pass through them and hit the wall.

“Let’s go! NOW!” Julian shouted, all of them running for their lives.

“In here!” Smythe called from his lab. They all rushed in and Julian slammed the door.

“Hahahahaha! You can’t hide from me!” The Green Goblin shouted, lobbing bombs at the door.

“It’s reinforced,” Smythe noted. “But it won’t hold him forever.”

“It don’t have to.” Julian replied, as they all began to suit up. Cylus looked at Harry, who was frantically pacing back and forth.

“It can’t be... He can’t be... He promised...” Harry mumbled.

“Osborn!” Cylus called, snapping him out of it. “Come on man, get a grip. Your dad’s lost it.”

“It... it might not be him...” Harry desperately reasoned.

“Harry...” Ailemara said, sympathy in her voice. He looked down and clenched his fists, tears falling to the ground.

“I know.” He quietly admitted. Just then, the door blew down.

“Hahahahaha!!!!” The Green Goblin laughed.

“Eat sound loser!” Scramble shouted, firing an immense sonic beam. The Goblin sped out of range and around the lab.

“My, my, Scramble-for-brains, what poor aim you have! Ahahahaha!” The Goblin chucked a pumpkin bomb.

“Move!” Gravity Master shouted, tackling Scramble out of the way. Gyro Man rolled out in his ball and began tossing mini gyros. They exploded left and right, but on his glider, the Goblin was untouchable. He zipped this way and that, dodging each attack, then hurled a bomb and blew apart the rings to the gyro ball.

“Ahh!” Gyro Man cried, as he tumbled to the ground.

“Haaaa! Haaaa! Haaaa!” The Goblin taunted.

“AAAAHHHHH!!!!!!!” Gravity Master screamed, tearing parts of the roof and walls off and sending them full force at the Goblin. He dodged some debris, then destroyed the rest with a pumpkin bomb. He circled around the room and fired a yellow laser from his pointer fingers, zapping both Gravity Master and Scramble.

“Gah!” They cried in pain.

“Take this!” Ailemara shouted, chucking three fireballs at him. The Goblin leapt off his glider, easily avoiding Ailemara’s attacks, punched her, tumbled, jumped back onto the glider, then took to the sky.

“Hahahahaha!!!!” He laughed. “Fools! I’ve had over a year to analyze you! Study you! How you fight! How you work as a team! Your strengths and weaknesses!”

“You ain’t seen everything we got!” Scramble shouted.

“Oh, but I have!” The Goblin insisted. “And, let us not forget...” He took a remote out of his bag of tricks. “That I made your tech!” He pressed a button. Suddenly Wally’s belt began to light up, as every mini gyro was activated at once.

“Crap!” He shouted, ripping it off and throwing it, causing it to explode into a cavalcade of fire, ice, goo, vortexes, and all of the above. Julian’s Scramble harness began to emit a high pitch frequency and started sparking.

“Ahhh!” He cried, ripping it off, just as it exploded. Cylus’s gloves suddenly began to draw in gravity, crushing under the force.

“Gah!” He shouted, pulling them off just in time, as they crunched into twisted metal.

“I don’t have tech Norman!” Ailemara boasted. “You can’t hurt me!”

“Ah, but have you forgotten who administered the Super Skrull serum into your blood?” Goblin asked, pressing another button.

“Hrk!” Ailemara groaned, doubling over in pain.

“Mara!” Wally cried, rushing to her aid.

“Did I forget to mention that I implanted microscopic nanites in there as well?” Goblin teased.

“Nanites that will tear you apart from the inside! Ahahahahahahaha!!!!”

“Norman, stop!” Wally pleaded. “Don’t... don’t hurt her! Please!”

“So sad.” Goblin said. “Defending her like that. You don’t even know, do you?”

“Norman... don’t...” Ailemara gasped through the pain.

“Ol’ Mara here’s been banging Dr. Smythe!” Goblin exclaimed with a laugh. He tapped his remote and the main terminal computer flashed on with explicit video footage of Ailemara and Smythe.

“Exhibit A!”

“What the...” Julian said in disgust.

“Oh man...” Cylus added. Wally looked on in horror.

“Wally...” Ailemara groaned. “Wally... please... look at me...” He turned to her, tears in his eyes.

“How can I?” He asked. He looked at Smythe, who simply looked away in shame. Wally fell to his knees, broken.

“HAHAHAHAHA!!!!” Goblin laughed. “Looks like someone had trouble keepin’ it in their pants!”

“That’s it Osborn!” Julian yelled. “Tech or not, I’ve wanted to say this since day one: You’re goin’ down!”

“Let’s not be too hasty now!” He activated two more screens, one with Tanner Powell, prowling the streets as Anti-Venom, and another with Carly reading Joey a book.

“No!” Cylus cried.

“Aw no, T!” Julian said.

“These are live feeds!” Goblin cackled, twirling around on his glider. “One push of a button and ZAP! No more Tanner, no more Carly and son! Aaaaahahahahahaha!!!!!!”

“MONSTER!” Cylus yelled.

“Okay, okay!” Julian cried, falling to his knees. “You... you win Osborn. We give.”

“Oh, well that’s obvious.” Goblin laughed. “But you know what? I think I’ll just kill them anyway!”

“NO!” Cylus screamed.

“Osbron, stop!” Julian pleaded.

“DAD!” The Green Goblin paused, then turned to see Harry standing there. “Dad, stop! This isn’t right! This... this isn’t you!”

“Ah, Harry!” Goblin exclaimed, swooping down and picking him up by the collar. “My boy!” He threw a bomb and blew a hole in the wall, leading to a drop from the top floor of Oscorp Tower. Julian was alerted.

“No... No Norman! Stop!” He and Cylus got up and began to rush toward them. The Goblin tossed a pumpkin bomb and blew them back, flying toward the hole in the wall with Harry.

“Dad! Dad, please!” Harry cried, tears streaming down his face. “You’re not the Green Goblin! You’re Norman Osborn! My father! I love you!”

“Osborn! Put him down!” Julian cried.

“That’s your own damn kid Osbron!” Cylus shouted. The Goblin paused. He looked down and closed his eyes.

“You’re right Harry.” The Green Goblin said.

“Dad?” Harry asked. The Goblin looked back at him, smiling.

“The fall is fast and steep!” The Green Goblin released his grip and dropped Harry from the tower.

“NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” Cylus screamed.

“HARRY!” Julian cried. They both rushed over to the hole, only to see Harry plummet toward the ground, and fade from sight below the clouds.

“What did you do!” Julian yelled.

“Hahahahahahaha!!!!” The Green Goblin laughed. “Well, I’d love to stick around and hold a ‘in memoriam of’ for dear old Harry, but you know, places to go, people to kill!” He tapped another button on his remote, and suddenly that floor of Oscorp began to detonate.

“Get down!” Julian yelled, but in vain as the Masters of Doom were piled under debris.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” The Green Goblin maniacally laughed, as he flew off into the sun.

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“Cylus?” Julian groaned. He saw nothing but darkness, and was trapped under steel and stone
“Cylus? Are you there?”

“I can’t move.” He heard Cylus’s voice reply. “I’m hit. I’m going to bleed out soon enough.”

“Don’t talk like that.” Julian said. “I’ll get you out. Then we can get Wally and Mara.”

“To hell with Mara.” Cylus growled.

“Ain’t no time for that!” Julian yelled, coughing from the exertion. “We’re all we got now. Whatever she did, we gotta stick together. Heard?”

“... Yeah. Yeah okay. But we’re still trapped under...” Just then the debris shifted, and suddenly was lifted from on top of them. As soon as Julian and Cylus’s eyes adjusted, they saw Deathlok standing over them.

“Tommy...” Cylus said. Deathlok held out his hand. Cylus grabbed it and was pulled up. Julian sat up and looked to Deathlok.

“How’d you get loose?” He asked.

“Explosion blew open my stasis chamber.” He replied. “Are we gonna have a problem?”

“Of course not.” Cylus said. “You... Thank you Tommy.”

“Don’t follow me.” Deathlok replied, turning to leave. “And we’ll call it even.”

“But I still owe you a Whopper.” Cylus recalled. Deathlok paused, then smiled on the human side of his face.

“Yeah, I guess you do.” He said. He stalked through what was left of the doorway, and was gone. They looked to notice Wally and Ailemara, sitting quietly among the debris.

“He pulled us out first.” Wally quietly explained.

“Is Harry...” Ailemara began.

"He's gone." Cylus interrupted. Tears began to stream down her cheeks.

"This is a nightmare." She whispered.

"Help..." They all heard. Wally got up and moved to a corner, where Smythe was trapped beneath a metal beam. "Wally... please..."

"Leave him." Cylus coldly replied.

"No." Wally said. "Because I'm better than him. Help me with this." Cylus nodded and helped Wally lift the beam. "Get up, Smythe."

"I..." Smythe moved but stopped short, groaning in pain. "I can't... I... can't feel my legs..."

"What are you sayin'?" Julian asked.

"I... I believe I've been paralyzed..." Smythe choked on the words, knowing that this would alter his life forever. "From the waist down."

"HA!" Wally suddenly blurted. He couldn't help but smile. "This has been a pretty \$#&%%@ day, but I have to say, that is funny." He kneeled down close to Smythe. "Serves you right." He stood up, and reconvened with Julian and Cylus, who stood in front of Ailemara.

"Guys..." She said. "I... I have no words." She looked at Wally. "Wally, sweetie..."

"I think we should..." Wally cleared his throat. "I don't think we'll be dating anymore, Mara." She began to cry.

"That's fair." She replied. "I'm sorry. All of you. Maybe if I'd have said something sooner..."

"We can't focus on that right now." Julian said. "We need to find out what Norman's up to with Doom. What's their endgame? And how do we stop it."

“Guys...” Smythe called.

“You don’t get to talk, Smythe.” Cylus demanded.

“Would you simpletons listen to me for once!” He angrily shouted. “There! In the sky!” They all turned to see a giant storm forming overhead, and the shadow of a large man, hundreds of feet tall, inside of it, with two glowing, purple eyes. Ailemara trembled.

“Wait...” Cylus said. “Where have we seen this before?”

“The Time Storm.” Wally recalled. “When we went to Mara’s home planet.”

“You mean when it was in the middle of gettin’ destroyed?” Julian asked. They all turned to Ailemara, who was petrified in fear. “Mara, what’s goin’ on?”

“You wanted to know Doom’s endgame.” She said. “The exact same thing you saw happen to Skrullos in my memory is what’s about to transpire here. Your world is doomed...”

“Quit with the cryptic Mara, who are we dealin’ with!” Julian demanded.

“The Devourer of Worlds.” She stated. “The one known across the universe only as... Galactus.”

To Be Continued...