

METROPOLIS: SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

1.04 | "TRUST"

Written By  
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Story Idea inspired by "Corrigan" by Greg Rucka

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

MIKE HENDERSON ..... Harry Lennix  
TOBY RAINES ..... Kelly Rowan  
RALPH DIBNY ..... Fred Weller  
SUZIE TURPIN ..... Sarah Smythe  
JONAS YARDLEY ..... Dean Norris  
BO BIBBOWSKI ..... Steve Austin  
ADRIAN CHASE ..... David Conrad  
STEVE LOMBARD ..... Alan Tudyk

GUEST CAST

BARISTA ..... ???  
GANGBANGER #1 ..... ???  
GANGBANGER #2 ..... ???  
GANGBANGER #3 ..... ???

## TEASER

FADE INTO:

1 EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - SUICIDE SLUMS - NIGHT

We cycle through a series of stock shots of nighttime Metropolis.

## NEWSCASTER

Metropolis Police Department is still investigating the shooting of two officers in a seemingly random drive-by in Centennial Park earlier this week. One officer was killed, the other seriously injured in what witnesses described as a 'moment out of a movie'.

2 EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The outside of the warehouse has seen better days, just like the whole area - everything has a FADED, RUN-DOWN LOOK to it.

We see a dark, unmarked SEDAN, parked on the opposite side of the street, the interior lights off.

## NEWSCASTER (CONT.)

Although no statements have been issued by the Department, sources say that every precinct is on alert.

3 INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - SUICIDE SLUMS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

INSIDE, sit MAGGIE SAWYER, and DANNY TURPIN, the latter LOOKING THROUGH A PAIR OF BINOCULARS, while the former FIDGETS in her seat, listening.

## NEWSCASTER (CONT.)

We even here that the Special Crimes Unit has been called in to help. The Unit, lead by Captain Maggie Sawyer, has drawn quite some media attention in the last few--

Maggie, ROLLING her eyes, reaches forward, and switches the radio off with a *CLICK!*

MAGGIE

(annoyed)

Great, just what this case needs,  
more headlines. Like these  
bastards aren't getting enough  
attention.

Danny, FROWNING, lowers the binoculars, something CATCHING HIS EYE, and quickly looks through the binoculars again.

DANNY

We've got some movement here,  
boss.

Maggie STRAIGHTENS UP, LOOKING in the direction of the warehouse.

MAGGIE'S P.O.V.: THREE YOUTHS, baggy clothes, with jeans hanging loosely, LAUGHING AND JEERING between themselves, EXIT the diner, and HEAD ACROSS THE STREET.

MAGGIE

Looks like your tip was right,  
Danny.

Taking the binoculars that Danny passes her, Maggie takes a look for herself.

Maggie REFOCUSSES the binoculars for a moment, getting a better look at--

MAGGIE'S P.O.V: The PLAYING CARD DESIGN on the back of the HOODIES that the youths are wearing, with a stylized letter 'J' on it.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

J for Jokerz, that's them. What kind of people are inspired by that nutcase that almost leveled Gotham last year?

DANNY

Whoever they are, this seems to be where they hang their hats, that's for sure.

MAGGIE

And hopefully, their guns. If we can find the weapons, we can match them to the recovered bullets and nail their asses to the wall.

DANNY

Sweet. Let's do this, then.

Danny EXITS the car, as Maggie picks up her POLICE RADIO.

MAGGIE  
 Metro Central, this is  
 Six-Delta-Sierra, 10-31, corner  
 of 8th and Grand.

CENTRAL  
 Six-Delta-Sierra, understood.

Danny opens the TRUNK, pulling out TWO BULLET-PROOF VESTS.  
 He moves back around as Maggie EXITS the car, taking the  
 second jacket from him.

CENTRAL (CONT.)  
 Six-Delta-Sierra, be advised,  
 back up is 5 minutes away, repeat  
 five minutes.

*BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!*

Both Maggie and Danny REACT to the GUNSHOTS, both VERY  
 SURPRISED...

4 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

BURSTING THROUGH THE DOOR, both Danny and Maggie come to a  
 COMPLETE STOP when they HEAR--

VOICES! It pulls their attention UP, and with a crisp nod  
 to Danny, Maggie hangs back as he TAKES POINT, heading up  
 the stairway to the SECOND LEVEL.

Coming to a BUSTED DOOR, the two detectives position  
 themselves on EITHER SIDE. The voices can be heard coming  
 from within, more DISTINCT.

5 INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - OLD WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TWO of the THREE YOUTHS, both barely out of their teens,  
 one BLACK (GB #1), the other CAUCASIAN (GB #2), standing  
 in the MIDDLE of the office. They both looked PLEASED WITH  
 THEMSELVES, and GB #1 has HIS PISTOL DRAWN.

GANG BANGER #1 (O.S)  
 What a fool! He thought he could  
 deal in our turf, and NOT pay us  
 a cut? He was tripping!

GANG BANGER #2 (O.S)  
 You taught him good, man, he dang  
 learned his lesson, real!

Maggie RAISED a hand, and gestures at Danny - 2 SUSPECTS.  
 He nods.

GANG BANGER #1 (O.S)  
 Their boss now knows that this is  
 our territory, and any deals come  
 through us first, am I right?!

He AIMS his GUN at the ceiling, and FIRES another two  
 shots, LAUGHING.

GANG BANGER #2 (O.S)  
 Hell, yeah!

Maggie gives Danny a LOOK, and MOUTHS a COUNTDOWN AT  
 HIM... 3, 2, 1, GO!

They RACE INTO the apartment, WEAPONS READY.

MAGGIE  
 Metro PD, drop the weapon!

Both gang-bangers look up and at them like the proverbial  
 'DEER CAUGHT IN HEADLIGHTS'.

GANG BANGER #1 (O.S)  
 Shit, man! Cops!

GB #1 QUICKLY drops the gun, and both LIFT their arms in  
 SURRENDER.

DANNY  
 On the ground, now! On the  
 ground, do it!

Both DROP to the floor, laying down FLAT. With Danny  
 covering her, Maggie approaches, and pulls out her CUFFS,  
 and snaps them onto the wrists of GB#2.

As she does, GB #1 suddenly jumps to his feet and BOLTS  
 from the office.

MAGGIE  
 Danny!

DANNY  
 On it!

Danny RACES AFTER the fleeing suspect, as Maggie pulls GB  
 #2 off the floor and into the wall.

GANG BANGER #2  
 Hey, no need to be like that, I'm  
 cooperating, I'm cooperating  
 here!

MAGGIE  
 (annoyed)  
 Keep your mouth shut and stay  
 put!

The perp does as he's told, and Maggie lets out AN ANNOYED BREATH, RELAXING JUST A BIT--

--until she hears a FLOORBOARD CREAK.

She SPINS, WEAPON RAISED AND AIMED, pointing back towards the APARTMENT CORRIDOR, her EYES NARROWED. She takes a SLOW COUPLE OF STEPS FORWARD, CAUTIOUS.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
Danny? That you?

NO ANSWER. JUST SILENCE.

FROWNING, Maggie turns back to the cuffed PERP, who looks at her nervously, until he REACTS TO SOMETHING BEHIND HER!

Maggie SPINS ON HER HEEL, and FREEZES--

MAGGIE'S P.O.V.: The THIRD GANG-BANGER, a young Latino man stand at the office doorway, A GUN aimed DIRECTLY AT HER!

LATINO GANG BANGER  
(cockily)  
This is gonna make me a legend,  
yo!

CLOSE-UP of his FINGER PULLING THE TRIGGER, and the SOUND OF THE GUNSHOT as we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

6 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - LATER

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS mill around the main foyer of the warehouse, as several OCME technicians finish moving a BODY BAG onto a waiting gurney.

The DOOR OPENS, and everyone quickly makes an effort LOOK BUSY as COMMISSIONER MIKE HENDERSON walks in, with a GRIM EXPRESSION. He briefly GLANCES at the gurney, before turning to see RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS approaching.

TEN CLOUDS  
Hey, Commish.

HENDERSON  
Sergeant. IA here yet?

TEN CLOUDS  
Yeah, they sent Dibny, he's already upstairs talking to Danny.

HENDERSON  
(annoyed)  
Damn. Okay, thanks, Ten Clouds.

SHOOTING AN ANNOYED LOOK UPWARDS, Henderson makes his way TOWARDS THE STAIRWELL.

7 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - UPPER LEVEL - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

Danny, still in his vest, is LEANING HEAVILY against the wall by the doorway. Next to him, is LIEUTENANT RALPH DIBNY (tall, well built and trim, mid-40s, with a Southern charm), with a pen and notebook at the ready.

DIBNY  
(southern twang)  
So, you found the suspect standing over Captain Sawyer, with the gun in hand?

DANNY  
Yes, sir, that's right. She-- she was already on the ground, I wasn't sure if she was unconscious or...

He pauses, CLEARING HIS THROAT, for a moment.

DIBNY  
 (calm, almost friendly)  
 Take your time, Detective, we'll  
 get this all done soon enough.

Henderson ARRIVES, and quickly spots the conversation, and  
 INTERRUPTS.

HENDERSON  
 (annoyed)  
 Actually, Lieutenant, I'd  
 appreciate if you gave Detective  
 Turpin a few minutes to collect  
 himself.

Dibny FROWNS at the Commissioner, put flips his notebook  
 closed anyway.

DIBNY  
 It's standard procedure to get a  
 statement on file as soon as  
 possible after a officer-involved  
 shooting, Commissioner.

HENDERSON  
 You don't need to quote  
 regulations at me, Dibny. You'll  
 get your statement, just give the  
 kid a chance to breath first.

DANNY  
 Any word on the boss?

HENDERSON  
 She got lucky, REALLY lucky, her  
 vest took all the impact. She's  
 gotten a couple of broken ribs,  
 and is gonna be bruised as hell,  
 but she's gonna be fine.

DANNY  
 Thank God.

Danny breathes a sigh of RELIEF, while Henderson SHOOTS  
 the waiting Dibny a look, and NODS.

DIBNY  
 Detective?

DANNY  
 Huh? Oh, right. That was pretty  
 much it. Once I cleared the room  
 again, I called Dispatch for a  
 bus, and then checked on the  
 captain and the perp we'd  
 collared. He was already dead,  
 nothing I could do. That's all.

Dibny SCRIBBLES into his notebook, NODDING.

DIBNY  
Nothing more?

HENDERSON  
He said, that was 'all', Mr.  
Dibny. I think we should take his  
word for it.

Dibny COCKS a surprised EYEBROW, before shrugging, and  
putting away his pen and notebook.

DIBNY  
If you say so, sir. I will need  
the statement in writing.

HENDERSON  
Naturally.

DIBNY  
In that case, I'll just head on  
over to the hospital then. But I  
do need to take your weapon,  
Detective. Protocol.

Danny NODS, and pulls his service weapon from the holster,  
and passes it over to Dibny. He offers both men a CURT NOD  
before WALKING AWAY, passing Ten Clouds as the later heads  
up the stairs. Henderson offers the worried Danny a rare  
soft SMILE.

HENDERSON  
You'll get it back soon, don't  
worry. Ten Clouds, take Danny  
back to Metro Central, would you,  
get some coffee in him, and get  
that statement taken down.

TEN CLOUDS  
Yes, sir.

He GRINS, and SLAPS Danny HARD ON THE BACK.

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)  
Come on, Danny Boy, let's get  
this over with before Suzie  
starts calling me and asking why  
I'm keeping her man out all  
hours.

Danny simply NODS, and they both HEAD OFF DOWN the  
stairway, as Henderson watches them go, his smile  
collapsing back into a FAMILIAR FROWN...

8

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - OLD WAREHOUSE - LATER

INSIDE the office, work more of the CSU techs, performing the standard evidence collection routines. TWO WHITE-LINED SHAPES are on the floor, indicating TWO VICTIMS.

One particular CSU tech, JONAS YARDLEY (late-40s, heavysset but not fat, shaved head), catches our attention, as he examines a BULLET CASING he has just picked up with some tweezers.

WALLY (O.S)

Where do you need me?

YARDLEY TURNS, and shoots a surprised look at WALLY WEST, decked out in a CSU jacket himself, with a crime scene kit already resting on the floor, as he pulls on LATEX GLOVES.

YARDLEY

(curious)

West, what you doing here? I thought one of your perks at being the SCU's forensics whiz was you work days.

WALLY

I heard about Captain Sawyer getting shot, I couldn't NOT come and help, could I.

YARDLEY

(impressed, grinning)

Good on ya, boy.

WALLY

Don't get me wrong, the lab is where I'd prefer to be right now, but they won't need me in there for a while, so I figured I'd come and see what you guys found.

YARDLEY

Plus a little overtime never hurts the bank account, am I, right?

He LAUGHS, turning back to his own work, missing the ANNOYED LOOK Wally shoots his way, SHAKING HIS HEAD, dismayed.

WALLY

You the senior tech on scene?

YARDLEY

Yeah, I was in the vicinity at another scene, when this got called in. We've pretty much got

(MORE)

YARDLEY (cont'd)  
everything under control here  
already, as it is.

WALLY  
So what happened?

YARDLEY  
Sounds like the captain and  
Turpin made a bust, Turpin took  
off after a runner, while Sawyer  
cuffed the skel. Another punk  
caught her off guard, and she  
took a couple of shots to the  
vest, before Turpin put the punk  
down.

WALLY  
Whose the second body?

YARDLEY  
The other punk they cuffed at the  
scene, coroner thinks he was  
killed by friendly fire, took a  
bullet meant for Sawyer.

WALLY  
So where's the suspect's weapon  
from the shooting?

YARDLEY  
Right here, kid. Found right next  
to the dead-ass punk.

He PICKS UP a nearby CLEAR PLASTIC EVIDENCE BAG, in  
which a BLOOD-STAINED SILVER REVOLVER is being kept, and  
hands it to Wally.

YARDLEY (CONT)  
You might as well take this in  
now, West, since you're here.

Wally, a LITTLE CAUTIOUSLY, takes the offered bag, GIVING  
IT A GOOD LOOK, our FOCUS on the REVOLVER as we:

FADE TO:

9

EXT. MERCY HOPE HOSPITAL - SUICIDE SLUMS - NIGHT

The medical facility is older, situated in the seedier  
side of the city, and not as modern as MetGen. But it's  
just as busy, with ambulances coming and going, and people  
parking where they can in order to either visit or drop  
people off.

TOBY  
 (pissed off)  
 What do you mean? Why can't I go  
 in?

10 INT. WAITING AREA - MERCY HOPE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The place is BUSTLING, some injured, other looking for a place to spend the night. Amid this CHAOS, in an ISLAND OF RELATIVE CALM, sits the CHARGE NURSE (dark haired, over the hill and overweight, tired-looking) at the NURSE'S STATION, lording over her DOMAIN.

That DOMAIN currently includes the presence of an angry TOBY RAINES, who stands at the desk, PALMS DOWN FLAT on the surface - if looks could kill, the charge nurse would have spontaneously combusted by now.

The nurse though, simply gives a sarcastic little smile, before answering.

NURSE  
 (insincere)  
 Hospital policy, I'm afraid. Only  
 relatives allowed in for  
 visiting.

TOBY  
 (furious)  
 Listen, you desk bound Nazi, you  
 are going to let me in, or so  
 help me--

DIBNY (O.S)  
 (interrupting)  
 Is there a problem here?

They both TURN TO LOOK at both Lieutenant Dibny, and Commissioner Henderson approach the nurse's station, Dibny with a CURIOUS LOOK on his face, while Henderson SCOWLS.

Dibny DELIBERATELY MAKES A POINT of ADJUSTING HIS POLICE BADGE, hanging from his neck on a chain.

The Nurse's smile fades.

NURSE  
 Not at all, officers. Can I help  
 you?

HENDERSON  
 We need to see Captain Maggie  
 Sawyer, right away.

DIBNY  
 Gunshot victim brought in  
 earlier?

NURSE  
 Yes, I know who you mean. Room  
 16, straight ahead, to the left.

She STANDS and INDICATES where to go, Dibny offering her a charming smile.

DIBNY  
 Thank you, kindly, ma'am.

Henderson then TURNS to the relieved TOBY, and NODS IN GREETING.

HENDERSON  
 Ms. Raines, would you like to  
 come with me?

TOBY, trying NOT to GRIN HAPPILY, but failing miserably, NODS QUICKLY, whereas the NURSE FROWNS IN ANNOYANCE.

TOBY  
 Thank you, Commissioner

TOGETHER, they leave the nurse's station behind, and head off in the direction as told.

DIBNY  
 I've seen some unfriendly  
 hospital staff, but that one  
 seemed more personal, somehow..?

TOBY  
 (sighs)  
 It's probably down to the fact  
 that last year, I did an in-depth  
 piece on the sorry state of  
 medical practice by some of the  
 doctors and nurses at Mercy Hope.  
 Let's just say that the Daily  
 Star isn't the most popular  
 newspaper in this place.

Dibny NODS in understanding, as they find Room 16

MAGGIE (O.S)  
 (frustrated, through door)  
 Will you stop with that, already,  
 I'm telling you, I'm fine!

Dibny BLINKS in surprise, but both Henderson and Toby GRIN at the sound coming through the door.

HENDERSON

Well, she sounds like she's okay.

11 INT. TREATMENT ROOM - MERCY HOPE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Henderson OPENS the door, to the sight of Maggie Sawyer pulling on her shirt, bra visible, her midsection heavily bandaged, and she REACTS, with some annoyance before GRIMACING from the movement.

MAGGIE

Jeez, give a girl SOME privacy, would you?!

Both Dibny and Henderson have the grace to look embarrassed at their entry, but Toby QUICKLY RACES FORWARD and throws her arms AROUND MAGGIE in an EMBRACE.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

(pained)

Watch the ribs, watch the ribs!

Toby, PANICKED, quickly LETS GO, and we see the TEARS IN HER EYES.

TOBY

(emotional)

I'm sorry! God, sorry, I didn't think!

Henderson, REALIZING THE TWO NEED A MOMENT, quickly turns to the lab-coated Doctor standing by an ACTIVE LIGHT-BOARD on the wall.

HENDERSON

Perhaps we can give these two a moment?

Maggie GIVES A RARE SMILE to Henderson and a silent 'thank you', as they all leave the room, Henderson closing the door behind him. That's all Toby was waiting for, as she turns on Maggie, FURIOUS, TEARS FALLING FREELY.

TOBY

God damn it, Maggie!

MAGGIE

Hey, hey! I'm fine, okay, a few broken ribs, that's all! The vest caught the bullets, I'm gonna be okay.

TOBY

I'm not mad at that! Well, yeah, I am, of course I am, but what I'm really pissed about is that

(MORE)

TOBY (cont'd)  
 you DIDN'T tell me you were going  
 on a stakeout! 'Paperwork', you  
 said, and I fell for that?! God,  
 what was I thinking?!

MAGGIE  
 (calmly, soothing)  
 Would it have made any  
 difference? You sitting at home,  
 worrying, or instead, not  
 knowing.

TOBY  
 We're supposed to be a couple!  
 We're supposed to be honest with  
 each other, not HIDE things  
 because you THINK I shouldn't  
 know!

MAGGIE  
 You're right, I shouldn't have  
 hide the truth, but it came from  
 a place of caring.

TOBY  
 Don't try to appease me! Okay,  
 this is just another example of  
 you being--

Maggie SUDDENLY LEANS IN and KISSES TOBY FULL ON THE LIPS,  
 SILENCING HER. The kiss lasts a good few seconds, as Toby  
 reciprocates, the two embracing lovingly but carefully,  
 before slowly coming apart.

They lean on each other, staring into each others' eyes,  
 as Maggie smiles coyly.

TOBY (cont'd)  
 You always know how to make me  
 shut up, don't you.

Off their soft stroking and caressing of each other...

12 INT. WAITING AREA - MERCY HOPE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Henderson and Dibny are both trying to look busy,  
 Henderson talking with the doctor, while Dibny scribbles  
 in his notebook. As the doctor leaves, Henderson sighs,  
 and turns to Dibney, FROWNING.

HENDERSON  
 I.A. jumped on this one pretty  
 fast.

DIBNY

Like I said, sir, it's procedure.

HENDERSON

(loosing patience)

Cut the crap, Dibny. We both know this is going to be ruled a good shoot. Turpin is a good officer and detective, no matter his past.

DIBNY

(sighs)

For the record, I agree, but there are people at Internal Affairs that have 'issues' with a man of Dan Turpin's past being a Metropolis PD officer, let alone a S.C.U. detective.

HENDERSON

I see. Can't say I'm surprised though, I always had a feeling it was going to cause problems at some point.

DIBNY

Personally, sir, I think Turpin did the right thing, and that's why I volunteered to be the lead on this case, to make sure he wasn't railroaded for his past. It looks like a slam-dunk case to me, but let's make sure it's all done by the book.

Henderson FROWN DEEPENS, before finally NODDING, as we:

FADE TO:

13 EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - DOWNTOWN - EARLY MORNING

We pan across the city as the sun rises.

14 EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - BAKERLINE - MORNING

Danny, holding a STEAMING CUP OF COFFEE, stands by the open door of his house, with a SMILE on his face.

DANNY'S P.O.V.: His young 7-year old son, STEVIE, is climbing the large tree on the front lawn, swinging from the branches easily.

From behind Danny, SUZIE TURPIN appears, dressed smartly but still casually, grabbing her purse from a nearby table. She gives Danny a quick KISS on the cheek.

SUZIE  
I could get used to seeing my  
husband at this time, you know.

DANNY  
One of the perks of  
administrative leave, babe. Go  
on, you're gonna be late.

Suzie SMILES, then quickly heads out, picking up two small  
bags near the door, and moves to the smaller car in the  
driveway.

SUZIE  
Come on, Stevie, time for school!

Stevie NIMBLY drops down from his tree-climbing and runs  
to the car, giving Danny a BIG WAVE once he's climbed into  
the car. Danny GRINS and returns the wave.

BUZZ! BUZZ!

He turns, and spots his CELL PHONE on the table, VIBRATING  
from an incoming call. He picks it up and sees the name  
"TEN CLOUDS" displayed on the screen, before he answers.

DANNY  
Turpin. Hey, Sarge. What's up.

His smiles QUICKLY FADES, and he FROWNS...

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

Establishing shot of the building.

16 INT. METRO CENTRAL - S.C.U. BULLPEN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The place is still getting up to full working order. The  
new SMART SCREENS are running through various data sets,  
as TWO MEN stand by them, their backs to us.

The doors open, and an UNEASY Danny walks in, and talking  
quickly with a colleague, is pointed towards the screens,  
and walks up to them.

DANNY  
Sir?

The two men turn, and we see one is Commissioner  
Henderson, looking tired and rather GRIM. The other is  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY ADRIAN CHASE, looking *pissed*.

HENDERSON  
(conflicted)  
Detective, thanks for getting  
here so quickly. I'm afraid we  
(MORE)

HENDERSON (cont'd)  
have some... 'developments' on  
the situation of last night.

CHASE  
(scoffs)  
That's putting it mildly,  
Commissioner.

Maggie turns to look at the D.A., FROWNING.

DANNY  
With respect, what does this have  
to do with the District Attorney?

CHASE  
With what happened last night,  
plus the attacks on police  
officers, I'm very interested in  
your conduct, Mr. Turpin.

MAGGIE  
My 'conduct'? What is that  
supposed to mean?

Henderson fidgets, crossing his arms.

HENDERSON  
Ballistic results are back, and  
there's been a discrepancy.

DANNY  
What kind of 'discrepancy'?

CHASE  
(disgusted)  
The kind that tell us you killed  
the wrong guy.

Off Danny's HORRIFIED LOOK, we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

17 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

18 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - METRO CENTRAL - LATER

The door OPENS and an ANGRY Maggie Sawyer marches in.

MAGGIE

What the hell is going on here?

Both Henderson and Chase look around at her in SURPRISE. Danny sits at the conference table, looking somewhat DAZED.

HENDERSON

Maggie? You should be home, resting.

MAGGIE

You think I'm gonna stay home while one of my officers is accused of something like this?

Henderson sighs, SHAKES HIS HEAD. Chase stands up, DEFIANT.

CHASE

Look, Captain, we have to do this by the book--

MAGGIE

(interrupting)

Cut the crap, Chase, what the hell are you actually accusing Danny of?

CHASE

I'm 'accusing' an officer known to have a history of taking the law into his own hands doing so once again!

MAGGIE

You pulled 3 damn slugs from my vest, didn't you?! You know the guy shot me!

HENDERSON

That's the problem. The bullets recovered from your vest DO NOT match the test fires from the gun found with the victim.

Maggie REACTS with SHOCK, the fight leaving her for a moment. Danny GRIMACES as well, and CLOSE HIS EYES. Chase pounces on the reaction.

CHASE

Tell me, 'Detective', did you just make a snap decision there and then to be judge and executioner?

Danny FROWNS, ANGRILY LEANING FORWARD, breaking free of his stupor.

DANNY

(defensive)

Hey! He had a gun to the Captain's head, what the hell should I have done?!

HENDERSON

(loosing patience)

Look, Chase, back off a little here, okay? This 'victim', he's got a record a mile long, and only gotten worse with each offense.

CHASE

He's still entitled to due process, Commissioner, just like everyone else. You know the protocol for this situation.

Henderson SIGHS, then NODS GRIMLY, turning to Danny.

HENDERSON

I'm sorry, son, but I'm going to have to ask you to hand in your badge, for now. You're suspended pending the official outcome of this investigation.

SLOWLY, Danny NODS, and grudgingly REMOVES his DETECTIVE SHIELD, hanging from his neck, before carefully handing it over. Maggie can only watch, FACE TWISTED WITH SORROW, rubbing his shoulder.

MAGGIE

(soothing)

We'll get this sorted, Danny, I promise you.

Chase watches them, crossing his arms over his chest.

CHASE

(disgusted)

One way or another, be sure of it.

Maggie throws him an ANGRY LOOK, as we:

FADE TO:

19 INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - DAY - LATER

The lab, although the EQUIPMENT is active, appears DESERTED, as no one seems to be present... until we finally see the SLEEPING FORM OF Wally, SNORING SOFTLY--  
--until an ANGRY Maggie Sawyer ABRUPTLY STORMS IN.

MAGGIE

Wally!

Wally SNAPS awake, and ROCKS on his stool, as it WOBBLES UNDERNEATH HIM, looking around the room, STARTLED!

WALLY

(sleepily)

Present!

He YAWNS DRAMATICALLY, running his hands through his WILD-LOOKING HAIR, before rubbing his face VIGOROUSLY. The whole display catches Maggie off guard, and her anger fades quickly.

MAGGIE

Did you work all night?

WALLY

(nodding)

Yeah, I had a lot to go through, and, well, I kinda lost track of time, so...

He trails off, BLINKS HEAVILY, FROWNING, before GRINNING WIDELY.

WALLY (CONT)

(just realizing)

Hey! You're out of the hospital!

Maggie brow FURROWS, she's not letting him off the hook that easily.

MAGGIE

Wally, focus. Why did you give all your reports to the District Attorney?

Wally's grin QUICKLY FADES, and he hangs his head.

WALLY

(shameful)

I didn't have a choice, Chase was in here first thing this morning,  
(MORE)

WALLY (cont'd)  
and he wouldn't leave until I  
gave him everything I had!

MAGGIE  
That asshole is accusing Danny of  
an unwarranted shooting, Wally!  
There must be something up with  
the evidence, something that you  
or--

WALLY  
(defensive/angry)  
Hey, come on! Have I ever once  
given you reason to think I can't  
do my job?! The evidence is what  
it is, boss, you can't change  
that!

MAGGIE  
(quietly)  
There must have been a mistake  
somewhere, Wally.

WALLY  
I wish there was! I know I  
usually trust science more than  
people, but this time, it's  
really hard to understand how  
science can be saying this about  
someone I thought was a good guy.

MAGGIE  
Danny Turpin IS a good guy, he's  
a DAMN good guy. Go over  
EVERYTHING again, I want answers.  
REAL ones!

She STORMS OUT, leaving the dejected Wally behind...

20 EXT. DAILY STAR BUILDING - METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building, with a large SIGN  
across the top floors, proclaiming the name in BRIGHT  
GOLD, with a LARGE STAR behind the words.

21 INT. DAILY STAR OFFICES - METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

It's a large bullpen of busy reporters, copy boys running  
between desks, and angry editors demanding rewrites, as we  
focus on TOBY RAINES, seated at one of the tidier desks,  
working away at her computer.

TOBY'S P.O.V.: Her computer screen fills with words and  
she continues typing, and the TITLE of the article is very  
clear: "SCU Take Down Cop Killers"

MAN (O.S)

You know, people are going to say you've gone native, what with all the good press you're giving the M.P.D.

Toby REACTS, surprised, and turns to look at STEVE LOMBARD (early 40s, blond, handsome, ex-jock), attempting to dazzle her with his CHARMING SMILE.

TOBY

(unimpressed)

I've told you about sneaking up on me, Steve. No previews, remember. Just because your my editor doesn't mean you get to see my article before I finish it.

STEVE

Sorry, Toby. I though you were following up on some leads about the Wilsher story?

TOBY

I'm heading out once I finish this.

Steve LEANS in closer, reading what's on the screen, FROWNING.

STEVE

This about the thing your girl was involved in last night?

TOBY

Yeah, she got lucky, VERY lucky. It's Danny Turpin that deserves the credit, he saved her.

STEVE

Turpin, the one that blew the whistle a few years ago?

Toby NODS, before finishing her typing, and quickly PRINTING off a copy, and handing it to Steve, before standing.

TOBY

There, now you can go do your thing, while I go chase down my next front page story.

She grabs her bag and coat, and quickly heads off, Steve WATCHING as she does, ENJOYING THE VIEW, before turning back to look at the article in his hands...

22 EXT. DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DOCKS - DAY

We pan over the older area of Metropolis, not as nice and glossy as Midtown or the Central Financial District, but more upbeat and friendly than Suicide Slums.

TEN CLOUDS (V.O)

So I heard what happened, figured you could do with getting some distance.

23 EXT. BIBBO'S - METROPOLIS DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS, alongside a distracted Danny, walk down the sidewalk, Russell with a determined gait, Danny following alongside.

DANNY

Not sure I'm the best company right now, Sarge.

TEN CLOUDS

Hey, outside of work, it's Russ, remember? Besides, we'll improve your mood soon enough. We're here!

He STOPS, and GESTURES UPWARDS, forcing Danny to look up at the WOODEN SIGN hanging from the street wall, that proclaims "BIBBO'S" in BRIGHT BLUE PAINT. Behind the name is the INSIGNIA of the Metropolis PD.

Danny GIVES IT A LOOK, before looking back at the grinning Ten Clouds, EYEBROW COCKED. He then knocks LOUDLY on the old-looking wooden door, before stepping back. A confused Danny looks at him for a moment, until the door opens.

Standing in the doorway is BO "BIBBO" BIBBOWSKI (WELL-BUILT, SHAVEN-HEADED, with a GOATEE, late 40s), and he immediately GRINS when he sees Ten Clouds standing there.

BIBBO

(heavy New York accent)  
Russell Ten Clouds, a little early for you, isn't it?

TEN CLOUDS

Sorry, man, but my friend here needs some cheering up, so I figured, why not introduce him to Metropolis' best kept secret!

BIBBO

Well, any friend of yours, as the saying goes, come on in.

He steps back, allowing Ten Clouds and a slightly dubious Danny to enter.

24 INT. BIBBO'S - METROPOLIS DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Despite it's INCONSPICUOUS outside, "Bibbo's" isn't as ramshackle as you might expect - decorated with a NAUTICAL theme benefiting it's location, it's still relatively clean and presentable inside.

Both Ten Clouds and Danny sit at the bar, as Danny looks around, IMPRESSED despite himself, and a little SURPRISED as Ten Clouds GRINS. Bibbo soon comes over with three beers, already open.

BIBBO

So, your friend have a name, or is he gonna sit there all silent, like?

DANNY

Turpin. Danny Turpin.

BIBBO

Bo Bibbowski, most people call me "Bibbo", hence the name of the place.

TEN CLOUDS

Bibbo's ex-Patrol over from Star City. He set this place up, what, twelve years ago, now?

BIBBO

Yep, I got forcibly retired on medical grounds, so I cashed in my savings to move to Metropolis and set myself up.

DANNY

So, this is a cop bar?

TEN CLOUDS

Sorta, you see, it's more of a 'secret handshake' kind of deal.

Bibbo puts the coffee pot down, and leans in close.

BIBBO

Being a cop doesn't necessarily mean someone is a good guy, you know? From what I hear, you're definitely a good guy, Danny Boy.

Danny, taking A SIP from his beer, FREEZES, becoming rather self-conscious.

DANNY

So, uh, you've heard of me, then?

Bibbo NODS, SOLEMN.

BIBBO

You made a touch decision, 5  
years ago, but it was the right  
one.

Danny LOOKS UP, SURPRISED, shooting CURIOUS LOOKS at both  
Ten Clouds and Bibbo, before RELAXING, and NODDING IN  
THANKS. The three men CLINK their beers together as we:

FADE TO:

25 EXT. TOBY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - METROPOLIS - EVENING

Establishing shot of the modern looking apartment block,  
in the more upmarket area of Queensland Park.

TOBY (PRE-LAP)

(appalled)

Suspended?! But that's insane!

26 INT. TOBY'S APARTMENT - METROPOLIS - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Both Toby and Maggie are seated on a large COUCH in the  
main living area of the apartment, Toby with a glass of  
red wine, Maggie with a bottle of beer, neither of them  
looking happy.

TOBY (CONT)

He saved your god-damn life!

MAGGIE

It's those bastards over at I.A!  
They've had it in for Danny for  
years, and now they finally have  
something to hold over him.

TOBY

Surely you just tell them what  
happened, and it's all sorted,  
right?

MAGGIE

(sighs)

I wish.

She stands, and PACES slightly, as Toby FROWNS, UNCERTAIN.

TOBY

What's that supposed to mean?

MAGGIE

I already gave a full statement to Dibny last night, but I don't think it will be enough.

TOBY

How could it not be enough?!

MAGGIE

(defensive)

Because-- because, I can't really remember it all!

Toby leans back, SURPRISED, and CONFUSED, before standing and approaching Maggie, as she looks out of the large picture window.

MAGGIE (CONT.)

The last thing I remember, clearly, was cuffing the suspect and hearing a noise. Everything else was pretty fuzzy, until the ambulance.

TOBY

You mean..?

MAGGIE

I can't definitely verify the guy Danny killed was the one who shot me.

Toby ENCIRCLES Maggie with her arms, who LEANS into the embrace, looking GUILTILY out into the Metropolis night, as we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

27 INT. DAILY STAR OFFICES - METROPOLIS - MORNING

The bullpen is it's usual busy self, as the doors open and Toby walks in, quickly seating herself at her desk, before rummaging through her handbag.

A COPY-BOY drops the latest edition on her desk, and she offers him a quick smile, before he walks away. She happens to glance down, and sees the headline: "Latino Kid Killed by Questionable Cop."

SURPRISED, she picks it up and unfolds it, only to see, underneath that headline is a POLICE ACADEMY GRADUATION PHOTO of Danny!

Off Toby's STUNNED EXPRESSION...

28 INT. STEVE LOMBARD'S OFFICE - DAILY STAR - LATER

Steve is sitting at his desk, working on his computer, as a FURIOUS TOBY storms in and SLAMS the paper down on his desk.

TOBY  
What the hell is this?!

Looking SLIGHTLY CONTRITE, Steve leans back in his chair, and folds his arms, DEFENSIVE.

STEVE  
You mean your article?

TOBY  
"My" article? This isn't anything like what I wrote, Steve, you've turned it into a hatchet piece and stuck my name on it!

STEVE  
For good reason!

TOBY  
What reason?!

STEVE  
Have you heard the latest out of Metro Central? Turpin was suspended, and the District Attorney is considering pressing charges!

TOBY

He saved Maggie's life, Steve! He took down an armed suspect.

Steve LUNGES FORWARD, ANGRILY.

STEVE

We both know there is more to the story than that, Toby! You're too close to this piece, I HAD to rewrite your article!

Toby GLARES at him, but backs off, just EVER SO SLIGHTLY.

TOBY

Why not just pull it altogether, why put my name to something I have no desire to be a part of?

STEVE

Because you're one of the best reporters in this place, and I don't want to lose you.

TOBY

What's that supposed to mean?

STEVE

(sighs)

There's been some... 'talk', that because of your relationship, you're not as objective as you could be when it comes to critiquing the Metropolis Police Department.

TOBY

That's ridiculous! My 'relationships' have no bearing on my work, I'm a reporter, not a gossip columnist, I write facts. That's how I won a Pulitzer, remember?

STEVE

Exactly! Then you have to accept that these facts needed to be reported.

TOBY

They would have been, in due time, once ALL the evidence is in. All we've done right now is probably endorse a witch-hunt!

Steve FALTERS, and leans back. Toby's EYES WIDEN.

TOBY (cont'd)  
 That's what you wanted, isn't it?  
 Why? To increase circulation?  
 What, the Daily Planet isn't  
 being controversial enough, so we  
 take a turn instead?

SHAKING HER HEAD, DISGUSTED, she turns on her heel, and starts to walk out.

STEVE  
 Toby! I'm-- I'm sorry, okay.

Toby, HALFWAY out of the open door, shots a DIRTY LOOK over her shoulder.

TOBY  
 You ever use my name on an  
 article I haven't signed off on,  
 and I'll walk.

With that, she SLAMS the door behind her...

29 INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - DAY

Wally is seated on his usual stool by the MAIN MONITORS, typing RAPIDLY on the keyboard - pausing only to take a LONG GULP from the disposable coffee cup on the work surface.

DRAINING the cup, he gives it a quick look, confirming it's empty, before carelessly TOSSING it behind him. It lands just next to a waste basket, where several other EMPTY cups already lay.

YARDLEY (O.S.)  
 Want me to get you another?

BLINKING IN SURPRISE, Wally turns to see Jonas Yardley, working over in another area of the lab, who looks back, AMUSED.

WALLY  
 What are you still doing here?

YARDLEY  
 It's a slow day, so I'm logging  
 in some lab time to get some of  
 this backlog done, remember?

WALLY  
 Oh, yeah! Sorry, I forgot.  
 Thanks, Jonas.

YARDLEY

No big deal, might as well make myself useful.

They both look around as the DOOR opens, and Lieutenant Dibny walks in.

WALLY

Lieutenant? Something we can do for you?

DIBNY

Maybe, I don't know yet.

YARDLEY

We already gave you everything we had on the evidence for that case, Lieutenant.

Dibny waves a MANILA FOLDER he is holding in the air, FROWNING.

DIBNY

Then where is the IBIS report? The examination of the weapon itself, beyond the fact that it's test fire didn't match.

WALLY

(embarrassed)

Uh, sorry, I guess I didn't get a chance to do that. I mean, with everything else going on--

YARDLEY

(defensive)

Wally's been pretty damn busy, Lieutenant, what with those cop shooting, and everything else we have to do. Surely there wasn't any need to rush them, I mean, the guy WAS found holding the weapon, right?

DIBNY

(sighing)

Look, I'm not saying anyone is to blame, but could you do those for me, ASAP.

WALLY

Sure, I'll enter them into the system for you now.

As Wally SCOOTs over to the EVIDENCE STORAGE LOCKER, we:

FADE TO:

30 EXT. METRO COFFEE STOP - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

It's a BUSY DAY, people coming and going, customers MILLING around, some sitting at the clutch of tables on the sidewalk.

31 INT. METRO COFFEE STOP - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

INSIDE, Danny and Suzie Turpin stand in the reasonably sized queue for the counter, ready to place their orders, both looking TIRED but HAPPY.

SUZIE

I know you're going through a lot, but I'm glad you were able to come out shopping with me.

DANNY

Hey, it's our son's birthday soon, I'm not gonna let anything ruin that for us, okay?

SUZIE

Okay. Thanks, Danny. I love you.

DANNY

I love you too, Suzie.

They KISS briefly, before moving to the counter. The BARISTA (male, mid 40s, Latino) offers them a QUICK SMILE.

BARISTA

Good afternoon, can I take your order please?

DANNY

2 grand skim lattes to go, extra shot of caramel in one, vanilla in the other.

BARISTA

Sure. What's the name?

DANNY

Turpin.

The Barista FREEZES, mid-motion writing the name on a disposable cup. He glances up, his EYES HARD.

BARISTA

(angry)

Turpin? Daniel Turpin?

DANNY

(surprised)

Uh, yeah... how did--?

BARISTA

I'm sorry, sir, but you need to  
leave my shop right now.

Danny FROWNS, and Suzie looks up from her bags, CONFUSED.

SUZIE

Honey, is there a problem?

DANNY

I don't know, this guy--

BARISTA

(interrupting)

You're damn right there's a  
problem!

The barista reaches behind him and pulls up something -  
it's a copy of the Daily Star, with Danny's picture  
clearly visible, and it's DAMNING HEADLINE!

BARISTA

This IS you, right?

Danny looks at the ARTICLE, shocked, as Suzie GASPS,  
HORRIFIED. She looks around the crowded interior, and sees  
the DIRTY, DISGUSTED LOOKS people are beginning to give  
them.

SUZIE

(nervous)

Danny, let's just go home, okay.

DANNY

No damn way! I didn't do anything  
wrong!

BARISTA

That's not what this article  
says, mister. Now, get the hell  
out of my business!

Danny, fists CLENCHED, lets out an ANGRY BREATH, as Suzie  
puts a hand on his shoulder, trying to CALM HIM.

SUZIE

Baby, please, let's just go.

She takes his fist in her hands, and PULLS him away, out  
of the shop and into the street. The Barista watches,  
throwing the newspaper down...

32 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - DAY - LATER

Establishing shot of the building.

33 INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - DAY

The image of a SPENT BULLET is displayed on one of the MONITORS, as next to, images of other bullets are displayed RAPID-FIRE, one after another. A small INDICATOR BAR is also on the screen with the word "SEARCHING" flashing every so often.

At the center table, Wally SITS, in his lab-coat, safety glasses and latex gloves, staring at the PISTOL that was recovered from the crime scene.

He picks it up, and turns it over several times, SQUINTING, before pulling a nearby MAGNIFYING LENS over, and switching on it's light. He then takes a closer look, his EYE being COMICALLY ENLARGED by the lens.

WALLY

Huh, well, that figures, I guess.

Yardley, leaning against the door, sipping from a coffee cup, FROWNS, and approaches.

YARDLEY

(curious)

What is it?

WALLY

The serial number's been filed off, it's just a load of scratches.

He lifts the gun up for Yardley to see, and we see a CLOSE UP SHOT of the gun, showing the DAMAGE he is talking about.

YARDLEY

Damn, that bites.

WALLY

Not necessarily. I know a few things that I can do, that might get at least a partial serial number from it. It shouldn't take that long, either, if I have everything I need.

He stands, and moves over to another part of the lab, and starts LOOKING THROUGH shelves of jars and containers, shuffling the contents around. Yardley watches INTENTLY, his fingers TIGHTENING on the coffee cup.

YARDLEY

Okay, sure, but what's going to be the point, I mean, most probably the gun was sold illegally. I doubt it will help us figure out who really owned it.

Wally shoots him a SURPRISED look.

WALLY

Every little bit of evidence we find could help figure out just what really happened, Jonas.

Yardley ANGRILY TOSSES his cup into the waste basket

YARDLEY

Why is everyone so convinced that Turpin IS innocent? I mean, he WAS part of the group before, are we really sure about him?

Wally looks at Yardley, FROWNING.

WALLY

You really think that? Come on, I've known Danny for months, he's a serious dude, but he wouldn't do that.

YARDLEY

Why? Why are you so sure?!

WALLY

Because Captain Sawyer is, and that's enough for me.

The MONITOR suddenly BEEPS, and several pages of data appear. Wally leaves his searching and goes over, tapping at the keyboard, and FROWNING at what he reads.

WALLY (cont'd)

Well, what do ya know, we DID get a hit in IBIS! Looks like this particular gun was used in a spree of crime back in 09... huh.

YARDLEY

What?

He approaches Wally, looking rather NERVOUS all of a sudden. He casually places his hand on an empty metal tray.

WALLY

(concerned)

The gun, it was evidence in a series of robberies in Coast City, but it was lost in evidence. Hey, Jonas, weren't you with CSU in Coast City--

*THWUMP!!*

Wally CRUMBLES to the floor, UNCONSCIOUS, Yardley having hit him HARD over the back of the head with the metal tray. He looks down at Wally's prone form, his face twisted with REGRET.

YARDLEY

Sorry, kid. Damn it!

He steps over Wally, and types on his's keyboard, and the screens of data disappear, and a message bar pops up: "No Matches Found".

He then moves over to the table, and picks up the gun, and the MAGAZINE lying next to it, sliding it in, and cocking it, ready to fire. Off his DETERMINED, ANGRY LOOK, we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

34 EXT. BIBBO'S - METROPOLIS DOCKS - EARLY EVENING

Establishing shot of the building.

35 INT. BIBBO'S - METROPOLIS DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

It's quiet, only a handful of customers seated at tables or the bar. Both Maggie and Ten Clouds sit at one of the booths that line the wall, each moping a beer.

Bibbo, a busboy's tray under his arm, stops by their table, FROWNING.

BIBBO

Guys, seriously, you keep up this moping, I might have to ask you to leave, you're depressing even me!

The two officers look up from their drinks, Maggie smiling slightly, taking a swig of her drink.

TEN CLOUDS

(chuckles)

Sorry, Bibbo, just got a lot going on.

Passing the tray to a member of his staff who walks by, Bibbo slides into the booth next to Ten Clouds

BIBBO

Let me guess, it's the whole situation with Turpin?

MAGGIE

(surprised)

You saw the article?

BIBBO

That too, yeah, but there's also been a lot of talk about what happened as well.

MAGGIE

(curious)

What kind of talk?

BIBBO

One of the crime scene guys comes in here pretty often, Jonas Yardley, he mentioned it.

TEN CLOUDS

What'd he say?

BIBBO

Not much, really, but he didn't seem too particularly cut up about it, actually. So, just how screwed IS Danny?

MAGGIE

Pretty screwed. Ballistics doesn't match his account of what happened, and Chase is pushing hard because of his past.

They sit in silence for a moment, before Ten Clouds FROWNS.

TEN CLOUDS

What if he had TWO guns?

MAGGIE

Who?

TEN CLOUDS

The guy, the wanna-be gangster, it makes sense he might have another piece on him.

MAGGIE

But CSU didn't find any other weapons on the scene, remember.

TEN CLOUDS

(unsure)

So, maybe he ditched it out the window, or something, before Danny came in..?

Neither of them are convinced by the theory, and lapse back into silence, as we:

FADE TO:

36 EXT. OCME BUILDING - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - EVENING

Establishing shot of the building.

DIBNY (PRE-LAP)

I appreciate you taking the time to do this, Dr. Chapel.

37 INT. MORGUE - OCME BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The main doors are pushed open by Ralph Dibny, ever the gentlemen, allowing him and Dr. BETH CHAPEL to walk into the morgue.

Beth offers him a small smile before quickly checking her clipboard for something. They pass a ZIPPED-UP BODY BAG on one of the autopsy tables, Beth not giving it a second glance, Dibny looking at it warily before continuing on.

BETH

Not a problem, Lieutenant, it's been a slow night.

DIBNY

(uncomfortable)

So I see.

Beth goes over to one of the cooler units on the wall, and with practiced ease, opens the door, and slides out the body, before repeating the exercise with the unit next to it.

BETH

So, these are the two DBs from Maggie's shooting. The one on the left, he's the one killed by Detective Turpin, the one of the right was killed by a bullet from the same gun that Maggie was shot with.

DIBNY

(sighs)

Neither that bullet or the ones from Captain Sawyer's vest match the gun the perp was found holding.

Beth FROWNS, looking at Dibny, curiously.

BETH

I don't get many I.A. officers down here, Lieutenant, what's with you going the extra distance?

DIBNY

You know Turpin's history? Doesn't it strike you as convenient?

BETH

Convenient how?

DIBNY

That an officer, who many upstairs still feel has a questionable background, would do something as reckless as repeat history? Take the law into his own hands?

BETH

I don't really know Danny that well, but I do know Maggie, and she trusts him implicitly. Maybe there's been a mistake in the ballistics somewhere?

DIBNY

Like I said, convenient, but I rechecked the findings myself, and it all adds up.

BETH

Well, I've done all I can on my end, I'm afraid.

DIBNY

Sorry, ma'am, didn't mean to imply you weren't.

He looks over at the wrapped form again.

DIBNY (cont'd)

Who's your other patient, if I may ask?

BETH

It's just a regular pick up, I'm waiting for the funeral home to come and collect him. He was an inmate from Stryker's, killed in the prison yard a few days ago.

DIBNY

The family signed the release forms?

BETH

Actually, no, he doesn't have any. It was a friend who arranged for the funeral home, Yardley from the CSU team.

Dibny REACTS, surprised.

DIBNY

Yardley? Who was the victim?

Beth goes over to the clipboard lying on the bag, and reads from it.

BETH

"Joe Simmons", cause of death was blood loss due to sharp force trauma, he was shanked and it perforated the liver.

DIBNY

Joe Simmons?! You're kidding me?

BETH

See for yourself.

She offers him the clipboard, which he quickly SNATCHES from her, reading over it, as Beth looks at him, PUZZLED.

BETH (cont'd)

Did you know him?

DIBNY

He was a former patrol cop from the 22nd, he was one of the officers convicted by Turpin's testimony about their 'rough justice' actions.

BETH

He was a former cop? That might explain...

She trails off, taking the clipboard back, and hunting through some photos attached, before pulling one out and holding it up. It's a EXTREME CLOSE UP of a forehead, where a savage gash, in the form of a "J", has been made.

BETH

I wondered why someone would mark the body like this, but if he was a former cop, then maybe he was killed for just the same reason those other cops were targeted.

DIBNY

This gang that's been going round, the Jokerz?

Beth NODS, as Dibny FROWNS again.

DIBNY (cont'd)

Why would Yardley arrange for the funeral, I thought he'd only been with the CSU team for a year or two.

BETH

He has, but he did say that he used to be in Patrol here before transferring to Coast City, I

(MORE)

BETH (cont'd)  
 figured he knew Simmons from back  
 then.

REALIZATION dawns on Dibny, and he quickly turns on his  
 heel and heads out, Beth watching him go, SURPRISED.

BETH (cont'd)  
 Was it something I said?

Off her puzzlement...

38 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - NIGHT - LATER

Establishing shot of the building.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)  
 (annoyed)  
 What the hell do you mean, "it's  
 Yardley"?

39 INT. METRO CENTRAL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Dibny and Maggie are walking down the corridor, Maggie  
 looking irritated, while Dibny seems FULL OF ENERGY.

DIBNY  
 I think Yardley is setting Danny  
 up, or at least trying to ruin  
 his career enough that he gets  
 kicked out of the Department.

MAGGIE  
 Okay but why? Because Joe Simmons  
 was killed?

DIBNY  
 I think that was the trigger,  
 yes, but then your shooting gave  
 him a chance to act.

Maggie stops ABRUPTLY, which causing Dibny to turn back  
 and face her.

MAGGIE  
 (unconvinced)  
 It's a nice theory, but that's  
 all it is, no evidence.

DIBNY  
 That's why I'm hoping Mr West has  
 finished running the gun and  
 bullets through the system by  
 now, maybe he found something.

MAGGIE  
 (surprised)  
 He hadn't done that before?

DIBNY  
 Yardley was the senior tech on  
 the site, remember, he didn't  
 push for Wally to do that, not  
 with the difference in calibers.

Maggie FROWNS, and quickly STALKS towards the lab door,  
 Dibny now trailing behind her.

40 INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

A DIZZY Wally is trying to climb to his feet, one hand  
 pressed against the back of his head, the other supporting  
 himself on the equipment table, as both Maggie and Dibny  
 enter.

Maggie, EYES WIDE, immediately goes to help Wally, while  
 Dibny pulls his SERVICE WEAPON out, and quick checks the  
 rest of the lab.

WALLY  
 (groans)  
 Damn, he hit me!

MAGGIE  
 What happened, Wally, who hit  
 you?

WALLY  
 Uh, Yardley, I think. I, uh,  
 don't really remember, but he was  
 right here, with me!

DIBNY  
 Place is clear, he's not here  
 now.

Dibny, NOTICING the blinking "NO MATCHES FOUND" search  
 bar, approaches the monitor screens.

DIBNY (cont'd)  
 Damn, no matches?

WALLY  
 (surprised)  
 Huh? No, there was! That's it, I  
 remember now! I found something  
 on the gun history, matched the  
 bullets to ones on the system, I  
 was talking to Jonas about it,  
 when BAM!!

MAGGIE  
Can you recover the file?

WALLY  
Yeah, give me a second.

He takes his stool, pushing Dibny unceremoniously out of the way, and begins typing.

MAGGIE  
Wally must have found something that would have made either the gun or Yardley himself look suspect.

DIBNY  
So he knocks West out, deleted the entry and makes a run for it?

Wally looks over his shoulder at them, before NOTICING something out of view:

WALLY'S P.O.V.: the EMPTY tray where the pistol was.

WALLY  
Hey! The gun, it's gone!

MAGGIE  
(realizing)  
Oh, God, Danny...

She quickly pulls out her cell phone and speed-dials a number, biting her lip.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
Come on, pick up, pick up, answer the damn phone!

DIBNY  
What are you thinking?

MAGGIE  
If he thinks his plan to ruin Danny has fallen through, what's to stop him from going one stage farther?

On Dibny's REALIZING what Maggie means...

41 INT. SITTING ROOM - DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Danny stands at the window, an open beer in hand, taking a slow pull from it, as he stares out into the night.

Suzie, STIFLING A YAWN, wanders in, and goes up to her husband, putting her arms around his waist, nuzzling into his back.

SUZIE

Stevie's all tucked in, and out like a light, he was exhausted, you ran him ragged.

DANNY

Yeah, well, I might be spending a lot more time playing the stay-at-home dad soon, might as well practice.

SUZIE

Hey, don't talk like that, you're gonna be cleared, they have to!

DANNY

You saw the way that guy reacted, hell, even if I DO get my job back, things aren't gonna be the same.

SUZIE

What are you saying? You think we should move?

DANNY

(sighs)

I don't know, Suz, everything has gotten just so crazy.

Suzie lets go, and PULLS the beer from his hand, setting it down on a nearby side table, before standing in front of him, DETERMINED.

SUZIE

Now you listen to me, Danny "The Terrible" Turpin, we do NOT just give up here, okay? No matter what, we are going to clear your name, even if we have to sue the Daily Star over that article, and spend every penny we have. Metropolis isn't just our home, it's our son's, and we are going to fight for it, just like we did before, got it?

Danny looks at his wife, a LITTLE AMAZED, before grinning.

DANNY

I really got lucky when I married you, huh?

SUZIE

And don't you forget it, babe.

They embrace in a HUG and a PASSIONATE KISS, just as--

BUZZ!! BUZZ!!

They break apart, Danny looking over his shoulder.

DANNY  
Damn, that's my cell.

SUZIE  
You should answer, it might be  
about the investigation.

Danny leans in and gives Suzie a quick peck on the cheek,  
before exiting.

42 INT. KITCHEN - DANNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He walks into the well appointed and maintained kitchen,  
and quickly spots his vibrating CELL PHONE. He picks it  
up, and we see on the screen "MAGGIE CALLING", and quickly  
presses the 'receive' key just as--

CLICK!

Danny FREEZES at the sound, the phone halfway raised to  
his ear, before slowing turning round to see...

JONAS YARDLEY, standing by the ajar backdoor, PISTOL  
RAISED and POINTED STRAIGHT at Danny.

Off Danny's HORRIFIED SHOCK, we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

43 EXT. BAKERLINE SUBURBS - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

It's seemingly all quiet... until AN UNMARKED POLICE CAR come racing down the street, at HIGH SPEED.

44 INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - BAKERLINE - CONTINUOUS

Maggie, her hands CLENCHED on the wheel of her car, keeps her eyes focused on the road ahead, as Ralph Dibny checks his weapon, before slotting the magazine in with a CLICK.

DANNY(O.S)

It was you, wasn't it. You set me up!

YARDLEY (O.S)

Shut up, Turpin! I don't need you yammering on at me!

On the dashboard, sitting in a HANDS-FREE set, is Maggie's cell phone, with "DANNY CELL" visible on the screen.

45 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - BAKERLINE - NIGHT - LATER

A CLOSE UP of Danny's cell phone, with the words "MAGGIE CELL" visible, LAYING on the coffee table in the main room.

We pull back and see Danny and a SCARED Suzie, holding onto each other tightly, sitting on the couch by the window, as someone paces in front of them - Jonas Yardley.

He is SWEATING HEAVILY, looking somewhat CRAZED and UNSURE, but still holding his weapon, which is no longer aimed at Danny.

YARDLEY (CONT)

Dammit, it wasn't supposed to go down like this! Why couldn't they just accept it?!

DANNY

You bastard! You're with the CSU team, so what, you pulled some kind of switch? You set me up, didn't you!

YARDLEY

It was the perfect chance, I couldn't let it go to waste! I was first tech on scene, I was there with the body, the M.E. wasn't there yet.

DANNY

You switched the gun, didn't you?  
That's why the ballistics didn't  
match!

YARDLEY

Little habit I picked up when I  
worked Patrol here before, always  
carry a spare, and since it  
wasn't registered...

DANNY

A drop gun, you clever bastard.  
Where's the real gun that punk  
used?

YARDLEY

I tossed it, first chance I had.  
Damn, why couldn't they just  
believe you were dirty?!

DANNY

(angrily)  
Why did you do this?! What the  
hell did I ever do to you?!

SUZIE

Danny, please, don't!

Yardley gives them a DIRTY LOOK, as Suzie tries to calm  
her husband's temper and fear.

YARDLEY

You should listen to your wife,  
Turpin. Maybe, if you cool it,  
you might actually prove you  
earned that detective shield and  
figure it out?

DANNY

Wait a minute... Yardley,  
Yardley. You... you were Joe  
Simmons' training officer?! He--  
he talked about you all the time,  
everything he learned from you.

YARDLEY

One of the best probies I ever  
had, he was a natural at being a  
cop, he knew just how to treat  
the dirt-bags that the law lets  
back into the streets. He would  
have gone places if it weren't  
for you.

Danny gives him a SNIDE look, unimpressed.

DANNY

So, what? You blame me because he got himself killed? Some cop, if he couldn't take some prison punk.

Yardley, FURIOUSLY CLENCHES his weapon, as Suzie looks on, TERRIFIED.

YARDLEY

Don't you dare talk about him like that!

DANNY

Why not?! It's the truth! He was nothing, and you know what, so are you!

YARDLEY

So help me, Turpin, if you keep talking I will put a bullet in your brain, I SWEAR TO GOD!!

DANNY

(shouting)

Then do it!

Yardley let's out a SAVAGE GUTTURAL CRY, and brings his GUN up--

--and Danny LASHES OUT, knocking the gun arm away with a well aimed hit, that sends the gun FLYING ACROSS the room, where it skids under a large bookcase.

The two men LUNGE for each other, the gun forgotten about as they exchange several punches to the face and gut, before they grab each other in a wrestling-like maneuver, that pushes them into the coffee table, SMASHING IT TO KINDLING.

Suzie, PANICKED, rushes across the room, and gets down on on her hands and knees, reaching under the bookcase, fingers desperately INCHING TOWARDS the gun.

The two men continue to pummel each other - blood stains Yardley's teeth, while Danny's cheek has a nasty gash, but they still exchange blows.

Finally, Yardley, pinned underneath Danny, gets a leg loose enough to kick Danny off, hard enough that he CRACKS his head against the window.

Yardley gets to his feet, and while Danny struggles to stand, woozy from the blow, he reaches down and pulls up a trouser leg, revealing ANOTHER GUN, which he starts to pull from it's holster.

SUZIE  
 (shouts)  
 Hold it!

Yardley FREEZES, and looks up to see Suzie, GUN IN HAND, with it aimed right at him. He NARROWS his eyes for a moment, before he chuckles.

YARDLEY  
 (confident)  
 You're not gonna shoot me.

He grabs hold of the ankle holster again just as--

BANG!!

Yardley, JUMPING BACK in shock, and landing in a heap on the floor, looks at the SMOKING BULLET HOLE near to where his foot just was, before looking back at the STONE-FACED Suzie.

SUZIE  
 (determined)  
 Wanna bet, dumb-ass?

Danny, WHO COULDN'T LOOK MORE PROUD, grins at his wife, just as the front door bursts open, and both Maggie Sawyer and Lieutenant Dibny CHARGE IN, weapons raised.

They quickly take in the scene, the stunned Yardley, and the gun-totting Suzie, and slowly lower their own weapons, as Danny finally gets to his feet, as we:

FADE TO:

46 EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - BAKERLINE - NIGHTTIME - LATER

Standing in the doorway, Suzie and Danny watch with satisfaction as Dibny puts the cuffed Yardley into the car, while Maggie talks with the newly arrived CSU techs.

As Suzie embraces and leans into her husband, we:

FADE TO:

47 EXT. DAILY STAR BUILDING - METROPOLIS - MORNING

Establishing shot of the building.

48 INT. DAILY STAR OFFICES - METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Toby Raines sits at her desk, working on her computer, focused until someone abruptly walks up and stands there. She looks up, QUIZZICALLY, to see Steve Lombard standing there, looking CONTRITE.

Held in one hand, in clear view, is the NEXT EDITION, with the main headline across the top: "S.C.U. Officer Exonerated Of Wrongdoing." In a small boxed off section of the page in smaller print is another headline: "The Daily Star Apologizes".

Toby smiles, and her smile becomes a GRIN, when Steve produces, hidden behind the copy, a LARGE STEAMING CUP of coffee, which has the words "I'm Sorry" complete with a SAD-LOOKING SMILEY-FACE, on it.

She graciously takes the mug, and then offers Steve a small nod, before taking a sip. Steve GRINS, pleased with the response, before leaving the paper on her desk and walking away. Off her satisfied smile...

49 INT. METRO COFFEE STOP - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - LATER

Danny, with his badge back hanging around his neck, approaches the counter, LOOKING WORRIED. We see it's the same barista as before, the OWNER who threw Danny out.

Danny gets to the order counter, and for a moment, their eyes lock, and Danny SWALLOWS.

DANNY

Uh, I'll have a grande skim latte, extra vanilla.

There is silence for a moment, before the Owner NODS, and pulls out the relevant cup size.

BARISTA

You got it, Detective. One grande skim latte, extra vanilla. No charge, this one is on the house.

Danny BLINKS, SURPRISED, and opens his mouth to protest, but the Owner raises his hand.

BARISTA (cont'd)

(apologetic)

Least I can do for one of the city's finest, right?

Danny slowly SMILES, before NODDING.

50 EXT. METRO COFFEE STOP - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Danny, his large coffee cup in hand, exits the shop, and takes an APPRECIATE SIP of his drink, before GRINNING, as he heads off, as we:

FADE TO:

51 INT. BIBBO'S - METROPOLIS DOCKS - NIGHT

It's a BUSY NIGHT, the place is packed, and Bibbo is busy serving drinks at the bar, as waitresses and busboys move through the crowd.

MAGGIE (O.S)

Here's to the return of Detective  
Danny Turpin.

TWO BEER BOTTLES CLINK together, as Maggie and Danny toast, before Toby and Suzie join in with their wine glasses. All four are sitting together in a booth, looking relaxed and comfortable, enjoying a double date.

TOBY

I had no idea you knew how to use  
a gun, Suzie, I thought you were  
just a simple school teacher!

SUZIE

(laughs)

Oh, I am, but I come from a  
family of cops, so I was learning  
to shoot before I learned how to  
walk.

DANNY

One of the many, many reasons I  
fell in love with her, not to  
mention her cooking.

Danny takes a SWIG from his beer, as Maggie cocks an eyebrow.

MAGGIE

Plus, incentive to never cheat,  
because she'd shoot you dead.

Danny SPUTTERS and CHOKES in response, BEER dribbling down his chin, as Toby and Suzie laugh, before clinking their glasses again. Suzie then passes him a napkin to clean himself up.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Pretty smart, by the way, keeping  
your phone on when Yardley was at  
your house.

DANNY

Well to be honest, hanging up wasn't the first thing that came to mind when I saw he had a gun aimed at my face. I just hoped you'd hear enough to know to get there ASAP.

TOBY

Not to mention that you were able to record his whole confession. Why is it the villain of the piece always wants to explain how they did it?

MAGGIE

You're the writer, hun, shouldn't you know the answer to that?

SUZIE

All I care is that it finally got Danny off the hook, and we can finally get back to normal.

DANNY

Speaking of which, Toby, I just wanted to say thank you for everything you did with the Daily Star printing that retraction and apology.

TOBY

It was the least you deserved after what they said about you before, so don't worry about it, okay?

Danny SMILES, SOFTLY.

DANNY

Fair enough.

He raises his beer again, but notices something off screen, and FROWNS.

DANNY (cont'd)

Is that Dibny? What's he doing here?

Maggie looks over at what Danny is looking at--

--and see's Ralph Dibny, standing by the entrance, out of his usual suit, dressed more casually, but looking a tad UNCOMFORTABLE. He is also getting a few stares from the other cop patrons.

Maggie SMILES.

MAGGIE

I wondered if he'd show.

She gets up and leaves the booth, the others watching in curiosity, as she goes over to him.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Glad you could make it, Ralph.

DIBNY

Uh, thanks for the invite, Captain, although I wasn't sure if it was appropriate.

MAGGIE

Hey, we're off duty, so call me Maggie, okay, and of course it's appropriate. We might work for different units but we're still cops.

DIBNY

Well, I wish other officers thought of Internal Affairs like that.

MAGGIE

The way I see it, you guys have the toughest job of all, you police the police, so yeah, you're gonna make some enemies, but you're doing what needs to be done.

DIBNY

Thank you, Maggie, that means a lot.

MAGGIE

This case just proved to me what I already knew. You're a good detective, Ralph, and if you ever tire of I.A., I can guarantee you a place with the S.C.U. We'd be lucky to have you.

She OFFERS HER HAND, and after a moment, Dibny takes it, and returns a FIRM HANDSHAKE.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Come on, let's get you a drink.

Dibny GRINS, before NODDING, and together they walk over to the bar, where a SMILING Bibbo quickly moves over to them to take their orders, as we:

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE