

THE TRAVELER'S PUB

"Pilot - Wish You Were Here"

Written by

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From the comic book

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Published by MagiComics

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FIRST DRAFT

JAN 12, 2021

THE TRAVELER'S PUB

"Pilot - Wish You Were Here"

CHARACTERS

STEPHEN D'LONGPRE (THE OWNER)

BOB (THE BOUNCER)

TOM (THE BARTENDER)

MICHAEL ZASLOW (THE PARTNER)

SABINE (THE SERVER)

PATRON

LINEMEN #1, #2, #3, #4

WEASEL

HEADSTRONG

JOHN DARK

The Traveler's Pub - Wish You Were Here

by

Brad Staggs

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 **EXT. SPACE/GLOBE/UNITED STATES/CITYSCAPE/PUB - EVENING** 1

As STEPHEN D'LONOGPRE talks in voiceover, camera zooms from the Earth spinning in space all the way down to the exterior of The Traveler's Pub.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

Dear Diary. Too corny...

Zoom to the United States.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

Hi there! No way in hell...

Zoom to the cityscape.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate-- Yeah, I know,
copyright infringement. (Thinking) I
know!

Zoom to the exterior of The Traveler's Pub.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

Greetings from The Traveler's Pub, the
epicenter of all things unexplainable!

2 **INT. TRAVELER'S PUB - CONTINUOUS** 2

Camera pushes through the Pub until we focus on STEPHEN D'LONGPRE sitting at a booth by himself, writing in his journal. We hear his voiceover as he writes.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

I'll be your host, Stephen D'Longpre.
I've never really been a fan of diaries
or journals, they always seem to fall
into the wrong hands.

3

INT. WAREHOUSE HIDEOUT - DAY

3

Flash to four costumed super-villains standing around a superhero tied to a chair with a bomb strapped to his chest. The superhero is sweating and straining while the villains are laughing. One villain reads from a book with the word "DIARY" clearly written on the front.

VILLAIN #1

And get this: it says here that the
Caped Dunce has daddy issues because he
wouldn't buy him a pony for his 12th
birthday!

All of the villains laugh heartily.

HERO

Set off the bomb! For god's sake, just
blow me up already!

4

INT. TRAVELER'S PUB - CONTINUED

4

Stephen is still writing.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

But my old friend, John Dark, told me
that I should write down everything
that happens in my life before it
becomes faded memories on their way to
becoming whiskey-fueled folktales.

(MORE)

STEPHEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yeah, me and the little guy with the claws, folktales together.

Stephen looks up from the journal to ponder.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

You know, I'd think John was just trying to make me look like a fool if I thought he had one humorous bone in his body.

5 **INT. TRAVELER'S PUB - DIFFERENT DAY**

5

Stephen flashes back on drinking with JOHN DARK.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

I asked Jonathan if he ever kept a journal of his life. After taking a drink and then thinking for a minute, he said--

JOHN

No, I'll leave that to the people who will write a comic book about me someday.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

We both had a good laugh and then discussed how we'd probably slit our wrists if somebody ever did a stupid comic book about us. Then he left to go fight whoever is threatening freedom, apple pie, zit-faced kids, or whatever it is they're threatening this week.

6

INT. TRAVELER'S PUB - CONTINUED

6

Stephen finishes his journal entry.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

I just hope he has better luck than a
lot of the people out there just trying
to keep their apple pie dreams alive.
All my luck- Stephen.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

7

INT. TRAVELER'S PUB - CONTINUOUS

7

Bob leans over his table, staring at Stephen.

STEPHEN

I know there must be something you
really want to say to me, Bob.

BOB

Yeah, Boss.

STEPHEN

And that would be...?

BOB

Oh, yeah! (Reading off his hand) Mr.
Zaslow is downstairs and would like to
see you, Boss.

STEPHEN

Oh god, what now?

BOB

(Looking tough)

You want me to deal with him?

STEPHEN

Bob, Mr. Zaslow is my business partner,
not a magna-villain.

BOB

I know, just willing to help.

Stephen shakes his head and walks away. As he walks by the
bar, Tom talks to him.

TOM

We're running dangerously low on Cilantro, Boss, and you know how Diana gets if we don't have her drink the next time she comes in.

Stephen lays his gold or platinum card on the bartop.

STEPHEN

Call your supplier and tell him to get us three cases, pronto! I like my bar in one piece, not destroyed by a drunk amazon.

TOM

Yes, Sir.

STEPHEN

(Throwing the journal to Bob)

And, Bob, do something with this until I get back.

BOB

(Shrugging his shoulders)

Okay, Boss.

8

INT. TRAVELER'S PUB HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

8

Stephen heads to the back hallway and opens a secret panel, revealing a hidden elevator.

He presses his hand against a glass plate which scans it.

An eyeball scanner pops out of the wall above it and Stephen positions his eye in front of the scanner. His eye is scanned and it disappears back into wall.

A small door opens, revealing a key slot. Stephen places a key into it and turns, allowing a keyboard to drop down from the wall and the glass panel to read the following: "PLEASE ENTER NAME AND IDENTICODE."

Stephen types in "Stephen J. D'Longpre" and "BR549". The screen flashes "...Please wait..." several times before finally reading "APPROVED. Thank you for caring."

The elevator door opens and Stephen steps in.

9

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

9

As the elevator doors close, a female computer voice is heard.

COMPUTER

Please submit the Voice Identification
Phrase.

STEPHEN

Peter Piper pecked a pick--

COMPUTER

Incorrect.

STEPHEN

Peter Pepper pecked a pick--

COMPUTER

Incorrect. You have thirty seconds to
give a correct voice identification
before this elevator is filled with a
highly toxic gaseous substance. Thank
you.

Stephen quickly uses the key in a slot inside the elevator, causing a keyboard to flip down out of the wall. He types extremely quickly and stands back.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Mr. D'Longpre, you
have averted a nasty case of gas
poisoning. What level, please?

STEPHEN

Sub-Basement Three.

COMPUTER

Thank you.

STEPHEN

That's the last time I let Bob pick the security code.

10 **INT. SUB-BASEMENT THREE - EVENING**

10

As the doors open, Stephen steps out.

COMPUTER

Have a nice day!

STEPHEN

Kiss my ass. Geez...

(Camera speed pans back, showing how large and full the sub-basement is. Think Indiana Jones storage)

We need to have a garage sale one of these days.

Camera speed zooms back to Stephen looking at a map on the wall. It looks huge and confusing.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Now, will he be coming in at dock 37 or over in the west wing?

Stephen spins, pulling his gun out as he hears Viktor's voice with a German accent behind him, knocking over a crate.

VIKTOR (V.O.)

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.

STEPHEN

You son-of-a-showoff.

VIKTOR

As eloquent as ever, I see. Still letting the hired help play with the security system? I'm telling you, that's a mistake.

Stephen rounds up as many of the round, metallic spheres as he can that fell out of the crate, putting them back in and trying to keep them in as they keep wanting to bounce out.

STEPHEN

Yeah, well, I take care of everything upstairs, you make sure whatever is down here doesn't have a bad reaction and cause us to become the world's largest man-made crater!

Viktor picks up the last of the spheres, tosses it into the crate, and quickly closes the lid.

VIKTOR

I can't control things if you insist on letting them loose.

STEPHEN

(Looking worriedly at the crate)

So, what is it this time? Cigarettes or nuclear weapons?

VIKTOR

You know I don't deal in cigarettes anymore. They're bad for the kids.

(MORE)

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

Besides, I didn't become the number one import/export agent in the world by not knowing when to lay low. We're not as busy as we were when you were with the Bureau, Stephen. The fall of communism... Glasnost... the Civil War in Hell... those were the days! Just not as much business these days.

STEPHEN

Then why are you here?

VIKTOR

Stephen, I still own half of this place, even if I don't use my half the same way you do yours. I just have one small favor to ask of you, my friend.

STEPHEN

"My friend?" Oh, this will be something big.

VIKTOR

It is my sister, Sabine. She has just come to the United States from... we'll say Germany... and she needs a place to stay and a job. I told her that she could get both from you.

STEPHEN

(Pissed)

What do you mean she could get both
from me? Why didn't you call fir--

Stephen is cut off as Sabine enters from the darkness,
leaning against a stack of crates. She is beautiful.

SABINE

Guten tag, Herr D'Longpre. Thank you
for helping me when I need it most.

Stephen quickly changes his tune and kisses Sabine's hand.

STEPHEN

It is my pleasure, Fraulein... uh...

SABINE

Weiss.

STEPHEN

Yes, Weiss.

Stephen leads Sabine to the elevator as Viktor rolls his
eyes.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Viktor, I think you know the way out.

VIKTOR

Oh yes, don't worry about me.

SABINE

Bis Spater, Viktor!

STEPHEN

Now, as I was saying, after my college
career came the pros.

SABINE

You played professional hackey-sack?

STEPHEN

Well, I don't mean to brag, but...

As the elevator doors close, the crate that was dumped over shakes and we hear a muffled "BOOM" come from it, followed by smoke rolling out from under the lid. Viktor quickly leaves.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT TWO

INT. ELEVATOR HALLWAY - EVENING

Stephen is exiting the elevator with Sabine on his arm. They talk as they walk down the hallway and the secret elevator closes behind them.

SABINE

I thought we were dead when you could not say that rhyme. We were lucky you could think quickly.

STEPHEN

It's nothing. Now, I must warn you, this can be a bar in the worst sense of the word. Filled with low-lives and the dregs of the magna-verse, wanting nothing more than--

INT. TRAVELER'S PUB - CONTINUOUS

As Stephen and Sabine enter the Pub, a large man with a mohawk and leather vest runs by them holding a paper teradactyl and a paper plane as if he is making them chase each other. Stephen and Sabine are surprised.

MOHAWK MAN

Teradacky gonna get the plane!

The Pub is filled with men and women of all shapes and sizes and costuming choices playing with paper planes, making paper hats, throwing origami of all kinds at each other and having fun. Stephen is not happy and screams.

STEPHEN

WHAT THE HELL?

The entire Pub stops to stare at Stephen, wide-eyed. There are paper origami sculptures all over the bar.

TOM

Boss, would you believe that Bob really has a knack for these things? He just loves folding paper!

STEPHEN

(Getting angry)

He... loves... folding... paper?

TOM

Boss? You okay?

BOB

This is fun, Boss!

STEPHEN

I trust you with MY journal and you turn it into... this?

Throughout the Pub, everybody starts unfolding the paper, looking for Stephen's writing.

BOB

(Pulling the journal from behind the bar)

This? Yeah, it's right here where I knew it would be safe and sound.

Bob smiles at Stephen as Stephen looks confused. Tom leans into frame holding old order forms.

TOM

Copies of my old liquor order forms I no longer needed. Nice going, Boss.

Everybody in the Pub groans and throws the paper on the floor, returning to their seats. Stephen puts his head in his hand as a regular patron nudges him.

PATRON

Hey, Steve, who's the new chicky-babe?

Stephen's eyes go wide as Sabine's fist knocks out the patron. Sabine is standing straight with a "please, fuck with me" look on her face.

SABINE

I am NOT a chicky-babe, a wench, or anybody's "thang." I am a highly educated student of life with degrees from major universities in four different countries. I am now going to experience life first-hand from the point-of-view of the lowest common denominator of life... the bar employee. Any questions?

Stephen and Tom stare at Sabine wide-eyed. Bob is obviously in love with her.

PATRON

(From the floor, in pain)

No, Ma'am.

Sabine takes a serving tray from the bartop.

SABINE

Now, if will excuse me, there seem to be some vermin at that table who would like to give me a large sum of money.

Sabine walks away.

STEPHEN

Well, I'd say she's going to fit in around here just fine. Wouldn't you, Bob? (No answer) Bob?

TOM

He's smitten.

STEPHEN

Smitten? Who uses that word?

TOM

Take a look...

Bob is standing directly in front of Sabine looking longingly at her.

BOB

Can I carry your tray for you? Are you thirsty? Hungry? Uh... hi. I'm Bob.

SABINE

Oh, Liebling, you are so cute!

The Patron has joined Stephen and Tom watching the scene.

PATRON

Women. At first, they're sweet and demure. Next thing you know, they want you to dress up in chaps and pull whipped cream out of your holster while you sing *Get Along Little Doggie* to them.

Stephen and Tom stare at the Patron.

PATRON (CONT'D)

Never happened to you guys, huh?

They vigorously shake their heads no.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TRAVELER'S PUB - EVENING

The Pub is full of people - normals and magnas - enjoying themselves.

Sabine walks up to a table of five large guys looking like lineman in their college jerseys. Bob follows her to the table.

LINEMAN #1

Hi, baby, we're the offensive line for
the Wombats!

ALL LINEMAN

GO WOMBATS!

LINEMAN #1

Ever had a *real* man before?

SABINE

I think the operative term in your case
is *offensive*.

LINEMAN #2

Huh?

LINEMAN #3

Did she say operation?

LINEMAN #4

Crash and burn, Skip!

Sabine starts to walk as Lineman #1 stands and grabs her arm.

LINEMAN #1

Hey! Nobody talks to a starting lineman
for the Wombats--

ALL LINEMAN

GO WOMBATS!

LINEMAN #1

--like that!

Bob gets right into the face of the much taller Lineman.

BOB

Time for you to die!

Sabine leans down and talks in Bob's ear calmly.

SABINE

Don't worry, Liebling, I have this.

LINEMAN #1

Yeah, you're lucky the woman's here,
shorty!

Sabine slinks up to Lineman #1, putting her hand seductively on his chest. He's surprised at first but starts smiling.

SABINE

I have always admired a man who knows
how to take control.

LINEMAN #1

You have? I mean, of course you have.

SABINE

Uh-huh. It takes a real man to know
just how to make a woman into his
personal... how would you say it? Oh
yes, toy. (Her hand is sliding down his
chest out of frame) There's just one
thing I need to know.

LINEMAN #1

Anything, baby.

Sabine's hand disappears below Lineman's belt line and we hear a "CRUNCH" as his eyes go very wide.

Everybody in the Pub who has been watching grimaces. It's very clear that she has just squeezed his balls... very hard.

SABINE

Do all of your little sorority friends
like playing with baby food?

Sabine releases the Lineman. He looks at her wide-eyed.

LINEMAN #1
(High, squeaky voice)

Ow...

The Lineman slides to the ground and curls up in a ball. Sabine turns her attention back to the table.

SABINE

Now then, what will the rest of you
Übermenschen be having?

ALL LINEMEN

Milk!

SABINE

That's what I thought.

At a corner table, two men who look up to no good sit talking. One, Headstrong, is large and wearing a hoodie. The other just looks like a weasel.

WEASEL

Look, there's a good band playing here
tonight and that always means big
business.

(MORE)

WEASEL (CONT'D)

There's no security, no guards, and,
get this, that little guy is the
bouncer! It will be like taking candy
from a... one of those little human
things.

HEADSTRONG

Yeah!

Camera whip pans to the bar where Tom's eyes start glowing.
He can hear everybody's thoughts and has just picked up on
the criminals.

WEASEL (V.O.)

So all we have to do is wait until the
last set starts and take the money from
the bartender...

TOM (V.O.)

(Telepathically to Stephen)

Boss, we have a small problem at table

42.

The Weasel is talking to Headstrong as he drinks his beer,
his back to the stage.

WEASEL

I figure we'll take home about five G's
when we pull this off, easy.

The Weasel is hit in the back of the head by something and
drops instantly as Headstrong is shocked.

Stephen is standing behind him on stage with a microphone
stand in his hand. All of his employees are gathered around
him with Bob standing in front.

STEPHEN

(To Headstrong)

Nobody comes into *my* place to start
trouble, my friend.

Headstrong stands up, knocking the chair and table over from his mass. He rips off hoody to reveal a VERY muscular chest and arms.

HEADSTRONG

I *won't* be caught off-guard that
easily! I *will* have what we came for! I
cannot be stopped! So says the Mighty
Headstrong!

A Registered Trademark symbol needs to pop up on screen momentarily.

Stephen yawns while the others simply laugh at Headstrong. Headstrong is baffled by this as a finger reaches up and taps him on the shoulder.

HEADSTRONG (CONT'D)

You dare laugh at me? You dare taunt
me? I will rip your lungs out! I will--

BOB

'Scuse me.

Headstrong throws a punch behind him without looking.

HEADSTRONG

Flea, be gone!

Bob barely comes up to his beltline but he's smiling and his fist is glowing.

BOB

Should've aimed lower. Now it's my
turn.

All of the patrons part to both sides of the Pub, revealing a target painted on the back wall. They know what's coming.

HEADSTRONG

(Almost laughing)

Your turn? What do you mean your--

Bob hits Headstrong with such force that Headstrong flies backward, bouncing off of the bullseye of the target. The entire Pub erupts in cheers and immediately settles down, exchanging money from bets made... to include Tom who takes Stephen's cash.

TOM

Told ya.

BOB

(Very excited)

I got a bullseye, Boss!

END OF ACT THREE

EPILOGUE

INT. TRAVELER'S PUB - EVENING

Stephen is sitting at his booth writing in his journal. The band is playing and people are enjoying themselves around him.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

So, today was a pretty normal day for us. Good friends, good music. I love this life.

A large manila envelope drops onto the table top, surprising Stephen. He looks up to see John Dark.

JOHN

I have another to put with the rest.

Without opening the envelope, Stephen throws his glass against the wall, shattering it. The entire Pub comes to a standstill.

Stephen picks up the envelope and he and John walk through the bar. As they do, patrons and employees bow their heads and remove their hats.

Stephen gets to the far wall and unlocks a large, wooden cabinet. It swings open and we see a lot of pictures on the wall. He reaches into the envelope and pulls out the photo of a young woman, smiling. He places it with the others as the camera pulls back.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

Her name was Kimberly Meyers. She was only 16 and hadn't even learned that she was a magna yet, but the god damn Magna Killer didn't care. He killed her just as if she was his arch-enemy. We all pick the way we live our lives. Sometimes it's a right decision...

(MORE)

STEPHEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

sometimes it's wrong. But Kimberly
didn't even have the chance to make
that decision for herself. That... is
unforgiveable.

END OF EPILOGUE