

METROPOLIS: SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

1.02 | "FOUNDATIONS"

Written By  
Alex M P Matthews

Based on "Smallville", developed for  
television by Alfred Gough, and Miles Miller

Based on DC Comics Characters

Executive Producers  
Alex Matthews, Chris Davis &  
Jack Malone

XaleCorp Productions 2014

CAST

CAPTAIN MAGGIE SAWYER ..... Jill Teed  
DETECTIVE DAN TURPIN ..... David Paetkau  
DR. BETH CHAPEL ..... Tembi Locke  
WALLY WEST ..... Fran Kranz

AND

DR. KITTY FAULKNER ..... Felicia Day

ALSO STARRING

TODD RICE ..... Chris Lowell  
TOBY RAINES ..... Kelly Rowan  
SERGEANT RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS ..... Gregory Cruz  
DR. ANGELA ROTH ..... Paget Brewster  
RACHEL ROTH ..... Malese Jow  
'RED WILLIE' JONES ..... Nathaniel Buzolic  
ADRIAN CHASE ..... David Conrad  
WHISPER A'DAIRE ..... Jaime Ray Newman  
KYLE ABBOTT ..... David Giuntoli

GUEST CAST

SEBASTIAN BLOOD ..... James Patrick Stuart  
MEGAN ..... ???  
HEATHER ..... ???  
DRUG DEALER ..... ???

SPECIAL GUEST STAR

DR. HENRY KING ..... Ray Wise

## TEASER

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

1 EXT. ISIS FOUNDATION BUILDING, METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the building, the banner of the Isis Foundation logo clearly visible under the glow of the nearby streetlamps.

HEATHER (PRE-LAP)

He makes me happy, he really makes me forget that I'm not a regular kid.

2 INT. ISIS FOUNDATION, BACK ROOM

Gone are the filing cabinets and the large table in the center of the room. Instead, the room now boasts 2 large and comfortable chairs, which are both occupied.

In one, sits TODD RICE, while in the other, HEATHER OPPENHEIMER (young, late teens, blond and perky). Both are relaxed and comfortable with each others presence.

TODD

So, what's his name?

HEATHER

(grinning)

Mike.

TODD

(realizing)

Mike? Mike Torrance? From group?

HEATHER

Yeah, he took me for coffee after group a few weeks ago, to apologize for that prank where he turned my water into Jell-O.

TODD

As I recall, you got him back pretty good.

HEATHER

(laughs)

Yeah, yeah, I did, didn't I?

TODD

I'm happy for you both. Is he taking you to prom?

HEATHER

I'm hoping so. I've already picked out a couple of choices for dresses, I just need help choosing. You think, if I bring some pictures, you could, maybe..?

TODD

I'd love to help.

He glances at a ANALOG CLOCK on the wall behind Heather, and adjusts position slightly.

TODD (CONT.)

We're out of time for tonight. I'm back in the office on Thursday night, why don't you drop in then, and we'll go over your choices?

HEATHER

That sounds great, I've got a date with Mike at 9, I can pop in before?

TODD

Looking forward to it.

They stand from their chairs, and Heather suddenly IMPULSIVELY HUGS Todd tightly, catching him off guard, but pleased.

TODD (cont'd)

Hey, what's that for?

HEATHER

Just for everything you and the Foundation have done for me the last year. I don't know where I would be if I hadn't come here.

TODD

It's what we're here for. Your mom picking you up?

HEATHER

Not tonight, she has an art class at Met U. I already booked a cab to come get me for when we finished.

Todd moves to the large double doors that seal the back room from the main reception area, grabbing a jacket from a coat stand and shrugging it on as he speaks.

TODD

Well, why don't you wait here until your cab arrives. I was just going to pop across to the diner to grab a late dinner before doing some paperwork.

HEATHER

Thanks, Todd.

Todd, SMILES, before heading out of the room, before we:

FADE TO:

3 EXT. DINER, METROPOLIS - NIGHT.

Todd, enters, and we see him speaking to the waitress serving at the main counter.

4 INT. ISIS FOUNDATION, BACK ROOM

Heather is pulling on her own jacket, when a CELL PHONE starts to ring. She quickly fishes through her handbag for it, and pulls it out, glancing at the caller ID, which reads "CALLER UNKNOWN". She frowns, before answering it.

HEATHER

Hello? Who is this?

Her FROWN vanishes as her face suddenly GOES BLANK.

5 EXT. DINER, METROPOLIS - NIGHT.

Todd, a bag of take-out held in one hand, pushes the door open, and exits onto the street. As he moves to the crossing signal, his CELL PHONE begins to ring, and he quickly fishes it out of his jacket pocket.

He looks at the caller ID, and smiles. We see it displays "HEATHER" on the screen, before he answers it.

TODD

You can leave the office if your cab is here, I'm just heading back.

6 INT. ISIS FOUNDATION, MAIN ROOM (INTER-CUT)

We CUT to a close-up of, Heather, her face tear-stained as she sobs into her cell phone.

HEATHER  
 (morose)  
 It doesn't matter anymore. None  
 of it matters now.

Todd, IMMEDIATELY CONCERNED, frowns.

TODD  
 What do you mean? What's wrong?

HEATHER  
 Don't you get it, Todd?! All this  
 time, I've been fighting who and  
 what I really am, pretending it  
 doesn't matter. But it does! I'm  
 a freak, a mutant, I shouldn't  
 exist!

TODD  
 (scared)  
 Heather, you need to calm down,  
 okay. Look, I'm just outside,  
 I'll be back in a few seconds.

Heather's eyes begin to close, and her voice falters as  
 she speaks. We pull back slightly, and see her hand is  
 COVERED IN BLOOD.

HEATHER  
 (weakly)  
 There's nothing you can say,  
 Todd. I have a sickness, but now,  
 I know how to deal with it. I  
 just wanted to say goodbye  
 before, before I...

Her eyes flicker, and the phone slips from her grasp.

7 EXT. DINER, METROPOLIS - NIGHT.

The line clicks, and goes DEAD.

TODD  
 Heather? Heather?!

The take-out bag DROPS from his hand, and Todd RACES  
 across the street, not giving a damn about any cars that  
 might be coming down the thankfully quiet street.

8 INT. ISIS FOUNDATION, STAIRWELL (CONTINUOUS)

Todd RACES up the stairs, taking two or three AT A TIME in  
 his fear-induced haste.

9

INT. ISIS FOUNDATION, MAIN ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

He comes running into the main room, and STUMBLES to a complete stop at the sight before him, his expressions HORRIFIED.

His CELL PHONE, still clutched in his hand, DROPS to the floor, and we see THICK DOTS OF RED, as it hits the ground.

REVERSE ANGLE: On the floor is Heather, slumped against the reception desk, lying in a POOL OF HER OWN BLOOD. Her eyes stare LIFELESSLY ahead as we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

10 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the building, busy as ever despite the lateness of the hour, patrol cars pulling in and out of the car lot.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

I'm sorry, hun, but the night shift commander called in sick, and I can't leave until his number 2 comes in.

11 METRO CENTRAL - MAGGIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is dimly lit, as MAGGIE SAWYER sits at her desk, going over case folders from a conspicuously large pile. She has the phone pressed to one ear, as she works and talks at the same time.

MAGGIE

I shouldn't be more than an hour. You haven't started dinner yet, have you?

12 INT. TOBY'S APARTMENT - MIDTOWN METROPOLIS (INTER-CUT)

Inside the tastefully decorated apartment, lighting subdued with candles fitting the 'mood', TOBY RAINES sits at her dining table. The table itself is set with dishes, cutlery and wine glasses, a bowl of salad and some bread rolls.

Toby has her cell phone to her ear, not looking PARTICULARLY HAPPY.

TOBY

Nothing that can't wait a little bit longer in the oven, I suppose.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry, babe.

TOBY

(sighs)

Here I was, thinking we were planning on having a romantic night in, but it looks like that didn't work out.

MAGGIE

As soon as Sergeant Reynolds arrives, I'm gone. I swear, I promise!

Toby sighs, shakes her head in defeat.

TOBY

At least you can catch up on paperwork while you wait. Once those case are reports filed, you can focus on what really matters.

Maggie's FROWN DEEPENS, her SMILE FADING SLOWLY.

Toby, noting the sudden silence, REACTS.

TOBY (cont'd)

Uh-uh, lady. Don't you dare! You are not canceling again! Jamie needs to spend some quality time with you. You know how much she looks forward to coming to Metropolis!

MAGGIE

(defensive)

Of course I do! It's not that I don't want to spend time with my daughter, but with everything that's happened in the city of late, I'd rather she stay in Star City out of harm's way.

TOBY

Jamie's a big girl, you know she's determined to apply to Met U for next year. So you might as well get used to her being here to stay now rather than later.

MAGGIE

I know, I know. Doesn't mean I have to like it.

Maggie NODS, accepting defeat, as there is a timid KNOCK on the office door.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Yeah? It's open!

The door opens ever so slightly, just enough for a head to pop around. This is MEGAN, (early 30s, brunette, petite, attractive but rather shy), and she peeks into the office cautiously, poking her glasses up her nose as she does. She looks worried for some reason.

MEGAN

Sorry to bother you, Captain Sawyer, but we've just had Dispatch put a request through for a SCU officer to report to a crime scene in Midtown.

MAGGIE

That's nothing new, Megan.

MEGAN

Well, ma'am, the crime scene was identified as being at 618 3rd Street. That's the address of the Isis Foundation.

Both Maggie and Toby REACT to that.

TOBY

The Isis Foundation? Isn't Todd working there tonight?

We close up on Maggie, CONCERN etched into her attractive features.

13 EXT. SUICIDE SLUMS - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

We pan across the seedier side of Metropolis, where the glitz and glamor of main area Metropolis hasn't reached, or just plain avoids.

We rest on a particularly dilapidated looking apartment building, many of the windows boarded up, and those that aren't are darkened. The front lobby entrance seems to be a place for the homeless and destitute to stay and ponder their situation.

14 EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - METROPOLIS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

It's a dark sedan, rather inconspicuous, but with tinted windows that block the interior from sight. It sits there, idle, engine and lights off.

TEN CLOUDS (PRE-LAP)

Gotta say, when I transferred to the SCU, didn't expect to be doing this again so soon.

15 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - METROPOLIS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Inside the vehicle, huddled in the dimly lit interior, sit DANNY TURPIN, and DETECTIVE SERGEANT RUSSEL TEN CLOUDS (late 40s, Native American, long dark hair in a pony tail, grizzled).

They both stare out into the darkness of the street, keeping an eye on the building in front of where they are parked.

DANNY

Doing what? A stake-out?

TEN CLOUDS

(nods)

Yeah, figured it would be mostly paperwork and the occasional crank call.

DANNY

(laughs)

I've been with the Unit for a couple of months now, I don't think I've had one crank call.

TEN CLOUDS

Just shows how crazy this town has gotten.

DANNY

You were with Narcotics, weren't you?

TEN CLOUDS

That's why Captain Sawyer wanted me on this stake-out with you. She knows I know how to handle most of the lowlifes in the drug scene.

DANNY

So there's a good chance you might know whoever is involved in this deal we're supposed to stop, right?

TEN CLOUDS

Exactly. Most of the drug trade goes through Daniel Brickwell, so if there's someone dealing that 'starlight' crap, odds are high he's involved. But not in any street-level trading. He'll have some flunkies out buying and peddling his goods.

DANNY

So whoever shows up, they're some low-priority target, but we can use them to maybe get to Brickwell?

TEN CLOUDS

We can try, but Brickwell is pretty well protected. I've been trying to nail him since he first showed up in Metropolis about 2 years ago.

DANNY

I worked a few cases when I was with the 22nd Precinct, where his name came up a few times.

TEN CLOUDS

Yeah, he's a slippery one, we get close, then something always comes along to ruin a case. A witness goes missing, a piece of evidence is tainted, somebody talks. If we can find something, anything on him to finally get him sent to Stryker's, I can retire early a happy man.

Danny, NOTICING SOMETHING, off camera, sits up and leans forward.

Danny's P.O.V.: At the building's entrance, one of the indigents, dressed in a VERY WORN RED HOODIE, ripped faded jeans and trainers, face hidden from view, stands and walks down the steps.

An SUV pulls up, and someone clambers out, a man, in a dark leather jacket and trousers, carrying a DUFFEL BAG. The SUV DRIVES off after he exits, and he walks up to and then PAST the red hoodie, and into a side street, out of view.

After a moment, the red hoodie, looks around, before following.

DANNY (O.S.)

Here's hoping you get lucky.  
Looks like something's going down

Danny and Ten Clouds EXCHANGE A LOOK, and exit the car.

16

EXT. ISIS FOUNDATION, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

A solitary POLICE CRUISER, lights FLASHING, sits outside the Foundation building, by a large van marked with "O.C.M.E.". The area is cordoned off with police tape, declaring a 'crime scene'.

Another car comes screeching to a halt next to it, before MAGGIE exits from the car as quickly as possible. She reaches the tape, and quickly FLASHES HER BADGE to the closest OFFICER, who lifts the tape for her to duck under.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Excuse me, excuse me!

Both Maggie and the officer look over at the source of the voice, as someone runs over to them. This is DR. ANGELA ROTH (early 40s, attractive, dark hair, pale skin), dressed smartly but looking rather rushed and worried.

MAGGIE

Can I help you, ma'am?

ANGELA

I'm Dr. Angela Roth, I'm in charge of the Isis Foundation, I got a call about one of my patients.

Maggie starts to answer, but the MAIN DOOR to the building suddenly opens with some force, as a pair of attendants, CARRYING A STRETCHER, exit. Atop the stretcher, lays A SINGLE BODY BAG.

Angela REACTS, both hands flying to her mouth, horrified, while Maggie, her expression STOIC, takes in the sight for a moment, as they load the body into the van, before turning to face Angela.

MAGGIE

I think you should come in with me, Dr. Roth.

MUTELY, eyes brimming with tears, Angela nods

17 INT. ISIS FOUNDATION, GROUND FLOOR LOBBY(CONTINUOUS)

Maggie and Angela enter, and quickly see TODD, covered in blood, seated next to DR. BETH CHAPEL. Todd has obviously been crying, arms held tightly against his chest.

When Beth spots Maggie, she stands, and speaks quietly to the female UNIFORMED OFFICER standing nearby, before heading over.

BETH

Todd's okay, before you ask. He's in shock, but he's fine.

MAGGIE

(low voice)

Beth, what the hell happened here? Was someone attacked?

Beth SHAKES HER HEADS, sadly.

BETH

I wish. That might have made it easier to understand.

ANGELA

Is it true? Heather, she killed herself?

Beth looks at her quizzically, before turning to Maggie.

MAGGIE

This is Dr. Roth, she's in charge of the Foundation.

Beth relaxes, nods.

BETH

Yes, I'm afraid so. Todd found her and tried to stop the bleeding but it was too late. By the time the paramedics got here, there was nothing to be done.

Angela shakes her head.

ANGELA

(sorrowful)

Oh, God. Poor Todd.

MAGGIE

Dr. Roth, why don't you take him outside, get him some air?

Angela SMILES IN THANKS, before walking over to Todd, who looks up, stands and quickly EMBRACES her, burying his head into her shoulder.

She walks him towards the door, stopping only briefly as they pass Maggie and Beth, allowing Maggie to gently SQUEEZE his shoulder in support. He nods in response, his eyes moist, before allowing Angela to lead him out into the street.

Maggie shakes her head in disbelief, as she looks around.

BETH

I'm glad that you responded. The last thing he needs is some hard-nosed detective coming down on him like a suspect.

MAGGIE

The Isis Foundation is a known meta-human support organization, any kind of incident involving it would automatically come under the S.C.U.'s jurisdiction.

BETH  
Even a straight-forward suicide?

MAGGIE  
If it occurs on Foundation  
property, yeah.

BETH  
If she was having counseling  
here, I suppose she was a  
meta-human herself, or at least  
meteor-infected. You think that  
might be why she did it?

As she speaks, she absently reaches down to the small but elegant gold crucifix necklace she is wearing that hangs out over her overalls, and begins to play with it.

MAGGIE  
We'll probably never know the  
answer to that.

Maggie NOTICES what Beth is doing, smiling slightly. Beth sees.

BETH  
What?

MAGGIE  
Your necklace. You always fiddle  
with it when you're dealing with  
a suicide. You know that?

Beth, REALIZING, looks down and quickly RELEASES the crucifix, and shakes her head.

BETH  
Sorry, just remembering  
discussions I had with my pastor  
of a father about suicide.  
Actually, the girl was wearing a  
crucifix herself. I can't help  
wonder if her own faith gave her  
some peace in her final moments.

Maggie's smile FADES as she considers Beth's comment.

18 EXT. ISIS FOUNDATION BUILDING, MIDTOWN (CONTINUOUS)

Todd sits on the steps leading up to the door of the building, WATCHING as the coroner's van rear doors close with a loud SLAM. Angela sits beside him, gently caressing his shoulders in comfort.

TODD

I-- I can't wrap my head around this, Angela. She was making such great progress in our sessions. She seemed comfortable with who she was now. Where did I go wrong?

ANGELA

Hey, hey, you know it doesn't work like that, Todd. We're here to listen, to allow the person to heal themselves. We can't save everyone.

TODD

I know that, I do! But Heather, she seemed finally ready to move on from all that self-loathing that had brought her to us. She was planning dates, deciding on a dress for the prom, looking at colleges.

ANGELA

We both know how troubled Heather was when she came to us. We try our best to get past the shell they put up, help them accept what has happened to them, embrace the change. But some people are just beyond our help.

TODD

You weren't there, Angela, you didn't see how happy she was when she talked about her plans. She wasn't faking that, I know it! Something happened to her, between when I left her to wait for her cab, and when she called me. I don't know what, but whatever it was, it made her do this.

The coroner's van STARTS and DRIVES OFF, Todd watches sadly as it leaves, while Angela continues to watch him, FROWNING in concern...

19

EXT. SUICIDE SLUMS - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

The man in the LEATHER JACKET, our SUPPLIER, casually places the duffel bag he carries onto a large wooden crate. The man in the worn hoodie shuffles ANXIOUSLY as the bag is opened, peering in, his features still hidden.

The SUPPLIER pulls out a large plastic BAGGIE from the bag, filled with WHITE POWDER that glints with GREEN SPECKS in the light.

SUPPLIER

As promised, my man. Enough to see you through the next few weeks, easily. Remember our deal, though, don't be selling too much too soon.

HOODIE

Yeah, yeah, I got it, I got it okay. I'm just the delivery guy here, though, right.

SUPPLIER

Whatever, dude. You got your bosses, I got mine. You got the cash, then we're all good, deal?

The Hoodie reaches into a pocket, and pulls out a large folded brown envelope, and passes it over to the Supplier.

DANNY (O.S)

(shouting)

Metropolis PD, FREEZE!

We pan around as the two men spin, and see Danny and Ten Clouds, approaching from the alley entrance, SERVICE WEAPONS in hand, AIMED DIRECTLY at the two criminals. The supplier, panicked, reaches into his jacket, and pulls out his own weapon--

BANG!

Ten Clouds FIRES his weapons, his bullet striking the supplier in the shoulder, BLOOD spurting from the wound. He hits the floor, weapon falling to the ground, crying out in pain.

The Hoodie, FREAKED, grabs the duffel bag and starts to run, but only gets a few steps before TRIPPING on a piece of debris, and hitting the floor. Danny runs up to him quickly, aiming his weapon at the fallen man.

DANNY

Hold it! Sit up slowly and turn around. Loose the hood, too.

The HOODIE does as instructed - he is LATE 20s, unshaven and gaunt looking, with medium-brown hair in a scruffy manner.

Danny, recognition clear, is surprised.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Willie? What the hell..?

The "Hoodie", A.K.A. WILLIE looks up at Danny for a moment before looking away, almost ASHAMED.

WILLIE  
Hey, Officer T. Long time, no see.

Ten Clouds, from where he is CUFFING the supplier, looks over and calls out to Danny.

TEN CLOUDS  
Hey, Danny boy, you gonna stand there all day or you gonna cuff the guy?!

The supplier sneers, SPITTING on the ground by Ten Clouds boots.

SUPPLIER  
Yeah, enjoy your moment, cops. I got friends in high places, I'll be back out on the street before you can say-

BANG!!

BLOOD SUDDENLY SPURTS from the supplier's head as a BULLET pierces him between the eyes. He drops to the ground, as DANNY, TEN CLOUDS and WILLIE all REACT to the shot fired.

TEN CLOUDS  
Get down! Take cover!

Ten Clouds crouches behind the wooden crate as more bullets pierce the ground near him, while Danny dives behind a nearby Dumpster. Willie, though, GRABS the duffel bag, and runs for it. Danny tries to rise from his hiding place, but another barrage stops him.

DANNY  
Willie! Stop!

Willie disappears into the shadows, and is quickly gone from sight, as Danny looks HELPLESSLY ON as we:

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

OPEN FROM BLACK:

20 EXT. SUICIDE SLUMS - METROPOLIS (CONTINUOUS)

Continuing on from previous scene, Danny is still pinned behind the Dumpster, as shots rain down from out of camera view. He steals a glance out from behind shelter, LOOKING UP to try and locate THE SHOOTER.

DANNY'S P.O.V.: A window on the 6th floor, open just a crack, is briefly ILLUMINATED BY MUZZLE FLARE as more shots are fired. Danny quickly spots it, and turns to Ten Clouds, who is still pinned behind the crate.

DANNY

Sarge, 6th floor! 5th window in  
from the left!

Ten Clouds nods, then silent holds up his free hand, all digits raised, before lowering each one sequentially. As he lowers his last two digits, Danny, COLLECTING HIMSELF, takes a series of quick breaths before:

BANG!! BANG!!

As one, Danny and Ten Clouds stand from their positions, and OPEN FIRE at the location Danny noted, unloading their clips into the window and surrounding wall, until both CLICK EMPTY.

They then both DUCK DOWN AGAIN, Danny quickly reloading before WAITING ANXIOUSLY.

SILENCE.

After a moment, the two exchange a look, and Ten Clouds NODS once, before they both jump to their feet, weapons aimed at the now-shattered window.

Still nothing. Danny breathes a SIGH OF RELIEF, lowering his weapon, body sagging, the shootout over.

Ten Clouds, though, keeps his weapons raised and aimed, as he takes a step back, and kneels beside the supplier. He presses two fingers to the man's neck, feeling for a pulse, before shaking his head - HE'S DEAD.

TEN CLOUDS

Damn it! There goes our only  
lead!

Danny HOLSTERS his weapons, and as he does, SPOTS SOMETHING. He crouches down, behind the crate.

DANNY

Maybe not. Look what we have here!

He stands, and in his hand, he CLUTCHES one of the BAGGIES from the duffel. Ten Clouds grins, and off the sparkling green/white powder, we:

FADE TO:

21 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building, bustling with activity as people come and go, and police cruisers pull in and out of the car lot.

22 INT. S.C.U. BULL PEN - METRO CENTRAL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Inside the main work area of the department, a few new faces are visible, working at their desks. The general atmosphere is one of organized chaos as detectives and uniformed officers alike move around and between desks, the occasional suspect or witness being escorted around.

The main set of double doors that lead into the squad room open, and in walks TODD, moving at a steady pace to his organized and tidy desk, situated just outside the office marked "UNIT COMMANDER".

He shrugs off his jacket, and hangs it on the coat stand next to the desk, before picking up and sorting through a pile of case folders on his desk.

The door to the office opens, and out steps MAGGIE, looking SURPRISED, and a little WORRIED.

MAGGIE

Todd? What the hell are you doing here?

TODD

(brusque)

I work here. Where else would I be? Besides, we have that press conference to deal with, remember.

Maggie REACTS to his unusually harsh tone, steps CLOSER, lowering her voice.

MAGGIE

I figured you'd not be in today. I already talked to Megan, she's going to come in to cover-

TODD  
 (interrupts, raising his  
 voice)  
 I'm fine, Maggie. You don't need  
 to coddle me, for Christ's sake!

Around the bull pen, everyone freezes and looks in their  
 direction. Maggie's expression HARDENS. Todd, though,  
 REALIZES what he just did, and SWALLOWS, nervously.

MAGGIE  
 Office. Now.

Todd NODS, suitably abashed, and walks in, Maggie  
 continuing to look straight ahead at her team, raising AN  
 EYEBROW.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 Don't you people have work to do?

23 INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE - METRO CENTRAL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Todd, ARMS CROSSED DEFENSIVELY, stands in front of  
 Maggie's unorganized and untidy desk, as she closes the  
 door to her office, and moves to take her seat.

TODD  
 (apologetic)  
 Maggie, I'm sorry, I shouldn't  
 have snapped at-

MAGGIE  
 (interrupting)  
 Sit your ass down, Rice. You  
 don't need to apologize.

Todd BLINKS, SURPRISED. Maggie shots him a sardonic smile  
 as he sinks into the chair opposite.

MAGGIE (CONT.)  
 When you been my assistant as  
 long as you have, you get a bit  
 more leeway.

Todd shakes his head, still embarrassed.

TODD  
 Maybe, but it was unprofessional.  
 I'm sorry, anyway.

MAGGIE  
 Hey, I get it, I do. You really  
 should think about taking the day  
 off, though. I can cope without  
 you for one day, I think.

TODD

I'd rather work, Maggie. I barely got any sleep last night, kept thinking about everything. It shouldn't have happened.

MAGGIE

You can't save everyone, Todd, no matter how hard you might try.

TODD

No, no, that's not it. This is the 3rd suicide the Foundation has suffered in the last 2 months. The first two, they were deeply depressed, so we just accepted it, but Heather, she had turned a corner!

MAGGIE

So, what? You're thinking these weren't actually suicides?

TODD

I-- I don't know! A couple of years ago, I'd have just thought that idea was crazy, but working here, now I'm not so sure.

Off Todd's ANGUISHED EXPRESSION...

24

INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - DAY

The BLURRED IMAGE of a WHITE/GREEN BLOB slowly focuses with crystal clarity, into a sea of white particles, liberally spotted with green shards, that seem to almost glow with an unearthly light.

WALLY (V.O.)

(awed)

Very cool.

WALLY WEST pulls back from the microscope, and taps at the keyboard of the nearby computer station, which then brings up the same image he was just looking at.

A further tap brings up SMALL POP-UP SCREENS of data, breaking it down into chemical compounds and percentages. Wally lets out a long WHISTLE OF AMAZEMENT, as someone taps on the CLOSED DOOR to the lab.

WALLY

Enter at your peril!

The door opens, and in walks both DANNY and TEN CLOUDS, the former casting an appreciative look around the room.

DANNY  
 (impressed)  
 I like what you've done with the  
 place, Wally.

Wally GRINS, turning around from his computer, and spreading his arms wide. We pull back and see that several of the older, less advanced pieces from before have been replaced with newer models, and several more computer screens have been installed as well.

The place looks BETTER.

WALLY  
 Behold my new domain! Impressive, huh? I finally got hold of some updated tech, don't care WHY they suddenly decided to agree to all my constant requests for more lab equipment, just happy it got here so quick!

TEN CLOUDS  
 (gruffly, but not harsh)  
 They probably just hoped it would shut you up, kid.

Wally FROWNS, turning back to his equipment, while DANNY stifles a GRIN, exchanging an amused look with Ten Clouds, who rolls his eyes, cracking a small smile.

TEN CLOUDS (CONT.)  
 What you got for us, Wally?

Wally gestures at one of the screens, which shows a continuously rotating image of A SPENT BULLET, next to a wire-frame image of AN INTACT BULLET.

WALLY  
 Still hunting through IBIS for any matches to the bullets we retrieved from the alley you guys got into a fire-fight in.

He then points at the monitor that displays the WHITE/GREEN crystal mix.

WALLY (cont'd)  
 This, however, much more interesting.

DANNY  
 Definitely 'starlight', then?

WALLY  
 Oh, that and MORE, my friend!

TEN CLOUDS

More, how?

WALLY

This stuff here, about 20% purer cocaine has been used. The ratio of meteor rock in it has also increased by another 15%, compared to previous samples.

DANNY

So, whoever is making it, they're refining it as well.

TEN CLOUDS

But why? A bigger, longer high?

WALLY

Maybe, it's possible, I suppose, but I'd be more worried about what it could do to users in the long term, Remember what this stuff did to Eric Marsh.

DANNY

So, what, you think that could happen again?

WALLY

I'd say the chances are very high, especially if KEEPS being refined.

TEN CLOUDS

Meaning Brickwell is using the schmucks who buy this crap as a testing group. If he keeps at it, he could end up with his own super powered goon squad.

Off the CONCERNED look on both Danny and Wally's faces...

25

INT. DINER - MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

We're back at the relatively small DINER, across the street from the Isis Foundation building, which has a slight 50's feel to it's decor and styling, as ANGELA ROTH stares out across the street at the Isis Foundation building itself.

MAN (OFF-CAMERA)

There's no point dwelling on it, Angela.

REACTING, Angela quickly turns to look at who is addressing her. SEATED OPPOSITE HER, is an older gentleman, dressed smartly and with graying hair. This is DR. HENRY KING. Angela SHAKES HER HEAD.

ANGELA

How am supposed to not, Henry?  
She was a patient, someone I  
thought of as a success story.  
For her to take her own life?

She SIGHS, and takes a SIP of the COFFEE in front of her.

KING

This is why we need to discuss a  
course of grief counseling for  
all those other patients who will  
no dealt be just as strongly  
affected as you have been.

ANGELA

(nodding)

Of course, of course, without  
question. We should split them  
between us, and do it as one on  
one sessions, I think.

KING

I agree completely. I assume  
you'll want me to take on  
Rachel's session?

Angela FROWNS, surprised.

ANGELA

Rachel? Why?

KING

Well, she and Heather were  
reasonably friendly. I know you  
and Rachel are close, but she may  
not feel she can be truly honest  
with you in a strictly  
therapeutic sense.

ANGELA

(sighs)

I suppose you have a point, yes.  
Alright then, that's seems like a  
good idea.

The diner's doors open with a jingle, which caused Angela to LOOK UP AND OVER at them, and she SMILES.

DR. KITTY FAULKNER walks in, casting an ANXIOUS glance around, before spotting Angela, and returning her smile, as she heads over. Angela rises and the two EMBRACE WARMLY.

KITTY

I got here as fast as I could-

ANGELA

(interrupting)

It's fine, it's fine. We're just about wrapped up here anyway. Henry, this is Kitty Faulkner, an old friend of mine. Kitty, this is Dr. Henry King, one of Metropolis' finest neuro-psychiatrists, who has been kind enough to lend his services to the Foundation.

KING

A pleasure to meet you, my dear.

King SMILES WARMLY, and shakes Kitty's proffered hand, who returns the smile, ALBEIT A LITTLE NERVOUS.

KITTY

If you two are still working..?

KING

No, not at all. Besides, I should head over and see if the crime scene clean-up people are done by now.

ANGELA

Let me know how it goes, and hopefully I'll see you back in the office in a few hours.

King NODS, as Angela and Kitty quickly leave the diner, and walk down the sidewalk.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Did you bring the figures?

KITTY

I did, that's why I was late, I wanted to run them again, just to be safe.

ANGELA

You ran them three times already. The numbers don't lie, Kitty.

KITTY

Maybe, but the truth they're telling us is still scary. I had to be sure, Angela, if we're really going to do this.

ANGELA

We have to. You know we do.

Kitty FROWNS, looking decidedly WORRIED, before NODDING, DETERMINED, before we:

CUT TO:

26 INT. METRO CENTRAL - S.C.U. BULL PEN - DAY

TODD, at his desk, is typing at his computer keyboard, concentrating when:

ANGELA (O.S.)

Todd?

He looks up, SURPRISED, and FROWNS:

TODD'S P.O.V.: ANGELA & KITTY are standing by the railing, both wearing a VISITOR'S BADGE.

Todd STANDS, and quickly walks over to them.

TODD

Angela? What are you doing here?

ANGELA

We need to speak to Captain Sawyer about Heather's death. There's something she needs to know about it.

Angela SHARES A LOOK with Kitty, who swallows NERVOUSLY.

KITTY

They're not suicides. They're murders.

Off of Kitty's statement, and Todd's look of BEWILDERMENT...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

27 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)  
Murders? Are you serious?

28 INT. S.C.U. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the spacious and well lit conference area, at a RECTANGULAR TABLE, sit TODD, MAGGIE, ANGELA and KITTY.

ANGELA  
Deadly serious, Captain. Look at the statistics, and you'll note that the suicide rate for the past 3 months has been abnormally high.

Maggie briefly thumbs through a wad of papers that she has in front of her, UNIMPRESSED.

MAGGIE  
Look, I'm not trying to be deliberately insensitive here, but you've just lost a patient. You're trying to make sense of what happened, and trying to find someone to blame.

ANGELA  
No! No, that's not it at all. Heather's death is MORE than a simple tragic suicide, she was MADE to kill herself.

TODD  
Angela, you realize how CRAZY that sounds, right?

ANGELA  
You mean you weren't thinking the same thing last night?

TODD  
For a minute, maybe, but come on, it's not possible.

MAGGIE  
Dr. Faulkner, why are you involved in all this?

KITTY

Angela and I have been working together since she reopened the Foundation, as part of a concerted effort to understand the mutagenic effects of meteor rock and how they may or may not have a correlation of the emergence of meta-humans.

ANGELA

It was Kitty who notices the uptrend in suicides in the last few months. Not only that, but every single one of those people was either meteor-infected, or meta-human!

BOTH MAGGIE & TODD REACT.

TODD

All of them?!

MAGGIE

So, you think, somehow, some one is behind all these deaths? That they're deliberately targeting people with abilities?

KITTY

Exactly, but it's all supposition, we have no proof. We also don't know how they're doing it, be it some kind of meta power, or some kind of coercion.

TODD

You didn't hear Heather that night. The grief, the self-loathing, it all came from her, it was like all the progress she had made was stripped away, like a giant 'reset' button had been pushed.

ANGELA

'Pushed'? Maybe that's it, then, some kind of psychological trigger is implanted in the victim.

Maggie ABRUPTLY stands, and begins to PACE.

MAGGIE

Okay, okay, stop a second. If we are actually going to proceed with this as a murder

(MORE)

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 investigation, we do it by the  
 book. Dr. Faulker, I need any and  
 all data you have on each of the  
 victims you've found.

KITTY  
 Of course, anything I can do to  
 help.

TODD  
 You want to find any other common  
 denominators between them,  
 besides being meta or  
 meteor-infected?

MAGGIE  
 Exactly. If we can find that  
 causal connection, it might help  
 me convince the brass this *is* a  
 murder investigation.

Off Maggie's UNCONVINCED LOOK...

29 INT. MENS' ROOM, METRO CENTRAL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

It's a regular looking MENS' ROOM, where WALLY WEST sits  
 on the counter-top, LOTUS STYLE, working on a computer  
 tablet, waiting patiently.

A moment later, a toilet flushes, and one of the cubicles  
 opens, as Danny walks out, only to FALTER when he looks  
 up.

WALLY  
 Got the IBIS info for you, Danny.

DANNY  
 Ah, thanks, I guess. Any reason  
 why you followed me into the  
 bathroom?

WALLY  
 I would have said something, but  
 I was raised to never interrupt  
 someone when they, um, well,  
 'busy'.

DANNY  
 Oookay.

WALLY  
 Here, have a read.

Wally lifts up and OFFERS the tablet to Danny, but when he  
 goes to take it, Wally SNATCHES IT BACK, his expression on  
 of DISGUST.

WALLY (cont'd)  
Aren't you gonna wash your hands  
first?

Danny simply rolls his eyes, and moves to the sink  
furthest AWAY from Wally, and turning the faucet on.

DANNY  
Just give me the highlights, will  
you?

Wally SHRUGS, and taps at the tablet.

WALLY  
Well, the gun has a history,  
that's for sure. Bullets and  
cases recovered from over half a  
dozen crime scenes all match the  
lines and grooves of the ones  
from your shoot out.

DANNY  
What kind of crime scenes?  
Robberies? Drive by?

WALLY  
Nah, more more like murders,  
assassinations even, and get  
this; the victims were all  
nefarious criminal types of  
dudes.

DANNY  
So, he was actually after the  
dealer? All those shots at me and  
Ten Clouds were just a  
smoke-screen, to make us think we  
were the target?

WALLY  
Precisely! So I'm thinking we've  
got a vigilante out there, one  
who believes in hard justice!

DANNY  
Maybe, it's one theory at least.

Finished with washing his hands, Danny turns to Wally, and  
takes the tablet from him.

DANNY (CONT.)  
Thank you, Wally. Now, don't you  
have somewhere else, anywhere  
else, to be?

WALLY

I've got a few minutes to kill while I wait on some more test results. Figured we could hang out for a bit, maybe?

Danny GRINS, AMUSED.

DANNY

As much as I would love that, I do have somewhere else to be.

He turns, and heads out of the bathroom, leaving a DISAPPOINTED Wally behind.

WALLY

Okay, cool, maybe another time then?!

The only reply is the SLAM of the bathroom door shutting behind Danny.

WALLY (cont'd)

Yeah. Good talk.

Off Wally's RESIGNED EXPRESSION...

30 EXT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - METROPOLIS - DAY

An official looking building, with lots of people in SUITS walking to and from it, with the occasional uniformed police officer seen entering/leaving.

31 INT. CORRIDOR - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A door marked with "ADRIAN CHASE, DISTRICT ATTORNEY", is our main focus.

DANNY (PRE-LAP)

His name is Willie Jones, but on the street, he's known as 'Red Willie'.

32 INT. CHASE'S OFFICE, DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Inside a dimly lit but relatively spacious office, stand DANNY TURPIN and RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS. Behind the desk, frowning, and listening impatiently is ADRIAN CHASE (mid-40s, tall, handsome, slicked back dark hair).

He is smartly dressed, befitting his station. He crosses his arms, looking unconvinced.

CHASE

Well that sounds like a lovely name to be known by. Who is he?

DANNY

He was a junkie drifter I busted a few times in the past few years. We've got a bit of history together, he's been a kind of unofficial source of info at times.

CHASE

So, he's a snitch?

DANNY

Well, yeah, not that he'd like being called that.

CHASE

I don't really give a rat's ass what he likes, all I care is that you find him. If he's responsible for dealing this 'starlight' stuff, he needs to be brought to justice.

TEN CLOUDS

See, that's the thing, Ms. Spencer, we don't think he is. We think he's just got caught up in a bad situation.

CHASE

What makes you say that?

DANNY

Like I said, I know the guy, he's messed up a few times, but I don't think he'd willingly go along with all this. We think he might be a target as well.

CHASE

From this supposed vigilante?

TEN CLOUDS

If that's what he is, that's only one possible theory. For all we know, this could be someone cleaning house on an operation gone bad.

CHASE

Okay, so what do you want from me?

DANNY

Look at Willie's rap sheet, you see he's only ever done small stuff, he just needs someone to give him a chance. He's tried to go straight, to keep clean, but he's not been able to get away from that crowd long enough to keep it together.

CHASE

(sighs)

Okay, okay, fine. If you can find him, prove he's only tangentially involved with the starlight operation, and he's willing, I might be able to get him a deal, maybe even skip jail time, and into a rehab program. But he has to be able to give us something we can use in the overall case.

DANNY

He'll be willing, I'm sure of it. Thank you, sir.

CHASE

Don't thank me until you know what his answer is for certain, Detective. Because if he isn't, then I will prosecute him to the full extent of the law. Got it?

Danny NODS, before he and Ten Clouds EXIT...

33 INT. CORRIDOR - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

As they walk down the corridor, Ten Clouds shot a LOOK at a FROWNING Danny.

TEN CLOUDS

You realize, right, that if that shooter is targeting people involved in crimes, that Willie might be his next target?

DANNY

Which is why we need to find him first.

Off Ten Clouds' UNSURE EXPRESSION, we:

FADE TO:

34 INT. ISIS FOUNDATION, BACK ROOM - DAY

ANGELA & DR. KING are both seated at the desk by the window, as Angela works on the desktop computer, and King sorts through several sets of papers. Angela finishes her task with a flourish of key strokes, before leaning back, STRETCHING.

ANGELA

Okay, I think that's the last of the grief counseling sessions all arranged. Thank you for helping sort those out, I appreciate it.

KING

It was the least I could do, Angela. I'll make sure to confirm with everyone whose agreed to attend.

ANGELA

You've been a heaven send, Henry, I couldn't have built this place up again so soon without your help.

KING

Like I said, a pleasure.

The sound of a DOOR OPENING, and the CLOSING, catches their attention, and they both look around to see:

RACHEL ROTH (attractive young woman, dark hair, pale complexion, exuding typical early-adulthood rebellion and attitude) wanders in. Dressed in dark clothing, loose but not baggy, with her midriff exposed and a navel ring in place, she peers around the open door into the BACK ROOM.

RACHEL

Mom? You ready to go, or what?

ANGELA

Hey, Rachel, hunnie. Yeah, give me a few minutes, okay?

RACHEL

(nods)

Sure, whatever. Hey, Dr. King.

KING

Hello, Rachel dear. How are you?

RACHEL

Okay, I suppose.

KING

You thirsty? Let me get you a drink.

He stands, and heads out into the MAIN ROOM, to a small refrigerator near the reception desk.

RACHEL

I'll take a cup of coffee.

ANGELA (O.S.)

She'll have water, and be grateful!

King CHUCKLES, as Rachel ROLLS HER EYES.

RACHEL

Mom! I'm almost 21, remember, not 12!

King hands her the bottle of WATER, which she opens, and takes a gulp from, taking a step around the reception desk, to where Heather DIED.

She FREEZES, and SHUDDERS. King notices, and frowns.

KING

Rachel? You alright?

RACHEL

(low voice)

This is where she died, wasn't it? So much pain, so much hurt...

Rachel CLOSES HER EYES for a moment, before taking another step forward, SNAPPING OUT of it.

RACHEL (CONT.)

Sorry, I got caught up for a minute there.

KING

It's alright, my dear. I know you and Heather were friends. That's why I want to-

King falters as the door opens, and Maggie, ALL BUSINESS, enters, with two uniformed officers.

KING

Can I help you?

MAGGIE

Captain Sawyer, Special Crimes Unit. I need to speak with Dr. Roth.

RACHEL  
(calling out)  
Mom? The police are here for you.

After a moment, Angela enters, SURPRISED.

ANGELA  
Captain Sawyer? You have a lead  
already?

MAGGIE  
Of a sort. I need to ask if you  
recognize this, please.

She PULLS OUT a sealed EVIDENCE BAG, and inside we see:

CLOSE-UP: A SILVER CRUCIFIX NECKLACE.

Angela takes a brief look, and shakes her head, "No"

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
You also claim that you didn't  
interact with Heather Oppenheimer  
the night of her death, is that  
right?

Angela REACTS, angrily.

ANGELA  
I don't 'claim' anything, it's  
the truth.

MAGGIE  
Then perhaps you could explain  
just why this necklace that was  
found on the victim, is covered  
in your fingerprints?

Angela's ANGER turns to SURPRISE, and everyone reacts...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

35 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building

TODD (PRE-LAP)

Goddammit, Maggie, did you have to do it in front of her daughter?

36 INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE - METRO CENTRAL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

MAGGIE and TODD are together in her office, Maggie seated at her desk, rubbing her temples, as a FURIOUS Todd paces glares at her.

MAGGIE

Come on, Todd, you know how it works, we had very good reason to bring Dr. Roth in for questioning.

TODD

Are you forgetting that she's the one who came to us in the first place?

MAGGIE

And how many cases have you seen me work where the person responsible was actually the one you'd least suspect, huh?

TODD

That might be the case in other situations, but I *know* Angela, I've worked with her since she reopened the Foundation, she's not a killer, Maggie.

MAGGIE

I hope to God you're right, but I still have to pursue this case where the leads take me. If she can properly explain how a crucifix necklace she purports not to recognize has her fingerprints on it, then we can move on.

TODD

She's being set up, can't you see that? Heather, she never wore a crucifix necklace before, she was

(MORE)

TODD (cont'd)  
 raised a Jew, she ALWAYS wore a  
 Star of David.

MAGGIE  
 That wasn't what was found with  
 her belongings. Only the  
 crucifix.

TODD  
 Which only goes to prove my damn  
 point!

Maggie finally SNAPS, and jumps to her feet.

MAGGIE  
 So what, you'd prefer I just  
 ignore the evidence, and let her  
 leave without question? Do you  
 have any idea what kind of  
 standard that would set, if I let  
 a suspect go because she's  
 friends with my secretary?

TODD  
 "Secretary"? Jeez, nice to know  
 that's how you think of me,  
 Maggie. Good to know for future  
 reference.

Without another word or glance, Todd ANGRILY exits,  
 SLAMMING the door behind him, as Maggie SLUMPS back into  
 her chair, STOIC. A second later, she SMACKS her palm onto  
 her desk, her face ANGRY.

MAGGIE  
 (low voice)  
 Nice work, Sawyer. Damn!

Off her ANGUISHED expression, we:

FADE TO:

37 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SUICIDE SLUMS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the building, which has seen better  
 days, but isn't as run-down looking as the building we  
 were at earlier.

TEN CLOUDS (PRE-LAP)  
 This better be the last damn  
 place, Danny.

38

INT. CORRIDOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - SUICIDE SLUMS  
(CONTINUOUS)

Danny and Ten Clouds, both looking TIRED and BEAT, make their way down the darkened corridor, as Danny flips through his NOTEBOOK.

DANNY

I hope so, it's the last place I could think of where Willie might hole up. If not, I'm out of ideas.

TEN CLOUDS

You're really worried about this guy, aren't you?

DANNY

Like I said, he's made a few mistakes, he not done anything really bad. He just needs a chance to prove himself.

TEN CLOUDS

I just hope he's worth this faith you have in-

WILLIE (O.S)

(screams in pain)

Both Danny and Ten Clouds REACT, pulling out their SERVICE WEAPONS, before breaking into a RUN.

They come to a door, APARTMENT 73, where Ten Clouds tries the door knob - UNLOCKED. The two exchange a quick LOOK, and Danny nods in UNDERSTANDING. Ten Clouds steps back, before suddenly KICKING the door open, Danny rushing in to see:

'RED WILLIE' JONES, face down on the floor, not moving, and another MAN, CLAD ENTIRELY IN BLACK, standing over him.

DANNY

Metropolis P.D. Freeze!

The black-clad man, POSTURE TAUGHT and READY, looks up. His eyes, the only part of his face WE CAN SEE, are a DEEP BLUE. They seem to ALMOST SMILE, before he BOLTS, grabs a familiar duffel bag on the floor, and JUMPS OUT of an open window.

Danny moves to Willie's side, as Ten Clouds goes to the window, and REACTS:

TEN CLOUDS' P.O.V.: The man falls through the air, TWISTING AND TURNING BEFORE LANDING with an UNEARTHLY GRACE onto the roof of the next building.

He turns and looks up, making a PARTING, MOCKING SALUTE before turning and breaking into a run, disappearing into the night.

TEN CLOUDS  
Well, I'll be damned.

He turns away from the window, to see Danny GENTLY TURNING OVER Willie's prone form, and they grimace at the bleeding CLAW-LIKE marks all over his FACE and TORSO. He looks like HELL.

Ten Clouds reaches for his radio, and presses the control.

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)  
Dispatch, ambulance required at  
my present location, suspect  
badly wounded, over.

Willie himself GROANS, and BLINKS.

WILLIE  
(weakly)  
Hey, Officer T. Glad you could  
join the party.

As he SLIPS BACK INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS...

39 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, METRO CENTRAL - NIGHT

In the claustrophobic, darkly lit room, ANGELA ROTH sits, looking SCARED AND WORRIED. She looks up, like a DEER caught in headlights as the door OPENS, and MAGGIE walks in.

ANGELA  
Please, Captain, you can't think  
I'm behind these killings, I came  
to you about them in the first  
place.

MAGGIE  
As I've been reminded of already,  
yes. Todd Rice thinks very highly  
of you.

ANGELA  
As I do of him, his work for the  
Foundation has been nothing short  
of amazing. You should be proud  
of him.

MAGGIE  
I also think Todd is an excellent  
judge of character. He believes  
you're innocent, that you're  
being set up.

ANGELA

I am! I-- I just don't know by who, or why!

MAGGIE

I'm inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt, Dr. Roth. So, I'm going to believe that is the case.

ANGELA

Thank you.

MAGGIE

Don't thank me yet, because if I find anymore evidence that supports you are behind this, I will nail your ass to the wall, understood.

Angela simply NODS slowly. Maggie then places the NECKLACE from earlier on the table.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

So perhaps you can know explain about this necklace, about how it got on Heather in the first place.

ANGELA

What do you mean?

MAGGIE

We did a little digging. It turns out all the suicides you brought to our attention, were found wearing crucifix necklaces *exactly* like this one. Yet, friends, family, no one remembers the victims seeing the necklaces before their deaths.

ANGELA

So, you think the killer is putting them on, or giving them to the victims somehow before they take their own life?

MAGGIE

Possibly. That still doesn't explain how your fingerprints ended up on this one, though.

Angela reaches out to take the bag, pausing to check, with a look, with Maggie, who NODS. Angela EXAMINES the necklace closely, studying it. Suddenly, her eyes go wide, and Maggie leans forward.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 What? Dr. Roth, what is it?

Off ANGELA'S LOOK OF HORROR...

40 INT. ISIS FOUNDATION, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A kettle WHISTLES as it boils, before someone picks it up, moving it to pour hot water into two cups, each with a tea bag in.

PAN UP: The person holding the kettle is DR. HENRY KING, who gently stirs the tea.

KING  
 It's horrible, simply horrible,  
 that they would even suspect your  
 poor mother.

He turns to RACHEL, looking out the window in the reception area, looking upset.

RACHEL  
 Everything Mom has done since  
 moving to Metropolis has been for  
 the Foundation.

KING  
 I know, dear. They'll come to  
 their senses, eventually.  
 Remember, they didn't actually  
 arrest her, just took her in for  
 questioning.

Rachel nods. As she does, King's kindly expression fades, becoming STERNER and he turns back to the tea cups, and pulls out a small SACHET of powder from his jacket pocket.

He TIPS it into one of the cups, before STIRRING it vigorously, before picking up the cups, moving over to Rachel, smiling again.

KING  
 Here you are, dear. Just the  
 thing for frayed nerves.

He offers the DRUGGED TEA to Rachel, who smiles in thanks and innocently TAKES A SIP.

Off of King's INSINCERE SMILE...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

41 INT. ISIS FOUNDATION, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel takes ANOTHER SIP of tea, before CLUMSILY trying to put the cup down, only for it to SLIP from her fingers, shattering on the floor. She STUMBLES, into the waiting arms of DR. KING.

RACHEL  
(tiredly)  
I-- I don't feel so good.

KING  
Yes, I'm not surprised, dear girl. I HAVE just drugged you.

Rachel REACTS, looking up at King in SHOCK, before her eyes go UNFOCUSED, and she SLUMPS forward. He gingerly moves her toward the couch, and LAYS her down gently.

RACHEL  
(mumbling)  
Why--, why are you doing this?

KING  
Because you have a gift, but you refuse to use it for the greater good! Don't you see, all you meta-humans, you've been blessed by God!

As he talks, he moves over to a CLASSIC DOCTOR'S BAG, laying on the table, which he opens, pulling out several pieces of HI-TECH looking equipment, before finally pulling out a ORNATE WOODEN BOX.

He gently rests it on the table, before opening it, and pulling out A SILVER CRUCIFIX!

KING (CONT)  
You have the power to change life for us normal people for the better, but you waste away your gifts! So, I have to make sure God's work is done by those more deserving of those gifts.

He lays it down on the table, before taking the equipment in hand, and pulling out TWO SMALL DIODES, he attaches to Rachel's temples. As he does, though, Rachel's EYES SNAP OPEN, and King backs away, HORRIFIED:

THEY ARE SOLID BLACK!

She GESTURES, FLINGING HER HAND TOWARDS HIM, and King suddenly GOES FLYING BACK! He hits the FAR WALL with a SOLID THUMP, before sliding to the ground! The device is still firmly held in one hand.

Rachel SITS UP, her expression full of ANGER, the DIODES still attached to her temples, as she RISES to her feet, and approaches the PRONE King, hand OUTSTRETCHED towards him.

KING  
(terrified)  
How, how are you doing this?! I  
though you were just an empath?!

RACHEL  
(deeper voice)  
You think being able to feel the  
emotions of everyone around me  
isn't powerful in itself? Maybe  
you'd like me to show you?!

She SQUEEZES her hand into a fist, and King REACTS, bringing his free hand up to his THROAT, GAGGING as he is CHOKED TELEKINETICALLY!

RACHEL (CONT.)  
You have NO IDEA what I'm capable  
of! I could crush the life out of  
you!

DESPERATE FOR BREATH, King frantically FIDDLES with the device in his other hand, until he finally HITS the POWER CONTROL.

The DIODES on Rachel's temples ACTIVATE, and she GRABS at her head - LOOSENING HER GRIP on King, enough for him to GASP FOR BREATH.

RACHEL  
(screams in pain)

She closes her eyes TIGHT for a moment, before opening them, REVERTED TO NORMAL just before they ROLL BACK, and Rachel SLUMPS to the floor.

King GASPING FOR BREATH, drops his device, and quickly moves over to the reception desk, and picks up the SILVER LETTER OPENER laying there.

He moves back toward Rachel, and is STANDING OVER HER, the letter opener HELD READY, when--

CRASH!

The door BURSTS open and, with SERVICE WEAPON RAISED and READY, in walks MAGGIE, two UNIFORMED officers behind her. She quickly aims her weapons directly at King.

MAGGIE

Drop it, Dr. King. Now.

King DROPS the letter opener, as ordered, raising his arms in SURRENDER.

Covered by the two officers, Maggie holsters her own weapon, and pulls out her HANDCUFFS, quickly moving over to King, and securing him.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

You're under arrest for the murder of Heather Oppenheimer.

KING

Murder?! I freed her from her mortal obligations! Now her gifts will be reborn into a more deserving soul!

MAGGIE

(disgusted)

Get this creep out of here, read him his rights, and take him to booking, now!

One of the Officers, holsters his weapon, and escorts King out of the room, as Maggie kneels down, and CHECKS Rachel's pulse, RELIEVED to find one, gently stroking her hair from her face.

King, NOTICES, and REACTS, FEARFUL, as he is pushed out of the room.

KING

No, leave the girl, she's been touched by the devil, she's evil, evil! You didn't see what she can do! She's demon spawn, I tell you, evil!

His voice ECHOES down the corridor as he is walked out, as Maggie looks down at Rachel's unconscious form...

FADE TO:

42

EXT. METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the busy hospital, as ambulances come and go.

43

INT. METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM

It's a standard private room, with various monitors and equipment, which WILLIE, lying in bed, is attached to, as he fidgets in discomfort. Standing around the bed are DANNY and ADRIAN CHASE.

WILLIE

I don't know that much about them, they came to me, promised it would be worth my while. I, I needed the money, otherwise I wouldn't have...

He TRAILS OFF, but Danny offers a SUPPORTIVE and UNDERSTANDING smile.

DANNY

That's why you took the duffel bag, wasn't it? You hoped you could use that as leverage?

WILLIE

I knew they'd be wanting that stuff back, so I figured if I kept it, I could use it to maybe bargain with them, maybe get enough money to get out of the Slums for a while. Should have known my big plan would almost get me killed, huh?

DANNY

I guess you didn't rank high enough on this guy's agenda, since he didn't kill you.

WILLIE

He still ripped me up pretty good, you know. I'm gonna ache for a good long while.

CHASE

At least you're still alive to feel it, though.

WILLIE

Yeah, I guess, but what have I got to live for, though, right? I mean, once I'm well enough, I'll be back in jail, won't I?

DANNY

That all depends.

WILLIE

On what?

CHASE

On you.

Willy FROWNS, SUSPICIOUS, and a little WORRIED. Danny grins, while Chase gives him an appraising look.

CHASE (cont'd)

You see, Detective Turpin here came your defense, and thanks to him, I did a little digging into all the help you've given him over the years.

WILLIE

Help? I mean, I gave him some tips now and then, sure, but...

CHASE

Well, it turns out those 'tips' actually helped close quite a few questionable cases in their own way. You've done Metropolis more good than you realize.

DANNY

See, Willie, I always told you that you'd amount to something.

CHASE

Because of that, and the fact you're not currently wanted for any outstanding warrants, I've come to make you a deal.

Willie FROWNS, suspicious.

WILLIE

What kind of 'deal'?

KATE

If you agree to enter and complete a recognized rehab program of our choosing, and clean up your act, and agree to tell us all you know about the 'starlight' operation, we'll forgo any charges related to this case.

DANNY

What do you say, Willie? It's the best chance you're gonna get for a fresh start.

WILLIE

Sounds nice, you know, like it's too good to be true.

CHASE

It's gonna be hard work, staying clean, finding and keeping a job, proving yourself every day. It will be a challenge.

DANNY

But aren't all good things in life like that?

WILLIE

You coming to my rescue again, is that, huh?

DANNY

Last time, though, Willie. You screw this one up, you're on your own for good.

WILLIE

I won't, Officer T, I swear. Just tell me where to sign.

Chase reaches into his briefcase, and pulls out some papers, placing them on the TABLE positioned over Willie's bed.

CHASE

Just sign these documents, and we can begin the process of getting you into the rehab program. Then you're all set, Mr. Harper.

Willie SHUFFLES again, this time looking EMBARRASSED, while Danny looks at Willy, CONFUSED.

DANNY

"Harper"?

WILLIE

Uh, yeah, see, Jones was just a name I took to kind of blend into the background.

DANNY

Well, that didn't go so well, huh? So, what's your 'real' name, then?

WILLIE

It's Roy. Roy William Harper... Junior

DANNY

Nice to meet you, Roy.

Off of ROY'S embarrassed look, and Danny's GRIN...

44 EXT. ISIS FOUNDATION BUILDING, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the building.

ANGELA (PRE-LAP)

I still can't believe it was King  
behind it all along.

45 INT. ISIS FOUNDATION, BACK ROOM

Angela sits in one of the comfortable chairs, a far away look on her face, as SOMEONE reach over her and offers a STEAMING CUP OF COFFEE, bringing her back to the present.

That 'someone' steps around, and takes the seat opposite - it's LANA LANG!! Still as beautiful as ever, she sips her own mug, before shaking her head.

LANA

I'm so sorry, I should have done more thorough background checks.

ANGELA

Hey, it's not your fault. You did promise this job would involve a lot of unusual situation.

LANA

Still, the fact he was using different identities to infiltrate and offer his services to other meta-human support groups, it should have shown up on my research.

Angela, RESTLESS, places her coffee cup down, and stands, moving to stand near a window, her HEAD BOWED IN SHAME.

ANGELA

Henry King is one of Metropolis most respected neuropsychiatrists, we had no way of realizing he'd also suffered a psychotic break of his own.

LANA

He was killing those poor people, because he didn't feel they deserved their gifts?

ANGELA

No, not killing, but he was using a device he'd invented to allow him to deeply embed post-hypnotic suggestions, and with a trigger word, be overwhelmed by feelings of self-loathing and despair that the patient thought had been dealt with.

LANA

And the crucifixes, they were because he thought he was doing God's work?

ANGELA

Suicide is a mortal sin, but in his deluded state, he believed that by wearing the crucifix at the time of death, it would absolve the soul and allow their ability to go onto someone more deserving.

LANA

How's Rachel? Is she okay?

Angela TURNS to look at Lana, with a SMILE OF RELIEF.

ANGELA

She's home, sleeping, thankfully. He didn't have time to start anything with her before the police arrived. I'm just grateful I recognized the crucifix the second time, when I saw it. I'd found them in a box in Henry's desk, a few weeks ago, just by accident, that's why one had my fingerprints on it. I didn't think anything of it at the time.

LANA

Why would you, until you started to put the clues together.

ANGELA

There are definitely times I question whether I made the right decision, listening to you about reopening this place.

LANA

Listen, if you want to take a step back from the Foundation, I'd understand.

ANGELA

(firmly)

No, no, this is where I need to be. The more work we do, the more I can help Rachel. Her gifts get stronger every day, she needs me to be a part of this, to help her understand.

Lana SMILES, and NODS, GRATEFUL.

ANGELA (CONT.)

So, where are you headed to next?

LANA

I'm not sure. There are plenty of options, God knows, plenty of cities need someone to stand up for what's right.

Angels GRINS, putting her coffee down on the table, and picking up a REMOTE CONTROL.

ANGELA

Well, then, shall we get to work?

Lana mirrors the GRIN, and nods, standing.

Together, both woman turn, as Angela activates the remote with a SOFT CHIRP, and the bookcase next to them SPLITS APART, opening to reveal the COMPUTER ROOM, it's myriad of screens all displaying the default rotating ISIS LOGO...

46 EXT. OFFICE BLOCK - MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

It's a STARK, CLEAN OFFICE, illuminated only by the glow of a BANKER'S LAMP on a wooden desk. By the large windows, starring out into the lights of the city, is WHISPER A'DAIRE.

We PULL BACK, as a darkened figure approaches SLOWLY FROM BEHIND, before DUMPING a large black DUFFEL onto the desk. Whisper BARELY REACTS.

WHISPER

I hear you left him alive. Sloppy work, Kyle.

The black-garbed figure stiffens, and a LOW GROWL emanates from behind his mask. Whisper SMILES.

WHISPER (cont'd)

You know that doesn't scare me. I made you, remember.

The black-garbed figure seems to deflate, before reaching up, and pulling off his mask, revealing a frustrated KYLE ABBOTT.

KYLE

The cops arrived just as I was about to finish him. I could have taken them too, but that wouldn't have been good for business.

Whisper TURNS, and moves towards the desk, slinking into her chair.

WHISPER

Very true. At least you got the merchandise back, that's something.

KYLE

You want me to finish it at a later date?

WHISPER

No, no, his death now would draw too much attention, besides, he was a very low player in this game. He only knew his contact's details, he's of no real importance.

KYLE

Brickwell will be pleased to have the product back.

Whisper SNEERS at the comment.

WHISPER

What pleases that oaf doesn't concern me. He may be the kingpin of drugs for this city, but he's a means to an end, nothing more. When all this is done with, Intergang will be right back on top, just as it should be.

On her determined, fearsome expression, we:

FADE TO:

47 EXT. STRYKER'S ISLAND PRISON - METROPOLIS BAY - NIGHT.

It's a HEAVILY FORTIFIED but OLD LOOKING STRUCTURE, set on a small looking island just off Metropolis' coast line. HEAVY DUTY search lights SCAN both the INTERIOR courtyard and the EXTERIOR wall area, as ARMED GUARDS patrol the walls that keep the inmates in.

48 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - STRYKER'S ISLAND - CONTINUOUS.

A SMARTLY DRESSED MAN, SEBASTIAN BLOOD (handsome, early 40s, neatly styled hair, EXUDING CHARM), sits patiently at the metal table, looking up ONLY WHEN THE DOOR opens.

Escorted by a PRISON GUARD, HENRY KING shuffles in, now clad in an ORANGE JUMPSUIT, looking around SHIFTILY, NERVOUS.

GUARD

In you go, King, now.

SEBASTIAN

Ah, Dr King, so good to see you.

KING

Who--? Who are you? You're not my lawyer.

Sebastian SHOTS A LOOK at the guard, who abruptly PUSHES King into the waiting seat, before taking position by the door.

KING (CONT.)

What do you want?

SEBASTIAN

Dr. King, I don't have much time, and there are much nicer places I'd rather be at this time of night, so I'll make this quick. I want you to tell me about Rachel Roth.

King REACTS, his eyes WIDEN, and he sits up STRAIGHTER.

KING

What do you want to know?

SEBASTIAN

You saw something, didn't you? Something that scared you?

KING

She's EVIL! All the others I have relieved of their responsibilities, they were of God's design, but her, no, she had a darkness within her, it's wasn't right. She's a devil child, I'm sure of it!

Sebastian SIMPLY STARES at King for a few moments, before standing, and adjusting his suit.

KING (cont'd)  
 (disappointed)  
 You don't believe me, do you?

SEBASTIAN  
 Actually, Doctor, I believed  
 every word you told me. That was  
 all I wanted to know, thank you.

The guard opens the door, allowing Sebastian to exit, the guard following, and closing the door.

KING  
 (through the door)  
 She must be stopped, she is a  
 taint on this God-given Earth,  
 she will bring the end!

Sebastian simply SMILES at what King is shouting, before turning back to the guard.

SEBASTIAN  
 I got what I came for, if you  
 would escort Dr. King back to his  
 cell. Oh, and make sure he meets  
 with an unfortunate accident of  
 some sort at your earliest  
 opportunity.

GUARD  
 Yes, sir.

SEBASTIAN  
 The sooner the better, we don't  
 need word of what he saw getting  
 around. They'll probably dismiss  
 it as religious ramblings, but  
 better to be safe than sorry.

GUARD  
 I understand.

They each place a fist to their heart, MIRRORING each other.

SEBASTIAN  
 By the Blood of the Demon,  
 We Serve.

GUARD  
 By the Blood of the Demon,  
 We Serve.

Sebastian NODS, and walks away with a SATISFIED SMILE as we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE