

METROPOLIS: SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

1.05 | "NOISE"

Written By
Alex M P Matthews

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

Based on DC Comics Characters

Executive Producers
Alex Matthews, Chris Davis &
Jack Malone

XaleCorp Productions 2014

CAST

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

AND

DR. KITTY FAULKNER Felicia Day

RECURRING GUEST CAST

TODD RICE Chris Lowell
RUSSEL TEN CLOUDS Gregory Cruz
MIKE HENDERSON Harry Lennix
BO 'BIBBO' BIBBOWSKI Steve Austin
KING FARADAY Alex Carter

GUEST CAST

DR. BITO WALDEN Enver Gjokaj
DEMETRI ???
ALEXI ???
JANUS ???
SECURITY GUARD #1 ???
SECURITY GUARD #2 ???
THUG #1 ???
THUG #2 ???

TEASER

FADE INTO:

1 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the building, where only a handful of the windows are lit from the inside, signifying the lateness of the hour.

2 INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

The lab is relatively quiet, as WALLY WEST, dressed in a rather casual fashion, t-shirt, jeans and sneakers, works on the keyboard by the main set of computers.

He looks OVER HIS SHOULDER, and offers a soft smile as the door opens and MAGGIE SAWYER walks in, her travel mug in hand, looking TIRED.

WALLY

Yo, Cap! What's up?

MAGGIE

Figured I'd pop in, pass on my congratulations, I hear your deposition in court today made all the difference.

WALLY

Oh, you mean the Richardson case? Yeah, me and Kate Spencer pretty much hit it out of the park with that one.

MAGGIE

Well it helps that Kate actually understand we're people, not just tools, unlike that boss of hers.

WALLY

Yeah, Chase gives me the willies sometimes, I think he's had it in for me since that thing with Danny.

MAGGIE

Not just you, believe me.

She gives him a quick once over, LOOKING WORRIED.

MAGGIE

Uh, you didn't go to court dressed like that, did you?

WALLY

(laughs)

No, I'm not that bad! I just tossed the monkey suit as soon as I got back to the lab, I can barely breath in that thing!

MAGGIE

Well, that's a relief. Anyway, time to finish, want me to give you a ride?

Wally turns back to his screens, his expression one of CONCERN, almost FEAR, although Maggie does not see it.

WALLY

Uh, you know what, that's fine, I still have a few things to catch up on, court put me behind, and I don't want the backlog we already have to get bigger.

MAGGIE

You know they're clamping down on overtime, remember?

WALLY

It's fine, I've already clocked out, I'll only be an extra hour or two, I'll get the cleaning crew to lock up when I go.

Maggie, FROWNING, hesitates, but Wally turns back, a BIG GRIN on his face.

WALLY (cont'd)

It's fine, really! Go on, go home to the missus!

Shaking her head in amusement, and ROLLING HER EYES, Maggie closes the door--

--and Wally's grin COLLAPSES INSTANTLY. He sighs, and runs a hand through his hair, and STRETCHES OUT for a moment. He stands, and walks over to the door, and LOCKS IT from the inside.

He then moves back to the computer area and presses the 'OFF' button on each of the monitors, before heading deeper into the lab.

3 INT. WALLY'S OFFICE - FORENSICS LAB - CONTINUOUS

Wally walks in, flipping the LIGHT SWITCH off in the main part of the lab, before closing the door behind him, and settling down on the THREADBARE COUCH by the wall.

He leans forward and opens a DRAW on a FILING CABINET by the couch, pulling out a DIRTY LOOKING PILLOW, tossing it onto the couch. He lays down, and pulls the BLANKET that was decorating the couch over himself, fidgeting in order to get comfortable.

He lays there for a moment, STARING at the ceiling for several seconds, before turning his head, and closing his eyes, as we:

FADE TO:

4 EXT. CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - METROPOLIS

The darkened view of night-time Metropolis fades quickly into morning, as the moon sets and sun begins to rise.

5 EXT. CYBERWEAR TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

The NONDESCRIBT building is slowly being lit by the growing amount of light from the coming dawn before we:

CUT TO:

6 INT. CYBERWEAR TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The storage and loading area is deserted and darkened, seemingly as quiet as the grave--

--until a large EXPLOSION rips the large door right from it's hinges, and shreds it, debris flying everywhere.

THREE MASKED MEN, each holding some kind of HIGH-TECH looking gun are standing, admiring the damage, before stepping into the room, the sunlight from outside shining in.

MAN #1
(in Slavic)
<Come on, we don't have long!>

MAN #2
(also in Slavic)
<We know the drill, Demetri, just get to it!>

They quickly split up and move towards the various crates that are stacked up, each grabbing nearby crow-bars and prying the lids loose, rummaging through the contents, LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.

MAN #3
(also in Slavic)
<I've got it! It's over here!>

The FIRST and SECOND men turn to look at their waving comrade, and start to move toward him

SECURITY GUARD (O.S)
Hold it right there!

They both turn and see the LONE SECURITY GUARD (young, light brown hair, neat uniform), pistol raised, looking decidedly scared out of his wits but still doing his job, as he tries to keep both men covered at the same time.

The THIRD MASKED MAN, not yet spotted by the Security Guard, quickly ducks behind another crate out of view, as his comrades raise their arms in surrender.

MAN #1
<Shit! I thought you said there weren't any guards in the loading dock?!>

MAN #2
<There isn't supposed to be!>

SECURITY GUARD
Shut up! What is that, what are you saying?!

MAN #3
<We don't have time for this.>

He stands from behind his crate, his high-tech gun raised and aimed. The guard, having heard his voice, turns, and starts to bring his pistol to bare, but--

-- the MASKED MAN FIRES!

The air itself seems to wobble and vibrate as a WALL OF SHEER FORCE hit the guard, sending him flying END OVER END before he is SLAMMED into the far wall, before crumbling to the ground.

The THIRD MAN simply laughs.

MAN #3
<Oh, I LIKE these weapons!>

MAN #1
<Alexi! We were told "no
killing"!>

MAN #2
<Forget that! Just grab the item,
and let's get out of here!>

The THIRD MAN grabs the 'item', something in a small metal box, and quickly jumps into the DARK PANEL VAN that is waiting for them.

As they board the van, another SECURITY GUARD, older, with a large Doberman on a leash by his side, comes running around the corner, looking at them in SHOCK.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Hey, stop!

MAN #2
<Drive, Demetri, drive!>

The last man DIVES into the van, and the door shuts behind him, but no one notices a SMALL ROUND OBJECT fall out of the van before the door SLAMS CLOSED.

As they drive off at speed, we PAN BACK to the still, BROKEN form of the Security Guard, laying in an unnatural heap, BLOOD ALREADY POOLING under him. Off his glassy, dead gaze, we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE INTO:

7 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - MORNING

Establishing shot of the building.

8 INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

The bullpen is just starting to fill up as Maggie Sawyer stride in, takes a quick look around the room, before heading straight for her office.

Standing outside, looking as relaxed as always, with a MUG of STEAMING COFFEE already ready for her, is TODD RICE. Maggie takes the coffee gratefully, and enjoys a long sip, APPRECIATIVELY.

MAGGIE

Just what I needed, forgot to change the damned coffee machine last night.

TODD

(amused)

Yeah, Toby already called to warn me.

He then picks up a large wad of manila folders and offers them to Maggie, whose smiles fades quickly.

MAGGIE

Just what I DON'T need, thanks.

TODD

By the way, Commissioner Henderson called, he wants you in his office for 11 o'clock.

MAGGIE

(dubious)

Did he say why?

TODD

Nope, but that does give you plenty of time to get those reports seen to before you head upstairs.

MAGGIE

(sarcastic)

Well, don't you know how to treat a girl.

TODD
 Hey, I can't do EVERYTHING for
 you, you know.

Maggie SIGHS, puts the coffee mug down on Todd's neatly
 arranged desk, and flicks through the case folders for a
 moment.

MAGGIE
 Where's Danny? Not in yet?

TODD
 Actually, he and Russell have
 already clocked in and responded
 to a call out. Another robbery
 with that weird signature.

Maggie looks up at Todd, SURPRISED, as we:

CUT TO:

9 EXT. CYBERWEAR TECHNOLOGIES - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The place is now crawling with several MPD patrol cars, as
 well as a van from the Medical Examiner's office, the
 damage to the loading bay doors looking like a ragged
 wound.

MAGGIE (V.O)
 Another tech job? Where's this
 one?

TODD (V.O)
 Central Business District, an
 office of a company called
 Cyberwear Technologies. Only this
 one left a body.

10 INT. CYBERWEAR TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Uniformed police officers block off the perimeter of the
 scene, as early-riser pedestrians start gathering to see
 what all the fuss is about.

Behind the line, and inside the loading bay, DR. BETH
 CHAPEL works with one of her assistants in straightening
 out the body of the dead guard, while DANNY TURPIN is off
 to one side nearby, talking with a member of the CSU team.

RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS, meanwhile, is standing just outside
 the loading bay, where the second Guard is sitting on the
 steps, stroking his dog, who sits at attention beside him.

TEN CLOUDS

So, let me just go over this one more time, sir. You came on shift at midnight, correct?

SECURITY GUARD #2

(sighs)

Yeah, me and Jimmy, we're the graveyard detail, 12 till 8am, and it was all pretty quiet, but then Jerry, he got all antsy and went for a walk around the interior site.

TEN CLOUDS

This was at just before 5:30? That was unusual?

SECURITY GUARD #2

No, no, not really, I mean we're supposed to do that every few hours, but I'd only done a sweep an hour ago. He was new, though, you know how kids can be.

TEN CLOUDS

Okay, then what happened?

SECURITY GUARD #2

Well, I head this almighty explosion, damn near gave me a heart attack! I grabbed hold of old Buster here, and went out to have a look.

TEN CLOUDS

That's when you saw the panel van drive off?

SECURITY GUARD #2

Yes, sir, it damn near clipped me! That's when I went into the loading dock, as saw poor Jimmy lying there, like a broken toy.

TEN CLOUDS

What about the men inside? You said you heard them talking?

SECURITY GUARD #2

I couldn't tell you what they said, though, it was some weird ass language, their accents definitely weren't from around these parts!

Ten Clouds FROWNS, and scribbles in his note pad, before he looks up as someone approaches - it's Wally, dressed in field gear, with his kit at the ready. However, he looks rather TIRED, his hair is a mess, his clothes rumpled and he stifles a YAWN.

TEN CLOUDS

Wally? You okay? You look like hell?

WALLY

I'm good, I'm good, just didn't get much sleep last night, figured I'd get into work early.

Ten Clouds NODS, but watches with some CONCERN as Wally heads into the crime scene, before turning back to his witness.

We follow Wally into the loading bay, where Danny is now approaching the crouched down Beth, as she and her assistant position the body into a bag.

DANNY

He looks like he took a hell of a beating.

BETH

(unsure, confused)

That's one way to put it, yeah. It looks like impact damage to most of the body, lots of broken bones.

DANNY

You don't sound convinced, though.

BETH

Well, there's something about it that doesn't sit right with me at the moment. Preliminary COD is blunt force trauma from the impact against the wall, but I'll know more when I get him back to the morgue.

She stands, just as Wally approaches, and surveys the body for himself.

DANNY

Must have been one hell of an impact to send him flying like that. Maybe the van hit him?

WALLY

Nah, couldn't be. Those burned tire treads outside, they're at the wrong angle to have thrown the guy this way. Looks like they stopped the van just outside the door, it doesn't look like it came in here.

BETH

So I wonder what DID send him flying?

As the assistant silent zips the bag shut, we:

CUT TO:

11 EXT. S.T.A.R. LABS BUILDING - METROPOLIS - DAY - LATER

Establishing shot of the building.

KITTY (PRE-LAP)

Right, the last order of business, finally!

12 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - S.T.A.R. LABS - CONTINUOUS

DR. KITTY FAULKNER stands at the head of a long table that has about a dozen people all seated around it, and they all look like they wish they could be somewhere else.

Kitty herself, seems like she wishes she could be far away, but still tries to talk to her colleagues with some CHEERFUL ATTITUDE.

KITTY

As you all know, the Metropolis Scientific Advancement Seminar is a month away, and we are hosting it. This is our chance to show all the other facilities the kind of cutting edge work we're doing here, so it needs to go off without a hitch.

She picks up her clipboard, and flips through her notes, smiling and nodding.

KITTY (cont'd)

I see that everyone has submitted their final project requisitions and overtime slips, good...

She trails off, and pauses, FROWNING.

KITTY (cont'd)
 Wait, I'm still missing them from
 Dr. Wladen. Bito? Do you have
 them with you now?

She looks up, and her frown gives way to a LOOK OF
 DISAPPOINTMENT.

KITTY'S P.O.V.: A chair at the end is conspicuously
 empty.

Several of the other scientists shoot worried looks at it
 and Kitty as she purses her lips in annoyance as we:

CUT TO:

13 INT. S.T.A.R. LABS CORRIDOR - METROPOLIS - LATER

We see a door with the words "DR. BITO WLADEN - GENERAL
 RESEARCHER" on it.

KITTY (PRE-LAP)
 Bito, you have to get your
 priorities straight!

14 INT. BITO'S LAB - S.T.A.R. LABS - CONTINUOUS

It's a incredibly well furnished labs, with several
 security lockers on the wall, plus a large glass case in
 which several items, all advanced-looking, sit on display.

Kitty, her ARMS FOLDED, not happy in the least, stand by a
 equipment table, looking at the subject of her ire.

DR. BITO WLADEN (Eastern-European looking, handsome,
 mid-30s, wire-frame glasses) sits at the equipment table,
 fiddling with several small electronics, seemingly
 UNCONCERNED with Kitty's attention.

WLADEN
 (amused)
 Priorities? Kitty, it was a staff
 meeting, not exactly a good use
 of my time, really. What did you
 end up talking about anyway? The
 MSA Seminar?

KITTY
 Well, if you'd attended, you'd
 know, wouldn't you! Look, Bito, I
 don't enjoy having to corral
 everyone for these things, but
 they need to be done, and YOU
 need to attend them.

BITO

Look, I work here because I want to make significant stride in scientific development, not attend boring society soirees.

KITTY

Okay fine, then explain why you haven't submitted anything more than basic reports on the half a dozen open projects you're supposed to be working on.

WLADEN

Well, paper work isn't my strong suit.

KITTY

Come on, Bito, we both know you're only spending the bare MINIMUM of time on the projects you're supposed to be working on. The rest of your time is being spent on your own personal projects, and I can't keep covering for you!

WLADEN

I never asked you to do that, Kitty.

KITTY

If I didn't, you'd be out of a job, and you're too smart of a scientist to be let go. You could really do some wonderful things at S.T.A.R., but you need to put your own agenda to one side.

WLADEN

(dubious)

My 'agenda'?

KITTY

Look, I admit, your ideas, they're brilliant, but the Powers that Be, they decided they were too aggressive for S.T.A.R. to pursue, you need to let them be, at least on company time.

Wladen fixes her with a HARD, ANGRY GAZE, so much so that Kitty unintentionally backs up a step. He stands, and his voices gets louder and angrier as he speaks.

WLADEN

'Aggressive'? My work is innovative, it could help SAVE lives, it could revolutionize the art of war completely!

Kitty SWALLOWS, a little SCARED, which Wladen sees, and he forces himself to relax, taking a breath, before attempting to show a casual smile.

WLADEN

I'm sorry, Kitty, that was unnecessarily passionate of me.

KITTY

(nervous)

It's-- it's fine, really.

WLADEN

(charming)

Look, I promise, I won't spend so much time on my own projects in the future, and I'll put more effort into those you give me. I shouldn't put you in that position, I apologize. Forgive me?

After a moment, Kitty SLOWLY NODS, letting out a small, nervous smile of her own.

BUZZ! BUZZ!

Bito REACT, and grabs a phone off his equipment table, FROWNING, before his expression twists with ANNOYANCE.

WLADEN (cont'd)

(in Slavic)

<Idiots!>

KITTY

(unnerved)

Uh, is something wrong?

WLADEN

What? Oh no, well, not really, but I'm afraid I have to go, personal issue, of a sort.

As he talks, he shrugs out of his labcoat and grabs his long duffel coat, pulling it on instead.

KITTY

(surprised)

Oh, uh, can I help or..?

WLADEN

No! No, I mean, it's fine,
really, but I have to go now, I
might be gone for the rest of the
day.

Before she can utter a word of protest, he ushers her out of the door, and then taps at the small keypad on the wall. The display BEEPS before showing the words: "LAB SECURED".

WLADEN (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Kitty, we'll talk
later.

She watches as he rushes off down the corridor, looking after him, DISAPPOINTED, as we:

CUT TO:

15 EXT. OCME BUILDING - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

16 INT. MORGUE - OCME BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Beth is standing by an examination table, where a zipped BODY BAG is laying, writing on a clipboard, FOCUSED on her work.

Finishing up, she puts the clipboard down on the bag, and picks up a MANILA ENVELOPE that lays on top, and pulls out a series of X-RAY PICTURES.

She wanders over to the light-board on the other side of the room, and clips the images up, before TURNING ON the board itself. She FROWNS at what she sees.

BETH'S P.O.V.: The x-rays show that almost every bone has some kind of crack, fracture or break on it - NOT A SINGLE BONE is untouched! On this disturbing image, we:

FADE TO:

17 EXT. SUICIDE SLUMS - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY (LATER)

Establishing shot of the warehouse, which isn't as run down as all the others we see, this one actually seems to have an actual name: "MODORIAN IMPORTS".

A car pulls up outside, and some quickly exits and heads to the small door set into the main front of the building, before looking over their shoulder - it's Dr. Wladen.

18 INT. MODORIAN IMPORTS - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Wladen enters the building, which consists of one LARGE OPEN SPACE, the panel van from earlier parked in the middle, and several opened crates are littered around it.

The THREE MEN from earlier (DEMETRI, ALEXI and JANUS), sit or stand around, keeping themselves occupied, as Wladen ANGRILY STORMS up to them.

ALEXI

<Bito? What are you doing here at this time?

WLADEN

<Janus text me, he told me what happened at Cyberwear!>

Demetri and Alexi shoot ANGRY looks at Janus, who shrugs, GUILTILY.

JANUS

<Hey, he IS the one planning everything, I'm not going to be the one who screws it up.>

DEMETRI

<So, what are you unhappy about?>

WLADEN

<How about you talking like that for starters?> Speak English, for god's sake, and try not to sound like you just came off the boat?

DEMETRI

Fine, fine, English it is. Is that it?

WLADEN

You killed a guard? I expressly told you 'NO killing'!

ALEXI

It couldn't be helped, we weren't expecting a guard at that time, and he got the drop on us. Demetri didn't have a choice.

WLADEN

I MADE those weapons, remember? I know exactly how they work, and what they can do. Of course he had a choice!

DEMETRI

What does it matter? We got what we needed, and that was the final piece, *dah*? Now you can start work on assembling ALL of the assets.

Bito moves to stand DIRECTLY in front of Demetri, getting right into his face.

WLADEN

Don't you get it, you oaf?! Before, it was just a harmless string of robberies. Now? Now it's a robbery/homicide case, and if they realize HOW that guard died, it could lead them straight to us!

Demetri ABRUPTLY STANDS, and starts pushing Wladen back, talking as he does.

DEMETRI

Then we will deal with them as we were trained! We are soldiers, and we long for battle, not these ridiculous 'missions' for trinkets! We were told you could be of great help in liberating our country, but I doubt your commitment! Maybe YOU should shed some blood for the cause, eh?

With one final push, Demetri SHOVES Wladen into an messy equipment table that is nearby. Wladen loose his balance, and clutches the table for support, and Demetri SMIRKS.

DEMETRI (cont'd)

No, I think not, you are too much of a coward to do something as noble as that.

He TURNS HIS BACK on Wladen, and doesn't see the COLD, HARD FURY that fills Wladen's face. He pulls a strange looking CONTROL DEVICE from the table, and the detaches two smaller CONTACTS from it, and palms them, before standing and facing Demetri.

WLADEN

A coward? I am a Son of Modora, just like you, but just because I am not eager to spill blood does not mean I won't. Would you like to test me?

Demetri turns around, EYEBROW COCKED.

DEMETRI

Prove it.

WLADEN

Gladly.

He suddenly lunges forward and SLAPS his palms to each side of Demetri's head, STUNNING him. When he pulls his hands away, the TWO CONTACTS are now attached to Demetri's temples.

DEMETRI

(swears in Slavic)

What did you--?

Wladen then takes the DEVICE, and TWISTS A DIAL on it --

-- and Demetri SCREAMS IN AGONY, as a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE is heard. Both Alexi and Janus jump back in surprise, as Demetri drops to his knees, hands clenching at the contacts.

WLADEN

Sound is an amazing concept, it's something I've always been fascinated by, but back home, my studies were severely limited.

He twists the dial FURTHER, and Demetri CONTINUES TO SCREAM, as blood begins to pour from his ears and nose, streaking down his face.

WLADEN (cont'd)

I came to this godforsaken country to learn the true mastery of sound. I have NEVER forgotten who I am or where I come from!

Demetri's SCREAM FADES, and when he opens his eyes, they are BLOODSHOT, before they roll back into his head, and he DROPS to the GROUND.

He's DEAD.

Wladen steps towards the body, and shuts the DEVICE off, his face TWISTED IN CONTEMPT, before he SPITS on the fallen man.

WLADEN (cont'd)

Is that committed enough for you?

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

19 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - EARLY AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of the building.

HENDERSON (PRE-LAP)
Captain, you remember Agent
Faraday?

20 INT. HENDERSON'S OFFICE - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie is exchanging a handshake with AGENT KING FARADAY, as COMMISSIONER MIKE HENDERSON stands by his desk, the view of Metropolis out of his window. As one, they all take their seats by the desk.

MAGGIE
Yes, sir. Agent Faraday, what
brings you back.

FARADAY
As you know, the DEA has set up
shop in Metropolis in order to
track down and stop this
'starlight' problem.

MAGGIE
My understanding was that you
hadn't gotten very far in that
respect.

Maggie can't help but wear a small but SATISFIED smile, as Henderson shots her an unimpressed look, while Faraday, surprisingly, GRINS.

FARADAY
You could say that, yeah. But
unlike other Federal Agents, I
know when to ask for local help.

HENDERSON
Agent Faraday has requested the
assistance of the S.C.U. in order
to better track these drug
runners.

MAGGIE
(unimpressed)
Really? See, I remember a certain
agent telling me that we WOULDN'T
be cut out of the investigation,
such as it was, only for that
very thing to happen.

FARADAY

(sighs)

It wasn't my choice to cut you out, that was a decision from higher up, but when we didn't make any more progress, I argued that we should use ALL the resources we have. Thankfully, this case has stirred enough interest that my superiors agreed.

MAGGIE

Okay, fine. But we already have a heavy caseload, Faraday. My department gets given every case that the individual precincts don't want to handle.

FARADAY

Like the tech robberies? I heard about those.

HENDERSON

I heard you caught a new one this morning?

MAGGIE

Yes, sir. Ten Clouds and Turpin are leading the investigation on that.

FARADAY

Well, if possible, I'd like Ten Clouds to be brought into the starlight team, he's former Narcotics, he knows the movers and shakers in this town.

MAGGIE

(sighs)

I'll see what I can do, Agent Faraday. But these are my people, and we'll do what we can to help, but their other cases will have to share priority.

FARADAY

Fair enough, I suppose.

Faraday stands, followed by Maggie and Henderson, and he shakes hands with both.

FARADAY (cont'd)

Thank you for your cooperation, Commissioner, Captain.

With that, he EXITS, leaving Maggie and Henderson FROWNING.

MAGGIE

I don't like it, Mike.

HENDERSON

Well, you never did work well with Feds, Maggie. But Faraday, he seems willing and able, and he did bring us some needed leads, even if they haven't panned out yet.

MAGGIE

True enough, I suppose. What do you want me to do?

HENDERSON

Cooperate, naturally, but those are your people he'll be using, so you keep as much control as possible on the situation, I don't want the DEA running roughshod through my city.

Maggie NODS, but her expression is THOUGHTFUL as we:

CUT TO:

21 INT. MORGUE - OCME BUILDING - LATER

The doors open, and in walk Beth, Danny and Ten Clouds, heading straight to the examination table where the broken body of the Security Guard now lays, covered by a plastic sheet.

BETH

This one is definitely one of the 'weird' ones I know you like.

DANNY

Define 'weird'.

BETH

Well, not a single bone was untouched, every one showed some kind of damage to it.

TEN CLOUDS

All of them? Jeez, that was some slam down he took.

BETH

Exactly. But there are none of the usual indicators to suggest

(MORE)

BETH (cont'd)
he was hit by a vehicle of some sort. That would normally cause a certain type of break in the legs, but not in this case.

DANNY
But, was it the impact that killed him?

BETH
Actually, no.

She picks up a surgical dish, and passes it towards them, although neither man wants to touch it. Instead they simply lean forward and peer into it together.

INSIDE, is what looks like a SMASHED PIECE OF BEEF.

DANNY
What's that?

BETH
The remains of this poor guy's heart. It's been completely pulverized by something.

DANNY
(disgusted)
Urgh!

TEN CLOUDS
What could do that kind of damage?

BETH
I have no way to determine that right now. All I do know is that whatever it was, it did this to all the major organs in his chest. Remember the blood pool found on the scene, despite there being no visible trauma?

DANNY
Yeah?

BETH
Every blood vessel was ruptured somehow. Something may have thrown him clear across the room, but he would have been dead even without that impact.

TEN CLOUDS
Okay, that does qualify as 'weird'. Anything else?

Beth FALTERS, and bites her lip for a second, CAUTIOUS.

BETH
Actually, I was wondering if...?

DANNY
If what?

BETH
Well, it's Wally. Have you noticed how tired he's looking lately?

TEN CLOUDS
Actually yeah, he did look a little out of it at the crime scene when he arrived. Didn't even crack a joke.

DANNY
He has been working extra shifts, they're short-handed in the CSU field teams after what happened with Yardley.

BETH
I've known Wally since Maggie recruited him, he's not normally this distant. Odd, a little scattered, yes, but not so removed as he seems to have been of late.

DANNY
I'm swinging by the lab later, I'll just pop a few feelers out, see what he says. That okay?

Beth SMILES, and NODS, relieved, and as Danny and Ten Clouds exit, we:

CUT TO:

22 INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - LATER

Wally is HARD AT WORK, as per usual, but still with a generally rumpled appearance. He is sat at the monitors, where he is uploading CRIME SCENE IMAGES into the computer.

He clicks on the images of the tire treads, and opens up another program on a different screen, before dragging the image into the program, where it begins to MAP OUT the image, and run through possible matches.

WALLY

Okay, that should give us a match to the tire treads, save me having to go through local surveillance footage for a panel van.

He pushes away from the monitors and scoots over to the equipment table behind him, where the SMALL DEVICE, the one that fell from the van earlier, sits in an EVIDENCE BAG.

WALLY

Okay, let's take a look at this little baby.

Pulling on some latex gloves, he easily removes the device, and brings it close to his face, SCRUTINIZING IT.

WALLY (cont'd)

Looks pretty sophisticated, although I have no idea what it is. Looks like it has a control on it, maybe it's an on/off switch? Probably shouldn't touch that just yet, not till I know what it is for... and I'm talking to myself again. Great! Nice one, Wally, just make everyone think you're a complete and utter--

In his ANXIETY, Wally FUMBLES the device, and it tumbles from his finger and clatters onto the work surface, before rolling off that and landing on the floor.

BLEEP! BLEEP!

A small RED DIODE lights up on the device, and Wally's eye WIDEN IN SHOCK.

WALLY

Oh, sh--!

SILENCE. NOTHING BUT SILENCE.

Wally, HIS EYES SHUT TIGHT, slowly opens one, and looks down at the blinking device. He stands, and turns, looking around the room in SHOCK. Everything seems completely normal, but NOT A SINGLE SOUND CAN BE HEARD.

Wally tries speaking, then shouting, then BELLOWING. Nothing.

He reaches down and picks up the device, and carefully, PRESSES the control--

-- and SOUND RETURNS. LOUDLY!

Wally jumps in surprise at all the beeps, chirps and whistles coming from his equipment before looking back at the device, and slowly placing it carefully on the work bench.

WALLY (PRE-LAP)
It's a wave-cancellation device,
or for a simpler term, a
suppressor.

Off Wally's look of AMAZEMENT, we:

CUT TO:

23 INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - TIME LAPSE

Wally is CAREFULLY holding up the small device again, but this time it's Danny scrutinizing it, although he doesn't know what to make of it. He looks at Wally, FROWNING.

DANNY
Translation, please.

WALLY
Sound travels in waves, and this device cancels out those waves. My guess is that it send out an inverse wave and that causes the silence effect. It literally removes sound from the effected area.

DANNY
Well, if they had this, why didn't they use it during the robbery.

WALLY
Well, I don't know about this last one, but didn't the case files of the other robberies say that they only discovered the thefts after, it was like they sneaked in without anyone noticing?

DANNY
So this gizmo might be the reason why no one noticed them before?

WALLY
Exactly! Maybe, I don't know, the bad guys got cocky? All I do know is that whoever built this, they're a genius with acoustic technology and sonic wave generation.

DANNY

So, we're probably looking at a scientist?

WALLY

Why would a scientist be stealing technology?

DANNY

I'm not sure I wanna answer that question, if they can build something like that already. Anything else?

WALLY

I'm still running the tire treads through the system, no luck yet, but I did also study the metal from the loading bay doors. They show signs of being melted, but it wasn't with a conventional method, because there are no burn marks. It looks like something just made the metal melt on it's own.

DANNY

Great, more freaky science stuff.

WALLY

Hey, it's what I live for!

With a satisfied GRIN, Wally turns back to his monitors, as Danny SMILES, before FROWNING SLIGHTLY.

DANNY

So, how's everything with you, Wally?

WALLY

Me? It's fine, why?

DANNY

Some of us have been worried, that's all. We've noticed how tired and distracted you've been.

Wally SHOULDERS TENSE, and he sits a little STRAIGHTER, before turning around and STARING HARD at Danny. He IS NOT IMPRESSED.

WALLY

No offense, Danny, but did we suddenly become friends and no one tell me?

DANNY

Hey, what's that supposed to mean?

WALLY

When was the last time we went out for a drink, or shoot some hoops, or watched a game? Oh, right, NEVER! We work together, that's it, so please don't pretend like you're actually concerned for me.

DANNY

(shocked)

Wally, listen, it's not like that, it was Beth, she was worried you're working too hard, and I realised--

WALLY

(interrupting)

What? That I am practically a one-man crew down here? Yeah, I get some help from some of the CSU techs from time to time but for the most part, I'm on my own, so yeah, I'm a little tired. A lot has been going on, and we've gotten a lot more cases in the last few months so I'm feeling the burn, okay. That what you wanted to hear?

DANNY

Listen, Wally, I'm sorry if I said something--

WALLY

(interrupting)

You did, so if you don't mind, I'd like you to leave now, okay?

He turns back to his screens - the conversation is OVER, and Danny, STUNG by Wally's words, bows his head, before exiting the lab.

He doesn't see Wally, his face filled with REGRET, looking over his shoulder as he leaves, before he bows his head in SHAME, as we:

CUT TO:

24 EXT. S.T.A.R. LABS BUILDING - METROPOLIS - DAY - LATER
Establishing shot of the building.

25 INT. KITTY'S OFFICE - S.T.A.R. LABS - CONTINUOUS

Kitty is sat at her desk, rifling through paper work and occasionally tapping at her keyboard - she's NOT HAPPY. Her head snaps up when someone knocks on her door.

KITTY
(stressed)
Who is it?!

The door opens, and Danny CAUTIOUSLY sticks his head around it.

DANNY
Hey, Dr. Faulkner, it's me.

KITTY
(relieved)
Oh, Detective Turpin, come in,
come in, we have an appointment,
right?

Danny closes the door behind him, and takes a seat at the desk.

DANNY
Yeah, I know it was kind of short
notice, sorry if I'm
interrupting..?

KITTY
Oh, please, no, I could use a
distraction right about now. I
wanted to be a scientist all my
life, I never realized how much
paperwork came with the job!

DANNY
Yeah, the same thing could be
said for being a cop.

KITTY
(laughs)
So, what did you want my help
with?

He passes her a clipboard of papers, and she reads through a couple of pages as he talks.

DANNY
We've been having a series of
tech thefts over the last few
(MORE)

DANNY (cont'd)

weeks, and I was hoping for your professional opinion on what the stolen parts could be used to build.

KITTY

Hmm, well, these parts are mostly very generic, processors, transistors, power cells, that could lead to hundred of permutations in construction.

DANNY

I was afraid you'd say that.

KITTY

Sorry I couldn't be more help, it may sound callous, but maybe another robbery will help narrow down the possibilities if they take something more specific.

DANNY

Well, there WAS another robbery this morning, the company, Cyberwear Technologies, are still running an inventory to figure out what they had stolen. Trouble was, this last one left behind a dead security guard, killed by unknown means.

KITTY

(horrified)

Oh no, that's terrible!

DANNY

Yeah, the poor guy's insides were completely smushed into jello, we got no idea what killed him.

KITTY

(caught off guard)

'Smushed'? You-- you mean, they were..?

DANNY

It was like something took a tenderizer to every organ in his chest.

Kitty VISIBLY PALES, and Danny looks at her, CONCERNED.

DANNY (cont'd)

Oh, sorry, Doc, I shouldn't have said anything.

KITTY

What? Oh, no, no, it's fine, I'm a scientist, remember, I see worse things in our medical research division, really.

She stands ABRUPTLY, and so Danny quickly stands and shakes her offered hand.

KITTY (cont'd)

Anyway, I should really get back to work, Detective.

DANNY

Yeah, sure, thanks for your time, I'll give you a call when I get the final inventory from Cyberwear, if that's alright?

KITTY

Yes, yes, that's fine. Thank you.

Danny NODS, and EXITS. As soon as he is gone, Kitty COLLAPSES back into her chair, her hand to her mouth, looking VERY UPSET as we:

CUT TO:

26 EXT. BIBBO'S BAR - METROPOLIS DOCKS - LATE AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of the docks and the bar.

27 EXT. REAR OF BIBBO'S BAR - METROPOLIS DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Bibbo exits the bar from the REAR DOOR, hauling a LARGE TRASH BAG with him and heads towards a large DUMPSTER. He stops short though, when he sees the DARK PANEL-VAN parked by it, with it's doors open, the engine still running.

BIBBO

What the hell..? Hey!

TWO FIGURES pop up - it's Alexi and Janus, looking like deer caught in headlights!

ALEXI

(in Slavic)

<Oh hell!>

JANUS

(in Slavic)

<Quick, the van!>

They quickly run back into the van, close it up and DRIVE OFF FAST, as an ANGRY Bibbo charges towards them.

BIBBO

Yeah, you'd better run, punks!

He looks at the ODD SHAPED PACKAGE that they've left behind on the floor, badly wrapped in what looks like trash bags and packaging tape. He shakes his head in annoyance.

BIBBO (cont'd)

God damn it, leaving this here for me to deal with, bunch of asshats!

He casually throws his OWN trash bag into the Dumpster, before bending down and PICKING UP the package, and REACTS WITH SURPRISE from the weight.

BIBBO (cont'd)

What the hell is this thing?

He pulls at the bag, and SUDDENLY JUMPS BACK IN SHOCK!!

BIBBO (cont'd)

Holy jeez!

BIBBO'S P.O.V.: Inside the wrapping is a very dead looking DEMETRI, as we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

28 EXT. REAR OF BIBBO'S BAR - METROPOLIS DOCKS - LATER

It's a FLURRY OF ACTIVITY outside Bibbo's, with several MPD patrol cars parked outside, alongside a coroner's van.

A still-shell-shocked Bibbo sits down on an upturned metal bucket, while Danny, notepad and pen in hand, stand beside him.

DANNY

In your own time, Bibbo.

BIBBO

I don't know what else to tell ya, Danny Boy. I came out to dump the trash in the dumpster, saw this van parked at the end of the alley. These two mooks popped up from behind it, and I yelled at them as they ran off. Thats when I found the body, they'd just left it there like a piece of unwanted furniture.

DANNY

And they had accents, you said?

BIBBO

Yeah, definitely Eastern European, Slavic, maybe? I hear a lot of different ones, I mean, this is the docks. I've picked up a few different words in a couple of languages, but this one I didn't recognise.

DANNY

Could be the same guys that were behind this morning's tech theft, but that could be a stretch.

Bibb STANDS, and rubs his face with his hands.

BIBBO

Are we done? I could use a drink after all this, you know.

DANNY

Sure, Bibbo. I'll try and swing by later tonight, okay?

Bibbo NODS, and heads back into the bar, while Danny turns and heads over to where Beth is examining the body, still in it's wrapping. She is using a Q-Tip to take a sample of some kind of grey, thick substance that appears to be leaking from his ears.

DANNY (cont'd)
You got a cause of death?

BETH
Possibly, but it's not something as apparent as a gunshot or stabbing.

She points at the blood trails coming from the ears and eyes.

BETH (cont'd)
See all that blood? On first blush, it looks like he had a massive aneurysm, but I don't think that's it. I think he was killed by the same thing that killed that guard this morning.

DANNY
Why's that?

BETH
See this grey stuff?

Danny CROUCHES down, and takes a closer look.

DANNY
Yeah?

BETH
That would be what's left of his brain.

Danny BOLTS UPRIGHT, APPALLED.

DANNY
Urgh! Really?!

BETH
Whoever or whatever killed him it essentially burst his brain apart, just like the blood vessels of that guard. Then there's these things here.

She moves away more of the wrapping and the man's hair, to reveal the TWO CONTACTS on his temples. Danny CAUTIOUSLY CROUCHES again.

DANNY

They look like those contacts
doctors use for EKG or EEG
readings.

BETH

Similar but smaller and more
sophisticated.

She then turns to one of her assistants who hands her a
HAND-HELD FINGERPRINT SCANNER. She pulls out an arm, and
presses the man's index finger to the small screen, which
beeps and glows as it takes the image.

BETH (cont'd)

Right, that's the fingerprint
done, if he's in the system, it
will pop up on Wally's system
soon enough. Handy little gadget.

DANNY

The best Lex Luthor's generous
donation could get us. Actually,
speaking of Wally, I tried
talking to him.

BETH

(worried)

And?

DANNY

Well, he bit my head off for
assuming we were friends, and
then kicked me out of his lab.

BETH

He did what?! Seriously?!

DANNY

Yeah, I mean, I know we weren't
as close as he is with Maggie,
but I still thought we were
friends.

BETH

That's really not like him, he
rarely loses his temper.

DANNY

I know, so I think you're right,
something is definitely going on
with him.

BETH

But what?

Of her CONCERNED LOOK, we:

CUT TO:

29 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - EARLY AFTERNOON - LATER

Establishing shot of the building.

TEN CLOUDS (PRE-LAP)

We got an I.D. on our dead guy.

30 INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

A MUG SHOT of Demetri is on one of the big screens, and Danny, Ten Clouds, Todd and Maggie all stand looking at it, as information appears on the screen.

DANNY

Demetrius Zhukov, aka Demetri.

MAGGIE

He has quite the rap sheet, assault, assault with a deadly weapon, but no convictions.

TODD

Lucky guy. Well, he was, anyway, until his brain melted.

TEN CLOUDS

Don't shed any tears for him, Todd, he was a mercenary, willing to work for whoever paid him the most money. He did have one thing going for him.

TODD

Which was?

TEN CLOUDS

He was a patriot, just not to his adopted country. He was well known for his unswerving loyalty to his home country.

Maggie SQUINTS at the screen, reading the information.

MAGGIE

Modora? Where the hell is Modora?!

DANNY

It's a little country in the Balkans, nestled in between Croatia and the rest of Europe. It's pretty small, and not well known of outside of the area

(MORE)

DANNY (cont'd)
 because it's occupants are
 notoriously isolationist.

Everyone STARES at Danny in surprise, and he GRINS.

DANNY
 I took an "Intro to World
 Geography" class back in college,
 some of it stuck. I'm guessing
 this Demetri was part of the
 group of political refugees that
 came over about 20 years ago or
 so.

TEN CLOUDS
 Yeah, something about a coup
 d'etat that went down, and a lot
 of people fled out of fear, and
 Demetri set up home in
 Metropolis.

MAGGIE
 And now he's dead, any idea how?

TODD
 Actually, I got a report from
 Wally about that.

He approaches the screen, and taps at a couple of small
 icons, that opens up evidence photographs of the CONTACTS
 Beth found on the body.

TODD (cont'd)
 They may look like something from
 your doctor's office, but these
 little things are actually
 designed to emit ultrasonic
 frequencies at a very high and
 dangerous levels.

TEN CLOUDS
 How can that be dangerous? I
 thought only animals could hear
 that high a frequency.

TODD
 True, but with enough power
 behind it, ultrasonics can be
 devastating on both organic and
 non-organic materials.

DANNY
 (realizing)
 Meaning the burns that weren't
 burns on the loading bay door
 could be the result of this
 focused sound?

TODD

Not only that, but Wally thinks it could also be the cause of what happened to that guard. This guy's brain and the guard's heart were both subjected to intense barrages of ultrasonics.

MAGGIE

Okay, so Demetri must be involved in some way, shape or form with the robberies. Maybe he was a middle man who outlived his usefulness? Let's run through his financials, track his last movements, and see if he was spending time in any special places. That might give us a lead on where these thieves are calling home at the moment, and stashing their goods.

Everyone nods, and splits up, heading to their desks and computers, while Maggie continues to look at the screen, and the image of the wave-cancellation device that is on there as we:

FADE TO:

31 INT. KITTY'S OFFICE - S.T.A.R. LABS - METROPOLIS - LATER

Another photo, this one a hard copy, of the wave-cancellation device, is being studied by Kitty as she sits at her desk. She does NOT look happy.

KITTY

What are you doing, Bito?

Her expression hardens with DETERMINATION, and she puts the picture down, and heads out of the office.

32 INT. S.T.A.R. LABS CORRIDOR - METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Kitty CAUTIOUSLY walks down the hallway, until she comes to the sealed door of Wladden's lab. A quick peek at the keypad affirms it is still locked.

She taps at the security keypad, but it BEEPS at her in a negative fashion, displaying the words "DIRECTOR PRIVILEGES BLOCKED." Kitty gasps in astonishment, before FROWNING.

KITTY

How did he override my Assistant Director access?!

More than a little ANNOYED, she reaches into her pockets and pulls out a scalpel, and uses it to PRIES OPEN the cover of the security keypad. She then pulls a green wire and a red wire loose, before pressing the exposed ends together.

SHRRT!

The panel SPARKS just for a second, then the sealed door HISSES open partway. Satisfied, Kitty closes the panel back up, and SLIDES into the office.

33 INT. WLADEN'S LAB - S.T.A.R. LABS - CONTINUOUS

She steps into the lab, taking a moment for her eyes to adjust to the low lighting, before moving over to the source of some of the light - WLADEN'S PRIVATE COMPUTER.

Kitty quickly sits down, and taps at the keyboard, but the screen suddenly displays a little box requesting "PASSWORD".

KITTY
(disappointed)
So much for that idea!

She stands, and paces for a couple of seconds, before looking up, something catching her attention.

KITTY'S P.O.V.: It's a glass wall cabinet with several different things inside, most of which look like hi-tech guns.

She wanders over to the cabinet, and looks at it in dismay.

KITTY (cont'd)
And he wonders why the directors
think his work is too aggressive.

She reaches up, and pulls on the handle, but it still surprised when it opens up. HESITANTLY, Kitty picks up one of the guns, the label under it reads "SONIC DISRUPTOR PROTOTYPE", and gets a feel for it. She is impressed, despite herself.

KITTY (cont'd)
Lighter than I expected, that's a
surprise.

Casually, she stands, before suddenly SNAPPING AROUND, gun at the ready, PLAY-ACTING. She repeats the gesture twice more before--

-- the air conditioning SUDDENLY TURNS ON, and the rush of notice makes Kitty JUMP, and the gun falls from her hand and HITS the FLOOR, shattering.

With a LOOK of EMBARRASSED HORROR, Kitty quickly kneels down to survey the damage.

KITTY (cont'd)
Oh no, oh no, oh no!

She rummages through the pieces, SLOWLY FROWNING.

KITTY (cont'd)
Wait a minute...

She picks up two large pieces, and we see it's CLEARLY PLASTIC, and no other equipment lies on the floor.

KITTY (cont'd)
It's a dummy prop!

Off her PUZZLEMENT, we:

CUT TO:

34 INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

The doors BURST OPEN and Wally runs in, before stopping to take a couple of breaths, as Maggie, Danny and Ten Clouds notices his arrival.

MAGGIE
Running all the way again, Wally?
What, is it your cardio exercise
for the day?

WALLY
(out of breath)
Bito Wladen!

TEN CLOUDS
God bless you.

WALLY
What? No, I wasn't sneezing, that
was a name, Dr. Bito Wladen.

DANNY
Who is Dr. Bito Wladen.

WALLY
One of the world's leading
experts on the manipulation and
generation of sound waves.

MAGGIE
Okay, what does that have to do
with the case?

WALLY

I did a little digging of my own,
and cross-reference experts on
sound with the country of Modora,
and guess what I found.

TEN CLOUDS

Dr. Bito Wladen?

WALLY

Exactly.

MAGGIE

Okay, so where is this guy?

WALLY

Actually, he works at S.T.A.R.
Labs, he's one of their premier
members and researchers.

Off of the SURPRISED REACTIONS of Maggie and Danny, we:

CUT TO:

35 INT. WLADEN'S LAB - S.T.A.R. LABS - CONTINUOUS

Kitty is still looking at the pieces of the broken dummy
prop, FROWNING.

KITTY

Why would he have dummies in his
office? Unless...

REALIZATION hits her, and she stands and turns to leave,
but FREEZES.

KITTY'S P.O.V.: Bito Wladen stands in the open doorway,
looking at her ANGRILY.

KITTY (cont'd)

(surprised)

Bito! I, uh, well...

WLADEN

Save it, Kitty. I can see what's
on the floor, you know.

Kitty looks down at the debris, but then SQUARES HER
SHOULDERS and looks at him, DETERMINED.

KITTY

You've swapped out your
prototypes with dummies. Why?

WLADEN
Simple, really.

He REACHED BEHIND HIM, and pulls out the REAL disruptor prototype, and aims it STRAIGHT AT KITTY!

WLADEN
I needed to put them to more practical use.

On Kitty's face, her determination now giving way to FEAR, we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

36 INT. WLADEN'S LAB - S.T.A.R. LABS - CONTINUOUS

Kitty has her hands raised in surrender, while Wladen continues to hold the disruptor aimed at her.

KITTY

(nervous)

Why, Bito? I just want to know why.

WLADEN

Because I had to, Kitty. S.T.A.R. Labs may consider itself the forerunner of all scientific development, but your bosses are just a bunch of cowards for not seeing the potential of my ideas!

KITTY

Your ideas kill people! Something tells me that they already have, haven't they?!

WLADEN

(sighs)

Yes, but that was never my intention!

KITTY

Like hell! You build something like that disruptor, of course you realize it could be used to kill! That's why S.T.A.R. didn't pursue your ideas, we don't work on hostile military applications, just defensive ones!

WLADEN

I gave them those disruptors in order to facilitate the robberies more effectively! I never meant for them to be used to hurt people here in Metropolis!

KITTY

So what happened?

WLADEN

One of them men working for me, he got a little too enthusiastic about his work, he killed that guard despite my express orders to avoid bloodshed.

As they talk, Bito slowly circles the room, and Kitty matches his movements, moving towards the door, slowly.

KITTY

If you tell the police that, it could only help your case.

WLADEN

No, I can't do that, I have too much to accomplish. I'm not doing all this to line my own pockets, I have my own agenda here.

KITTY

Which is?

WLADEN

Do you remember all the things I told you about my home country?

KITTY

I remember you made it sound like it wasn't exactly the nicest place to grow up.

WLADEN

Modora, it's always been proudly independent, but never a wealthy country. The old Royal Family, they were beginning to see the wisdom in moving into the European community as a whole, but a faction of politicians who opposed that idea overthrew them, executed them as traitors.

KITTY

That's when you escaped?

WLADEN

My parents were servants of the Royals, they made sure I was smuggled out with all the others refugees. I got lucky, I came to America, and made something of myself and my intellect, but I never forgot where I came from. Now I have a way of giving back to Modora and ridding it of the scum that have held it back for the last two decades.

KITTY

(disappointed)

Oh, Bito, why? Why throw away everything you've worked for here?

WLADEN
 Because I am a true Son of
 Modora. I must never forget that.

KITTY
 Then, I'm sorry.

WLADEN
 (confused)
 For what?

KITTY
 This!

She suddenly turns and SLAPS at the FIRE ALARM she's managed to position herself in front of. The alarm BLARES loudly, catching Wladen OFF GUARD, and he slams his hands to his ears.

A LARGE CONTAINMENT DOOR begins to drop down over the entrance to the lab, and Kitty DIVES and ROLLS under it, just before it SLAMS into the floor, sealing the lab tight.

She jumps to her feet, BREATHLESS, before running down the corridor, as we:

CUT TO:

37 EXT. S.T.A.R. LABS BUILDING - METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Flocks of people in lab-coats and suits are exiting the building in a calm and orderly fashion, but with a slight tinge of PANIC as they assemble in groups outside.

TWO POLICE PATROL CARS pull up, alongside a dark sedan, and out of the sedan, Maggie, Danny and Ten Clouds exit.

MAGGIE
 What the hell is going on here?!

DANNY
 Looks like a fire drill, maybe?

TEN CLOUDS
 Or a diversion.

They are joined by FOUR UNIFORMED OFFICERS, and Maggie quickly takes charge.

MAGGIE
 I want this entire area locked down, no one leaves without my say so. Get the staff away from the building and coordinate with any fire crews that might come along?

The officers nod, and spread out. She turns to Ten Clouds.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
 Russell, stay here and help, if
 and when the crews do come, they
 need to be warned about Wladen.

TEN CLOUDS
 Got it, boss.

Danny, meanwhile, HAS BEEN VISUALLY SCANNING THE CROWD,
 and FROWNS at something he sees.

DANNY
 Isn't that Dr. Faulkner over
 there? Coming out of the
 entrance?

Maggie and Ten Clouds both look in the direction Danny is
 indicating.

It IS Kitty, who stumbles and trips as she tries to make
 her way towards the assembled crowds.

The three SCU Officers quickly run over to her, and help
 her stand.

MAGGIE
 Dr. Faulkner, are you alright?

KITTY
 (shaking her head)
 It's Bito, Bito Wladen, he's
 behind those robberies!

MAGGIE
 Yeah, we know, we figured that
 out too. Where is he?

CUT TO:

38 INT. WLADEN'S LAB - S.T.A.R. LABS - CONTINUOUS

Wladen sits at his computer, typing rapidly, before
 pulling a USB drive free and pocketing it. He then stands,
 and aims his disruptor at the computer and fires - the
 computer EXPLODES in a shower of circuit boards and
 debris.

KITTY (V.O)
 I trapped him in his lab, I set
 the fire alarm off, he's not
 going anywhere.

He then grabs a few more small items from his display
 case, and pockets them too, before turning to the door. He
 adjusts the setting on the disruptor, aims and FIRES!

The door VISIBLY SHAKES for several seconds before FRACTURE LINES appear, that quickly spread across the entire surface before it finally BUCKLES and SHATTERS OUTWARDS!

He steps over the debris into the corridor, and walks away, coming to a window out into the street at the end of the corridor. He peers out and sees the 2 police cars, and the approaching FIRE TRUCK, it's own siren's blaring.

WLADEN
(swears in Slavic)
<Damn it!>

He pulls out his cell phone, and speed-dials a number.

WLADEN
(in Slavic)
<We have a problem, my cover has been blown, we need to accelerate our plans and move to the next stage now.>

He hangs up, and ditches the phone, SLAMMING his heel onto it, causing it to SHATTER. He hears voices coming from down the other end of the corridor, and quickly runs off out of sight...

...just as Maggie and Danny, SERVICE WEAPONS DRAWN, come around the far corner, and quickly spot the debris from the door.

They approach, and take position before quickly entering the now-empty lab, and surveying the damage.

MAGGIE
Damn it!

Off her annoyance, we:

CUT TO:

39 EXT. S.T.A.R. LABS BUILDING - METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

The FIRE CREWS are deploying and waiting for orders as Ten Clouds talks to their FIRE CHIEF, explaining the situation. Kitty is also busy trying to calm and count her staff, who have organized into groups to speed the process up.

DANNY (V.O)
It's chaos out there, he could easily slip away without being noticed.

UNNOTICED by anyone, is Bito Wladen, having removed his glasses and pulled on a long brown overcoat, navigating through the crowds, until he is able to cross the street and move away from the scene.

He tosses ONE FINAL LOOK over his shoulder at the S.T.A.R. Labs building, before walking away and into the shadows as we:

SMASHCUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

40 EXT. MODORIAN IMPORTS - SUICIDE SLUM - EVENING

Several PATROL CARS and a CSU VAN are parked out front, and some UNIFORMED officer mill about, watching the perimeter.

41 INT. MODORIAN IMPORTS - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

The place is littered with various CSU techs collecting evidence, and searching through various abandoned wooden crate.

Watching the field techs work are Danny and Ten Clouds, neither of them looking happy.

TEN CLOUDS

Face it, Danny, they're long gone by now.

DANNY

I know, I know. The CSU guys are documenting everything they find, but these Modorians would have taken anything of interest, all that they would have left is stuff they didn't need or want.

TEN CLOUDS

We might get lucky, we forced them to abandon this place earlier than they expected, we might find something that could help us track them.

DANNY

(dubious)
You really think so.

TEN CLOUDS

(sighs)
No, no, not really.

Off their disappointed looks, we:

FADE TO:

42 EXT. BIBBO'S BAR - METROPOLIS DOCKS - LATER

Establishing shot, as people come and go, it's a busy night.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

After we identified the dead guy, we managed to find a building in the Slums registered in his name. Traffic cameras and local surveillance showed Dr. Wladen was spending quite a bit of time there too.

43 INT. BIBBO'S BAR - METROPOLIS DOCK - CONTINUOUS

The place is bustling, as Bibbo and a couple of other bartenders work their way through the throng of customers, before we pan to:

Maggie and Mike Henderson sitting at a booth, each nursing a beer.

MAGGIE

The warehouse was stripped, and the Modorians were long gong. I don't think we're going to have to worry about any more tech thefts for a while.

HENDERSON

You think they're going to lay low?

MAGGIE

Either that or move to another city and try their luck there.

HENDERSON

What about the devices he left at S.T.A.R. Labs?

MAGGIE

All fakes, he took anything of value with him, including all his research before wiping his mainframe, and destroying the computer.

HENDERSON

What's our next move?

MAGGIE

We've sent all our findings to the Department of Domestic Security, along with pictures of Dr. Wladen and the other two people he was working with.

HENDERSON

That's something I suppose.

MAGGIE

Yeah, well, I'd prefer to have some arrests to show for it, but I suppose I'll have to settle for now.

They both pick up their beers and CLINK them together.

44 INT. WLADEN'S LAB - S.T.A.R. LABS - METROPOLIS - LATER

Kitty stands in the doorway, her face STONY, as she watches several cleaners at work, disposing of the remains of his computer, and the plastic pieces of the dummy prop.

One of them looks at the open display case, and begins to PULL the fake prototypes off the wall, and carelessly THROW them into the waiting TRASH CAN.

With a look of SHEER DISAPPOINTMENT, Kitty watches for a few more seconds, before shaking her head, RUEFULLY, and exits, leaving the cleaners to their work.

45 INT. BIBBO'S BAR - METROPOLIS DOCK - LATER

At another area of the bar, another booth, Danny, Beth and Todd are sitting, deep in conversation, all looking rather worried, as Todd checks HIS WATCH.

TODD

Wally's late, again.

BETH

I'm worried about him, he's just not been himself.

DANNY

Yeah, tell me about it!

TODD

I didn't want to say anything before, but I was speaking to a couple of the janitors, and they thought they saw Wally there last thing at night, and first thing in the morning. I think he might be sleeping in his office.

BETH

That makes no sense, something is not right with him.

DANNY

Well, maybe he was having it fumigated or something? I saw him catch a cab outside Metro just before I left.

TODD

A cab? He has a car, doesn't he?

DANNY

Yeah, come to think about it, I haven't seen that in the parking lot lately. Maybe it's in the shop?

BETH

See, this is why I'm worried, Wally is normally an over-sharer, if he had things going on, why isn't he saying anything?

Off her concern, we:

CUT TO:

46 EXT. METROPOLIS DOCK - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - LATER

It's pretty much quiet and deserted as a yellow cab pulls up, and Wally steps out, quickly paying the driver, before walking off. The sign for "Bibbo's" can be seen just further ahead.

His COAT COLLAR pulled high against the cold, he keeps his head down, walking past a darkened alleyway--

--when a pair of hands suddenly PULL the surprised Wally into it!

47 EXT. ALLEYWAY - METROPOLIS DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Wally is SHOVED against a wall, looking FEARFULLY at the two THUGS who are standing in front of him.

THUG# 1

Mr. West, you've not been home in a while. Are you ducking us?

WALLY

(scared)

No, no, of course not, but you know, I've been busy, with work and stuff.

THUG# 2

The boss doesn't like it when people skimp on their payments, Mr. West, remember? That's why we had to take your car before, wasn't it?

WALLY

Yeah, I remember, I know, okay, and I'm not skimping, I just haven't managed to get all the money together, that's all. I can give you extra next time.

THUG# 1

Sorry, Mr. West, but the boss isn't happy with you, so me and Tommy here, we have to teach you a lesson.

THUG# 2

Yeah, and this ain't no after-school special kind, either.

Without warning, Thug #2 suddenly PUNCHES Wally in the gut, winding him badly, doubling him over, making him an easy target for Thug #1 to smack his fist into Wally's face, which floors him.

They then proceed to start KICKING THE CRAP out of the fallen Wally, who cries out in pain, which only intensifies the beating.

As the two men lay into Wally, we pan up and away, focusing on the cloudless sky and the full moon before we:

SMASHCUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE