

METROPOLIS: SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

1.06 | "LOYALTY"

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

Based on DC Comics Characters

Executive Producers
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
TOBY RAINES Kelly Rowan
DR. ANGELA ROTH Paget Brewster

GUEST CAST

DR. JOHN HENRY IRONS Taye Diggs
DET. LUPE LEOCARDIO Elizabeth Rodriguez
AMOS FORTUNE James Kidnie
TINA MCGEE Tina Majorino
CATER-WAITER ???
CASINO GUARD ???

SPECIAL GUEST CAST

PROFESSOR THOMAS MOYER John Noble
JOAN GARRICK Susan Sullivan

TEASER

FADE INTO:

1 EXT. METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the busy hospital.

2 INT. WALLY'S ROOM - METRO GENERAL - CONTINUOUS

A badly bruised and beaten WALLY WEST lies, COMATOSE, in a hospital bed, hooked up to a variety of beeping monitors by his bedside.

In the open doorway, stands a tired MAGGIE SAWYER, leaning on the door frame, eyes FIXED on the redhead.

After a moment, a hand gently lays on her shoulder, as TOBY RAINES steps up from behind. Maggie offers her a SMALL SMILE.

MAGGIE

Hey, babe.

TOBY

Hey yourself. You look like hell, you know.

MAGGIE

Sweet talker.

TOBY

Any change?

MAGGIE

No. He's still in a coma.

TOBY

It's been a week already, and there's been no improvement?

MAGGIE

They say he could wake up today, tomorrow, maybe even a month from now, there's no way to know. God damn it!

ABRUPTLY, Maggie LASHES OUT, spinning and PUNCHING THE WALL, HARD! Toby REACTS, WORRIED.

TOBY

Hey! What was that for?!

She SQUEEZES Maggie's shoulders, as Maggie CLOSES HER EYES, and sighs BITTERLY.

MAGGIE

He was beaten up barely 100 yards from Bibbo's, a place filled with off-duty cops, and we've gotten nowhere.

TOBY

You'll figure it out, you always do.

MAGGIE

I hope so, but something tells me I'm not going to like what I find.

Off her WORRIED EXPRESSION, we:

CUT TO:

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

In front of a FULL-LENGTH MIRROR, stands KITTY FAULKNER, dressed in a smart looking floor length, off the shoulder, light orange dress that offsets her pale skin and compliments bright red hair.

Kitty though, does NOT seem impressed, as she is FROWNING.

KITTY

It isn't really me, is it?

From behind her, DR. ANGELA ROTH steps forward, ROLLING HER EYES.

ANGELA

It's a cocktail party, Kitty, it's supposed to be about fun and laughing, hence the dress.

Angela steps up beside her, and we see she is wearing a lovely black dress, that hugs in the right places, and shows off her legs, complete with shiny black heels.

Kitty shakes her head, UNCONVINCED.

KITTY

Tonight kicks off this year's Metropolis Scientific Advancement Seminar! Everything needs to go well, just to make sure the seminar starts on the right footing.

ANGELA

Honey, it's being held at the Metropolis Grand Hotel, one of

(MORE)

ANGELA (cont'd)
THE swankiest places in the city,
that's already a good sign.

Smiling, she turns away and grabs her purse, and Kitty adjusts and inspects herself one final time, before sighing, resigned to her fate. She catches a glimpse of something on the wall, and smiles softly.

KITTY'S P.O.V.: A frame photo on the wall, of a younger Kitty, in graduation gear, being hugged by an older looking gentleman, but not that much taller, SMILING PROUDLY.

KITTY
Lord, if he could see me now.

She moves away from the mirror, and over to the picture.

ANGELA
(curious)
He who?

She moves over to where Kitty is standing, and Kitty gestures towards the photo, and they both stare at it for a while.

KITTY
Tom, I mean, Thomas Moyer, he was one of my professors at college, he was the one who took me under his wing, convinced me I could be the scientist I wanted to be.

ANGELA
Sounds like he was something of a mentor?

KITTY
Yeah, he was. My parents and I were never really close, and not exactly supportive either. Tom, for a long while, he was a surrogate father to me, when I needed it.

ANGELA
Where is he now?

KITTY
(sighs)
I haven't got a clue. I haven't heard from him in years, we lost touch, you know how it can be.

ANGELA

That's a shame.

She takes a look at her watch, and HISSES in ANNOYANCE.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Damn, our cab is arriving any minute. We should go, come on.

Kitty, EYES STILL ON the photo, slowly nods, before taking the matching shawl that Angela offers her, before offering a friend a smile.

KITTY

Let's get this party started.

As they walk out, we FOCUS IN on the image of the older man, before we:

FADE TO:

4 EXT. S.T.A.R. LABS - METROPOLIS - NIGHT - LATER

PROFESSOR THOMAS MOYER, the SAME MAN, but LOOKING MUCH OLDER with a HAGGARD appearance, stands in the alley way entrance, WATCHING SOMETHING, his eyes narrowed.

MOYER'S P.O.V.: Kitty and Angela exit S.T.A.R. Labs and move towards a marked TAXI CAB that is parked outside, waiting.

He continues to watch as they climb into the car, before looking at a FLYER he is holding in his hands. It clearly reads "Metropolis Scientific Advancement Seminar", with the insignia of the Metropolis Grand Hotel also visible.

Moyer's DETERMINED gaze goes again to the taxi cab, as it DRIVES AWAY, before he slips into the shadows as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE INTO:

5 EXT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the 30-story building.

6 INT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - MAIN BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cocktail party is in full swing, the decorations an understated effort; pictures of prominence scientists, like Einstein, Hawking, Curie adorn from the walls.

A LARGE BANNER proclaims: "The Metropolis Scientific Advancement Seminar Welcomes You!", as women dressed in beautiful dresses and men in fine suits mingle, some with drinks, others not.

Standing together, sipping their drinks, stand KITTY and ANGELA, the former looking around nervously, the later more relaxed.

ANGELA

So far, so good.

KITTY

(worried)

Don't jink it, please!

ANGELA

(dismissive)

Oh, stop worrying, everything is going to be just fine.

KITTY

God, I hope I don't freeze up when I have to introduce the speakers.

As she speaks, a handsome, clean-shaven dark-skinned man with glasses, in his late 30s, early 40s comes up behind them, smiling warmly. This is DR. JOHN HENRY IRONS.

IRONS

Ah, you'll knock them dead, Red.

Kitty TURNS, a HUGE GRIN on her face, and she jumps forward to HUG the man in front of her.

KITTY

John, you made it! It's so good to see you!

IRONS

You too, Kitty, it's been too long.

KITTY

I wasn't sure if LexCorp were still sending you!

IRONS

I've never been one to turn down a chance to mingle with some of the smartest people on the planet, have I?

KITTY

(laughs)

True, true.

Angela, EYEBROW raised, watches the exchange, silently, before clearing her throat. Kitty, BLUSHES, realizing.

KITTY

Oh, Angela, this is Dr. John Henry Irons, one of the assistant directors of Research and Development with LexCorp. John, this is Dr. Angela Roth of the Isis Foundation.

ANGELA

Good to meet you.

IRONS

The pleasure is mine, I'm a big supporter of what you're doing. So many scientists get so caught up into the biology of the meta-gene, that they forget that those with it are still human.

ANGELA

Thank you, it's nice to know some people in the scientific field appreciate what we're trying to do.

As they talk a CATER-WAITER (young, late 20s and BORED), carrying a tray of refreshments, approaches.

WAITER

Drinks, sir, ladies?

Irons exchanges his empty glass for a new one, while Angela and Kitty both decline.

The waiter then quickly HEADS OFF with some speed, dumping his tray onto a nearby table. He CAREFULLY pulls a pack of CIGARETTES from his vest pocket, and heads into a back section of the hotel as we:

CUT TO:

7 EXT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

A back door is pushed open, and the waiter EXITS into the darkened alley, looking around for a BRIEF SECOND, before leaning against the wall with a HEAVY SIGH.

He pulls out and lights a cigarette, taking a LONG PULL, holding it for several seconds before letting it out with SOME CONTENTMENT.

CRASH!!

The waiter's head SNAPS AROUND, STARTLED, at the sudden noise. He looks down the alley again, EYES WIDE.

WAITER
(nervous)
Hello? Someone there?

Out of the darkness stumbles a FIGURE, disheveled and wobbly, before dropping to their knees.

The waiter quickly drops his cigarette, and approaches cautiously.

WAITER (cont'd)
Are you alright?

MAN
(low voice, raspy)
I will be.

Unseen by the waiter, the man reaches into one of his coat pockets and takes hold of whatever is inside, just as the waiter moves in front of him.

From the pocket, he pulls a TASER, and suddenly THRUSTS his arm out and pushes it into the waiter's chest!

With a BUZZ of electrical current, the waiter's body SNAPS STILL for a second, before dropping to the floor with a SOLID THUMP!

The man, still hidden from view by his hood, pockets his taser and takes hold of the waiter's feet, and starts dragging him down the alley, before shoving him out of the way behind a dumpster.

He then searches through the man's pockets before pulling out the man's HOTEL ID PASS-CARD. He quickly pockets it and then reaches up and removes his hood - to reveal PROFESSOR MOYER!

Of his satisfied but haunted expression, we:

CUT TO:

8 EXT. METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT - LATER

Establishing shot of the building.

9 INT. METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

It's the usual layout of a hospital corridor, with a Nurse's Station just down and out of the way, and various orderlies and staff moving about.

Seated in an uncomfortable looking plastic chair, is Maggie, looking into the distance, DISTRACTED, as Toby, holding two cups of coffee seats herself down next to her.

TOBY

(annoyed)

You've got to stop doing that.

Maggie looks up, blinking in confusion.

MAGGIE

Doing what?

TOBY

Blaming yourself. You are NOT responsible for Wally ending up in that room, okay?

MAGGIE

(sighs)

It sure feels like it. I'm the one that bought him to Metropolis in the first place.

TOBY

Just because he lives here doesn't mean this wouldn't or couldn't have happened somewhere else, you know? You're making a giant assumption about why he was attacked, you do realize that?

Maggie ABRUPTLY sit up straight, and folds her arms, DEFENSIVE.

MAGGIE

(unconvinced)

This is Wally West we're talking about, why would anyone want to beat him up, if it wasn't for his work with the SCU or police in general?

TOBY

Random bad luck? I don't know, I'm not the trained investigator here, remember? But I do know that simply making the assumption is not going to help your investigation.

Maggie, after a moment, RELAXES her stance, and gently reaches over to take Toby's hand.

MAGGIE

You're right, you're right, I know. (sighs) I just really don't like the idea of 'investigating' Wally.

TOBY

Yeah, it sucks, but you have to do your job, Maggie. He'd want you too, you know that.

Maggie NODS, SOLEMN, as we hear an ELEVATOR ding, and as the women sip their coffees, we watch as an OLDER WOMAN (early 70s, shoulder-length hair, mature but attractive), conservatively but stylishly dressed, STEPS OUT - this is JOAN GARRICK.

She looks up and down the corridor, and QUICKLY SPOTS Maggie, and moves with DUE HASTE towards her.

JOAN

(worriedly)

Margaret?

Both Maggie and Toby look up, SURPRISED, but Maggie also QUICKLY JUMPS TO HER FEET, ASTONISHED.

MAGGIE

(stunned)

Joan?! I thought you were still out of the country?!

JOAN

I flew back last night, after I finally checked my messages. Now, would you mind telling me just what the hell happened to my god-son?

As Joan fixes an ANGRY but CONCERNED glare on both women, Maggie can only FROWN, and swallow, NERVOUSLY, as we:

CUT TO:

10 INT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - MAIN BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is as busy as before, and we see that Kitty, Angela and Dr. Irons are spread amongst the other attendees, making various small talk.

After a moment, Kitty excuses herself from the people she is talking with, and wanders off to a quiet corner, before TAKING A DEEP, CALMING BREATH.

MOYER (O.S.)

(proudly)

You've done well for yourself,
Katherine.

Kitty REACTS - she RECOGNIZES THE VOICE, but she's STUNNED to say the least, as she SPINS around, and finds THOMAS MOYER standing behind her.

KITTY

(stunned)

Thomas?

She LOOKS him up and down, CONFUSED - he is dressed in a rumpled CATER-WAITER outfit, and his generally shabby appearance makes him look out of place.

KITTY

What are you doing here? How..?

Why are you..?

He quickly HOLDS up a hand, and she stops, mid-sentence.

MOYER

I can explain, and I will, but
not here, please, come with me.

He offers his hand, and Kitty looks at it, CONFLICTED for a moment... until she takes it, and allows him to lead her out of a service door.

ACROSS THE ROOM, Angela, mid conversation, looks up and FROWNS.

ANGELA'S P.O.V.: She watches as Kitty, hand in hand with Moyer, who looks like just another CATER-WAITER, leads her away as we:

CUT TO:

11

INT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - INNER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Moyer leads Kitty into the darkened service corridor, until Kitty finally PULLS her hand loose from his, and stops, DETERMINED.

KITTY

Thomas, stop! What is going on here?

MOYER

(worriedly)

I don't have time to explain it all, Katherine, but I need you to trust me and come with me.

KITTY

(incredulous)

Trust you? Thomas, I haven't seen you for YEARS, and you suddenly turn up, looking like you haven't slept properly in weeks, dressed like that, and you expect me to just TRUST you?

MOYER

Please, Katherine, I need your help, it's important!

KITTY

I'm sure it is, but that doesn't change anything.

Her FROWN crumples, into a look of CONCERN as she properly appraises him.

KITTY

You don't look well, Thomas, have you stopped taking your medication?

MOYER

(angrily)

I'm fine, Kitty, I've just been very busy with my work, and that's precisely what I want your help with, not for you to mother me!

Kitty WINCES, and shakes her head, UPSET. Moyer's own anger gives way to EMBARRASSMENT.

MOYER (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Katherine, but really, I DO need your help.

ANGELA (O.S)
(a short distance away)
Kitty? Everything alright?

Kitty turns in the direction of the voice, and does not see the LOOK OF PANIC on Moyer's face. He quickly reach into his coat and pulls out the TASER and JABS IT into Kitty's back!

Kitty CRIES OUT, IN PAIN AND SURPRISE, before she CRUMPLES into the waiting arms of Moyer, looking GUILTY at her.

MOYER
I didn't want to do that, but you left me no choice.

As he looks down on her unconscious form with SORROW, we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

(cont'd)

ACT TWO

FADE INTO FROM BLACK:

12 EXT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT - LATER

Establishing shot of the building, where several police cruisers are parked outside, lights flashing. There is also a panel-van from the CORONER'S OFFICE by the curb.

13 EXT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

KNEELING, Dr. BETH CHAPEL, in her OCME jumpsuit, nods at the two TECHS with her, who carefully hoist up a CLOSED BODY BAG onto a gurney, before WHEELING IT AWAY from the scene.

Several CSU techs are working the area, as a tall, lithe Latino woman in a dark suit and trench coat watches them like a hawk - this is DETECTIVE LUPE LEOCARDIO.

DANNY (O.S.)
Detective Leocardio?

Leocardio REACTS, SURPRISED, and turns to the voice, watching as DANNY TURPIN ducks under the CRIME SCENE TAPE, exchanging a quick NOD OF GREETING with Beth as she walks past him. He then continue on and approach the CSU team as they work.

LUPE
Turpin? What are you doing here?
I put in a call for the Captain.

Danny SHRUGS, trying to look nonchalant.

DANNY
Yeah, I know, but she's still personally taking care of the West assault case, and Ten Clouds is with the DEA team. So the boss asked me to come down and assist you.

Leocardio COCKS an EYEBROW, APPRAISING HIM for a moment, before nodding, albeit reluctantly.

LUPE
Fine, fair enough, for now.

DANNY
(unsure)
Okay, so, you're thinking someone kidnapped Dr. Faulkner?
Why?

LUPE

She's the assistant head of R and D of S.T.A.R. Labs, she might be a means to an end.

DANNY

Whatever the reason, we need to work on getting her back, as quickly as possible. You know how this things go, the longer the person is missing, the less chance of them being recovered.

Danny LOOKS THE SCENE OVER, MISSING the ANNOYED LOOK that Leocardio SHOTS HIM WITH, but he does see that both ANGELA and DR. IRONS are standing by a uniformed officer, just past the other end of the crime scene tape. He FROWNS.

DANNY (cont'd)

Is that Dr. Angela Roth?

LUPE

Yeah, turns out there's some kind of event here at the Metro Grand that Dr. Faulkner was hosting. Dr. Roth was the one that reported the incident. If she was the target, this might have been the plan all along. Security here probably isn't as tight as is it as S.T.A.R. Labs.

DANNY

What about the body they're loading into the coroner's van right now?

LUPE

The CSU techs found him during their sweep of the scene, behind the Dumpster. Cause of death is undetermined right now, according to Dr. Chapel.

DANNY

So, he may be connected to the kidnapping, or he might not, great. (sighs) What else did Dr. Roth have to say?

Lupe pulls out her own NOTEPAD and flicks through it briefly.

LUPE

She reported seeing Dr. Faulkner talking with someone in a waiter's uniform and walking off

(MORE)

LUPE (cont'd)
 with him. Dr. Roth thought that maybe she knew the man, described him as older, and rather shabby looking.

DANNY

Okay, that's something. Why don't I talk to the hotel manager and security staff, have them pull up--

LUPE

(interrupting)

I've already got them doing that, before you got here. They should have the night's recordings ready for us soon.

DANNY

(caught off guard)

Oh, okay, good job.

LUPE

(derisive)

Yeah, well, I've been doing this a while. Don't worry though, I'm sure you'll get your chance to shine at some point.

With that, she turns and WALKS OFF BRISKLY, leaving a slightly stunned Danny behind as we:

FADE TO:

14 EXT. METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS
 Establishing shot of the building.

15 INT. WALLY'S ROOM - METRO GENERAL - CONTINUOUS

Wally LAYS IN BED, eyes closed, as JOAN GARRICK stands by the doorway, FLANKED by Maggie, looking on, distraught.

JOAN

He looks so small and weak, hooked up to those machines.

MAGGIE

He's in the best care, Joan, I promise you.

She lays a comforting hand on Joan's shoulder, as they both turn and walk away from the room as we:

CUT TO:

This time, it is Joan who sits in the chair, as Maggie lowers herself into another, offering a cup of coffee to the older woman. She takes it appreciatively.

JOAN

(apologetic)

I'm sorry I came in all guns blazing, that really isn't like me! I hope I didn't scare Toby off.

MAGGIE

Forget about it, she had to leave anyway. Besides, all things considered, I think you're allowed to feel like that.

JOAN

Can you tell me anything about what happened?

MAGGIE

We're still working leads, but so far, not much. We might have a lead on the people who actually attacked him, but as for reason, no, not yet.

JOAN

Wally isn't perfect, he's made mistakes in the past, you know. God knows, me and Jay, we tried to raise him right. You know his history, don't you?

MAGGIE

I know his mom died early on, and you and your husband Jay took him in, when his aunt Iris couldn't look after him full time.

JOAN

Bless Iris, she wanted to, but she had college to think about, and I wasn't about to let her give up her dreams. Jay and I, we'd always wanted kids, but never gotten the chance. Taking in someone as gifted as Wally, it seemed like a miracle.

MAGGIE

(chuckles/amused)

Yeah, 'gifted' is one word for him.

JOAN

Oh, he was even more of a handful back in those days, it wasn't until Iris's fiance Barry took him to work with him once that Wally finally started to settle down and really focus on something.

MAGGIE

Barry? He was the one that got Wally into forensics, right?

JOAN

He was a police scientist in Central City, he loved his work, and he soon got Wally hooked into science, any and every kind of science, Wally took to it like a fish to water.

Maggie SMILES at the imagery, as Joan BLINKS AWAY TEARS.

JOAN (cont'd)

It's been almost ten years since Barry disappeared, I think Wally on some level, wants to live up to his memory.

Maggie's smile FADES, her expression becoming more DETERMINED.

MAGGIE

We're gonna get the sons of a bitches who did this to our boy, Joan. I promise you.

Joan LOOKS UP, and SMILES SOFTLY, nodding as Maggie stands up and walks off. Her smile FADES quickly though, as she too stands up.

JOAN

(urgently)

Margaret, wait!

SURPRISED, Maggie turns around to look at Joan, who is now wringing her hands nervously, and shuffling on her feet.

JOAN (cont'd)

(distressed)

There's... there's something about Wally that you need to know. Something I was hoping I wouldn't have to tell you because I thought it was all over with, but now, I'm not sure sure.

Off Maggie's DISTURBED EXPRESSION, we:

FADE TO:

17 EXT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The gurney, with CLOSED BODY BAG on it, is positioned by the Coroner's Van, waiting to be loaded, while Beth fills in some paperwork on a clipboard, as Danny APPROACHES.

DANNY
Evening, Doc.

BETH
Danny, good to see you. How's things?

DANNY
Same old, same old. You're in and out pretty quick tonight?

Beth shoots him an UNIMPRESSED LOOK.

BETH
Yeah, well, little miss Take Charge over there wanted me to clear the body as quickly as I could so the CSU techs could get back to work.

She GESTURES back towards the crime scene, where Leocardio is now talking to a HOTEL EMPLOYEE, and Danny GRIMACES.

DANNY
Yeah, she's intense, alright, transferred from Vice at the 15th Precinct a few months ago. She's definitely not taking any prisoners.

BETH
Well, she needs to remember the dead are people too, they need to be respected. They have answers to our questions just as much as evidence does.

DANNY
So what answers does this guy tell us?

In response, Beth UNZIPS the bag, and opens it up, revealing the WAITER from before.

BETH
Meet Joseph Lake, a waiter here at the Metro Grand Hotel. One of the other employees ID'd him,
(MORE)

BETH (cont'd)
because he was missing all of
his.

She then opens up his shirt, and points to TWO CONTACT BURNS on his abdomen.

BETH (cont'd)
Contact burns to the stomach, I
spotted them on his shirt first.
My first guess would be a taser,
but I need to confirm it back at
the morgue.

DANNY
I don't suppose you can tell how
much juice the taser packed?

BETH
Not accurately, but the burns
aren't too severe, so I don't
think it had THAT much.

DANNY
Could that be cause of death?

BETH
Unlikely, unless the poor guy had
a pre-existing condition that the
taser user wasn't aware of. It
could have just been a case of
really bad luck.

DANNY
Meaning it could be tied in with
the kidnapping. Especially if his
ID was missing, maybe the
kidnapper took him out to gain
entry. Here's hoping his death
WAS an accident.

BETH
Why's that?

DANNY
Because hopefully that means Dr.
Faulkner isn't in as much trouble
as it looks like she is.

Of their CONCERNED EXPRESSIONS, we:

FADE TO:

18

EXT. MOYER FAMILY HOME - PARK RIDGE - NIGHT - LATER

It's a modest looking old-style construction, but compared to the rest of the neighborhood, it's a little more RUN DOWN, complete with OVERGROWN FRONT YARD.

MOYER (PRE-LAP)

(worriedly)

Katherine? Katherine, can you
hear me?

19

INT. FRONT ROOM - MOYER FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Seated on an overstuffed and worn looking CHAIR, BLINKING HARD as she comes to, Kitty Faulkner opens her eyes, a LITTLE DAZED.

Standing over her, is PROFESSOR MOYER.

KITTY

(confused)

Thomas? What-- where--?

She GRIMACES, sitting up, before rubbing at her back absently.

KITTY

Did... did you TASER me?!

MOYER

(apologetic)

I'm so sorry, Katherine, but I needed you to come with me, I couldn't risk you'd say no.

She PULLS BACK, AFRAID.

KITTY

Thomas, you're scaring me. How long have you been off your meds?

ANGRILY, Moyer moves away, turning his back on her.

MOYER

They stop me from thinking clearly! I needed to balance the good that they do over the cost to science they were having!

KITTY

Oh, Thomas, don't you see, that's your illness talking! You know how you get when you go off them. Have you looked at yourself?

MOYER

(sighs)

I know, I know I haven't really
been taking care of myself, but
I've had too much to do! I'm
close, Kitty, SO CLOSE!

KITTY

(confused)

Close? Close to what?

Moyer turns back to her, GRINNING, a little MADLY, but as if he was WAITING for her to ask.

MOYER

Let me show you.

He walks back over to her and offers his hand, and after an uncertain moment, Kitty takes it, and stands, allowing him to lead her off screen, as we:

FADE TO:

20 INT. MOYER'S LAB - MOYER FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Leading the way, Moyer walks down some stairs into the BASEMENT of the house, looking PROUDLY on as Kitty follows.

Kitty, her MOUTH AGAPE, looks around, STUNNED.

KITTY'S P.O.V.: The place has been converted into a LABORATORY of sorts, a hodgepodge collection of partially reconstructed equipment, exposed wires and pipes, which give it a certain STEAM PUNK LOOKING appearance.

DEAD CENTER, is a LARGE, COMPLEX LOOKING SOMETHING. It's the obvious 'centerpiece' of the room, with all the wires, cables and pipes leading towards it. A series of monitors are also hooked up to it, displaying various readouts.

Kitty, CAUTIOUSLY, takes a few steps forward for a closer look, AMAZED.

MOYER

What do you think?

KITTY

Is this what I think it is?

MOYER

The Bio-Energy Actualizer, yes!

KITTY

You built it? You ACTUALLY built it? Thomas, this... it's incredible!

MOYER

It's only a scaled down version,
for testing purposes, but once
it's up and working, it could
provide power for this entire
suburb!

KITTY

(concerned)

Up and running? You mean you
still haven't finished it fully?

Moyer GRINS, a little too insanely for Kitty's comfort.

MOYER

(over-excitedly)

That's why I had to bring YOU
here, Katherine. You, you're the
final piece I needed!

Off Kitty's GROWING WORRY, we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

21 EXT. MOYER FAMILY HOME - PARK RIDGE - NIGHT - LATER
 Establishing shot of the building.

22 INT. MOYER'S LAB - MOYER FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS
 Moyer, wringing his hands NERVOUSLY, stands back from Kitty, as she moves between the various MONITORS, checking readouts, tapping at the keyboards by them, reading through pages of NOTES she has come across.
 Her face is the picture of CONCENTRATION as she works, before putting the notes down, and MOVING TOWARDS the machine itself. She can't help but MARVEL AT IT.

KITTY

(impressed)

This is incredible work, Thomas,
 really. I still can't believe it.

MOYER

Thank you, Katherine. It's taken
 me quite a few years to put this
 all together, but it's finally
 ready for a full test!

KITTY

You built this with your own
 money?

MOYER

(uncomfortable)

With my history, grants were out
 of the question, not to mention
 bank loans, but I persevered, I
 had to prove people wrong!

KITTY

But, Thomas, after everything
 that happened before?

MOYER

That's WHY I had to do it,
 sacrifices have always been made
 in the pursuit of knowledge, I
 couldn't let the ones we'd made
 be in vain!

KITTY

What about the problems with the
 equations, that caused...
 'issues', before?

MOYER

I learned from my mistakes,
Katherine, I promise you. I spent
years refining them, correcting
for imbalance. This is ready, but
I wanted you here to see for
yourself.

Kitty takes a STEP BACK, looking over the machine from a distance, UNCERTAIN.

KITTY

It's still a big risk, Thomas.
This isn't exactly to spec, I
mean, you've had to improvise in
places, using what was available.

MOYER

Which is why I've put in extra
safety checks and redundancy
measures, another reason I wanted
you here.

He approaches her, taking her hands in his, looking into her eyes, PLEADING.

MOYER

Please, Katherine, you were the
only one of my students who saw
the potential of the Actualizer,
the benefits it would bring. I
need you to finish my work for
me.

KITTY

(unsure)

Finish it?

MOYER

My hands, they aren't as steady
as they were, I'm so close, I
can't be stopped due to getting
too old!

She looks down at his hands, and we see they're OLD and GNARLED, shaking ever so slightly. She looks back into his eyes, which are WET WITH TEARS.

MOYER

(pleading)

Please, Katherine, if our
friendship still means something
to you, I beg you, help me finish
this.

Kitty considers his words, TORN and CONFLICTED, as we:

CUT TO:

23 EXT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS
Establishing shot of the building.

24 INT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - INNER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS
DANNY TURPIN walks down the corridor, passing several of the well-dressed patrons from the evening festivities before coming to a door, marked "SECURITY OFFICE".

25 INT. METROPOLIS GRAND SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Inside the room, which is filled with computer monitors displaying various areas of the hotel itself, sits Dr. ANGELA ROTH, sipping on a cup of coffee, looking DESPONDENT.

She quickly looks up as Danny walks in, ANXIOUS.

DANNY
Thanks again for waiting, Dr.
Roth.

ANGELA
Please, if something has happened to Kitty, then if there's any help I can give, let me know.

DANNY
That's much appreciated.

He moves over to a PRINTER by the monitors, taking a piece of paper, GIVING IT A QUICK LOOK OVER, before returning to the desk, and placing the paper in front of Angela.

On the paper is a still image, in BLACK AND WHITE, but the two occupants are visible and identifiable, facing the camera. One is KITTY, the other is MOYER.

DANNY (cont'd)
Is this the person you saw?

ANGELA
Yes, yes that's him, I mean, I only saw him from a distance before, I just remembered the scruffy appearance, but now...

DANNY
Doctor?

ANGELA
I think I recognize him, I mean, he looks older and not as healthy as he was in the other pictures, but I think it's him.

DANNY
Who? Who is he?

Off Danny's EXPECTANT EXPRESSION, we:

CUT TO:

26 EXT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - DOWNTOWN - LATER

HOLDING HIS CELL to his ear, Danny exits the hotel into the street, heading towards his parked car.

DANNY
His name is Dr. Thomas Moyer,
he's a retired professor from Met
U, turns out he was Dr.
Faulkner's graduate professor.
They were pretty close,
apparently.

27 EXT. MOYER BAKERLINE RESIDENCE - BAKERLINE - INTERCUT

Outside a more modern and modest looking house, LUPE LEOCARDIO stands, holding her cellphone to her ear, looking UNIMPRESSED as she listens.

LUPE
That fits with what the CSU techs found.

28 EXT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Danny STOPS short, CONFUSED.

DANNY
What did they find?

LUPE
The dead waiter's ID badge,
nowhere near where the body had
been moved to. They dusted it for
prints, and found some belonging
to a Dr. Thomas Moyer.

DANNY
His prints are in the system?

LUPE
I'm already at the address
listed, uniforms are just
clearing the scene.

Danny FROWNS, ANGRILY.

DANNY

Why didn't you bring me in on
this?

LUPE

Look, Turpin, we're the same
grade, remember, I don't have to
report to you.

DANNY

This isn't about whose in charge,
it's common courtesy, we're
working the same damn case!

29 EXT. MOYER BAKERLINE RESIDENCE - BAKERLINE - CONTINUOUS

LUPE

Fine, whatever, you want to work
the case, be my guest. I assume
you can find the address?

ANNOYED, she hands up, and WALKS AWAY.

30 EXT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Danny, STUNNED, looks at the cell phone BLANKLY for a
moment, before CLOSING IT HARD.

DANNY

(angrily)

Unbelievable!

He quickly walks over to and climbs into his car, SLAMMING
the door a little harder than necessary before starting
the engine as we:

CUT TO:

31 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - LATER

Establishing shot of the building.

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

It's the turn of the NIGHT SHIFT, but it's a slow night,
so only a couple of desks are in use.

33

INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE - S.C.U. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Maggie is sat at her desk, going over CRIME SCENE PHOTOS, but her eyes are glazing over from staring at the same thing for TOO LONG...

...until A LARGE CUP OF COFFEE, from the Metro Coffee Stop, is placed on her desk, still STEAMING.

Maggie looks up, SURPRISED to see TODD RICE smiling down at her, holding his own cup close.

TODD

Figured you might need a
pick-me-up.

MAGGIE

What are you doing here?

TODD

I had a youth group session at Isis, went to the hospital to check in on Wally. Guess who I ran in to?

MAGGIE

(realizing)

Joan told you I'd come back here, didn't she?

TODD

Lovely woman, she had a feeling you weren't going home tonight, so I figured a proper cup of coffee was required.

He takes a seat on his side of the desk, takes a sip of his coffee, before pulling some of the paperwork towards him. What he reads SURPRISES him.

TODD (cont'd)

Wally's financials?

MAGGIE

Try not to sound so offended, I hated having to do it, but it's the right thing to do.

TODD

Why?

MAGGIE

Toby reminded me, that I need to look at this as if it was any other case, and what's the first thing we do?

TODD

(realizing)

We look into the history of the victim for a reason they were targeted. So you're assuming it's not because he works for the S.C.U.?

MAGGIE

That's what we've been doing, and it lead us nowhere. They guys that attacked him, they were smart, they avoided all the cameras in the area, so we need to go old-school to figure this out.

TODD

So what do the financials tell you?

Abruptly, Maggie STANDS UP, and turns to look out her window into the Metropolis night.

MAGGIE

Did you know that Wally was the victim of identity theft about 6 or 7 years ago? Some street kid they never caught, he ran up a whole load of debt in Wally's name.

TODD

That sucks. What did they do?

MAGGIE

Although they never caught the guy, they were able to prove the charges fraudulent, and get them dismissed. Joan admitted it was pretty close, they very nearly lost their house, and that they had even considering going to a loan shark.

TODD

Thank god that didn't happen. But what's this got to do with anything.

MAGGIE

(sighs)

Keep reading the list.

Todd GLANCES back down, FROWNING, before his EYES WIDEN in SURPRISE.

TODD

Oh. Oh, that's not good at all.

As Maggie turns back around, and leans on her chair, Todd looks up at her.

TODD (cont'd)

What are you going to do? You know this doesn't prove anything beyond-

MAGGIE

(interrupting)

Yeah, I know, I know.

TODD

So...?

MAGGIE

(grimly)

I guess I'll do what I do best.

Off her RESIGNED expression, we:

CUT TO:

34

EXT. MOYER BAKERLINE RESIDENCE - BAKERLINE - LATER

A quick establishing shot of the premises, with TWO POLICE CRUISERS parked outside, and several UNIFORMED OFFICERS securing the perimeter.

Danny's car pulls up, and idles before the engine shuts off, and he exits, STILL ANGRY, before making his way up to and into the house.

35

INT. MOYER BAKERLINE RESIDENCE - BAKERLINE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the place is A MESS - paperwork, takeout containers, dirty laundry and dishes all over the place.

LUPE LEOCARDIO, pulling on DISPOSABLE GLOVES, looks around with a TRAINED EYE. Her CALM and FOCUSED expression CHANGES INTO ONE OF ANNOYANCE as she watches a GRIM-FACED Danny walk in, pulling on some gloves of his own.

DANNY

CSU on their way?

LUPE

They're a bit short-staffed at the moment, but we're cleared to take a look around for now.

DANNY

Good, maybe we can find something
that will help figure this case
out.

Lupe SCOFFS, UNIMPRESSED.

LUPE

(derisive)

Yeah, maybe you'll find something
that will crack the case wide
open, and let you take all the
credit.

Danny SPINS on her, ANNOYED.

DANNY

Alright, Detective, enough with
the jibes. You got a problem
working with me, just say so!
Believe me, it ain't anything I'm
not used to.

Lupe crossed her arms, DEFIANT BUT DEFENSIVE.

LUPE

You're damn right I've got a
problem. I don't need no glory
hound trying to take over my
investigation.

Danny's ANGER gives way to SURPRISE.

DANNY

Glory hound? Are you serious?!

LUPE

Damn straight! How else do you
explain the fact that the most
junior detective always seems to
get the media-heavy cases?

For a moment, Danny just looks at her... before his
SURPRISE gives way to a huge GRIN, and he BURSTS INTO
LAUGHTER.

Lupe, REACTING, BLINKS in SURPRISE, before she FROWNS,
UNCERTAIN.

DANNY

(recovering)

Look, Detective, let me make
something VERY clear to you. I
have absolutely NO interest in
taking any 'glory' as you put it.
Believe me, I've had my mug in
the papers enough times already.

He moves closer, a casual SMILE on his face.

DANNY (cont'd)
 I'll make you a promise. Any media attention this case may generate, you are MORE then welcome to it, understood?

Lupe, UNSURE, SCRUTINIZES him, and so, he offers her a HANDSHAKE. After a moment, she ACCEPTS.

LUPE
 Understood.

She moves over to a fireplace, carefully looking over some PAPERS that have been left on the mantle-piece.

Danny, meanwhile, SPOTS A COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS, on a nearby shelf. He goes over, and looks them over.

They're all of Moyer, standing with VARIOUS YOUNG PEOPLE, and quite a few of them have a YOUNGER Kitty in them.

DANNY
 Hey, check these out.

He picks one up, looking at it closer, as Lupe looks up from her own findings.

LUPE
 What you got?

DANNY
 Old class photos, I think.

LUPE
 So?

DANNY
 So, a lot of them have Dr. Faulkner in them. She must have really meant something to him.

LUPE
 Yeah, maybe, or maybe she's just a remainder of the student surpassing the teacher.

Lupe goes back to perusing her own findings, now a COLLECTION OF TORN OPEN ENVELOPES, with the letters stuffed back in.

DANNY
 Call me an optimist, but I'd like to believe Moyer isn't interesting in hurting Dr. Faulkner. Seems a lot of trouble
 (MORE)

DANNY (cont'd)
 to go to, if he just wanted her dead.

LUPE
 Well, I happen to be a realist,
 so suit yourself, but I think I
 might have a lead on where Moyer
 is.

Danny, SURPRISED, looks around, where Lupe is waving SEVERAL PAPERS, looking rather PLEASED with herself.

DANNY
 What you got?

She passes him the papers, and he quickly thumbs through them.

LUPE
 A lot of unpaid bills for this place, as well as a few other utilities bills, including some for an address over in Park Ridge.

DANNY
 Another property? What makes you think he's there?

LUPE
 Compare the bills for the Park Ridge property to this one.
 Notice anything?

Danny SCRUTINIZES the papers for a moment, before UNDERSTANDING DAWNS.

DANNY
 (realizing)
 They're all paid up to date.

Lupe NODS, SATISFIED, as we:

CUT TO:

36 INT. MOYER'S LAB - MOYER FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

MOYER, with EXCITED NERVOUSNESS, watches INTENTLY as Kitty makes a circuit of the Actualizer. She leans in close, SCRUTINIZING every square inch of the apparatus, FEELING her way around it as much as she looks.

KITTY
 (awed)
 This is incredible, Thomas! I always admired your way to think
 (MORE)

KITTY (cont'd)
outside the box, it really got us
through some tough problems
during the original project.

Kitty finishes her inspection, stands up, and stretches, a smile on her lips. She looks back at the apparatus, taking it all in again.

KITTY
This really is incredible.

MOYER
(anxious)
But will it work?

KITTY
Theoretically? Yes, it should,
even with all the replacement
parts being off the shelf models.
Your engineering is sound, and
the construction is excellent.

Moyer breaks into into a HUGE GRIN - that's what he wanted to hear!

MOYER
Excellent! Thank you, Kitty!

KITTY
(soothingly)
But, Thomas, what does this all
matter? You know this won't
actually work, it's missing the
critical ingredient.

Moyer's smile, if possible, grows BIGGER, and he looks at his former student with AMUSEMENT.

MOYER
I have something I need to show
you.

He turns around, and moves over to a METAL DESK against a wall, where a SMALL CONTAINER sits. He pulls on a pair of heavy duty work gloves before opening it.

COLD AIR immediately ESCAPES as he reaches in, and DELICATELY lifts a small VIAL of BLUE/GREEN GOO from it.

Kitty, WATCHING CURIOUSLY, is STUNNED by what she sees, as Moyer turns back to her, and she approaches quickly.

KITTY
Is that what I think it is?

MOYER

Some of the actual algae we created back during the original project. The only substance that will work in tandem with the Actualizer.

KITTY

(astounded)

Where did you get this?

MOYER

I managed to save some from destruction before the project was scrapped. Not all of it was destroyed during the accident, the University merely said that to avoid any more problems.

KITTY

There's not much left.

MOYER

There's enough for one full power test, enough to prove the Actualizer CAN work, and is perfectly safe!

KITTY

(dubious)

I-- I don't know, Thomas. That accident, it showed us that there were flaws, flaws we never considered!

KITTY

And I've spent the last 10 years or so correcting for those flaws! Please, Katherine, you've inspected the machine yourself, you think it will work, I know you do!

KITTY (cont'd)

That was before I knew you planned to actually put it to a full test!

MOYER

I only want to run the test long enough to get stable readings and prove that the machine WILL work. That's why I want you here, Katherine! You were the biochemist for the original project, no-one knew the algae reactions better than you! You

(MORE)

MOYER (cont'd)
can monitor it's performance
every step of the test! Surely,
you have some vested curiosity in
this as well?

Kitty, STILL UNSURE, looks back at the machine, and backs away SLIGHTLY, until Moyer reaches out and GRABS HER HAND, pulling her back to look at him, DESPERATE.

MOYER (cont'd)
Please, Katherine. I need this, I
need to show that my life's work
wasn't a futile waste.

Kitty LOOKS at this man, looks deep into the eyes of the man that was her mentor... and SLOWLY NODS.

KITTY
Alright then, we have work to do.

Off, Kitty, EXPRESSION DETERMINED, as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

OPEN FROM BLACK:

37

INT. FORTUNE CASINO - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

The place is BUSTLING with activity as various people play the slot machines, sit at the roulette wheels, or wait anxiously for the dealer to play his cards at the blackjack tables.

On the small stage, a TRIO OF SHOWGIRLS dance to the music, as people at the assemblage of tables watch their every move.

As she walks in, MAGGIE SAWYER pays none of it any heed - there is only ONE reason she is here, and A QUICK GLANCE AROUND tells her what she needs to know.

Instead, she makes her way over to a more shadowed area of the small Casino, where a LARGE, WELL-DRESSED but SEVERE LOOKING MAN stands. She stops in front of him, ALL BUSINESS.

MAGGIE

I got an urgent matter with your
boss.

BODYGUARD

(unimpressed)

You got an appointment?

Cocking an eyebrow, she pulls out her DETECTIVE SHIELD, flashing it at him. He FROWNS, then SNEERS.

BODYGUARD

Sorry, but the boss doesn't make
time for cops.

MAGGIE

Maybe you didn't hear me? I said
I had an 'urgent matter', and I'm
not leaving without talking to
him.

The Bodyguard, LOOKING ANNOYED NOW, opens up his jacket, and deliberately FLASHES THE 9mm in the HOLSTER he has strapped to him. Maggie TAKES NOTE, but STANDS HER GROUND, UNDAUNTED.

BODYGUARD

Look, lady, just head on out of
here, or I might have to remove
you myself, got it?

As he talks, he lays on his BEEFY HANDS, on Maggie's shoulder. She gives the hand a look, before turning back to the bodyguard, an ANNOYED SMILE on her face.

MAGGIE
 (resigned)
 I tried to be nice. Remember
 that.

Off the bodyguard's CONFUSED EXPRESSION, we:

CUT TO:

38 INT. AMOS FORTUNE'S OFFICE - FORTUNE CASINO - CONTINUOUS

AMOS FORTUNE, looking pretty much the same as when we saw him last (Smallville episode 10x15: "Fortune"), looks up in SURPRISE from his desk, at the CRY OF ANGUISHED PAIN that comes from outside his door.

He stands ABRUPTLY as the door opens wide, and his BODYGUARD comes FLYING IN, hitting the floor and skidding along the carpet. He's in OBVIOUS PAIN, his hands cupping his GROIN, the apparent SOURCE of his discomfort.

Fortune looks up as MAGGIE SAWYER strides in, a SATISFIED LOOK on her face.

Three more SEVERELY DRESSED BODYGUARDS come running into the office from the Casino proper, all reaching for their concealed weapons, but Fortune quickly gestures for them to stop.

FORTUNE
 (angrily)
 Easy, easy, I got this!

Fortune SWALLOWS visibly, before FORCING a JOVIAL SMILE to his lips.

FORTUNE
 Captain Sawyer, what an
 unexpected pleasure.

MAGGIE
 Cut the crap, Amos. We need to
 talk.

His smile COLLAPSING under Maggie's INTENSE GAZE, Fortune shoots a look at one of the bodyguards.

FORTUNE
 Get Jimmy in the back, make sure
 no one saw what happened, and if
 they did, give them a round on
 the house and a \$100 chip for
 their trouble.

Two of the bodyguards help the wheezing JIMMY to his feet, and slowly drag him out of the office, before closing the door behind them.

Maggie and Fortune stare at each other for a moment in silence, before he lowers himself back into his chair, indicating for her to join him.

MAGGIE

I want to talk about a patron of yours. Wally West.

FORTUNE

Sorry, doesn't ring a bell.

MAGGIE

Your guys worked him over on the Metropolis Docks a few weeks ago.

FORTUNE

Not that I'm admitting anything, but why do you care so much about this one.

MAGGIE

He works for me, you asshole.

Fortune REACTS, and swallows NERVOUSLY.

FORTUNE

Ah, I can see why you're so motivated then.

MAGGIE

(unamused)

Not that you're admitting to anything, though, right?

She leans in, elbows resting on Fortune's desk, looking at him INTENTLY.

MAGGIE

Let me make it very, very clear, okay? I find so much as a scrap of evidence that you're involved in his assault, I will bring the full weight of the S.C.U. and the entire Metropolis P.D. down on you, understand?

FORTUNE

Yes, yes I understand that quite clearly.

Fortune STANDS, ANXIOUSLY PACING behind his desk, as Maggie looks on, CAUTIOUS.

FORTUNE

(sighs)

It could be that some employees of mine, they knew of Mr. West's tardiness with his payments, and took matters into his own hands. Now, I can't be held accountable for that, can I?

MAGGIE

Is that the deal you want to make? Their names for you being left out of this? Why?

FORTUNE

(nervously)

Metropolis, it's changing. There are some big players making moves, getting themselves in positions of power. I may not be my own boss for much longer.

MAGGIE

So you're saying if I leave you out of this, then I can expect more information on these 'big players'?

FORTUNE

(confident)

I think we could help each other out, yeah.

Maggie STANDS, and Fortune quickly grabs a piece of paper and scribbles something down on it, before handing it to Maggie, who takes it, grudgingly.

He offers his hand to shake on it, but Maggie eyes it dubiously, long enough for Fortune to frown.

FORTUNE

What?

MAGGIE

One more thing - you're going to cancel ALL of Wally's debt.

FORTUNE

(disbelieving)

You're kidding, right? You have any idea how much--

MAGGIE

(interrupting, firmly)

I don't care, I don't want to know, but you ARE going to cancel it, or the deal's off.

The offered hand QUIVERS for a moment, before Fortune SIGHS and NODS. Maggie then takes the hand in a FIRM BUT BRIEF HANDSHAKE, as we:

CUT TO:

39 EXT. MOYER FAMILY HOME - PARK RIDGE - NIGHT - LATER

The flare of headlights illuminates the driveway as two UNMARKED POLICE CARS pull up onto it. LUPE LEOCARDIO exits one, while from the other, emerges DANNY TURPIN.

Danny, SQUINTING, gives the building a quick visual once-over.

DANNY

Looks like no one's home again.

LUPE

I'll give it a quick recon around the back, you check the front.

DANNY

Got it.

Pulling out her SERVICE WEAPON, Lupe quickly disappears around the back of the house, while Danny, LIKEWISE PULLING HIS WEAPON FREE, approaches up the driveway.

BZZZ, BZZZ, BZZZ!

GRIMACING, Danny quickly pulls out his cell phone, and flips it open, taking note of the caller I.D.

DANNY'S P.O.V.: It read's "BETH CHAPEL CALLING..."

He quickly presses the 'receive' button and puts it to his ear.

DANNY (cont'd)

Yeah, Doc? What's up? This isn't a great time, actually.

40 INT. MORGUE - OCME BUILDING (INTERCUT)

Seated at her worktable, her own cell held to her ear, Beth flips through some papers on a clipboard.

Behind her, on the autopsy table, covered by a plastic sheet, is the dead waiter from earlier, now baring a closed 'Y' incision.

BETH

I wouldn't call if it wasn't important. It's about your DB from the hotel.

DANNY
What about him?

BETH
It seems I was right, about the taser, remember? Mr. Lake was suffering from an undiagnosed heart condition. It looks like it reacted with the taser charge, and caused his heart to stop.

DANNY
So you're saying the death was accidental?

BETH
Exactly.

DANNY
Well, that's something I suppose. Thanks.

BETH
One more thing. I did some checking, once your guy Moyer was identified. His name rang a bell, so I called a friend of mine at MetGen.

41 EXT. MOYER FAMILY HOME - PARK RIDGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As Beth speaks, Lupe returns from her circuit, approaching Danny quickly with a quizzical look when she sees he's on his cell phone.

DANNY
(whispers)
Dr. Chapel.

Lupe NODS, UNDERSTANDING.

BETH
It turns out he's been in and out of mental hospitals for the past decade, ever since he was let go from his professorship at Metropolis University, something about an experimental project that lead to a lab accident.

DANNY
What kind of accident?

BETH
Something that leveled the entire off-campus lab they were using,
(MORE)

BETH (cont'd)
and was responsible for the death
of a student. Oh, and guess who
was an post-grad student and lead
assistant on the project.

DANNY
(understanding)
Dr. Kitty Faulkner. Thanks for
the heads up, Doc. We'll go in
ready.

He hangs up and pockets the phone.

DANNY
Turns out this Moyer character,
he might be a bit of a headcase,
but he's not in the habit of
killing people deliberately.
Waiter-boy's death was an
accident.

LUPE
Well, someone's definitely home.
The lights are on in the
basement, and there's a big-ass
generator in the backyard. It's
hooked up to something down
there, giving it a lot of extra
juice you don't get from everyday
current.

DANNY
Should we call for back-up?

LUPE
(amused)
For a old absent-minded
professor? Really, Turpin?

DANNY
Hey, he managed a kidnapping,
didn't he?

LUPE
Yeah, well, I think we can handle
him. Come on, let's try the front
door first.

With a EXCITED GRIN, she quickly heads up the driveway,
leaving a SLIGHTLY WORRIED Danny looking after her before
following as we:

CUT TO:

42

INT. MOYER'S LAB - MOYER FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

An ANXIOUS Moyer stands at one of the computer monitors, while Kitty stands at the front of the APPARATUS, where the front has become detached.

She is wearing the WORK GLOVES, as she slowly and gently places a small PETRI DISH, containing the blue-green ALGAE from earlier, into the apparatus itself.

Once the task is complete, she backs away, and picks up the front panel, part of which we know see is TRANSPARENT, and places it back into position. It locks into place with a loud CLICK!

KITTY
(relieved)
There! It's in position.

MOYER
(pleased)
Excellent work, Katherine!

We PULL AWAY from the two scientists, to the small wooden staircase that leads down into the basement from the main house. Through the OPEN DOOR, we see DANNY peering into the room below.

DANNY'S P.O.V.: From his current position, all he can see is part of the back wall, and some odd pieces of equipment, but nothing else.

DANNY
(whispering)
I can't get a good visual, I
can't make out what's going on.

From the other side of the door, MOVES IN LUPE, to have a look for herself, although she can't see anything either.

LUPE
Damn, I hate going in blind. Any ideas?

DANNY
(sighs)
One, and you aren't gonna like it.

Lupe FROWNS, CONFUSED, as Danny reholster's his sidearm-- -- and watches, ANGRY AND AMAZED ad he suddenly BRAZENLY walks down the steps.

LUPE
(disbelieving)
Turpin?!

IGNORING HER, Danny walks down the stairs, and is QUICKLY SPOTTED by Moyer, who turns around his monitors in SURPRISE!

MOYER

Who the hell are--? What are you doing here?!

Kitty too, LOOKS AROUND, and when she sees Danny, she can't help but looked RELIEVED!

KITTY

Detective Turpin?!

Moyer looks at her in SHOCK, as he realizes what Danny represents. Danny raises his arms in SURRENDER.

DANNY

Professor, I'm with the Special Crimes Unit, we're here looking for Dr. Faulkner. You've scared a lot of people kidnapping her like that.

MOYER

(agitated)

I-- I didn't have a choice, please, you're interrupting a delicate experiment!

DANNY

What experiment?

MOYER

Please, Detective, you have to let us finish. We're so close!

Kitty approaches, and lays a hand on Moyer's shoulder.

KITTY

(sadly)

Thomas, please. It's over.

Moyer fixes an ANGRY GLARE on her, and shrugs off her hand, moving away from her to the work bench.

MOYER

How can you betray me, Katherine?! I won't stop, not now!

He QUICKLY OPENS A SMALL DRAWER, and pulls out a SMALL PISTOL, which he aims at Danny, although his hands SHAKES SLIGHTLY. Danny and Kitty REACT with SHOCK.

KITTY

Thomas, what are you doing?

MOYER

The experiment must continue!

He moves back to the computer monitor, and taps at the keyboard. A screen pops up announcing "TEST SEQUENCE UNDERWAY".

The APPARATUS begins to POWER UP, circuitry sparking as through the TRANSPARENT PLATE, light begin to GLOW.

KITTY

(amazed)

Oh my God... it's working.

All three of them star at the machine, Moyer with an almost REVERENT EXPRESSION, until--

LUPE (O.S.)

Nobody move!

Everybody spins around to see LUPE, standing in the stairs, WEAPONS DRAWN and aimed at Moyer, who PANICS and RAISES HIS WEAPON TOO!

MOYER

NO!!

He FIRES BLINDLY, and Lupe GRUNTS IN PAIN, dropping her own weapon and grabbing at her shoulder, where the BULLET WINGED HER.

Danny LUNGES at Moyer and tries to grab the weapon from him, and they wrestle with it for several seconds, long enough for TWO MORE SHOTS to be fired across the room!

SPARKS FLY when one bullet SMASHES INTO one of a series of LARGE CYLINDERS lined against the wall, and liquid sprays from them, only to IGNITE from the bullet fire.

Kitty SCREAMS and INSTINCTIVELY JUMPS AWAY, only to TRIP on an exposed cable, AND FALL HEAVILY to the floor. Her head STRIKES the wall as she falls, and she hits the floor, unconscious, bleeding from a gash to her forehead.

Moyer watches in HORROR as his prize pupil lays on the floor, all fight LEAVING HIM, allowing Danny to pull the pistol from his hand.

MOYER (cont'd)

(shocked)

Katherine, no!

He drops to his knees beside her, stroking her hair from her face, and starts sobbing gently.

MOYER (cont'd)
 (distraught)
 This wasn't supposed to happen!

Danny looks down at Moyer, ALMOST SYMPATHETICALLY, as he turns to Lupe, who has managed to get to her feet.

DANNY
 You okay, Lupe?

LUPE
 (in pain)
 I've had worse, I'll live.

Danny SMILES, RELIEVED, only to REACT when the APPARATUS begins to BUZZ LOUDLY, the circuits flickering, and the LIGHT INSIDE begins to spark and flicker madly.

DANNY
 We better clear out, I don't think that hunk of junk is going to last much longer.

LUPE
 I'll get the Professor, you get Faulkner.

Danny NODS, and quickly moves over to Kitty, as Lupe does the same, pulling some hand-cuffs out, before pulling Moyer to his feet and bringing his arms behind his back.

He doesn't resist at all as she fastens the cuffs around his wrists, only watching as Danny CAREFULLY picks up the dazed Kitty, before they head up the stairs.

The FIRE, having QUICKLY SPREAD across the lab, continues to grow in INTENSITY as we:

CUT TO:

43 EXT. MOYER FAMILY HOME - PARK RIDGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Danny, carrying Kitty, and Lupe, pushing Moyer ahead of her, emerge from the OPEN FRONT DOOR, and head onto the driveway, moving towards their cars.

Once they get there, Danny gently lays the STIRRING Kitty on the ground, while Lupe UNCEREMONIOUSLY SHOVES Moyer against the car itself.

LUPE
 Professor Thomas Moyer, you're under arrest for the abduction of Dr. Kitty Faulker, shooting and wounding a Metropolis Police Officer, and any other dang thing
 (MORE)

LUPE (cont'd)
 I can thing of once I get back to
 Metro Central!

Moyer, however, doesn't appear to be listening, as he looks over his shoulder, as FLAMES from the basement begin the spread up the walls of the HOUSE ITSELF.

MOYER
 I was so close, so very CLOSE!

LUPE
 (uninterested)
 Yeah well, you win some, you loose some.

Kitty, COMING TO, moans softly, as Danny gives her a quick once-over.

DANNY
 You okay?

KITTY
 My head is killing me, but yeah,
 I think so.

Danny helps her stand slowly, as Kitty looks towards the burning house, before back to the despondent Moyer.

KITTY
 I'm sorry, Thomas. I guess it was never meant to be.

MOYER
 (furious)
 No. No! I don't accept that!

With SUDDEN FEROCITY, he shoves back against Lupe, KNOCKING her to the floor and, with hands still cuffed behind him, MAKES A MAD RUN back up and into the house, STRAIGHT THROUGH the GROWING FLAMES!

Kitty, still DAZED, can only watch in HORROR as her mentor runs back into the burning building.

KITTY
 Thomas!

She lunges forward to chase him, but Danny wraps his arms AROUND her, STOPPING HER.

DANNY
 Kitty, no!

KITTY
 (frantic)
 Let me go, we have to--

The HOUSE ERUPTS, EXPLODING INTO A SHOWER OF DEBRIS AND FLAMES, which rains down onto the street!

Everyone instinctively SHIELDS themselves from the assault, Danny covering Kitty, while Lupe turns away from the blast. Kitty can only WATCH as what was the house of her mentor falls the ground around them.

KITTY
(screaming)
Nooooo!!

HORROR STRUCK, Kitty can only BURST INTO TEARS, burying her face into Danny's arms.

Off the sight of the wrecked house, we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

44 EXT. METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

Establishing shot of the building.

WALLY (PRE-LAP)
(embarrassed)
Will you please stop fussing, I'm
fine!

45 INT. WALLY'S ROOM - METRO GENERAL - CONTINUOUS

A very much AWAKE and DRESSED Wally, though still covered in dark bruises, and using a CRUTCH to lean on, stands by his bed, BUTTONING HIS SHIRT.

Across the room, JOAN GARRICK is sorting through a collection of clothes, and PUTTING THEM INTO A DUFFEL BAG. She looks up, FROWNING.

JOAN
(archly)
Well, excuse me from being the
doting godmother! It's not like I
just sat by your bedside for the
past few nights willing you to
wake up!

Wally, finishing dressing himself, ROLLS HIS EYES at her comment.

WALLY
Well, I'm awake, up and about
now, and I'm thankful, but you
don't have to treat me like a
kid, you know?

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Then maybe you should stop acting
like one?

Both Wally and Joan LOOK AROUND IN SURPRISE, to find MAGGIE SAWYER standing at the door to Wally's room, with a small smile and a raised eyebrow. Joan GRINS.

JOAN
Spoken like a true parent!

Wally, CAUGHT OFF GUARD, can only stare at Maggie, before looking away, EMBARRASSMENT obvious. Maggie smile FADES quickly, and she looks down, ALMOST HURT.

Joan watches the exchange, and YAWNNS DRAMATICALLY.

JOAN

(overacting)

Oh, dear me! I really am tired! I think I'll just go get some coffee.

She grabs her coat from the bed, as a SURPRISED Wally looks up at her, before she walks out. She stops besides Maggie, and leans in, smiling softly.

JOAN (cont'd)

(stage-whisper)

Maybe you two can 'talk' a little, while I'm gone, hmm?

Maggie returns the smile, and nods, before Joan quickly disappears into the corridor.

Wally, looking a LITTLE FRANTIC, locks eyes with Maggie for a moment, before quickly looking down at his feet. Maggie ROLLS HER EYES, and sighs.

MAGGIE

Oh for god's sake, Wally, cut all this 'feeling guilty' crap, okay? You made a mistake, that's all!

Wally, a sad smile forming, looks up as he slowly lowers himself to sit on the bed. He shakes his head.

WALLY

A 'mistake'? Is that all? Come off it, Captain, we both know you know the whole story. I got in completely over my head, and it very nearly killed me.

MAGGIE

Remember what they say about things that do that, though? They only make you stronger.

WALLY

I-- I just hate the idea that you're... well, disappointed in me, because of it.

MAGGIE

Disappointed?! Why would I be disappointed?

WALLY

Well, getting into debt, counting cards and then getting hooked on gambling, only to then get caught, it's not exactly the reason you bought me to Metropolis.

MAGGIE

Like I said, you're human! I never expected you to live your whole life through the S.C.U., Wally. You're entitled to a real one, you know, we all are.

WALLY

Yeah, I guess.

MAGGIE

Trouble was, yours just got a little complicated, but then, whose doesn't.

Wally SNORTS IN DARK AMUSEMENT, nodding at the comment.

MAGGIE

Look, as far as I concerned, when you come back to work, clean slate. And as far as you're concerned, you won't have to worry about Amos Fortune again.

Wally looks up in COMPLETE ASTONISHMENT, and Maggie GRINS, a little SELF-ASSURED.

MAGGIE

Let's just say that we made a deal, and you better not try any of that macho crap about taking care of your own problems, you got me?

WALLY

Are you kidding? That's amazing! I don't know how to thank you!

MAGGIE

You wanna thank me? Here, take this.

She reaches into a pocket and pulls out a BUSINESS CARD, although we don't see what it says. Wally takes it, but FROWNS, before looking at Maggie, UNSURE.

WALLY

Really? You think this is necessary?

MAGGIE

Hey, you're the one who wanted to thank me, this is how you can. It's not exactly Gambler's Anonymous, but it's a start.

Off of Wally's DUBIOUS LOOK, we:

FADE TO:

46 EXT. MOYER FAMILY HOME - PARK RIDGE - DAY - LATER

All that remains of the Moyer family home is a BURNT OUT SHELL. Debris litters the front yard, along with blackened patches of grass and puddles of brackish water.

Amongst the rubble, stands KITTY, looking around sadly at the remains of the house. Beside her, huddled against the COLD AIR that is sweeping through the neighborhood is ANGELA ROTH.

ANGELA
(concerned)
Are you okay?

KITTY
Do you know, back when I was an undergrad, I used to come here a couple of times a week, for dinner with his wife, before she died? She was an amazing cook, I'd never tasted food so good before that.

ANGELA
They both really meant a lot to you, didn't they?

KITTY
They were the closest thing I had to a loving family, it's not like I'll ever be close to my own.

Angela takes a step forward and--

CRACK!

Both women look DOWN, and spot the SLIGHTLY BURNT PHOTO FRAME that Angela has just stepped on. She quickly pulls her foot off, and bends down to retrieve it, wiping away soot and dust from it.

She SMILES as she lifts it up, before handing it to Kitty.

ANGELA
Then maybe you should keep this as a reminder?

Kitty TAKES the photo frame, and her eyes widen in SURPRISE.

KITTY'S P.O.V.: An old photo, of a younger Kitty, next to a Christmas tree, and a YOUNGER THOMAS MOYER, arm around the younger woman's shoulders.

A SMALL SMILE spreads across Kitty's face, as we:

CUT TO:

47 EXT. ISIS FOUNDATION - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the building.

48 INT. CORRIDOR - ISIS FOUNDATION - CONTINUOUS

Using his CRUTCH for support, WALLY WEST approaches the door to the Isis Foundation proper, looking ANXIOUSLY at it.

After a moment of internal debate, he takes a DEEP BREATH, and grabs the handle, turning it quickly, pushing the door open as we:

CUT TO:

49 INT. OUTER OFFICE - ISIS FOUNDATION - CONTINUOUS

At the small RECEPTION DESK, sits TODD RICE, going over some paperwork on a clipboard, with a SATISFIED LOOK on his face.

As the door opens, he LOOKS UP, and SMILES as an uncomfortable looking Wally walks in, quickly standing and moving to meet his friend.

TODD

Hey, Wally, glad you could make it.

WALLY

Yeah, well, I'm not really sure I should be here.

TODD

(comforting)

That's totally normal, but remember, this all started because you were a victim of crime, and that's what this group is all about helping.

Wally, THOUGHTFUL, simply nods, as Todd lays a hand on his shoulder.

TODD (cont'd)

You came early, that's good, only one other person is here right now, I'll introduce you.

He heads over to the inner office area, Wally following as quickly as he can. When he gets there, Todd calls out to a young women, whose back we can see.

TODD (cont'd)
Hey Tina, I'd like you to meet someone.

She turns around and is instantly recognizable - it's DR. TINA MCGEE (previously seen in M:SCU - 1x01). She smiles shyly, and waves.

TINA
Hi there.

TODD
This is Wally West, he works with me at the Special Crimes Unit.
Wally, this is Tina McGee.

Wally FROWNS, UNSURE.

WALLY
Do I know you? You look familiar?

TINA
(embarrassed)
Actually, yeah, uh, I was involved in a case of the SCU a few months ago.

WALLY
(realizing)
Oh, yeah, that's right! You were involved in that whole starlight/kidnapping thing with LexCorp.

Todd ROLLS HIS EYES at Wally's BLUNTNESs but Tina LAUGHS, SMILING.

TINA
Yeah, that about sums it up.

She gives Wally a quick appraisal, and her smile WIDENS, as Wally looks away, EMBARRASSED. Todd HIDES A GRIN, before coughing.

TODD
Anyway, I have some paperwork to do before everyone else gets here. I'll leave you two to talk.

He quickly heads back into the outer office, leaving a SUDDENLY SHY Wally looking at his feet as he shuffles about aimlessly. Tina can't help but GIGGLE, which makes Wally look up, SURPRISED.

WALLY

What?

TINA

Nothing. Just, you remind me of how I was on my first visit. It took me a few times to warm up to talking to complete strangers.

WALLY

Yeah, I've never been one for therapy, but what the hell.

TINA

First session is the hardest, but stick with me, I'll get you through it.

She flashes him a BIG SMILE, and Wally, WARMING UP, returns it in kind.

We pull back from the two, as they continue talking, although we can't hear what they're saying, but they're CLEARLY getting on well as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE