

METROPOLIS: SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

1.03 | "RICOCHET"

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

Based on DC Comics Characters

Executive Producers
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XaleCorp Productions 2014

METROPOLIS: SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT
"RICOCHET"

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

RECURRING CAST

TODD RICE Chris Lowell
TOBY RAINES Kelly Rowan
SERGEANT RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS Gregory Cruz
MIKE HENDERSON Harry Lennix

GUEST CAST

OWEN MERCER Tyler Hines
GEORGE HARKNESS Nick Chinlund
KING FARADAY Alex Carter
MERCY GRAVES Stacey Keibler

SPECIAL GUEST STAR

LEX LUTHOR Michael Rosenbaum

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

(unimpressed)

The D.E.A.? Who called you guys
in?

2 INT. COMMISSIONER HENDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

It's a well appointed office, plenty of space to move
around in, a LARGE PICTURE WINDOW with a view of DOWNTOWN
METROPOLIS, and several comfortable COUCHES.Seated in the couches currently are COMMISSIONER MIKE
HENDERSON, and SPECIAL AGENT KING FARADAY (mid-40s,
handsome, silver-gray hair, smart but casually dressed).
He has a cocky smile on his face, and looks completely
relaxed being the center of attention.Standing opposite them, pointedly NOT sitting, is MAGGIE
SAWYER, as she waits for someone to answer her question.
Finally, Henderson speaks up.

HENDERSON

That would be District Attorney
Chase, Captain.

Maggie rolls her eyes, UNIMPRESSED.

MAGGIE

Yeah, that figures.

Faraday, CALMLY WATCHING the exchange, leans forward.

FARADAY

Your personal feelings about
federal agencies aside, Captain
Sawyer, I can assure you that the
Agency will be fully cooperative
with your department in the
investigation.

MAGGIE

What investigation? We've found a
few dead-end leads about this
'starlight' crap, and that's it.

(CONTINUED)

FARADAY

That's why DA Chase called us in the first place, Captain. You see, we know a little bit more than that.

MAGGIE REACTS, surprised by that statement, as Faraday picks up a briefcase besides his chair, and OPENING IT. He pulls out a MANILA FOLDER, and tosses it onto the table.

FARADAY

You were a Lieutenant in patrol back during the days Morgan Edge was in Metropolis, right?

MAGGIE

Yeah, what of it?

FARADAY

So, you'd remember Intergang, wouldn't you?

Both MAGGIE and HENDERSON REACT at the name, and cast each other a worried look.

HENDERSON

Are you telling us that Intergang is back in Metropolis?

FARADAY

We believe they are making their move to cement themselves back here, yeah.

MAGGIE

That's a load of crap! Intergang died along with Morgan Edge years ago!

FARADAY

That's what they wanted people to think, but they've slowly rebuilt and reorganized for years. They've got secure footholds in Hub City, Bludhaven and a few other places.

Faraday opens the folder, pulling it several long-distance BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS of several people.

FARADAY

They've been repositioning themselves and their people in order to make a move back into Metropolis for a couple of years, all thanks to THIS woman.

(CONTINUED)

He POINTS to one particular image, of a woman, glad in SUNGLASSES, her hair down around her shoulders, dressed smartly - it's recognizably WHISPER A'DAIRE.

FARADAY

Our sources identify her only as 'Whisper', and that's pretty much all we've heard about her, whispers. But we think she's behind the development of this 'starlight' drug you've been having problems with.

MAGGIE

Wonderful! Like this town doesn't have enough problems of it's own already.

Off of the image of a smiling, confident Whisper, we:

FADE TO:

3

EXT. ST. LOUISE'S ORPHANAGE - METROPOLIS - DAY

The grand looking building has had a slight face-lift since we last saw it in Smallville 10x08 - "Abandoned". The biggest difference being the sign by the stone wall that now reads: The LUTESSA LUTHOR HOME FOR TROUBLED CHILDREN.

There is a LARGE GROUP OF PEOPLE all milling around the main entrance, including TOBY RAINES. She is impeccably dressed, a PRESS BADGE hanging from her neck, notebook in hand, as she looks at the throng of people around her.

MERCY (O.S)

Ms. Raines?

Toby TURNS, and REACTS just ever so slightly.

In front of her stands MERCY GRAVES (tall, blond, beautiful, and hard as stone), a fixed and cold expression on her face, dressed in what looks like a chauffeur's outfit, complete with HAT.

Whoever designed this outfit though, knows how to flatter the female form, as it tucks in at ALL the right places, and practically looks PAINTED on, it's so tight.

Toby can't help but enjoy the sight for a moment, before replying.

TOBY

Yes, that's me.

(CONTINUED)

MERCY

He's ready for you now.

Without waiting for a reply, Mercy TURNS ON HER HEELS, leaving Toby to quickly follow after her, moving through the crowd towards a more secluded area, where several people converse in low voices. One of them is a BALD HEADED MAN, his back to us, as Mercy and Toby approach.

MERCY (cont'd)

Excuse me, sir, but the reporter you wanted to speak to is here.

The bald man turns, to reveal none other than ALEXANDER 'LEX' LUTHOR, the CEO of LexCorp Industries and the heir to the Luthor name. He smiles that charming, public smile of his as he sees Toby waiting for him.

LEX

Ms. Raines, so glad you could make it at short notice.

TOBY

With respect, Mr. Luthor, this isn't my usual type of event.

LEX

Yes, I must confess, I am a big fan of your work. I specifically requested you.

Toby simply raises an eyebrow - she ISN'T buying the flattering.

TOBY

Or is it that you'd prefer to have a more balanced piece written about you, by a paper that isn't as... judgmental of your actions as others?

Mercy FROWNS, and Lex's expression FALTERS for a split second, before the smile is back. Toby stands her ground - she's learned from the best, remember.

LEX

I will admit, I don't give interviews to the Daily Planet anymore, not since I sold it off for becoming too much of an overgrown tabloid.

TOBY

Whatever your reasons, Mr. Luthor, I will write the facts as I find them, I won't editorialize, but the Daily Star won't ignore the truth.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

Just as I'd expect, Ms. Raines.

They both turn to face the large building in front of them, as Toby pulls her pen from inside the notebook, and clicks it ready.

TOBY

St. Louise's was closed down after it's manager disappeared amongst allegations of abuse. Why did you decide to buy it several months ago?

LEX

Some people claim I did it as a tax write-off, others because I'm trying to reaffirm my philanthropic ways. The truth is, my half-sister, Tess, was sent away from the family home, and lived her for a short time.

Lex looks upwards slightly, smile fading slightly, as he plays the 'bereaved brother' to a tee - is that a glint of tears in his eye?

LEX

It helped forge her into the idealistic woman she was before my father's legacy forced her to take her own life. This is my way of paying tribute and remembering her, since I've lost what little memories I did have of her before.

Toby FROWNS slightly - she not 100% convinced, but willing to give Lex the benefit of the doubt.

LEX

I'd like to think she would have approved.

Mercy, STANDING SILENTLY VIGILANT, moves towards Lex, and leans in close to him.

MERCY

Sir, you asked me to remind you when it's time to make a move to your next appointment.

Lex NODS, his 'smile' and charm returning full force.

LEX

Thank you, Ms. Graves.

He TURNS BACK to the surprised Toby.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

Well, I'm afraid that's all I have time for right now, Ms. Raines. Thank you again for coming.

He starts to leave, with a gesture signaling the HEAVY-SET MAN dressed all in BLACK that has been shadowing Lex and Mercy in the background. The MAN NODS, and moves towards the LARGE BLACK LIMOUSINE parked close by to them, and stand ready, opening the door.

Toby, MORE THEN A LITTLE PISSED, makes a move towards Lex, but is quickly BLOCKED by MERCY. Toby STARES DAGGERS at the younger woman, who DOESN'T EVEN FLINCH, so she starts CALLING OUT TO Lex.

TOBY

(angrily)

Mr. Luthor, I came here to do a proper in-depth interview, not to be given a quote. If you want me to write a fair and balanced piece, I need more then what you've given me here.

The other attendees, DRAWN BY TOBY'S SHOUTS, all turn to look at what the fuss is. Lex, ready to climb into the limo, STOPS, and looks over his shoulder, CONSIDERING her words, and the ATTENTION. He NODS.

LEX

Very well.

He steps away from the car, and the MAN moves in beside him.

LEX

When would you like to--

THUNK!!

A LARGE METAL *SOMETHING* embeds itself into the CHEST of the HEAVY-SET man, and, as he turns, BLOOD SPLASHES the SURPRISED Lex in the FACE!

Both Mercy and Toby REACT in HORROR at the sight.

TOBY

Holy--!

The IMPACT throws the man AGAINST the limo, before slumping to the floor, as Lex slowly reaches up to and touches the blood staining his cheek. Mercy BOLTS from where she is standing and quickly positions herself IN FRONT of the stunned Lex - A HUMAN SHIELD.

(CONTINUED)

The assembled masses that have just witnessed the ATTACK begin to SCREAM IN FEAR AND PANIC, and start dashing for COVER. TOBY, though, RUSHES to the side of the fallen man, and quickly checks for a PULSE.

Mercy, USING THE CROWD AS COVER, quickly ushers Lex into the limo, CLOSING THE DOOR, before kneeling down by Toby.

MERCY

Otis? Is he..?

Toby SHAKES HER HEAD, sadly.

TOBY

He's dead.

Off the sight of the strange, TRIANGULAR-SHAPED object embedded into the man's chest, we:

SMASH-CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

ACT ONE

4 EXT. ST. LOUISE'S ORPHANAGE - METROPOLIS - DAY

The area is overrun with the arrival of several units of UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS, as well as 2 AMBULANCES, where on the small step of one, sits TOBY. Standing next to her, keeping the dazed woman company, is DR. BETH CHAPEL.

MAGGIE (O.S)
(worriedly)
Toby?!

Toby LOOKS UP, and smiles SOFTLY as Maggie quickly heads towards her. She stands, and the TWO EMBRACE TIGHTLY. Beth SMILES, and steps away, giving them a moment, making her way over to DANNY, standing out of the way himself.

DANNY
Is she okay?

BETH
She's fine, just a little shocked, figured I'd keep her company while we waited for you guys to get here.

Danny NODS, RELIEVED to hear it, as he watches the two woman comfort each other.

DANNY'S P.O.V.: Toby buries her head into Maggie's shoulder for a LONG MOMENT, before they break apart.

TOBY
(relieved)
I'm SO happy to see you right now.

MAGGIE
What the hell happened?! I thought this was some fluff piece your editor assigned you.

TOBY
It was, until someone tried to KILL Lex Luthor!

MAGGIE
Is he still here?

TOBY
No, he left about 5 minutes ago, once the paramedics cleared him.

Maggie gives Toby a look - she IS NOT impressed with that answer.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

What idiot let the material witness go?

TOBY

Hey, when you're Lex Luthor, you get what you want, he probably threatened to call the Mayor or something.

Maggie, ANNOYED, but UNDERSTANDING, realizes Toby has a point, but SIGHS. She looks over at where Danny and Beth are standing, next to a GURNEY with a black BODY BAG on top of it. Toby notices, and smiles slightly.

TOBY (cont'd)

(encouraging)

Go on, then. Get to work.

Maggie turns back to her, FROWNING, UNSURE.

MAGGIE

I can take you home, if you want..?

Toby SHAKES HER HEAD, her expression DETERMINED.

TOBY

Someone just tried to kill Lex Luthor, remember. We're going to need Metropolis' top detective on the case.

Maggie, ROLLING HER EYES, just before Toby quickly leans in and placing a DELICATE KISS on her cheek.

TOBY

Go on, Captain. Go solve a mystery.

With that, Toby picks up her notebook from beside her, and HEADS OFF AND AWAY from the crime scene. Maggie watches her go, FROWNING IN CONCERN, before she turns back towards Beth and Danny, making her way over to them.

MAGGIE

(all business)

What have we got?

DANNY

A weird one, boss.

MAGGIE

(exasperated)

This is Metropolis, weird is par for the course in this town.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

That may be, but this one
definitely is an odd one.

Beth OPENS the body bag and PULLS THE FLAP, exposing the DEAD MAN inside. BLOOD STAINS HIS WHITE SHIRT, which Beth parts to point at the ENTRY WOUND in the center of his upper chest.

MAGGIE

That's no bullet wound, that's
for sure. Too neat, almost like a
knife wound.

BETH

The weapon sliced straight
through into the chest cavity,
pierced the heart. Even if the
blow hadn't killed him instantly,
he would have bled out at the
scene before help arrived.

MAGGIE

So what killed him? Some kind of
throwing knife?

BETH

(unsure)
Not... exactly, no.

She REACHES over to the end of the BODY BAG, and picks up a FOLDED, CLEAR EVIDENCE BAG, offering it to Maggie. She takes the bag, UNFOLDING it, her FROWN DEEPENING.

MAGGIE

You've got to be kidding me!

MAGGIE'S P.O.V.: In her hands, inside the bag, is a BLOOD-STAINED LOOKING BLUE/SILVER BOOMERANG!! Off that rather strange site, we:

FADE TO:

5 INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - DAY

The BOOMERANG, still inside the evidence bag, lies on a table, as a HAND comes into view, a LATEX GLOVE being pulled on with a SNAP!

WALLY WEST, in a LAB COAT and SAFETY GLASSES, stretches out his GLOVED FINGERS, before reaching for the bag. With a knife, he CUTS OPEN the seal, and slowly reaches in, PULLING the boomerang out and laying it onto a METAL TRAY.

(CONTINUED)

Taking a COTTON SWAB, he collects A BLOOD SAMPLE, placing the swap into an evidence container. GINGERLY picking up the boomerang, he moves it over to the FUMING UNIT, and clips it in place, before closing it and pressing a CONTROL.

He watches, SMILING, as the super-glue fumes rise upwards in the UNIT, but the smile FADES quickly.

WALLY'S P.O.V.: NO FINGERPRINTS ARE SHOWING UP.

FADE TO:

The boomerang, now back IN THE METAL TRAY, as Wally uses SEVERAL DIFFERENT TOOLS, in order to PRIES OPEN A SECTION of the boomerang. Wally's face is a PICTURE OF CONCENTRATION, until his eyes WIDEN IN SURPRISE, and he sits back on his stool, AMAZED.

CUT TO:

6 INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - DAY (LATER)

We open onto the LARGEST of Wally's MONITOR SCREENS, is a display of the HOLLOW INTERIOR of something.

WALLY (O.S)
(impressed)
You do bring me some interesting
toys.

Wally, MAGGIE and DANNY are in the lab space, all looking at the MAIN SCREEN, as Wally HOLDS A FIBRE-OPTIC CAMERA over the opened boomerang. Maggie stands with her arms crossed, FROWNING CURIOUSLY at the image, while Danny lets out an appreciative whistle.

DANNY
Looks pretty sophisticated for a
boomerang.

WALLY
Actually, the material itself is
quite dated, but the construction
is incredibly skilled. Whoever
made this isn't just smart,
they're an artist.

MAGGIE
Wait, you're saying someone out
there is making boomerangs into
deadly weapons?

Wally NODS, ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

(CONTINUED)

WALLY

This was DESIGNED to do damage,
and to do it well. The edges are
RAZOR SHARP, it's definitely been
made to inflict some major hurt.

DANNY

Still doesn't mean the guy is a
good shot, I mean, he missed
Luthor.

MAGGIE

(nodding)

According to eyewitness
statements, he was climbing into
his car, but stepped away just as
the boomerang hit his bodyguard,
who was behind him.

WALLY

Talk about split-second timing.

MAGGIE

What about the construction
materials themselves? Any leads
on those, any serial numbers?

Wally SHAKES HIS HEAD, and REPOSITIONS THE CAMERA, before
pointing to the screen. The IMAGE shows a close up on a
BURNT, PITTED AREA.

WALLY

Burnt off, it looks like. I can
try a couple of different
techniques to recover them, but
they might degrade the condition
of the boomerang itself.

Maggie SIGHS, before NODDING.

MAGGIE

Okay, Wally, do what you can with
identifying where the parts come
from, okay?

Wally NODS, and TURNS BACK to his work, placing the camera
down, as Maggie and Danny HEAD OUT. Wally seats himself,
and leans in EXTRA CLOSE, admiring the handiwork again.

WALLY

(awed)

Most definitely an artist!

Off his ADMIRATION, we:

CUT TO:

7 INT. SCU BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie and Danny walk into the large area, and immediately notice that, although everyone is working, they are ALL CASTING NERVOUS GLANCES AT EACH OTHER.

MAGGIE

What the hell's gotten into everybody?

TODD RICE, shuffling somewhat NERVOUSLY HIMSELF by his desk, spots the two of them, and quickly RUSHES OVER, a LOOK OF RELIEF washing over him.

TODD

Thank God, I was just about to call you.

DANNY

Why is everyone looking like they're waiting to see whose about to get pink-slipped?

TODD

That might be due to the person waiting for you two in Maggie's office.

Off of their SHARED LOOKS OF WORRY, we:

CUT TO:

8 INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

The door ABRUPTLY OPENS, as Maggie walks in without so much as an ounce of hesitation, to see:

LEX LUTHOR, standing near her desk, PEERING CLOSELY at a framed diploma on the wall.

LEX

Captain Sawyer, I never realized you were from Star City.

MAGGIE

(annoyed)

Mr. Luthor, it's customary to wait to be invited in to someone's office. What, you're too good to simply wait in the bullpen like everyone else?

Lex BLINKS at Maggie's brazen comment, before giving that STATESMAN SMILE of his, as he turns and seats himself in one of the chairs by Maggie's desk.

(CONTINUED)

LEX
 (amused)
 You're just as forthright as I've
 been told.

MAGGIE
 (backing off slightly)
 That's not the word you used
 before to describe me... but I
 don't suppose you remember that,
 huh?

Maggie and Danny both move into the office proper, Maggie taking her own seat behind the desk, as Todd CLOSES THE DOOR from the outside, giving them privacy.

LEX
 Sadly, no. I can only assume
 you're referring to certain
 allegations you made after my
 father's suicide? I may not
 remember those events anymore,
 but I have been filled in on what
 happened. Rest assured I hold no
 grudges anymore for an officer of
 the law doing their job.

Danny, standing behind Maggie, scoffs slightly, while Maggie COCKS AN EYEBROW DOUBTFULLY.

MAGGIE
 Are you here to make changes to
 your statement of the events of
 earlier today?

The STATESMAN SMILE fades slightly, and Lex seems to VISIBLY DEFLATE for a moment, before looking up, ALL SERIOUSNESS.

LEX
 Actually, I am here to ask for
 your help.

Off Maggie's and Danny's looks of SURPRISE, we:

CUT TO:

9 EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - METROPOLIS - DAY

The usual rundown looking area of the Slums, the warehouse's windows are boarded up, as flickering street lights offer some feeble illumination.

LEX (V.O)
 Someone is trying to kill me and
 I'd like you to figure out who
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEX (V.O) (cont'd)
they are and why they're after
me.

10 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - METROPOLIS - DAY

INSIDE, the warehouse looks as EMPTY and ABANDONED as the exterior suggests...

EXCEPT FOR ONE SMALL WORKBENCH.

It is kitted out in ALL SORT OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT, from soldering irons, various tools, meters and appliances, ILLUMINATED BY TWO HEAVY-DUTY CONSTRUCTION LAMPS.

SITTING AT THE BENCH, HARD AT WORK, is OUR MYSTERY MAN (late 20, reddish-brown hair, just a bit too long, handsome). In front of him, lay THREE SILVER/BLUE BOOMERANGS!

He LEANS BACK, surveying his work, with a satisfied smile, before looking up at some OFF-SCREEN, his expression softening slightly.

MAN'S P.O.V.: a worn looking photo, beautifully framed, of a FAMILIAR-LOOKING YOUNG GIRL, about 12 or so, next to a young, frail looking boy, of about 5 or 6.

The MAN reaches out and strokes the image of the girl gently... before his EXPRESSION HARDENS WITH ANGER.

He carelessly grabs ONE of the completed BOOMERANGS, and WITHOUT SO MUCH AS AIMING IT, turns around and THROWS IT POWERFULLY ACROSS THE ROOM--

--where it SOLIDLY SLAMS itself into a picture of LEX LUTHOR pinned to the wall. Off this sight of the boomerang EMBEDDED between the eyes of Lex's image, we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

11 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

Lex Luthor asking for help, not something I expected to hear.

12 INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie is still seated, and Danny leans against the filing cabinet behind the desk, ARMS CROSSED, while both watch Lex as he SLOWLY PACES the short length of the room.

MAGGIE

Why come to the police? You've always made a point of dealing with any other problems you've encountered with your own security division.

LEX

I've been following the work of your Special Crimes Unit since it's inception, and it was a decision I supported. We can't have everyone really on those so-called 'heroes' to solve all our problems.

DANNY

Those 'so-called heroes' have done a lot of good in the last few years.

LEX

I don't disagree, but should they be allowed to operate so freely, whereas the actions of official law enforcement personnel are constrained by the law itself?

MAGGIE

We're getting off topic here. We can debate the good versus the bad of heroes another time. We should focus on the particular case at hand.

LEX

Indeed. You see, LexCorp Security has known about a threat to my person for several months, ever

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEX (cont'd)
since I started receiving
letters, actual HAND-WRITTEN
letters from this one individual.

MAGGIE
This 'individual', do they have a
name? Or are they just signed,
"love and kisses"?

LEX
Hardly. In fact, they ARE signed,
but when they attempted to gather
intel on him, they found NOTHING.
The identity is only a few years
old, and doesn't appear to have a
fixed address.

DANNY
And your private army hasn't been
able to track him down?

LEX
Unfortunately, no. With this
sudden escalation from threats to
an actual attack, I felt it was
time to come to ask for official
help.

MAGGIE
Because the threat has now become
public knowledge?

LEX
To a degree, yes. You see, I have
a function with the Metropolis
Commerce Guild tomorrow evening,
and now that this individual has
demonstrated that they don't mind
innocent blood being spilled, I
don't want to put those people at
risk.

DANNY
On these letters, what's the name
that's given.

LEX
Harkness. Owen Harkness

13 INT. LEXCORP TOWER - SECURITY STORAGE ROOM

LIGHTS COME ON, illuminating the stark metallic looking
room, as the ELECTRONIC DOOR opens, allowing both WALLY
WEST, and MERCY GRAVES to enter.

(CONTINUED)

Wally, pushing a LARGE MAIL CART in front of him, LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM, his expression CRESTFALLEN.

WALLY'S P.O.V.: The room is FILLED with cardboard boxes, HUNDREDS OF THEM.

MAGGIE (V.O)

We're going to need ALL those letters, I assume you've kept them?

LEX (V.O)

Of course, it's standard security policy, they've been filed away with all the others that I've received over the years.

Following behind Mercy, who has a LARGE CART of her own, they head to a particular section, where Mercy gestures at several boxes kept to the side.

Wally NODS in understanding, but stays where he is, ENJOYING THE VIEW, SMILING in a rather GOOFY fashion, as Mercy bends down to pick up several boxes and lifts them onto her trolley.

DANNY (V.O)

You keep your hate mail?

LEX (V.O)

It pays to know your enemies, Detective Turpin.

Mercy turns, and FIXES Wally with a ANNOYED GLARE, and the red-head quickly pulls himself together, and begins lifting boxes, as we:

FADE TO:

14 INT. S.C.U. CONFERENCE ROOM - METRO CENTRAL - DAY (LATER)

The surface of the room's LARGE RECTANGULAR TABLE is covered completely in CARDBOARD BOXES, as well as dozens of opened letters.

WALLY and DANNY, each wearing latex gloves, are going over the letters, each of them looking RATHER TIRED as they do. Finally, Danny's head DROOPS, and he SLAMS the letter to the table! Wally JUMPS in surprise!

WALLY

Hey, that's evidence, remember?!

DANNY

(apologetic)

Sorry, sorry! It's just, there's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANNY (cont'd)
only so many angry letters a guy
can read!

WALLY
Be thankful they separated this
loony's from all the others,
otherwise we'd really be screwed!

DANNY
Yeah, I suppose. Still, this guy,
he really has got it in for
Luthor. Promises of revenge,
getting even, making him pay.

WALLY
But he doesn't say WHY he hates
him so much, they're all just
vague warnings,
nothing specific.

DANNY
Good point. I wonder what made
him strike today, though? I mean,
what was it that made today so
special?

WALLY
Well, it is his sister's
birthday, remember..?

Danny REACTS, surprised.

DANNY
Whose?

WALLY
Lex Luthor's! Tess Mercer,
remember, that's why he was
dedicating that new home he set
up in that abandoned orphanage. I
mean, yeah, it's named after her
birth name, not her legal name,
but still.

DANNY
So maybe this guy was making some
kind of a point about... I don't
know, family?

As he speaks, the DOOR to the conference room opens, and
TODD walks in, carrying a LARGE MANILA FOLDER.

TODD
I don't know about the 'why', but
I think I've figured out some of
the 'how', that's for sure.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

You got something?

TODD

I knew all this talk of
'boomerangs' ran a bell, so I did
a little digging.

He puts the folder on the table, OPENS it, and pushes it towards DANNY and WALLY, who both lean in. The file is a CRIME REPORT, alongside a BOOKING SHEET which contains a MUG SHOT.

TODD (V.O)

Turns out there was ANOTHER
boomerang enthusiast who roamed
the streets of Metropolis a few
years ago. He also has the *same*
last name.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. STRYKER'S ISLAND PRISON - METROPOLIS BAY

Establishing shot of the island facility.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

George Harkness, aka 'Captain
Boomerang'.

16 INT. STRYKER'S ISLAND PRISON - INTERVIEW ROOM

The CELL DOOR opens, and in walks the man from the photo, GEORGE HARKNESS (early-50s, shaved head, well built, moody looking), clad in a standard prison-issue ORANGE JUMPSUIT.

He REACTS to the site of MAGGIE SAWYER sitting at the metal table in the middle of the room, before smiling in a rather cocky, arrogant fashion.

HARKNESS

(Australian accent)

It's been a while since I've
heard that. In here, everyone
calls me 'Digger'.

He takes the seat on the other side of the table, making a point of putting his CUFFED WRISTS on the table top.

HARKNESS

So, what brings Metropolis'
finest to Stryker's to see an old
bloke like me?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

I think you might have some information on a case I'm working on right not.

HARKNESS

And why would I help you, darling?

Maggie GRINS, amused, catching Harkness OFF GUARD.

MAGGIE

It must have killed you, being caught by Green Arrow. I mean, you went up against the legendary Justice Society of America back in the day.

HARKNESS

Not one of my finer moments, I grant you. See, those were the days, you really knew where you stood with those guys, they had style! Not like these punks today who call themselves 'heroes'.

MAGGIE

Still, you went off the grid for quite a few years, then suddenly come out of retirement, only to end up nabbed on your first job!

Harkness SHOTS her a look of ANNOYANCE.

HARKNESS

'Green Arrow'?! Urgh, that guy was all show, he didn't have anything on the older generation.

MAGGIE

He did a good number on you, though.

Harkness leans back in his chair, pulling his arms in close against his chest.

HARKNESS

Is there a point to this trip down Memory Lane, or are you just bored, Detective?

Maggie opens and pushes a MANILA FOLDER across to Harkness, on which is a photo of the BOOMERANG WEAPON. Harkness FROWNS, and leans in for a closer look.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

This was used in an attempt to kill Lex Luthor. Recognize it?

HARKNESS

(incredulous)

What, you think I'm building and throwing out new merchandise while I'm locked up in this hell hole?

MAGGIE

Maybe, maybe not. You tell me. The guy is even using your last name, George.

HARKNESS

You're off your flaming rocker, lady! I may not exactly be a model citizen, but I was NEVER a killer, I wouldn't get mixed up in something like that!

He TAKES ANOTHER LOOK, turning the photo round a few times, PEERING AT IT CLOSELY.

HARKNESS

I tell you what, though, the design, it DOES look like one of mine. Yeah, something from my drawing board, but I didn't get the chance to ever build, thanks to that wanna-be Robin Hood.

MAGGIE

So, what, someone stumbled across your designs?

HARKNESS

(proudly)

Hey, it's possible. You know, ever since the JSA come out of the woodwork, I've been getting fan mail. I hear there's even an exhibit about me at their Brownstone Museum.

MAGGIE

(deadpan)

You must be thrilled.

HARKNESS

(insulted)

About being imitated by a wanna-be copycat hack, whose trying to kill the richest man in Metropolis? Yeah, sure, why not

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARKNESS (cont'd)
just trample over everything I
worked for as well. That's just
how I want to be remembered, I
don't think!

Off Maggie's GROWING ANNOYANCE, realizing this
conversation isn't helping in the SLIGHTEST, we:

CUT TO:

17 EXT. LEXCORP TOWER - METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the LexCorp building, as we PAN DOWN
and move closer to the MAIN DOORS of the building, just as
LEX LUTHOR, flanked by both MERCY GRAVES and DANNY TURPIN
exits.

As one, they head towards the limousine parked on the
outskirts of LexCorp Plaza, Mercy leading, Danny at the
rear, and Lex between them.

Unseen by them, a hooded individual, dressed in various
layers of clothing, stood near a TRASH CAN, casts veiled
looks their way.

LEX
Is it really necessary for you to
be here, Detective Turpin? I
wanted your department's help in
locating the person after me,
that was all.

DANNY
We're a full service operation,
Mr. Luther.

LEX
I assure you, Ms. Graves is
perfectly capable of protecting
me, that's why I hired her.

Danny can't help but give Mercy a QUICK ONCE OVER, as she
moves ahead of them, and opens the door the limo for Lex.

DANNY
Oh, I don't doubt that, but you
wanted our help, so that means
you get me here with you now, so
get used to it.

Lex stops, several feet away from the limo, and turns back
to look at Danny, SMILING IN AMUSEMENT, crossing his arms
casually.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

I see working with Captain Sawyer has caused you to pick up some of her habits. You should be careful, it could cause trouble.

Danny FROWNS, BRISTLING at the comment.

DANNY

With respect, Mr. Luthor, I don't need lessons in manners from you, I'm just here to do a job.

LEX

Protecting a man you obviously don't care for. Tell me, did we have some kind of interaction in my forgotten past?

DANNY

Not personally, no. Sure, I've spent my career cleaning up plenty of Luthorcorp's messes. But that won't affect me or my ability to do my job. Now, please, get in the damned car!

As they talk, Mercy watches, ROLLING HER EYES at their words, before SOMETHING OFF-SCREEN CATCHES HER ATTENTION.

MERCY'S P.O.V.: the HOODED INDIVIDUAL leaves his trash can behind, and PURPOSEFULLY starts walking towards them, HANDS in pockets.

Mercy FROWNS, SQUINTING and taking a step forward away from the limo, before her eyes WIDEN IN SURPRISE--

--as the HOODED INDIVIDUAL pulls his hands from his pockets, each one HOLDING A RAZOR-SHARP BOOMERANG, that GLINT in the light.

MERCY

(shouts)

Behind you!

Both Danny and Lex LOOK to Mercy before SNAPPING THEIR HEADS TO see what she is pointing at--

--as the two BOOMERANGS come HURTLING TOWARDS THEM AT LIGHTNING SPEED!

Danny REACTS and GRABS HOLD of Lex, and pulls him DOWN TO THE GROUND.

THUNK! THUNK!

The BOOMERANGS EMBED themselves into the metal of the limo, right next to where Mercy is standing.

(CONTINUED)

Danny, STILL ON THE GROUND, covering Lex in a PROTECTIVE MANNER, looks up, as the man pulls his hood off, revealing OWEN HARKNESS. He shoots them a look of FURIOUS RAGE, before turning on his heel, and MAKING A RUN FOR IT.

Mercy, KNEELING DOWN next to the two of them, focuses on Lex.

MERCY (cont'd)

Mr. Luthor..?

LEX

I'm fine, a little stunned, but fine.

Danny quickly stands, and GIVES CHASE, tossing a quick look back at them.

DANNY

Get him inside, and call for back-up!

With that, Danny is GONE, RUNNING down the street, following behind a RETREATING Owen.

WE FOLLOW Danny as he runs at FULL SPEED, pushing past various pedestrians as OWEN WEAVES in and out of them with impunity, before disappearing DOWN A SIDE ALLEY.

SLOWING, Danny comes to the mouth of the ALLEY, pausing to DRAW HIS SERVICE WEAPON, before entering into the DIMLY LIT AREA. He walks down it CAREFULLY for several meters, before SPOTTING SOMETHING on the GROUND.

He KNEELS, only to find a DISCARDED JACKET, the same one Owen was wearing moments ago. He looks down the ALLEY, FROWNING, ANNOYED before--

WHACK!

EYES ROLLING INTO HIS HEAD, Danny drops out of camera sight, as behind him, OWEN HARKNESS stands, holding the piece of DIRTY BROKEN PIPING that he struck Danny with. He DROPS the pipe, and HISSES in PAIN, looking at his hand.

OWEN'S P.O.V.: His hand is bleeding from a small but nasty gash.

He clenches the hand into a fist, before looking down at the PRONE, UNCONSCIOUS FORM of Danny Turpin before we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

18 EXT. METROPOLIS ALLEYWAY - DAY (LATER)

The area is now FILLED with both uniformed officers and plainclothes detectives, as well as technicians from the Crime Scene Unit.

Working alongside them is WALLY, who is currently examining a piece of PIPE - the PIECE OF BROKEN PIPE Owen used to knock Danny unconscious. He SCRUTINIZES the PIPE, quickly spotting the SMALL PATCH OF DRIED BLACK/RED LIQUID on one end.

He reaches into his CRIME SCENE KIT, and pulls out a COTTON SWAB, and lightly dabs it to the substance, before laying the pipe down. He then takes a SMALL DROP BOTTLE from his kit, and HOLDING the COTTON SWAB UP, SQUEEZES a DROP of CLEAR LIQUID onto the SWAB. The SWAB INSTANTLY TURNS PURPLE - IT'S BLOOD.

MAGGIE (O.S)
(worried)
Is it Danny's?

Wally, CAUGHT OFF GUARD, turns to see Maggie heading towards him, alongside SERGEANT RUSSEL TEN-CLOUDS, both looking GRIM.

WALLY
No way to tell until I get it to the lab. There isn't any blood trail, so whoever it belongs to, they didn't bleed out too much here.

That doesn't ease Maggie's concern, and she SQUEEZES the bridge of her nose, closing her eyes for a moment, as Ten Clouds looks at her, CONCERNED.

MAGGIE
Has anyone called Danny's wife yet?

TEN CLOUDS
Suzie? No, she's out of town with the little guy, visiting her mother in Opal City.

Maggie gives him a SURPRISED LOOK.

MAGGIE
I didn't know. I guess I haven't had time for a decent catch up with him lately.

(CONTINUED)

Maggie looks back at the BLOODY PIPE, WORRIED, as Ten Clouds lays a hand on her shoulder.

TEN CLOUDS

We'll get him back, boss, don't worry. Every SCU officer is being called in for this, and every precinct in the city is mobilizing.

Maggie looks at him for a moment, before NODDING, her RESOLVE HARDENING.

MAGGIE (V.O)

We don't know much about the man who has been targeting Lex Luthor, only a name: "Owen Harkness".

CUT TO:

19 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - DAY (LATER)

Establishing shot of the building.

MAGGIE (V.O)

We believe that name to be false, taken because he has some kind of hero-worship fantasy regarding George Harkness, a career criminal locked up in Stryker's who had a thing for boomerang-themed robberies.

20 INT. SCU BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie stand in the CENTER of the BULLPEN, moving slowly in a circle as she talks, looking out to each and everyone of her officers. TEN CLOUDS stands by his desk, and TODD RICE stands next to him, focused on what Maggie is SAYING.

MAGGIE

We've got help from other precincts, but to put it bluntly, their priority will be finding Owen, not our man Danny.

She stops, and SIGHS for a moment, before looking back up.

MAGGIE

We all know Danny's history, and we all know he made a hard decision, the RIGHT decision, and he's our teammate, our friend. I DO NOT want his fate left in the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE (cont'd)
hands of people who still look
down on him for what he did.

The crowd of officers ALL VOICE THEIR AGREEMENT, and Maggie smiles slightly, PROUD OF HER TEAM.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
You know what to do. Get out
there, hit the streets, talk to
people, find out what you can
about this guy. Go on, get!

The ASSEMBLED OFFICERS split up and head out, or start making phone calls, or going through papers, as Maggie heads over to her office.

As she passes one DESK in particular, we PAN DOWN, and see the name on the plaque of who the desk belongs to: DANNY TURPIN. On the image of that name, we:

FADE TO:

21 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - METROPOLIS (LATER)

AN EXTREME CLOSE UP OF A CLOSED EYELID, that SQUIRMS for a moment before SNAPPING OPEN!

We PULL BACK to see DANNY, COMING TO HIS SENSES FAST, and attempting to SIT UP, only for a WAVE OF DIZZINESS to pass over him.

REACHING UP to touch the back of his ACHING HEAD, he soon notices his HANDS AND FEET are BOUND in ROPE, and he fidgets, KNOCKING AGAINST the wall behind him, with a LOUD BANG.

OWEN (O.S)
You're awake. I was afraid I'd
hit you too hard.

Danny REACTS to the voice, looking up and around for the source, CAUTIOUS as someone approaches from the SHADOWS - it's OWEN HARKNESS. He kneels down into shot, but this time, the look of RAGE we saw before is replaced by a GENUINE LOOK OF CONCERN.

OWEN
I thought you were more private
security for Luthor, I didn't
know you were a cop.

He says the name with a LARGE HELPING OF DISDAIN, his expression TWISTING INTO A SCOWL. Danny SCOFFS.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Look, pal, you're in a whole different world of trouble now, taking a cop prisoner?

OWEN

Honestly, I don't care what happens to me once I'm done. I just want to make sure I make Luthor pay for what he did before I let you go.

DANNY

I don't know what your personal beef with the Luthors is, but the S.C.U. are involved in this now, even more with me here like this.

He holds up his BOUND HANDS to illustrate his point. Owen SHAKES HIS HEAD, seemingly CONFLICTED.

OWEN

Why?! Lex Luthor is a killer! We'd be better off without him, and all I want is him. ONLY HIM!

DANNY

Oh yeah, what about that guard you killed, trying to get to Luthor? Huh? His name was Otis, by the way.

OWEN

(angrily)

That was a mistake, Luthor moved at the last damn second, the boomerang was meant for HIM! Besides, when you work for the Luthors, you give up the right to be thought of as innocent.

DANNY

(defiantly)

So why not kill me too, then?

OWEN

Like you said, you're a cop, you're doing your duty, you're not there by choice protecting that murdering son of a bitch.

DANNY

Nice justification you've given yourself there. That how you sleep at night?

Owen ABRUPTLY STANDS, tired of the baiting Danny is doing, and walks off.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

I've got work to do. I'll bring you some food before I go, and when I get back, this will all be over.

He walks back INTO THE SHADOWS, and after a moment, there is the distinctive BANG of a DOOR closing. Danny WATCHES him leave, SHAKING HIS HEAD to himself, before looking around the room in the dim lit from the WORK LIGHTS on the other side of the room.

He LOOKS UP, and sees the BOOMERANG STILL EMBEDDED in the wall - and Lex's FACE - from earlier, and GRINS to himself.

With some effort, STILL DIZZY, he stands, and POSITIONING HIS BOUND HANDS over the sharp edge of the weapon, BEGINS MOVING THEM BACK AND FORTH. As the threads begin to FRAY AND SPLIT, we:

CUT TO:

22 INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie is SAT at her desk, FUTILELY staring at paperwork, but GETTING NOWHERE WITH IT. Frustrated, she SLAMS the pen down on the desk, and pushes AWAY FROM IT, with an EXASPERATED BREATH.

After a moment, she opens up the TOP DRAWER, and PULLS OUT a BATTERED PACK OF CIGARETTES, and pulls one from the pack, and puts it to her lips. As she does, she SPOTS the FRAMED PICTURE of HERSELF and TOBY RAINES on her desk, looking back at her.

With a soft sigh, she REMOVES the cigarette, and puts it back in the pack, and onto the desk, just as someone TAPS on the glass of the OFFICE DOOR.

MAGGIE

Come in!

The door opens, and TODD enters, with several sheets of printed paper, and a TIRED LOOK on his face.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

(concerned)

You look awful.

TODD

(amused)

Gee, thanks, Maggie. I love you too. Don't worry, I'm just tired, I've been on the phone with a few people I know, who have access to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TODD (cont'd)
certain information that might
not be easily available.

Maggie FROWNS, and COCKS an EYEBROW.

MAGGIE
Do I want to know more then that?

TODD
Probably not, no.

MAGGIE
Fair enough. What do you have.

TODD
Something rather interesting. It
seems what Lex Luthor told you
about "Owen Harkness" is true -
he didn't exist until a few years
ago.

MAGGIE
Okay, where are you going with
this?

TODD
It turns out he's from Baton
Rouge, and he was born there
around the time that George
Harkness was known to be
operating in that area.

MAGGIE
Maybe a coincidence.

TODD
Oh, that's not the best bit. I
found out his birth name. The
"Owen" part is true, but the rest
is where things get really good.

He hands her a sheet of printed paper, and Maggie SCANS
through it, and REACTS to what she reads. She looks up at
Todd, SHOCKED.

MAGGIE
Is this confirmed?

Todd NODS ENTHUSIASTICALLY, just as the DOOR BURSTS OPEN,
and a VERY OUT OF BREATH WALLY stands in the door way,
SURPRISING both Maggie and Todd.

TODD
Jeez, Wally, what the hell--?

WALLY
 (panting)
 DNA... results... blood...
 pipe... weird!

He BENDS OVER DOUBLE, gasping in air in big breaths, holding one finger up for their attention.

MAGGIE
 You RAN all the way up?

WALLY
 Elevator... too slow... jeez, I
 need to exercise more!

He stands back upright, and nods to himself.

WALLY
 Okay, I'm good. Huh, where was I?
 Oh, right! The DNA! The blood,
 it's not Danny's. There wasn't a
 100% match in the system, but I
 did find someone who shared half
 their alleles in common with
 them.

MAGGIE
 Meaning a mother or father,
 right?

WALLY
 Exactly, and the good news is,
 you've already been to see them
 once today.

Maggie FROWNS for a moment, before ANGRY REALIZATION dawns on her face, as we:

CUT TO:

23 INT. STRYKER'S ISLAND PRISON - HARKNESS' CELL - DAY

In the 'relative' comfort of his CELL, GEORGE HARKNESS lays back on his cot, READING A BOOK in peace--

--until the CELL DOOR OPENS, to reveal a VERY PISSED MAGGIE SAWYER standing there, staring DAGGERS at him.

HARKNESS
 What the f--?

MAGGIE
 Cut the crap, Harkness, I know the damn truth. Owen "Harkness" didn't take that name out of some misplaced fan worship, did he?

(CONTINUED)

HARKNESS
 (caught off guard)
 Wha-- what do you mean?

MAGGIE
 He's your goddamn SON!

Off HARKNESS, realizing he's been CAUGHT OUT, we:

CUT TO:

24 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

DANNY is still ATTEMPTING TO FREE HIMSELF, his bonds almost cut through, as he cautiously LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER, just as the FINAL BOND BREAKS.

He pulls the remaining strands off his wrists, before CROUCHING DOWN AND UNTYING the ropes at his ankles, kicking them off, RELIEVED.

Slowly, he MAKES HIS WAY over to the door OWEN exited through earlier, and PRESSES an ear to it - NOTHING.

As he LISTENS, he SPOTS the workbench, STILL BRIGHTLY LIT from the TWO WORK LAMPS that stand by it, and SQUINTS, SOMETHING CATCHING HIS ATTENTION.

He moves closer and PICKS UP the framed photo Owen held earlier, FROWNING, as he spots another PICTURE, partially buried under several pieces of ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT.

BRUSHING AWAY the debris on top of it, he REACTS, and quickly GRABS IT.

DANNY'S P.O.V.: It's a Luthercorp publicity photo - of TESS MERCER!

He holds a PICTURE IN EITHER HAND, and positions the FRAMED PHOTO next to the PUBLICITY STILL - the photos were taken YEARS APART, but it's unmistakably the SAME PERSON in the photo! The red-haired pre-teen IS Tess!

25 INT. STRYKER'S ISLAND PRISON - HARKNESS' CELL - DAY

Harkness now sits up, seated on the edge of his cot, looking down at his feet, as Maggie stands, ARMS CROSSED.

MAGGIE
 Why hide it? Didn't you think we'd figure it out?!

HARKNESS
 (defensive)
 I didn't know! I mean, I wasn't sure! This kid, this guy, he
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARKNESS (cont'd)
turns up out of the blue, about 4
years ago or so. He came in,
started saying he was MY SON, and
I freaked! I had no idea who he
was, who he was talking about
when he told me about his mother.

MAGGIE
Maybe I can refresh your memory,
huh?

Harkness SHOTS HER A CONFUSED LOOK.

MAGGIE
Baton Rouge. 1988 or so, you were
running a little scheme down
there, you hooked up with a
bored, lonely housewife maybe?
The surname was--

HARKNESS
(interrupting)
Oh my god... Her? Yeah, yeah, I
remember her. She... she got
pregnant?

MAGGIE
(disgusted/sarcastic)
Imagine that, really?! Look, just
tell me what you told him, where
did he find all these designs and
equipment?

HARKNESS
I didn't, I swear! I had no way
of knowing what he was saying was
true or not, and besides I
wouldn't just hand over--

He STOPS ABRUPTLY, GRIMACING, but Maggie doesn't let him
off the hook that easily.

MAGGIE
Hand over 'what'?! Come on,
Harkness, if your kid kills a
cop, do you really want that?!

HARKNESS
(sighs)
Back in the day, I set up a
series of boltholes, places I go
if I need to lay low, fix myself
up, replace equipment, that kind
of thing. This kid, he's
resourceful, he found out loads
about me, stuff I never told

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARKNESS (cont'd)
 anyone in my crews. He might have
 found them too.

Maggie PULLS out her NOTEBOOK AND PEN from her JACKET
 POCKET, and tosses them at Harkness, who CATCHES THEM
 EASILY.

MAGGIE
 Addresses. Now.

CUT TO:

26 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

Danny is STILL STANDING by the workbench, holding the
 photos, CONFUSED, when the DOOR OPENS, CATCHING HIM BY
 SURPRISE.

He SPINS, but it's TOO LATE - OWEN has already walked in,
 and seen him, and DRAWN A GUN - DANNY'S SERVICE WEAPON!
 Owen, dressed in what looks like a CATER-WAITER OUTFIT,
 looks at him, SURPRISED, but then sees the photos, and his
 face CLOUDS WITH ANGER.

OWEN
 What are you--? Put the pictures
 down, now!

Danny SLOWLY AND GENTLY does as his told, laying both
 pictures face down on the workbench, before raising his
 hands above his head.

DANNY
 Is that my gun?

OWEN
 Never mind that, how'd you get
 loose?

DANNY
 You left me in a room with lots
 of sharp-edged weapons, you
 figured it out!

Owen slowly moved forward, TOWARDS the workbench, and
 READJUSTS the framed picture, placing it back upright.
 Danny watches with curiosity.

DANNY (cont'd)
 I don't get you, you HATE Lex
 Luthor, hell the family in
 general, but you've got a thing
 for Lex's kid sister?

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

(defensive)

She wasn't a Luthor, she was a Mercer. That's how she was raised, it was Lex that corrupted her, and Lex that killed her!

DANNY

So, what? You're out for justice?! Tess Mercer killed herself!

OWEN

(furious)

No! No, she didn't! Lex killed her! He made everyone think it was suicide, that she took her own life, but Tess would never do that! I knew her, knew what she was like, she was strong! She'd never do that!

DANNY

But why do you care?! What is she to you, some school yard crush?

OWEN

She was FAMILY!

Danny FROWNS, OPENLY CONFUSED NOW. Owen sighs, his TEMPER EASING, but the gun's aim DOES NOT WAVER.

OWEN (cont'd)

"Harkness", that comes from my biological father, but my legal name, it's Mercer. Owen Mercer. Tess was my sister.

Off Danny's STUNNED AMAZEMENT, we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

27 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

Danny is still trying to process what he's just learned.

DANNY

Tess Mercer... is your SISTER?!

OWEN

(sighs)

My parents adopted Tess out of St. Louise's Orphanage, after Lionel Luthor set it up. See, the man I called my 'father' had worked as a foreman for a Luthorcorp plant back in Baton Rouge. Luthor knew they wanted a family but couldn't conceive. But when I came along later, Tess became a big sister.

Owen starts to pace, and Danny TENSES, waiting for the right moment to MAKE A MOVE.

OWEN

Our so-called father, he took his temper out on the rest of us. Tess, she always stood up for me, took plenty of beatings for it. He even broke her damned arm once, the bastard. You know, I figured he hated me, because that drunk knew HE was the reason they couldn't have kids, yet there I was all of a sudden.

Owen moves back towards the workbench, and picks up the FRAMED PICTURE again, looking at it with NOSTALGIA.

OWEN (cont'd)

Tess got out of there as soon as she could, never looked back, and I don't blame her. We never knew who she really was until after her death. It was just before she was MURDERED that I found out where I came from. Dad was long gone, and Mom saw the news report about the JSA, and decided now was a good time to tell me the truth about where I really came from.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

The truth being some maniac with a thing for boomerangs who passed through Baton Rouge around the same time your mom wound up pregnant?

OWEN

(chuckles mirthlessly)
Yeah, that about sums it up, sure. I tracked him down to Stryker's, visited him, wanting answers about where I came from, but he wanted nothing to do with me. I can't blame him, I came out of nowhere with this huge revelation, no wonder he panicked.

DANNY

But then you, what, decided to use his reputation?

OWEN

No! See, I was willing to leave things as they were, but then Tess was killed! I knew she'd never kill herself, I TRIED to get people to listen to me, to realize Luthor killed her, but no one would BELIEVE me! So, I thought, if there can be vigilantes who go out and fight for justice, maybe I can do something similar, and make Luthor pay!

DANNY

Don't you see, all you're doing is giving Luthor more media attention, and he LOVES that, especially when HE is the victim.

Owen SLAMS the FRAMED PICTURE DOWN ANGRILY!

OWEN

(shouting)
I don't care! I want him to feel fear, be scared for his life, right up until the moment I take it!

Danny INCHES closer, READY TO POUNCE... UNTIL OWEN SPINS AROUND, GUN RAISED AND AIMED. The safety CLICKS OFF, as Owen fixes him with a determined glare.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

Don't even think about it. I may not be a crack shot, but I can still do damage this close. NOW MOVE.

Owen, using the gun to point the way, indicates for Danny to start walking back into the darker section of the warehouse. With no choice, Danny raises his hands again, and turns around, and starts moving, as we:

CUT TO:

28 EXT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The OPULENT EXTERIOR of the METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL dominates the view, rising up by 10 stories, and is very much a jewel in Metropolis' crown.

MERCY (PRE-LAP)

With respect, sir, you should not be here, not with everything going on. We should have canceled the event.

29 INT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lex, DRESSED IN A WHITE DINNER JACKET, BLACK TROUSERS and BLACK BOW TIE, which he is currently fiddling with, checks himself over in the FULL LENGTH MIRROR in front of him.

Mercy, wearing a DISAPPROVING FROWN, stands behind him, still wearing her tight-fitting chauffeur outfit, hands CLASPED BEHIND HER BACK. Lex notices her EXPRESSION in the mirror, and favors her with an AMUSED SMILE.

LEX

I have never ran away from my responsibilities before, Mercy, and I'm not about to start now. Besides, with the S.C.U. on the case and involved in my security, I can't very well act like I don't have faith in the ability to protect me.

MERCY

Why not?

LEX

Because one of their own has already interceded and protected me from an attack, and gone missing in the process. It wouldn't be good form to act like

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEX (cont'd)
I don't believe they can do the
job.

Noting he is STILL fiddling with his bow tie, Mercy steps up and LEANS IN CLOSE TO ASSIST. Lex lets her, the two barely centimeters apart, as she easily straightens and corrects the tie.

MERCY
But do you believe they can
protect you?

LEX
I believe YOU can, my dear, and
I'd much rather THEY get hurt in
the process, then you.

Mercy offers a RARE SMILE, which quickly disappears as there is a KNOCK on the door. She backs away from Lex, as he straightens his jacket.

LEX (cont'd)
Come in.

The DOOR opens, to admit RUSSELL TEN-CLOUDS, dressed in a dark suit, and looking DAMN UNCOMFORTABLE IN IT, his long hair tied back smartly, and a VISIBLE EAR PIECE with a wire stretching down under his own jacket.

TEN CLOUDS
Mr. Luthor, we're ready for you
out here now. The Commerce Guild
meeting is starting.

LEX
Thank you, Sergeant.

He and Mercy quickly step out into the decorated private area, at the front of which stands a small stage with a podium.

A BIG BANNER hanging from the ceiling proclaims:
"METROPOLIS COMMERCE GUILD WELCOMES LEX LUTHOR!" The room is slowly filling with WELL-DRESSED PEOPLE coming in from the main area of the hotel.

LEX
Tell me, Sergeant, how goes the
hunt?

TEN CLOUDS
We have several possible
locations where the man targeting
you could be hiding, or keeping
Detective Turpin.

FLASH CUT TO:

30 EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Several SQUAD CARS pull up, and UNIFORMED OFFICERS EXIT, with their weapons DRAWN and HELD READY. A dark SEDAN pulls up, and idles, before MAGGIE SAWYER STEPS OUT.

She is ALREADY WEARING HER BULLETPROOF VEST, and has her own WEAPON DRAWN TOO, as she takes the lead, and SILENT GESTURES for her back-up to move into position.

TEN CLOUDS (V.O)

Captain Sawyer is leading one of the tactical teams that are busting into those places as we speak.

31 INT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - PRIVATE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Lex NODS, IMPRESSED.

LEX

Excellent. It seems the matter is well in hand, and this threat will be dealt with. I should be able to make my speech uninterrupted then.

Ten Clouds FROWNS, not liking Lex's relaxed manner.

TEN CLOUDS

Well, we're still going to play it safe, sir. I'll be with you the whole time, alongside Ms. Graves here. We also have some of our forces spread out amongst the catering staff, as a little something extra.

LEX

I have faith in your skills, Sergeant. Now, let me put mine to some use.

Lex climbs up onto stage, and moves to the podium, tapping the MICROPHONE THERE GENTLY.

LEX (cont'd)

(clears throat)

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, business people of Metropolis, and thank you for coming.

Off the sight of Lex, in full POLITICIAN MODE, we:

CUT TO:

32

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

DANNY, BOUND AGAIN, but also GAGGED, with his arms RAISED UP, having been TIED to a pipe sticking out of the wall, SQUIRMS and FIDGETS, desperately trying to get free.

Just then, the DOOR BURSTS OPEN, as Maggie enters, GUN DRAWN AND HELD HIGH, as she seeks any potential targets, before quickly SPOTTING DANNY.

MAGGIE

Danny? Oh, thank god!

She TOUCHES HER EAR, and we SEE SHE IS WEARING A COMM SET. She STARTS TO MOVE TOWARDS HIM, talking into her transmitter as she does.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Sawyer to all Tactical Teams, I have him! Secure your locations, and wait for further--

As she APPROACHES, though, Danny, through the GAG, MUMBLES LOUDLY, and KICKS his leg out towards her emphatically. Maggie FREEZES, and STOPS TALKING before pulling a FLASHLIGHT from her vest, and SWITCHING IT ON.

The BRIGHT BEAM scans across the floor, as she SLOWLY makes her way forward, Danny continuing to MUMBLE as she does. She finally STOPS, and CROUCHES DOWN, seeing what Danny was MUMBLING ABOUT.

A TRIP WIRE!

MAGGIE (cont'd)

All units be warned. Locations may be rigged, suggest evacuation of all personnel now until further notice.

Lifting it GENTLY, Maggie TRACES the WIRE across the room, towards the ABANDONED WORKBENCH, now completely empty. She peers under it, and GRIMACES when she see where it leads - A SINGLE DETONATOR, next to AN IMPRESSIVE LOOKING PILE OF PLASTIQUE.

CAREFULLY, Maggie STEPS OVER, before BOLTING TOWARDS Danny, and pulling the gag from his mouth. He takes a RELIEVED BREATH.

DANNY

About damned time you showed up! Jeez! What took you so long?!

MAGGIE

Laundry, bills, babysitting Luthor after you got yourself kidnapped, the usual.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

It's really good to see you,
boss.

MAGGIE

Likewise.

SPOTTING the BOOMERANG that is still lodged in the wall, she reaches out a GLOVED HAND, and YANKS it free, using it to cut at the ROPE BINDS on Danny's wrists. A few quick SWIPES and... he's free!

CLICK!

Maggie and Danny FREEZE, their grins COLLAPSING into frowns at the SOUND. Danny LOOKS DOWN at the ropes AROUND HIS WRISTS and quickly pulls it off to reveal ANOTHER TRIP WIRE!

CLOSE UP on the DETONATOR - A TIMER HAS STARTED! "00:20", and it's counting down! 19, 18, 17...

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Oh, shit!

DANNY

Run!

Together the TWO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT, OUT of the room, as Maggie grabs for her COMMS.

MAGGIE

All tactical unit personnel in my
location, we have a live
explosive counting down! Out,
out, out!

33 EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

A FLOOD of UNIFORMED PERSONNEL come POURING OUT OF THE BUILDING, RUNNING FOR COVER - the last to leave are DANNY and MAGGIE, making sure everyone else is out, before RACING FOR COVER THEMSELVES.

34 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

The DETONATOR reaches it's final COUNTDOWN: 5, 4, 3, 2, 1... 0.

KABOOM!!

The warehouse EXPLODES IN A FLASH OF FIRE AND HEAT, DEBRIS RAINING DOWN, the force of the blast knocking both DANNY and MAGGIE off their feet, and onto the ground, HARD! DEBRIS rained down on them for several seconds, before subsiding.

(CONTINUED)

SLOWLY, CAREFULLY, the two detectives get to their feet, Danny SPORTING A NASTY FOREHEAD GASH, as they SURVEY the damage - the warehouse is GONE - an EMPTY SHELL, BURNING SOFTLY, it's GLOW, ILLUMINATING THE AREA as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

ACT FIVE

35 INT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lex's SPEECH is over, and CATERING STAFF make their way through the throngs of people that have gathered in the room.

We FOCUS on the back of ONE PARTICULAR STAFF MEMBER, as they make their way through the masses, LEAVING THEIR TRAY BEHIND on one of the tables, before EXITING.

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY UP SOME STAIRS, EMERGING ONTO A LARGE BALCONY. It oversees the ENTIRE private room, INCLUDING THE STAGE and PODIUM.

The waiter turns to camera - it's OWEN MERCER. He quickly unbuttons his jacket, and pulls it off, revealing a BANDOLIER-LIKE HARNESS under it, but instead of grenades, each HOLSTER HOLDS A RAZOR SHARP BOOMERANG!

He then pulls on SOME HEAVY DUTY GLOVES, before KNEELING out of sight, and positioning himself towards the STAGE, WAITING...

CUT TO:

36 EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

Fire truck CREWS are working on putting out the remaining FIRES from the warehouse explosion, as Danny, SITTING INSIDE AN AMBULANCE, has his head wound treated.

He SPOTS MAGGIE, heading towards her car, and QUICKLY SHRUGS OFF the attention of the paramedic treating him, JUMPING OUT of the ambulance, and jogging up to her. She FROWNS when she sees him heading her way.

MAGGIE

You should stay here and get checked out.

DANNY

No way. Listen, this guy, he's not stopping until he takes Luthor down, and I'm not being left on the sidelines on this.

After a MOMENT, Maggie NODS, and they both climb into the car, the engine QUICKLY STARTING, before it PEELS OFF INTO THE NIGHT.

37 INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - METROPOLIS STREETS - CONTINUOUS
Maggie presses a HANDS-FREE CONTROL on the STEERING WHEEL.

MAGGIE
Call Ten Clouds.

38 INT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - PRIVATE AREA (INTER-CUT)
Ten Clouds, EYES SCANNING THE ROOM, REACTS to the VIBRATION of his phone, quickly ANSWERING IT.

TEN CLOUDS
This is Ten Clouds.

MAGGIE
It's Sawyer. Location was compromised, but we've retrieved the package.

TEN CLOUDS
What's the condition of the package?

Maggie SHOOTS Danny an AMUSED LOOK, who GRINS

DANNY
Bruised and a little burnt around the edges, but otherwise okay, thanks

TEN CLOUDS
(relieved)
Good to hear. What about the target?

MAGGIE
That's the bad news, he's in the wind. He could be anywhere by now, over.

Danny, HEARING that, shakes his head emphatically.

DANNY
No, no, he's making his move, tonight!

She TURNS TO DANNY, FROWNING.

MAGGIE
What do you know?

Danny CLOSES HIS EYES, BROW FURROWED IN CONCENTRATION.

39 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - (FLASHBACK)

DANNY'S P.O.V.: Owen AIMS the STOLEN SERVICE WEAPON at him, as Danny NOTICES THE OUTFIT, and the EMBLEM on the breast pocket - a STYLISTED "MGH".

DANNY (V.O)

He was wearing this jacket, like a cater-waiter. It has this logo, with M, G, H on it.

40 EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

Maggie REACTS, recognizing the description.

MAGGIE

Damn. The Metropolis Grand Hotel. Ten Clouds, he's at YOUR location, repeat, he's AT the hotel, over!

41 INT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - PRIVATE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Ten Clouds FREEZES, before CASTING HIS EYES AROUND THE ROOM AGAIN, LOOKING FOR ANYTHING OUT OF PLACE. All he sees are the various 'social elite' hobnobbing with business owners, talking 'shop'.

TEN CLOUDS

Oh, hell, no. All units, be on the lookout for our suspect, we believe him to be on the premises already.

MAGGIE

We're on our way, but we're a good 5 minutes out from your location, traffic willing.

TEN CLOUDS

Understood, we'll deal with it.

He HANGS UP, and quickly makes his way into the CROWD.

42 INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - METROPOLIS STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Maggie, JAW SET in DETERMINATION, presses another CONTROL, activating the car's SIREN, as a BLUE LIGHT on the DASHBOARD begins FLARING. Danny SHOTS HER A LOOK.

DANNY

Five minutes? We're at least 15 minutes from--

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE
 (interrupting)
 Wanna bet?

She then puts her foot down HARD on the ACCELERATOR PEDAL, and the car SHOOTs FORWARD, leaving DANNY GRIPPING ONTO THE DASHBOARD, more than a little ALARMED, as we:

CUT TO:

43 INT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - PRIVATE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Lex, FLANKED by a STONE=FACED MERCY, is on the STAGE, chatting casually with several well-dressed individuals, as TEN CLOUDS APPROACHES.

TEN CLOUDS
 Excuse me, excuse me, Mr. Luthor?

Mercy QUICKLY INTERPOSES HERSELF BETWEEN Ten Clouds and Lex.

MERCY
 Sergeant? Mr. Luthor is a little busy right now.

TEN CLOUDS
 Well, unless you don't mind your boss being a little dead, we REALLY should be leaving now.

MERCY REACTS to his blunt statement, before NODDING. She then walks up to Lex, and WHISPERS SOFTLY IN HIS EAR. Lex's SMILE FALTERS for a brief second, before he NODS.

LEX
 Of course. If you will excuse me, gentlemen, I'm afraid something has come up. My apologies.

He turns, and makes his way to AN IMPATIENT LOOKING Ten Clouds.

LEX (cont'd)
 (low voice)
 He's here? How?

TEN CLOUDS
 Unknown at this time, my men are at every exit and entrance, and patrolling the different levels. We'll have him as soon as--

OWEN (O.S.)
 (shouting, angrily)
 LUTHOR!!

(CONTINUED)

Everyone REACTS to the voice, and LOOKS AROUND for the source. It's MERCY who spots it FIRST, and quickly POINTS AT IT.

MERCY

Up there!

OWEN MERCER, standing TALL, from his position on the overhanging balcony area, his hands HIDDEN BEHIND THE LOW WALL of the balcony, FIXES HIS GLARE RIGHT AT LEX!

OWEN

This is for my SISTER!

He raises HIS ARMS, and in each hand, is TWO BOOMERANGS, AND WITH LIGHTENING SPEED, he THROWS THEM DIRECTLY TOWARDS LEX!

THWACK!

THWACK, THWACK!

THWACK!

Mercy, with SPEED AS QUICK AS THE BOOMERANGS, THROWS HERSELF DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF LEX! Every boomerang HITS HER IN THE CHEST, the force of the blows, THROWING HER BACK, KNOCKING BOTH HER AND LEX TO THE STAGE FLOOR with an almighty THUD!

OWEN (cont'd)

(reacts, angrily)

No!!

He REACHES for ANOTHER BOOMERANG, but Ten Clouds IS FASTER - HIS SERVICE WEAPON DRAWN, he fires off TWO SHOTS at OWEN, who is FORCED TO DIVE FOR COVER.

The ASSEMBLED BUSINESS OFFICIALS and the SOCIAL CLIMBERS all begins screaming and panicking, running about the room in TOTAL CHAOS as they look for SHELTER FROM THE MADNESS.

PANICKED, HIS CHANCE BLOWN, Owen GRABS his discarded JACKET, and CRAWLS AWAY, AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

Ten Clouds touches his EAR COMMS, keeping his eyes on the BALCONY.

TEN CLOUDS

Suspect sighted and attempting escape. Lock down the hotel, NOW!
All units to my position, ASAP!

He looks over his shoulder as Lex GENTLY EASES HIMSELF OUT from under Mercy's PRONE FORM, before checking her pulse.

(CONTINUED)

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)

Is she..?

Lex simply FIXES HIM WITH A FURIOUS GLARE.

LEX

(coldly)

Don't worry about Ms. Graves, she was just doing her job, now go do yours and get that bastard!

Ten Clouds, ABOUT TO RESPOND, decides it's NOT WORTH IT, so turns and RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM, leaving Lex with the STILL FORM OF Mercy, as we:

CUT TO:

44 EXT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

An EXTERIOR DOOR SMASHES OPEN, as Owen Mercer comes running out, once again WEARING his CATER-WAITER JACKET. Sweat beads on his forehead, and he PANTS FOR BREATH for a moment, as he LOOK AROUND.

There is NO ONE ELSE in the dimly-lit BACK ALLEY, so Owen quickly brushes himself down, and straightens his attire, before making his way down and onto the Main Street of Downtown Metropolis...

...as A FAMILIAR LOOKING SEDAN pulls up HARD right in front of him, BLOCKING HIM OFF. MAGGIE SAWYER and DANNY TURPIN emerge from the vehicle, WEAPONS DRAWN AND AIMED.

MAGGIE

Hold it right there, Mercer.

PANICKED, Owen spins on his heel and RUNS BACK DOWN the alley, Maggie and Danny IN HOT PURSUIT.

DANNY

There's no where to go, Mercer!
The building is surrounded! Give it up, already!

Mercer STOPS, ABRUPTLY, before SHRUGGING off his jacket once again, letting it FALL TO THE FLOOR. As he TURNS BACK to the two detectives, he PULLS LOOSE TWO BOOMERANGS, one in EACH HAND.

OWEN

Why are you protecting him?
You're the Special Crimes Unit,
for God's sake, you should be
arresting Luthor, not protecting
him. You know the things he's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OWEN (cont'd)
done, the things he could go on
to do. Why don't you stop him
before that?!

Maggie TAKES A STEP CLOSER, HOLSTERING HER WEAPON, and
raising her hands in COMPLIANCE.

MAGGIE
If and WHEN Lex Luthor breaks the
law, and we can prove it, I will
PERSONALLY be there with the
handcuffs, but until then, he
will be given the same treatment
and protection as anyone else who
asks for our help.

Owen FACES HARDENS.

OWEN
Not good enough!

He raises AN ARM, READY TO THROW...

Maggie BRACES HERSELF.

Danny RAISES his WEAPON, FINGER ON THE TRIGGER.

CLICK.

Owen FREEZES, BOOMERANG in the arm, as RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS
stands RIGHT BEHIND HIM, SERVICE WEAPONS AIMED AT THE BACK
OF OWEN'S HEAD.

TEN CLOUDS
Drop the boomerang, kid. You're
done here.

DEFEATED, Owen's SHOULDER SAG, and he careless let's both
boomerangs fall to the ground with a loud CLATTER, before
raising his hands behind his head, and dropping to his
knees.

On the sight of Ten Clouds cuffing him, and pulling him to
his feet, and being lead back out of the ALLEY, we:

CUT TO:

45 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)
He was Tess Mercer's adoptive
brother?

46

EXT. METRO CENTRAL - CAR LOT - DAY

Danny and Maggie are standing together by the exit door, enjoying some needed FRESH AIR. Danny now has a few noticeable STITCHES in his head wound from before, as he NODS IN CONFIRMATION.

DANNY

Yeah, him, Tess Mercer, Lex Luthor, George Harkness, all one big, not-so-happy twisted excuse for a family.

MAGGIE

Definitely NOT the Brady Bunch, that's for sure. Jeez, I almost feel sorry for the guy.

DANNY

You can't blame him for hating Luthor, I mean, he was right about what he said. We all know the things Luthor has been accused of. Yeah, I know, since his so-called 'resurrection', he's played it straight, but do people like that change?

MAGGIE

Do you know why I got put in charge of the SCU a few years ago? It was just after Lionel Luthor to that swan dive out of his office. I didn't believe it was suicide, or an accident, I was the first detective to speak to Lex after it happened, and there was just something about his manner, it made me wonder.

DANNY

You think Lex Luthor killed his old man?

MAGGIE

You said yourself, Mercer was convinced Tess didn't kill herself either. The two people who stood in his way of claiming the business empire for himself. All I do know it, that Luthor's time in court WILL come, and I will cheer. Until then, I just keep doing what I can to keep this job making sense.

(CONTINUED)

Danny, A THOUGHTFUL LOOK on his face, nods slowly, accepting what she say... for now. Just then, the door opens, and TODD RICE exits, giving them a ANNOYED LOOK.

TODD

You're not smoking, are you?

Danny HOLDS UP HIS EMPTY HANDS, in MOCK SURRENDER, as Maggie fixes Todd with an ANNOYED GLARE. Todd, though, seems to have other things on his mind.

TODD (cont'd)

You're gonna want to see this.
It's gotten a bit crowded
upstairs.

Maggie FROWNS.

MAGGIE

Crowded? What do you mean,
'crowded'?

CUT TO:

47 INT. SCU BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - DAY - LATER

The place is a BUSTLE of ACTIVITY, but instead of the usual array of UNIFORMED OFFICERS and DETECTIVES, it is a group of OVERALL WEARING TECHNICIANS, with a FAMILIAR stylized LX logo on their uniforms, that are hard at work.

The DESKS AND FILING CABINETS have all been UNCEREMONIOUSLY SHOVED out of the way as HI-TECH looking monitors are being installed onto one of the WALLS, cables and wires trailing all over the place.

Through ALL THIS, Maggie, Danny and Todd walk into the BULLPEN, and see what is going on, looking around in SHOCKED AMAZEMENT.

MAGGIE

What the hell..? What's going on
here?!

LEX (O.S)

You're being upgraded.

From the crowd of technicians, out steps LEX LUTHOR, smiling casually.

LEX

Think of this as my small way of
saying thank you, and bringing
your unit more into line with the
21st century.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Mr. Luthor, you can't just--

LEX

Actually, I can. I already cleared this with Mayor Berkowitz, and Commissioner Henderson. All brand new computers, with state of the art operating systems, plus dedicated hardline internet access exclusively for this Unit's personnel.

Maggie FROWNS, UNSURE of this 'gesture', until Todd gives her a SUBTLE ELBOW JAB.

TODD

(whispers)

Accept it and be grateful, for god's sake.

Maggie GRUDGINGLY FORCES a SMILE.

MAGGIE

This is very generous of you, thank you very much.

Lex, ENJOYING MAKING MAGGIE SQUIRM, offers his HAND, and after a moment's HESITATION, Maggie REACHES OUT and SHAKES IT QUICKLY.

LEX

Glad to be of service to our fine officers of the law.

The sound of the doors opening again DRAWS EVERYONE'S ATTENTION, and both MAGGIE and DANNY REACT with SURPRISE as they see...

...MERCY GRAVES walk in, still dressed in her ever-well-fitting CHAUFFEUR'S ATTIRE.

MERCY

Sir, the Commissioner is outside waiting for you with the press officials.

LEX

Excellent. Right on time.

DANNY

Mercy? How-- how are you..?

MAGGIE

You took FOUR of those boomerangs to the chest, I read Ten Clouds report.

(CONTINUED)

Mercy simply COCKS AN EYEBROW at their stares.

MERCY

A reinforced nano-polymer weave in my uniform. It absorbed and redirected the impact of the boomerangs, and protected me from any serious injury.

LEX

All courtesy of LexCorp R & D. I've already suggest to the Mayor that he should consider it as a replacement for your standard anti-stab vests.

STILL OFFERING that 'STATESMAN' SMILE, he casually takes Mercy's arm, and leads the both of them out of the BULLPEN. Todd looks at the technicians work, admiringly.

TODD

This place is gonna be the envy of every other department!

DANNY

(unimpressed)

Just one problem. Does this constitute as taking a bribe?

Maggie doesn't answer, but INSTEAD, CONTINUES FROWNING, CONCERNED, as we:

CUT TO:

48 INT. METRO CENTRAL CORRIDOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Lex and Mercy make their way down the DESERTED CORRIDOR, before entering an ELEVATOR, Mercy pressing the button for the GROUND FLOOR. Lex gives her an ADMIRING GLANCE.

LEX

You ARE looking well, Mercy.

MERCY

Thank you, sir. I heal quickly, as you know.

LEX

Good. Nice sell on the nano-weave polymer. I will make sure that project gets top priority now.

MERCY

Apologies for that sir, it was all I could think of as a serviceable cover story. I know

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MERCY (cont'd)
it was ear-marked for military
contracts, but--

LEX
(interrupting)
Of course, not to worry, it was a
good idea. If you have to lie,
you might as well make it a lie
that will help LexCorp profit
margins.

MERCY
Exactly, sir.

She FROWNS, UNSURE. Lex NOTICES.

LEX
You have a question?

MERCY
About your 'gift' to the SCU,
sir.

LEX
Ah, well, it's not exactly a
'gift', as a future investment.
Now, everything that the S.C.U.
deals with, I will have access to
every report, every piece of
evidence, every case they deal
with.

MERCY
Why, sir?

LEX
(darkly)
The world is changing, Mercy, and
I have colleagues that need
intelligence on the problems we
are facing on a daily basis.
We're working to combat today's
problems with tomorrow's answers,
and I want every advantage I can
get for the future.

Off his SELF-SATISFIED, SMUG SMILE, a GLIMPSE of the 'LEX'
of OLD, we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE