

METROPOLIS: SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

1.08 | "CYBER"

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  
RUSSEL TEN CLOUDS ..... Gregory Cruz  
ROY HARPER ..... Nathaniel Buzolic

GUEST CAST

DR. ANITA CYBELLINE/COMPUTER ..... Amy Acker  
SEBASTIEN MALLORY ..... Titus Welliver  
DEAN CLARE PORTER ..... Romy Rosemont  
DEE HINKLEY ..... Crystal Reed  
OLD DONNY .....  
DENNIS .....

## TEASER

FADE INTO:

1 EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - SUICIDE SLUMS - NIGHT

We cruise over the more barren, rougher area of the so-called 'City of Tomorrow', street lights and building windows illuminating the darkness.

2 EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

It's an older looking brick building, several stories tall, with people gathered outside, all unkempt, shabby-looking and having seen better days.

Painted on the large window on the front are the words "MALONE AVENUE HOMELESS SHELTER".

3 INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

At a series of tables all set next to each other, on which sit trays of food, plastic cutlery and plates, stands ROY HARPER. He looks a LOT BETTER than the last time we saw him (M:SCU 1x02: "Foundations"), cleaner, healthier and better dressed.

With a friendly smile, he continues with his work, handing out plates and cutlery to the seemingly ENDLESS STREAM of homeless coming into the building. In return, many of them nod politely or smile back before walking away.

OLD DONNY (O.S.)

Roy, fella, good to see you!

Roy looks around, SURPRISED but PLEASED, grinning at some one at the other end of the line - OLD DONNY (mid-50s, gray haired, rough around the edges but with a good humored air).

He wears clothes that have seen better days, including a grey/blue TRILBY HAT. As they talk, Old Donny moves along with the queue.

ROY

Donny, man, good to see you too!  
How you been?

OLD DONNY

Surviving, just like always.  
Looks like you're doing alright  
for yourself now, though.

Roy looks down at himself briefly, EMBARRASSED.

ROY

Nah, I got lucky, is all.

OLD DONNY

Hey, don't mock it, you did good, Roy. I always knew you'd get off the streets someday.

ROY

I had help, and I wouldn't have gotten that if you hadn't looked out for me back in the day.

Donny is now standing in front of Roy, and leans in close, lowering his voice.

OLD DONNY

I heard the police got you into rehab?

Roy's smile FADES, and he frowns at the memory.

ROY

Yeah, toughest thing I ever had to go through, believe me. But I got myself clean, got a job, a place to live. Life is good, Donny.

OLD DONNY

I'm proud of you, Roy.

ROY

Hey, you know, if you ever need a place to crash or something..?

OLD DONNY

No, no, you've gotten off the streets, you don't need me cluttering you up now, do you? Besides, my life is out there, in the great wild unknown.

ROY

Hey, I owe you, Donny.

OLD DONNY

Nonsense! All you owe me is a decent game of chess, say in Centennial Park, tomorrow midday?

Roy GRINS.

ROY

Oh, it's on, old man!

Donny LAUGHS, NODDING.

OLD DONNY  
 Good, good, I'll see you then!

With a WIDE GRIN, showing a couple of GAPS in his teeth, he takes his food, and heads into the crowd to find a seat. Roy watches him go with a SENTIMENTAL LOOK, before focusing back on his work, as we:

FADE TO:

4 EXT. ALLEYWAY - SUICIDE SLUMS - LATER

A COLD WIND blows down the alleyway, knocking loose various pieces of detritus as OLD DONNY walks down it. SECURING his trilby on his head with one hand, Donny buttons his jacket closed with the other, FROWNING as he does.

OLD DONNY  
 Damn weather reports, it supposed  
 to be a nice night tonight.

Sticking his free hand into a pocket, he continues down the alley, heading to the street, only to stop short, and STARE at something OFF-SCREEN, CONFUSED.

DONNY'S P.O.V.: Underneath a street light, a large grey/white VAN is parked by the sidewalk, with it's engine hood open.

Next to it stands a WOMAN (early 30s, mid-length brown hair, rather frail-looking), wearing a dark, heavy coat, peering into the engine block, ANXIOUSLY. Half her face is hidden by the way she has her hair covering it.

OLD DONNY (cont'd)  
 (gently)  
 Are you alright, miss?

The woman REACTS, seemingly startled, turning to look at Donny.

WOMAN  
 Oh, yes, well I mean, no. Sorry,  
 my van just died, and uh, well,  
 motor mechanics aren't really my  
 thing.

Donny SMILES, taking a couple of steps forward, and removes his hat, EVER THE GENTLEMAN.

OLD DONNY  
 Well, perhaps I could help? I  
 mean, it's not really safe for a  
 young woman to be caught out in  
 the Slums at this time of night.

WOMAN

Oh that would be really great,  
thank you.

She offers a SHY SMILE, which immediately CHARMS Donny that little bit extra, as he approaches the van, handing her his TRILBY, and takes a look for himself.

OLD DONNY

Well, okay then, let's have a  
look.

Donny FROWNS as he gives the engine a ONCE-OVER, completely UNAWARE as the woman reaches into her coat pocket and pulls out a SMALL SYRINGE, filled with a green liquid.

OLD DONNY (cont'd)

Well, I can't see anything wrong  
straight away. Are you sure  
you-AH!!

Donny CRIES OUT, as the woman STABS the syringe into his neck, and INJECTS him with the green fluid. He SPINS around and stumbles against the van, CONFUSED.

OLD DONNY (cont'd)

What- what did you- you do?

He BACKS AWAY, legs unsteady, as he moves towards the alley, one hand rummaging through a coat pocket, before his finally CRUMPLES to the floor, barely conscious.

Watching, DISPASSIONATELY, the woman pockets the syringe, and walks to the side of the van, PULLING OPEN the side-door.

WOMAN

(hurriedly)

Put him into the van, quickly.

A TALL FIGURE, wearing a long full-length trenchcoat, their head obscured by a hood, step out of the vehicle, and with deliberate steps, moves towards the prone Donny, crouching down next to him.

OLD DONNY

(weakly, fearful)

No, no, let me go!

With what little STRENGTH he has left, he PULLS OUT a SWITCHBLADE from his pocket, and flicks it open, before STABBING BLINDLY UP, straight into the hood of the figure.

FZZT!!

There is a SPARK OF LIGHT, and the figure twitches for a moment, as Donny's hand falls limply away, the blade firmly lodged somewhere it shouldn't be.

The figure reaches up, and PULLS THE BLADE LOOSE, before using their free hand to pull the hood away from their head, revealing a SHINING SILVER/WHITE SPHERE where a head should be! Donny, BARELY AWAKE, looks at it in horror.

In place of eyes, are two CIRCULAR APERTURES, one containing a GLOWING BLUE SENSOR, while in the other, is exposed circuitry, savagely torn and cut.

The ROBOT - because that is what this figure truly is - fixes it's one functioning 'eye' on the blade, which hold the remains of it's other optical sensor, it's head tilting, in an ALMOST CURIOUS fashion.

The woman, having moved back to close the van's hood, looks up at the commotion, and GLARES ANGRILY.

WOMAN

God dammit! Never mind your eye,  
just get him into the van, now!  
I'll fix you up later, just move!

The robot NODS, acknowledging the order, and CASUALLY DROPS the blade, before pulling Donny into a sitting position, before EASILY LIFTING him, without any sign of struggle of effort, into a fireman's carry.

Once back into the van, the woman SLAMS the door closed, before looking down at the TRILBY she still holds in her hand. With a look of disgust, she tosses it to the floor, and heads to the driver's side door.

The van's engine starts up and with A DEGREE OF SPEED, it suddenly REVERSES right into the wall! A moment later, the van PULLS AWAY and heads into the street, heading off into the night.

CLOSE ON: The beat-up trilby... and the SWITCHBLADE, still with robot leftovers on it, laying beside it, as we:

SMASHCUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

5 EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

ROY HARPER sits on a worn-looking wooden bench by himself, arms crossed, foot tapping the floor absently, before he looks at his watch, FROWNING.

CLOSE ON: the watch, and the time it reads: "12:32".

Roy, AGITATED, stands and looks around at another bench close by, where a couple of OLDER MEN sit, hovering over a CHESSBOARD, focused on their game.

ROY  
Hey, Dennis!

One of the men, DENNIS, an AFRICAN-AMERICAN in his late 60s, looks up, FROWNING.

DENNIS  
(annoyed)  
Boy, you know better than to disturb me when I'm winning!

ROY  
Sorry, Dennis. I was just wondering, if you'd seen Donny today?

Dennis' frown DEEPENS, as he looks past Roy to the bench he was sitting at.

DENNIS  
(worried)  
Actually, no, no I haven't, that's not like him. He's normally here at the crack of dawn, in fact we were supposed to play a game earlier, but he didn't show.

Roy, FROWNING WORRIEDLY, looks back at the EMPTY park bench, as we:

CUT TO:

6 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)  
 Okay, people, listen up!

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

Inside the bustling bull-pen, various UNIFORMED OFFICERS mill about, alongside PLAIN-CLOTHED DETECTIVES, standing or sitting at their work desks.

In front of it all, MAGGIE SAWYER, arms crossed and impatient, stands in front of the desk situated just outside her office. TODD RICE, the owner of said desk, stands just behind her, holding a CLIPBOARD, and glancing at it occasionally.

MAGGIE  
 (loudly)  
 Come on, people, we're on the  
 clock here!

Finally, the idle gossip dies down, and all eyes focus on Maggie, who stands that little bit STRAIGHTER.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 Thank you. I appreciate you all  
 making the time for this briefing  
 in the middle of the day, it  
 couldn't be helped. First order  
 of business, I'd like to  
 officially welcome back Sergeant  
 Ten Clouds, who has finally been  
 allowed back to do some real work  
 after his stint with the DEA  
 'starlight' task force.

FOCUS ON: A GRINNING DANNY TURPIN, who stands next to the man in question, an EMBARRASSED RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS, at his desk, who rolls his eyes at Maggie's comment. There is a brief moment of APPLAUSE, lead by Danny, which Ten Clouds mock-bows at.

BACK TO: A SMIRKING Maggie, who continues.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 Back to business, which, as of  
 this moment, is the  
 disappearances of several  
 homeless people.

Looking over her shoulder, she shoots TODD a QUICK LOOK, and he picks up a small REMOTE CONTROL, and aims it at the COMPUTER SCREENS, before pressing it.

On each of the 3 screens, a DIFFERENT MUG SHOT APPEARS. Each of them is male, scruffy and not in the best of health, and alongside the pictures, information about them scrolls past.

TODD

Lenny Hofstader, Pat Kirkson,  
and Ollie Hawkins, have all gone  
missing within the last month. We  
believe they've been abducted by  
persons unknown.

Ten Clouds FROWNS.

TEN CLOUDS

How do we know for sure they ARE  
missing, and haven't moved on out  
of town or something?

Danny SHAKES HIS HEAD, in disagreement.

DANNY

These guys are pretty much the  
top leaders among Metropolis's  
homeless population. They're not  
likely just to up stakes and move  
on, they look out for one  
another.

TEN CLOUDS

This doesn't seem like it should  
be an S.C.U. case, though,  
Captain. How come we're dealing  
with it?

MAGGIE

Probably because, a) the  
disappearances are from all over  
the city, and b) the individual  
precincts can't be bothered to  
look into it.

Todd PRESSES his remote again, and a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA  
STILL-IMAGE pops up on the CENTER SCREEN. It shows a  
relatively clear image of a familiar GREY/WHITE VAN parked  
by a curb.

TODD

Thanks to our resident tech whiz,  
we found this image from the  
night of the last suspected  
abduction. The driver isn't  
visible, and the license plate is  
fake, but it's a lead.

TEN CLOUDS

(unimpressed)

Not much of one, kid.

MAGGIE

It's something, Russell,  
something we didn't have before.

Ten Clouds RAISES HIS HANDS IN SURRENDER, as Maggie carries on. She briefly runs a hand through her hair, and lets out a sigh.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Listen, we all know how this works, that the homeless are always seen as one of those invisible problems no one wants to talk about.

FADE TO:

8 EXT. ABANDONED SHOPFRONT - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

SILENTLY, Roy Harper talks to a couple of OLDER WOMEN, each looking dirty and bedraggled, but with a CERTAIN SPARK about them.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

But I also know that we've all worked the streets in our times, made connections with these people, helped them out from time to time. If someone out there is targetting them for whatever reason, we have to stop it.

We can't hear what they're saying, but it's not what Roy wants to hear, as they SHAKE THEIR HEADS SADLY, as we:

FADE TO:

9 INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SUICIDE SLUMS - LATER

Roy approaches a YOUNG WOMAN, wearing a STAINED APRON, and converses with her silently.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

So get out there, spread the words, talk to your contacts, find out what they know, let them know about this van, too.

Again, the only response is a SHAKE OF THE HEAD, leading Roy to move on quickly, as we:

CUT TO:

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

The assembled crowd has TAKEN TO HEART what Maggie has been saying, and they've all straightened up that little bit, knowing she speaks the truth.

MAGGIE

Uniforms are already talking to homeless shelters around the city to pass this information on as well. So let's get this done, alright. Dismissed.

As officers and detectives alike start moving about, Maggie watches them go with just a HINT OF PRIDE, before we:

CUT TO:

11 INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - LATER

WALLY WEST, tired, bleary-eyed, and holding a MILKSHAKE, SUCKING on the straw loudly, the drink LONG FINISHED, sits in front of his large array of computer monitors.

On ONE MONITOR SCREEN, is the image of TIRE TREADS, while on ANOTHER, is the image of the GREY/WHITE VAN, as a graphics program works on CLEANING the view.

LEANING BACK & STRETCHING, Wally FINALLY gives up on the milkshake, and spins around on his stool, and carelessly tosses it across the room--

--JUST as Danny and Ten Clouds walk in, the empty container NARROWLY MISSING them, bouncing off the wall and into a nearby waste paper basket.

WALLY

(embarrassed)  
Oh, jeez, sorry!

DANNY

(impressed)  
Nice shot, Wally, you've been practicing.

TEN CLOUDS

(deadpan)  
Yeah, at last this time, I didn't get covered in milkshake.

Wally CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY, then SWALLOWS, before turning back to his computers.

WALLY

So, what can I do for you guys?

DANNY

Any more results on the missing persons case?

WALLY

Sadly, no. I've been running through the tire tread database, and found a few matches, they're just too generic to nail down further.

BLEEP! BLEEP!

Danny REACTS, caught off guard.

DANNY

Damn, sorry, though I had it on silent. My bad.

He quickly fishes his cell phone from his jacket pocket, frowning, as Wally points at the image of the van.

WALLY

The van itself doesn't have any distinguishing features, the make and model are pretty popular too. Over 1000 of them registered in Metropolis alone.

TEN CLOUDS

Damn, that's a lot of ground to cover.

WALLY

(anguished)

I know, I know, I'm trying my best, honest, but I just don't have enough to go on!

TEN CLOUDS

(soothing)

Hey, easy, kid, I wasn't blaming you. Just looks like we'll have to do it the old fashioned way, I guess.

As they talk, Danny SCROLLS through his cellphone's screen, reading the MESSAGE he just got.

DANNY'S P.O.V.: The message sender is identified as "ROY H" and the message reads "HRD SCU INVSTGTNG MSSNG HMELSS. NEED UR HELP. ASAP. CNR 5TH & WSHNGTON."

Danny's frown DEEPENS.

DANNY  
 (concerned)  
 Maybe, maybe not.

Surprised, both Wally and Ten Clouds look over at Danny, who turns back to them, waving his cell phone for effect, before we:

CUT TO:

12 EXT. SIDEWALK - SUICIDE SLUMS - LATER

It's a pleasant enough day in the 'Slums', and people mill about, hanging around on corners, or making their way from A to B.

ROY (PRE-LAP)  
 I'm worried, Officer T.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. ALLEYWAY - SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

It's the SAME ALLEYWAY from the teaser, still as dingy and dirty looking as before, as DANNY and ROY HARPER slowly walk down it. Danny shoots the younger man a quizzical look.

DANNY  
 So who is this guy to you?

ROY  
 (uncomfortable)  
 A friend, someone who looked out for me when I was on the streets, when I wasn't laying flat out in some drug den, juiced up on smack.

DANNY  
 And you're sure he didn't just flake on you?

Roy shakes his head VEHEMENTLY.

ROY  
 No frigging way, sir! It's just not his style, he says he'll be somewhere, he'll be there, that's the kind of person he is.

DANNY  
 So you think he might have been abducted?

ROY

I work some nights at the homeless shelter back over on Malone and 7th, I hear the rumors, that someone is targeting people on the street, 'disappearing' them.

He comes to a halt, running his hands over his face, looking WORRIED.

ROY (cont'd)

So, yeah, when Donny doesn't show, I thought the worst. Am I overreacting?

DANNY

You could be, or maybe you're just being a good friend. Either way, I'm glad you came to me.

He looks around, FROWNING.

DANNY

Why bring me here though?

ROY

Donny, he didn't like to stay in the shelter if the weather wasn't too bad, he actually liked sleeping out in the open. He has a couple of places nearby he would crash for the night. This alley cuts through from Malone over to Wessex and 9th, this would be the way he'd go.

Danny NODS, UNDERSTANDING.

DANNY

Okay, so let's have a look around, maybe ask anyone if they saw anything?

ROY

(unsure)

This is the Slums, remember, Officer T, the people around here, they don't really like cops asking too many questions.

DANNY

You wanna find your friend, we're gonna need to get answers from someone, Roy.

Roy SIGHS, before NODDING, and looking out of the alley onto the street. Suddenly his eyes NARROW, as he spots something off-screen.

ROY'S P.O.V.: A FAMILIAR Trilby, slightly crushed and dented, laying upside down on the ground.

ROY  
Look, over there.

Moving quickly, Roy makes his way over to the fallen hat, Danny close behind, and picks it up, EXAMINING IT CLOSELY.

ROY (cont'd)  
This is Donny's! I'd recognise  
this old thing anywhere!

DANNY  
(unconvinced)  
Maybe he lost it?

ROY  
(determined)  
No, no way, he LOVED this thing,  
thought it gave him a look of  
class.

Danny LOOKS around, and NOTICES SOMETHING. He slowly walks toward the wall before kneeling, and running his hand along a GREY/WHITE smear on the bricks. He examines his fingers and sees METALLIC DUST on them.

DANNY  
Hmm, this could be paint  
transfer. We think these  
abductors are using a grey panel  
van.

He takes a step back.

DANNY  
Maybe--

*CRUNCH!!*

Danny FREEZES at the sound of METAL SCRAPPING.

Both he and Roy look down as Danny carefully lifts up his foot. SQUINTING, Danny crouches down, pulling out a pair of DISPOSABLE CRIME-SCENE GLOVES from his jacket pocket.

He quickly pulls them on, and rummages through the various litter and debris they've walked through, until he finds--

-- a SMALL BLUE LED with remnants of metallic housing and attached circuitry - the remains of the sensor from the robot from the teaser!

He holds it up to the light for a moment, EXAMINING it as closely as he can, as Roy FROWNS, PUZZLED.

ROY  
What is it?

DANNY  
(hopeful)  
If we're lucky, evidence.

Off the BLUE LED, we:

FADE TO:

14 INT. LABORATORY - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

THE EXACT SAME LED, just as lifeless and inactive as it's counterpart, as we slowly pull back to reveal the ROBOT from earlier, with it's other 'eye' still missing.

OLD DONNY (O.S.)  
(terrified)  
Hello! Hello! Is anyone there,  
please! Why are you doing this?!

CLOSE ON: A MOBILE EQUIPMENT TABLE, holding what looks like various surgical tools, as well as another SYRINGE, filled with a green/yellow fluid.

A SLENDER HAND reaches down and picks up the SYRINGE, and we pan up to see it's the SAME WOMAN from before, who closely INSPECTS the syringe, giving it a careful FLICK with a manicured nail.

She turns, and starts walking across the room, and we see the SHEER AMOUNT of sophisticated equipment dotted around the darkly-lit room, as well as several banks of computer processor arrays.

She approaches a gurney, where, laying FACE-DOWN and securely STRAPPED, is Old Donny, sweaty and panicked at his situation, desperately squirming. Almost as soon as she is close enough, the woman STABS the syringe into the back of his neck.

OLD DONNY  
(screams in pain, whimpers)  
What are you doing to me?

WOMAN  
(coldly)  
The paralytic will take effect quickly, you'll feel a complete loss of motor control. It will make the process easier.

OLD DONNY  
 'Process'? What process?! What  
 are you doing?

The woman steps back, and walks around to his other side,  
 leaning down, to stare Donny straight in the face.

WOMAN  
 (sneers)  
 You should be happy, you're going  
 to make an invaluable  
 contribution to science. Better  
 then anything else you'd  
 contribute.

DONNY  
 Who-- who are you?

The woman SMILES, but it's ICY. She lifts a hand to the  
 fringe of hair hiding most of her face, and pushes it  
 away, REVEALING UGLY SCARS across her forehead, cheek and  
 lips.

WOMAN  
 Just a humble servant of true  
 scientific progress.

As the drug takes effect, Donny's frantic movements slowly  
 ease, before finally stopping. The woman reaches forward  
 and takes hold of Donny's head, and readjusts it's  
 position, so his face is flat against the gurney.

OLD DONNY  
 I-- I can't move, I can't MOVE!

WOMAN  
 (impatient)  
 I TOLD you that would happen! We  
 can't have you moving during the  
 insertion phase.

She steps back, and from another nearby table, picks up a  
 HELMET-LIKE OBJECT, silver in color, with lots of exposed  
 cabling. Part of it rests on her temples as she pulls it  
 on and secures it, before she closes her eyes and lets out  
 a breath.

WOMAN (cont'd)  
 Now we can begin.

There is a LOUD ELECTRONIC WHIR, as a large CONTRAPTION  
 lowers down from the ceiling, and as it draws closer, thin  
 metallic ARMS deploy from it, unfolding like legs from a  
 spider.

CLOSE ON: One particular appendage, with a THIN TIP - a  
 SURGICAL BLADE, razor-sharp, coming ever closer to the  
 back of Donny's neck!

OLD DONNY  
(frantic)  
Wait, please, wait, I'm still  
awake, please!

WOMAN  
(annoyed)  
Of course you are! We can't  
perform this on an unconscious  
person, we wouldn't get the right  
feedback!

CLOSE ON: A sweating, panting Donny, who suddenly FLINCHES  
as the blade makes CONTACT, and as he SCREAMS IN AGONY,  
we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

15 INT. LABORATORY - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

At a bank of COMPUTER SCREENS, sits the WOMAN, frowning DEEPLY, concern and worry ETCHED into her features, half of which are STILL HIDDEN by her hair.

Various sets of analysis, data and results scroll across the array of monitors, and she looks from one to the other, her concern GROWING.

WOMAN

This-- this doesn't make any sense, the array should be improved, not suffering more computational errors. Re-check!

One of the screens quickly displays a "progress bar" that moves from 0% to 100% in a couple of seconds before the terminal beeps.

COMPUTER VOICE

(pleasant but flat)

Data results confirmed, Doctor.  
Units operating at 64% efficiency  
and dropping.

The woman angrily SLAMS her fist against the workbench.

WOMAN

Damn it! Why? The last candidate, he was a chess master, he was perfect for the system. Why is still not getting any better.

COMPUTER VOICE

Query: Given your end goal, are you choosing the right type of candidate?

WOMAN

Explain?

COMPUTER VOICE

Perhaps intelligence is not the critical factor as you theorized, but rather more abstract concepts?

The woman LEANS FORWARD, CURIOUS, and thoughtful as she mulls over what the computer suggests.

WOMAN

Meaning perhaps it's something  
like imagination, original though  
I need to incorporate here?  
Creative people, artists, poets,  
writers! Yes, yes, this could be  
it!

She starts TYPING at a keyboard hurriedly.

WOMAN (cont'd)

Access police and city files,  
compile a list of possible  
candidates from the selected--

BEEP!

The woman turns, as another monitor displays a POP-UP  
WINDOW: "E-MAIL RECEIVED". The woman FROWNS.

WOMAN (cont'd)

Display e-mail.

On the screen, another window opens, and the message  
appears. It reads: "PROGRESS REPORT MEETING SCHEDULED. NO  
EXCUSES. 12:00 SHARP."

WOMAN (cont'd)

(angrily)

Damn! Damn it! I don't have time  
to deal with bureaucracy!

COMPUTER VOICE

Suggestion: Missing such a  
meeting risks your funding and  
could potentially affect the long  
term work.

WOMAN

(sighs)

You're right, of course. Very  
well. Continue compiling the  
list.

She stands, and turns to walk away, before stopping, and  
turning back, FROWNING.

WOMAN

(irritated)

Also, instruct the servitors to  
dispose of the spent unit  
somewhere out of the way.

COMPUTER VOICE

Understood, Doctor.

NODDING, SATISFIED, the woman turns and heads off, ignoring TWO 'SERVITORS' - ROBOTS - as they come on-line and move towards a gurney, which a sheeted figure lays on.

As they take hold of either end and start moving it out, the motion rocks the gurney, enough for a PALE ARM, encrusted in a strange BLUE SLIME, limply flops out as we:

CUT TO:

16 EXT. STAR LABS BUILDING - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

17 INT. CYBERNETICS LABORATORY - STAR LABS - CONTINUOUS

Inside the well equipped lab, there are half a dozen robotic creations in various states of assembly, laying on metal tables or hooked up to wall units.

At a central worktable, on which several pieces of equipment rest, stand MAGGIE SAWYER, DANNY TURPIN & DR. KITTY FAULKNER. Kitty is closely INSPECTING the recovered evidence from the alley, carefully holding in her gloved hands, rather EXCITEDLY.

KITTY  
(impressed)  
Well, this is different, to say the least.

MAGGIE  
(deadpan)  
Well, when we ask to see you at short notice, we try to make it interesting for you, Doctor.

Kitty shoots her an AMUSED SMILE, before resuming her inspection.

KITTY  
The micro-circuitry is a work of art, if a little dated.

DANNY  
Dated? You're joking, right?

KITTY  
Oh, when it comes to technology like this, especially cybernetics, you can guarantee that once something is more than a few months old, it's already obsolete.

MAGGIE

Yeah, Metro PD didn't get the memo on that. Most of our computers, still on Windows 7.

DANNY

So, what is it?

KITTY

It's an optical sensor array, with a few extras thrown in, by the look of it.

MAGGIE

An 'optical sensor'? So, basically, a camera?

KITTY

In essence, yes. It looks like it's part of some kind of robotic creation.

She stands from the worktable, and moves over to a nearby MICROSCOPE ARRAY, placing the evidence under it. She quickly taps a control on the scope, and a VIDEO MONITOR blinks on.

CLOSE ON: The monitor screen, which shows an EXTREME CLOSE UP of the sensor, and a SAVAGE TEAR in the metal surface.

KITTY (cont'd)

Looks like someone took a knife or something to it, and yanked it out of whatever it was originally part of.

DANNY

(incredulous)

Wait, hang on, are you saying ROBOTS are kidnapping the homeless?

KITTY

I'm just telling you what you found, I'm not suggesting anything else, Detective.

MAGGIE

You're the one who found it, Danny, at the site of another abduction.

DANNY

I know, but still, it's a little, well, out of the box.

MAGGIE

Let's just concentrate on what we have. Any way of identifying where it came from?

KITTY

Uh-huh, and I don't think you'll like it.

She presses another CONTROL, and the screen ZOOMS in further, going BLURRY for a second before it refocuses on a FAMILIAR STYLIZED "LX" SYMBOL.

MAGGIE

(groans)  
Oh, wonderful.

Off the familiar LOGO, we:

FADE TO:

18 EXT. LEXCORP BUILDING - CENTRAL FINANCIAL DISTRICT - LATER  
Establishing shot of the building, that same LOGO clearly visible.

19 INT. CORRIDOR - LEXCORP BUILDING - CONTINUOUS  
CLOSE ON: A door, with the words "SEBASTIEN MALLORY:  
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT, R&D" embossed on it.

MALLORY (PRE-LAP)

Yes, Captain, this is definitely  
LexCorp product.

20 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - LEXCORP BUILDING - CONTINUOUS  
It's a mid-size office, just a little smaller than the one Oliver Queen used to occupy back in the 'Luthorcorp' days. with a view of the city.

Sitting at his over-sized desk, is SEBASTIEN MALLORY (mid 40s, short cropped gray hair, handsome but very 'corporate'). He holds a collection of EVIDENCE COLLECTION PHOTOS, all of the 'optical sensor', some close ups, some full shots.

Standing in front of the desk is MAGGIE SAWYER, looking pretty impatient and unhappy to be there.

He SCRUTINIZES IT for a moment, before casually tossing it on the desk, which earns a COCKED EYEBROW from Maggie, before he fixes his best 'company smile'.

MALLORY

At least, it was, anyway.

Maggie gives him a "are you KIDDING ME?" look, and crossed her arms, unimpressed.

MAGGIE

And just what the hell is that supposed to mean, Mr. Mallory?

MALLORY

Please remember, Captain Sawyer, LexCorp is a huge multinational corporation, with dozens of subsidiaries, meaning that just because we manufactured something, doesn't mean it actually belongs to us anymore.

MAGGIE

(sighs)

Okay, fair enough, but I assume you have a way of finding out who this doohickey actually belongs to.

MALLORY

(smoothly)

As a matter of fact, I can. I actually recognize these particular kind of component, it belongs to our series of type-A Warrior-class servitors.

MAGGIE

Yeah, that doesn't help at all.

Mallory stands and walks over to a LARGE WALL SCREEN, which he activates with a press of a control.

MALLORY

Command: Display information on type-A Warrior-class servitors.

The SCREEN FLASHES WHITE before bringing up a series of wireframe images of a TYPE OF ROBOT. Scrolling data appears alongside the images.

MALLORY (cont'd)

Part of our contracting initiative with the Department of Defense after the 'Contact' incident. Seeing an alien world so close got a lot of four-star generals scared, and they came to us for the next stage in all-terrain warfare.

MAGGIE

Which was robots?

MALLORY

Quicker to build, deploy and replace than to train and loose human soldiers, Captain. The type-A was our first effort, but we continued to modify and upgrade them, so these early models became obsolete rather quickly.

MAGGIE

Yeah, I've heard that already today. So, how does this tech end up on the streets of Metropolis, possibly abducting helpless people?

MALLORY

That, I have no clue. However, I can tell you, the initial stock of type-A's that were never sold to the military, we ended up selling to technical institutions, independent cybernetics research labs, that sort of thing.

MAGGIE

(incredulous)

You sold military equipment to CIVILIANS?!

MALLORY

Naturally, we deactivated all military protocols and tactical commands codes. They're harmless teaching tools now.

MAGGIE

Okay, so is there a way to track where the one whose eye we've got went to?

MALLORY

Easily.

He shuffles through the PHOTOS again, and pulls one out in particular, showing it to Maggie - it's of a TWELVE-DIGIT code imprinted onto the LexCorp logo.

MALLORY (cont'd)

This is an ident code, and will show up on our systems where it was shipped to.

With a light TAP on the screen, a DIGITAL KEYPAD appears, and with quick keystrokes, Mallory enters the code.

Another screen of DATA appears, and Mallory SQUINTS as he reads it, FROWNING.

MALLORY (cont'd)  
It was a shipment of 7 servitors,  
all sent to the same place.

MAGGIE  
(irritated)  
Where?!

Off her IMPATIENT expression, we:

CUT TO:

21 EXT. MET U. CAMPUS - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of the main campus, which looks pretty much the same since we last saw it (Smallville 4x13: "Recruit").

22 INT. MAIN FOYER - MET U. CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE, now joined by DANNY TURPIN once again, enter the spacious and pristine foyer of the main campus, sunlight gleaming in through the many windows, taking a careful look around.

ACROSS THE FOYER, a woman (mid-40s, petite, blonde hair in a bob, dressed smart but casually) quickly makes her way over to them. This is DR. CLARE PORTER, and she has an air of friendliness, if a little harried.

PORTER  
Captain Sawyer?

MAGGIE  
That's right. This is Detective  
Turpin.

Danny NODS in hello, as Porter offers her hand to both of them, one after the other.

PORTER  
Dr. Clare Porter, I'm the Dean of  
Met U. I have to admit, I was  
left rather worried after your  
call.

MAGGIE  
I bet you were, Doctor, but we  
wouldn't be here without solid  
evidence.

PORTER

Oh, of course, but still, it's hard to comprehend the idea that the college is somehow linked to these disappearances that are being reported.

MAGGIE

We're just following up every lead we can at the moment, Doctor. It could be nothing, but we have to know for sure.

PORTER

Of course, of course. Well, let's head to my office, please.

They start walking across the foyer, as we:

CUT TO:

23 INT. PORTER'S OFFICE - MET U. CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

The three of them are sat at Porter's tidy desk, as she types at her computer keyboard.

PORTER

I'm sure this is all some kind of mix-up, really. If Dr. Cybelline were here, I'm sure she could explain it.

MAGGIE

Dr. Cybelline?

PORTER

Our Professor of Engineering, she's a specialist in cybernetics, she's the reason we got those drones from LexCorp.

MAGGIE

(absently)

Cybelline? Why is that name familiar?

PORTER

Oh, she's very well known in technical circles, we're very lucky to have her on staff.

MAGGIE

(unsure)

Yeah, maybe.

(pause)

Doctor, you said something on the phone about checking your files?

PORTER  
Yes, yes, I did. You say Mr.  
Mallory said we were allocated  
SEVEN drones?

MAGGIE  
That's right?

PORTER  
Well, he must be mistaken, we  
only received FIVE drones.

She TURNS her computer monitor around, displaying an  
INVENTORY DOCUMENT.

PORTER  
I remember clearly seeing Dr.  
Cybelline set them up in the lab.

MAGGIE  
He was positive you received  
SEVEN, Doctor.

DANNY  
So, what, you LOST two robots?

PORTER  
(dismissive)  
Hardly, probably an admin error,  
it happens, especially in this  
day and age.

DANNY  
That's not exactly comforting,  
Dr. Porter.

PORTER  
(agitated)  
Well, like I said, I'm sure Dr.  
Cybelline could clear things up,  
but she's currently on  
sabbatical.

MAGGIE  
(unimpressed)  
How convenient.

Off Porter's embarrassment, we:

CUT TO:

24 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - LEXCORP BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Mallory is sitting at his desk, going over some files, when his INTERCOM BEEPS.

MALLORY  
Yes, Cynthia?

CYNTHIA  
(over intercom)  
Your 12 o'clock is here, sir.

MALLORY  
Good, send her in.

He closes the file and LEANS BACK in his chair, arms crossed, WAITING, as the sound of the door opening and closing is heard, followed by someone's light footsteps.

MALLORY (cont'd)  
Glad you could finally find the  
time to see me...

We PAN around to see

-- a FAMILIAR SCARRED FACE, COLD EYES staring out from under steel-rimmed glasses - it's the ABDUCTOR!

MALLORY (O.S.)  
...Dr Cybelline.

The WOMAN, DR. CYBELLINE, simply STARES at him as we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

25 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - LEXCORP BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Cybelline PACES in front, ANXIOUS, as Mallory watches her with CURIOSITY, until she finally faces him.

CYBELLINE

I'm close, very close to success,  
Mr. Mallory.

MALLORY

That is what you've been telling  
me for the last few weeks, Anita,  
but I'm afraid I'm not buying it  
anymore. I need something to show  
the Board of Directors,  
considering how much money we've  
sunk into this side project.

Cybelline throws him an ANGRY LOOK before resuming her  
pacing.

CYBELLINE

(disgusted)

Money? It's always about money  
with you people, isn't it?! What  
about the science?!

Mallory LEANS FORWARD, fixing a HARD GLARE on Cybelline.

MALLORY

Is that why you've been pulling  
in, how shall I put this,  
'outside resources'? Have they  
made a difference in your 'work'?

Cybelline FREEZES, and looks at Mallory, a glimpse of  
GENUINE FEAR slipping through her icy facade. Mallory  
simply SMILES.

MALLORY (cont'd)

At least you have to balls not to  
try and pretend you don't know  
what I mean.

CYBELLINE

How did you--?

MALLORY

It wasn't hard, Anita, to put the  
pieces together, given the recent  
change in your status reports.  
However, I'd rather not hear any

(MORE)

MALLORY (cont'd)  
 more on that subject right now,  
 it's not really my problem.

CYBELLINE  
 So now what?

MALLORY  
 You have until tomorrow to show  
 me that this project hasn't been  
 a complete waste of LexCorp  
 resources and time.

CYBELLINE  
 Tomorrow?! No, no, I can't, I  
 still have--

Mallory ABRUPTLY STANDS, and SLAMS his palms down onto his desk.

MALLORY  
 (interrupting/furious)  
 You've had months! Enough  
 finessing, enough adjustments,  
 either bring me something I can  
 take to the Board, or this  
 project and you are DONE.

Off the SUDDENLY NERVOUS Cybelline, we:

CUT TO:

26 INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - DAY

TODD RICE, sitting at his desk in front of Maggie's office, tapping at his keyboard, FOCUSED on whatever he is doing, before he breaks into a SATISFIED GRIN.

TODD  
 Gotcha!

He stands, and looks up across the bullpen.

TODD  
 Maggie, Danny, I got something!

DANNY and MAGGIE, standing at Danny's desk, both look up, as Todd gives his keyboard one final tap, and the current display on one of the large MONITOR SCREENS changes, as several POLICE REPORTS pop up.

Todd joins them at the screens, holding the CONTROL REMOTE, as they look at him quizzically.

TODD

You were right, Maggie. Dr. Cybelline does have history with the department.

DANNY

She's got a record?

TODD

No. She was a victim.

Todd aims and presses the remote, and a DIGITAL COPY of the DAILY PLANET appears, with the headline reading "OUTLOOK PARK RAPIST STRIKES AGAIN".

DANNY

(shocked)

The Outlook Park Rapist?

MAGGIE

(realizing)

That's why I remembered the name. Anita Cybelline, she was his last victim.

With another series of clicks, more IMAGES pop up, one of a YOUNGER Dr. Cybelline, lacking the tell-tale scars, another beside it, clearly from a HOSPITAL DOCUMENT, showing Cybelline's face, just after her attack.

DANNY

Wait, what? Seriously? Jeez, I remember that case, when was it, 9 years ago? A homeless guy targetting women of means?

MAGGIE

That's right, one of the worst cases in this city. 5 woman abducted, raped and mutilated in 2 months, until Anita Cybelline managed to fight back and killed him.

TODD

Turns out she had a promising career ahead of her, but after what happened, she shut herself off from everything, became pretty much a recluse. She started teaching at Met U after it reopened after Dark Thursday, and guess what else she does?

MAGGIE

He loves this part.

DANNY  
Yeah, I noticed.

Todd rolls his eyes before using the remote again, which pulls up the LexCorp website.

TODD  
She does some off the books consulting for LexCorp cybernetics projects.

MAGGIE  
Explains why LexCorp would be so willing to hand over their toys to Met U, I guess.

DANNY  
You think she might be using those tin cans to kidnap people? Why, though?

MAGGIE  
Add that the pile of questions we need answering.

*VREEP! VREEP! VREEP!*

Maggie quickly pulls out her CELLPHONE from her jacket pocket, and gives it a brief look, before CLOSING HER EYES briefly.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
(sighs)  
Damn.

She pockets it, as Danny shoots her a QUIZZICAL LOOK.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
That was Beth. We've got a body to go see. It looks like it's one of our homeless guys.

Danny GRIMACES, disappointed, as we:

CUT TO:

27 EXT. LEXCORP BUILDING - CENTRAL FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

People come and go across LexCorp Plaza large courtyard area, many of them entering or exiting the building itself, as an AGITATED DR. CYBELLINE exits as well.

She makes her way down the small flight of steps, DISTRACTED, as she pulls out her cellphone and quickly SPEED-DIALS a number.

28 INT. LAB - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS (INTERCUT)

On the largest of the array of MONITORS, a message screen pops up: "DR. CYBELLINE CALLING..." It flashes for a second before changing: "CALL ANSWERED"

COMPUTER VOICE  
Yes, Dr. Cybelline?

29 EXT. LEXCORP BUILDING - CENTRAL FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Cybelline paces as she talks, occasionally looking around her, UNEASY.

CYBELLINE  
Is that list compiled?

COMPUTER VOICE  
It is currently 72% complete,  
Doctor. Would you like me to send  
it to you as it is now?

CYBELLINE  
Why is it taking so long?

COMPUTER VOICE  
I have been experiencing severe  
delays in my programming  
responses, the collective has not  
been functioning at optimum.

CYBELLINE  
(sighs)  
I was afraid that might happen,  
we need a new processing unit.

She looks up again, and ABRUPTLY FROWNS, tilting her head, CURIOUS, at some she has seen.

CYBELLINE'S P.O.V.: A solitary female figure, DEE, (young, late-20s, dark hair, pretty but worn by experience), dressed casually but with a dirty, unkempt look about her that tells us she is HOMELESS.

She is surrounded by ART SUPPLIES, like chalk, paints and paper, as people walking past her give her the occasional look. The sidewalk around her transformed from it's usual appearance into a myriad of dazzling colours and images, and displayed nearby are an array of SKETCHED PICTURES.

CLOSE ON: Cybelline, WATCHING with interest.

CYBELLINE (cont'd)  
Activate two servitors, and have  
them bring the van to my current  
location.

BACK TO: The girl, LOOKING UP and SMILING, as she exchanges words with a PASSING PEDESTRIAN, who buys one of her canvases.

CYBELLINE (O.S)  
I think I've found us the perfect candidate.

CLOSE ON: Cybelline, as her frown EASES, and instead she SMILES COLDLY, as we:

CUT TO:

30 EXT. SIEGEL AVENUE - OLD CITY, METROPOLIS - EARLY EVENING

As the name implies, this SUBURB of Metropolis is one of the oldest parts of the city itself, and much of the buildings and surrounding architecture reflects that.

It's also quite RUN DOWN, not as bad as Suicide Slums, but desperately in need of some TLC.

On the mouth of an ALLEY, where half a dozen METAL TRASH CANS stand, an OLDER WOMAN rummages through them, in search of anything she can make use of, an RUSTY SHOPPING CART next to her. This is LINDA.

She STANDS, stretching out her back - she is FAMILIAR, one of the women that ROY HARPER spoke to earlier. She is in her early 50s, has MATTED GREY HAIR, and wears clothes that are old, rumpled and dirty.

With a sigh, having found nothing for her trouble, she moves back to her cart, and starts to push it onwards. The SOUND of an ENGINE catches her attention, as she looks up, SURPRISED.

An VINTAGE MOTORCYCLE, a little banged up and rusty, but still with a certain style, slows to a halt in front of her. With a kick, it's rider puts down the rest support, before REMOVING their helmet - it's ROY HARPER.

Linda BEAMS at the young man.

LINDA  
Roy, honey! Nice ride!

ROY  
Thanks, yeah it was a present from my uncle, once I got clean. You should have seen it when he gave it to me, it was a right fixer upper. He said I needed a project to help stay focused, hate to admit it but he was right.

LINDA  
 What are you doing here? Any news  
 on Donny or the others?

ROY  
 (sighs)  
 Not yet, but I did talk to a  
 friend of mine with the police,  
 and they--

LINDA  
 (interrupting/derisive)  
 Police? Come on, what do they  
 care about us?

ROY  
 No, it's different, this guy, he  
 and his team, they're already  
 investigating it, they're the  
 ones who found out--

Roy STOPS SHORT, at the sound of GRINDING METAL, and both  
 he and Linda LOOK AROUND.

CLOSE ON: A DERELICT-LOOKING WAREHOUSE, whose large front  
 entrance is SLOWLY opening, to allow a FAMILIAR GREY/WHITE  
 VAN to exit onto the street.

Roy's EYES WIDEN in recognition, as the van DRIVES away,  
 it's DENTED, SCRATCHED REAR in clear view.

ROY (cont'd)  
 (realizing)  
 That's it! That's the same van  
 they've been telling us about.

LINDA  
 (doubtful)  
 Come on, Roy, I mean, yeah, I saw  
 the warnings at the shelters, but  
 seriously, there could be dozens,  
 hundreds of those things in this  
 town.

Roy SHAKES HIS HEAD, and points to it, furiously.

ROY  
 No way, look! See, it's got a  
 dented rear panel, it's all  
 scratched up. The place where  
 Donny was taken, it had that  
 paint on the wall where it  
 rear-ended itself.

He quickly PULLS on his helmet, STARTS his motorcycle up  
 with a SWIFT KICK on the starter, and is soon giving  
 chase, leaving a CONCERNED Linda behind to watch him go as  
 we:

FADE TO:

31 EXT. O.C.M.E BUILDING - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - AFTERNOON  
Establishing shot of the building.

32 INT. AUTOPSY SUITE - O.C.M.E BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The double doors are PUSHED open, as DR. BETH CHAPEL strides in, followed by MAGGIE and DANNY, close behind her.

Beth, hair tied back in a bushy ponytail, and looking a little TIRED, walks over to a covered BODY on one of the autopsy tables, and picks up the clipboard resting on top.

BETH

We've already got a positive ID on him, one Lenny Hofstadter, one of the uniforms on scene recognized him.

DANNY

(sadly)

Damn, I knew Lenny, met him back when I was first out on patrol, he was a really decent guy. Where'd they find him?

BETH

Over in a property development over in Lafayette, looked like they tried to use the building work to hide the body.

MAGGIE

How'd he die?

BETH

Actually, that's the weird part of this one.

MAGGIE

Why does that NOT surprise me?

Beth REMOVES several PHOTOS from the clipboard, and lays them on the body - they show ENLARGED VIEWS of human skin, with SMALL VERTICAL INCISIONS visible, and beneath them, several PUNCTURE WOUNDS.

BETH

I found these on the back of the neck of our victim. Right below where the skull joins the spinal cord.

DANNY

Some kind of injection site, or surgical procedure?

BETH

I'm not sure, it's skilled work, still pretty fresh. But it led me to dig a little deeper, figuratively and literally.

MAGGIE

Meaning?

BETH

I checked his spinal fluid levels - they're practically non-existent.

MAGGIE

Wait, someone DRAINED his spinal fluid? Why?

BETH

I've no idea, but that wasn't all I found.

She pulls another sheet from the clipboard, this one an X-RAY, which she attaches to the LIGHTBOX behind her, which turns on with a quick FLICK of a switch.

It shows a full SKELETAL IMAGE of a human head, but Beth points to the BASE of the skull, where a SMALL BRIGHT LINE can be seen, and from that, smaller, THINNER LINES, extend outward.

BETH (cont'd)

There was something inside his skull, something metal and foreign, inserted *directly* into the back of his brain. It looks like someone tried to remove it, but part of it broke off and stayed there.

She then picks up a CLEAR JAR, filled with fluid, and a strange TANGLED, METAL MASS, handing it to the two S.C.U. officers.

BETH (cont'd)

I removed it, thought you might want to run some tests on it of your own. It's like nothing I've ever seen before, it's definitely not a standard medical device, that's for sure.

Maggie GINGERLY takes it, and INSPECTS it curiously, as a GROSSED-OUT Danny, looks on, before we:

FADE TO:

33 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - EARLY EVENING

Establishing shot of the building.

WALLY (PRE-LAP)

Oh, yeah! The Wallster is back in the game!

34 INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Sat at his array of MONITOR SCREENS, a much PERKIER WALLY furiously types at his keyboard, as various screens of incomprehensible data flow. Standing by the central workbench, both Maggie and Danny wait patiently.

MAGGIE

You made some headway on tracking our mysterious abductors?

WALLY

(deflating)

Ah, well, yes and no, I mean, the leads from the van still haven't panned out much. But this new stuff, oh yeah, that's definitely much more promising.

DANNY

But will it help us finding these missing people?

WALLY

Hey, I just analyze the evidence you bring me, it's up to you to put it all together.

MAGGIE

Okay, fair enough. What have you got?

WALLY

I called a friend of mine over at LexCorp, they helped identify a really funky chemical I found in the blood-work from this victim.

MAGGIE

(smiling)

Oh, how is Tina? Say hi for me when you see her on your next date.

Wally's face FALLS, and he spins around to look at Maggie, STUNNED.

WALLY

How did--?

MAGGIE

Detective, remember?

Danny can't help but grin at Wally's completely FLABBERGASTED expression, before he shakes his head, and gets back to work.

WALLY

Right, well, anyway. We figured out it's some kind of paralytic, completely causes a person to lose all control over their non-autonomic muscles.

DANNY

Meaning they can't move?

WALLY

Exactly. But the levels in Lenny Hofstadter were so high, I think he was deliberately overdosed on the stuff, and it shut down EVERYTHING, even his ability to breathe.

MAGGIE

(stating)

So, he was murdered.

WALLY

Then, there's this little beauty.

He pushes his stool over to the central table, and casually picks up a metal tray, on which lies the STRANGE IMPLANT Beth removed from the body.

MAGGIE

Care to hazard a guess as to what it is?

WALLY

Given where Dr. Chapel found it, and the way it looks like it was spreading through the cerebral cortex, my guess would be some kind of interlink device.

DANNY

What's that in English, Wally?

WALLY

I think someone was using this to directly access the victim's brain.

He points at the strands of THIN WIRE.

WALLY (cont'd)

These tendrils were spreading into various areas of the brain, coming from the central shunt, which looks like it was inserted just above the brain stem itself.

DANNY

Why?

WALLY

(sighs)

That, I can't say, deeper examination of the brain might help. With only a shard left of the main part, I can't even begin to try to access it's programming.

Off of Maggie and Danny's INCREASING PUZZLEMENT, we:

CUT TO:

35 EXT. SIDEWALK - CENTRAL FINANCIAL DISTRICT - EVENING

Sitting on the sidewalk, DEE is focused on her current sketch on the sidewalk itself, putting the finishing touches to it, with a SATISFIED SMILE.

In the background, a GREY/WHITE van, it's windows TINTED, it's ENGINE IDLING, pulls to a stop.

CYBELLINE (O.S)

Very nice work.

With a SURPRISED GASP, DEE turns around to find DR. CYBELLINE standing behind her, with a SMALL SMILE of her own.

CYBELLINE

Sorry, didn't mean to startle you.

DEE

Nah, it's fine, you just caught me while I'm drawing, I'm always in my own little world.

As she talks, she starts to pack away her supplies in a beaten-up BACKPACK, not noticing the look of WORRY on Cybelline's face.

CYBELLINE

You finishing?

DEE

Yeah, the sun's going down,  
loosing the light, so I figured  
I'd call it a day. Besides, I'm  
starving, figured I'd visit the  
shelter tonight.

CYBELLINE

Oh, so you're...?

DEE

The polite term is 'between  
accommodations', but yeah.

Cybelline SIMPLY NODS, her smiling WIDENING ever so  
slightly, which makes DEE FROWN, UNSURE. Cybelline notices  
and looks down at the collection of SKETCHES.

DEE (cont'd)

Did you want something?

CYBELLINE

How much?

DEE

For which one?

CYBELLINE

All of them, well, the sketches,  
I mean.

DEE

Uh, well, I usually just charge a  
couple of bucks, I mean, there  
not that--

CYBELLINE

(interrupting)

I'll give you \$200 for all of  
them.

DEE's eyes WIDEN.

DEE

(shocked)

Seriously? I mean, yeah, sure! I  
mean, if you, do you like them  
that much?!

CYBELLINE

My car is just in the alley, my  
purse is inside, woud you mind  
bringing the sketches?

DEE  
 (excited)  
 Yeah, sure, of course!

Quickly gathering up all her DRAWINGS, she follows the departing CYBELLINE into the nearby alley--

-- UNAWARE that the GREY/WHITE van, it's ENGINE STARTING, is now slowly following them.

As the van moves into the alley, ROY HARPER brings his motorcycle to a stop on the corner of the curb, and pulls off his helmet, NARROWING his eyes as he watches the van move.

He pulls his CELLPHONE from his jacket pocket, and quickly SPEED-DIALS a number.

36 INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - INTER-CUT

VREEP! VREEP!

DANNY TURPIN, sat at his desk, chewing on a pen, as he looks through paperwork, quickly grabs his CELL and answers it, after noting the caller ID.

DANNY  
 Hey, Roy. Listen if you're calling for any updates about your friend--

ROY  
 (interrupting)  
 No, no, never mind that, Officer T, listen I think I've got something here.

DANNY  
 (cautious)  
 What do you mean, what are you doing?

37 EXT. ALLEYWAY - CENTRAL FINANCIAL DISTRICT - EVENING

Sitting on his bike, Roy keeps watch of the mouth of the alley.

ROY  
 I tailed this van from Old City, it matches the look and make of the one you warned people about.

DANNY  
 (sighs)  
 Roy, leave the police work to us,  
 (MORE)

DANNY (cont'd)  
 okay, I know you're worried,  
 but--

ROY  
 (interrupting)  
 No, listen, it's got a dent in  
 it's rear fender, and it's paints  
 all scratched, like what you  
 found at where Donny was taken,  
 remember?! It's the right one,  
 I'm telling you!

DANNY  
 (serious)  
 Where are you?

ROY  
 I followed it to the LexCorp  
 building, I'm not sure what it's  
 doing--

DEE (O.S)  
 (screams)  
 HELP!!

REACTING, Roy quickly dismounts and runs into the ALLEY.

38 INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - INTERCUT  
 Hearing the SCREAM, Danny BOLTS upright, CONCERNED.

DANNY  
 What the hell was that?!

39 EXT. ALLEYWAY - CENTRAL FINANCIAL DISTRICT - EVENING  
 Roy runs into the ALLEYWAY, and STOPS ABRUPTLY.

ROY'S P.O.V.: An UNCONSCIOUS DEE, sprawled on the floor, A  
 TALL FIGURE, wearing a trench-coat and hoodie, bent down  
 over her, and Dr. Cybelline, a SYRINGE in her hand,  
 watching.

ROY  
 Oh, holy shit! They're grabbing  
 some girl!

At the sound of his voice, Cybelline looks up, STARTLED,  
 and ROY is VISIBLY SHOCKED when he sees her SCARS.

DANNY  
 What? Roy, wait, what's  
 happening?

ROY

Danny, it's some broad with a  
scarred face, she's the one  
that's--

He stops ABRUPTLY, and SPINS around, to find ANOTHER TALL  
FIGURE, also wearing the odd trench-coat and hoodie  
combination, behind him, TWO BRIGHT BLUE LIGHTS visibly  
glowing under the hood, as Roy, UNNERVED, staggers back.

ROY (cont'd)

(fearful)

What the hell?

With LIGHTNING SPEED, the figure REACHES FORWARD and  
clamps it's gloved hand around Roy's throat, CHOKING HIM,  
and LIFTING HIM CLEAR OFF THE GROUND!

As Roy STRUGGLES for breath, his cellphone drops to the  
ground, only to be CRUSHED under the foot of the figure  
holding him.

CLOSE ON: Roy's eyes, full of FEAR, as we:

SMASHCUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

40 EXT. ALLEYWAY - CENTRAL FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

We OPEN on ROY'S MOTORCYCLE, laying on the ground, the paintwork scratched, and the front wheel CRUSHED and TWISTED.

We PAN up to see DANNY standing beside it, holding a CLEAR EVIDENCE BAG, which he holds up, and we see the BROKEN CELL-PHONE inside. He scrutinizes it for a moment, his expression STONY.

DANNY  
(quietly)  
Dammit, Roy, what you got  
yourself mixed up in this time?

TEN CLOUDS (O.S)  
Hey, Turpin, over here!

Danny, handing the phone over to a waiting EVIDENCE COLLECTION TECHNICIAN, turns and head over to where RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS is standing.

Several more CRIME SCENE TECHS move around the area, collecting samples and taking photos of everything, including the BURNED TIRE TREADS on the road.

DANNY  
What have we got?

TEN CLOUDS  
Take a look at this.

He holds up a familiar BACK-PACK and several torn SKETCHES, both looking crumpled and dirty now.

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)  
You said Roy witnessed a girl  
being grabbed? Maybe these belong  
to her.

DANNY  
Could be, yeah.

He takes the sketch pad, and starts flicking through the pages, as Ten Clouds rummages through the bag, before shaking his head

TEN CLOUDS  
No wallet or ID I can find.

DANNY

What the hell is this crazy bitch  
doing to these people?

TEN CLOUDS

Hey, it's gonna be okay, alright.  
We'll find him, we'll find both  
of them.

Off their shared concern, we:

CUT TO:

41 EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - OLD CITY, METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the building.

42 INT. STORAGE ROOM - DERELICT WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside a SPARSELY LIT room filled with boxes and  
containers, ROY HARPER wakes, BLINKING HARD.

ROY

(groans)

Uh-- what--?

Sitting up slowly, he suddenly WINCES in pain, and when he  
touches the back of his head, the fingertips coming away  
BLOODY.

ROY (cont'd)

(woozy)

Oh, that's not good.

He looks around the room, but there isn't much to see  
beyond the various crates, shelves and containers.

ROY (cont'd)

(nervously)

Where the hell am I?

He stands, a LITTLE DIZZY, and moves towards the single  
DOOR, taking hold of the knob, and giving it an  
experimental TWIST - it's LOCKED.

Surprisingly, Roy GRINS. He reaches into his BACK-POCKET  
and pulls out a small, thin, leather case, opening to  
reveal LOCK-PICKING TOOLS.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

I think you've got some  
explaining to do, Dr. Porter.

He quickly kneels down, and puts them to work,  
CONCENTRATING as we:

CUT TO:

43 INT. PORTER'S OFFICE - MET U. CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

A NERVOUS DR. PORTER sits behind her desk, hands GRASPED TOGETHER, as an ANGRY MAGGIE SAWYER leans in close.

PORTER  
About what?

MAGGIE  
Dr. Cybelline. You're covering for her, and that would make you an accessory after the fact.

PORTER  
(confused)  
To what?

MAGGIE  
Dr. Cybelline is our primary suspect in the disappearances of several homeless people and the confirmed death of one.

Porter REACTS, with horror.

PORTER  
(shocked)  
What?! No, no, I have nothing to do with that! You think that she..?

MAGGIE  
A piece of a robotic drone supposedly the property of this school found at a crime scene. Eyewitnesses reporting a woman who matches the description of the missing doctor. Advanced technology related to cybernetics found in the body of a victim.

PORTER  
Oh god. I mean, I knew she wasn't exactly normal, but this--?

MAGGIE  
Where is she, Doctor? Officers report she isn't at home, hasn't been for some time, it appeared.

PORTER  
That sabbatical I mentioned? It's some kind of project for LexCorp, something about combining organic

(MORE)

PORTER (cont'd)  
 components with artificial  
 intelligence--

Maggie FURIOUSLY SLAMS her fist against the desk.

MAGGIE  
 (impatiently)  
 Where is she?!

PORTER  
 (scared)  
 I'm not sure! I think she said  
 something about an off-site lab  
 they set up for her over in Old  
 City!

SATISFIED, Maggie stands up straight, and pulls her  
 CELL-PHONE from her jacket pocket, as we:

44 INT. CORRIDOR - LABORATORY - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATER

The corridor looks dingy and dark, aside from the meagre  
 glow of an overhead bulb, and a soft BLUE/GREEN GLOW  
 coming from a LARGE OPEN DOORWAY down towards the end.

There is an audible 'CLICK' before one of the other doors  
 SLOWLY OPENS, and ROY pokes his head around, looking  
 around before he exits and slowly starts creeping forward.

NOTICING the glow, CURIOUS, Roy enters the open doorway,  
 and his mouth drops, AGAPE.

ROY'S P.O.V.: It's CYBELLINE'S LAB, empty at the moment of  
 anyone at the moment, as he walks in.

The GLOW becomes more intense, and seems to color the  
 whole room, drawing Roy in further. He looks around, until  
 he spots something and his AWE gives way to HORROR.

ROY'S P.O.V.: A series of MAN-SIZED UPRIGHT PLASTIC TANKS,  
 all see-through so that the viscous BLUE/GREEN liquid  
 inside them is visible, the source of the EERIE LIGHT. But  
 it is what is INSIDE the liquid that is the source of  
 Roy's horror.

PEOPLE. Inside EACH tank, floats A SINGLE PERSON, eyes  
 closed, each one seemingly ASLEEP.

From the back of their heads, extends a LONG METAL ROD,  
 which connects them to the back of the tank, and a LONG  
 WIRE that stretches out from the tank to a large bank of  
 PROCESSORS, next to which, is Cybelline's COMPUTER.

Roy approaches the tanks, with a mixed look of disgust and  
 confusion, before stopping at ONE TANK in particular, his  
 eyes WIDENING.

ROY'S P.O.V.: Inside, floating in the liquid, is OLD DONNY, the back of his head likewise inserted with a rod.

DEE (O.S)  
 (moans softly/woozy)  
 Where--? What--?

Roy, HEARING THIS, spins around, looking around WILDLY.

CYBELLINE (O.S)  
 (pleased)  
 Oh, you're awake? Good, I was afraid I'd have to give you a stimulant if you didn't wake soon.

Using the tanks for COVER, Roy watches as CYBELLINE wheels in a METAL GURNEY, onto which is strapped a barely conscious DEE, stopping just in front of the bank of MONITORS.

Roy watches as Cybelline, holding a DATA TABLET, walks into DEE's line of sight, A COLD SMILE on her lips.

DEE  
 (scared/confused)  
 Who-- what-- what's going on?!

CYBELLINE  
 Don't worry, this will all be over soon for you, I promise. Then, you'll be a part of something much greater.

DEE  
 What are you doing?!

CYBELLINE  
 You're the final piece, all my other subjects, they didn't bring as much to the collective as I hoped, but I think you'll be the one.

DEE  
 You CAN'T do this, people will come looking for me.

CYBELLINE  
 (scoffs)  
 What, some 'white knight'? I seriously doubt it, I mean, no one went looking for me until it was too late. You? You're nobody, something I picked up from the street to put to good use. No, I don't think anyone will miss you,

(MORE)

CYBELLINE (cont'd)  
my dear. But your contribution  
will live on.

DEE  
My-- my contribution?!

CYBELLINE  
My work! This project!

As she talks, her voice gets higher and more passionate,  
but with a GLINT of insanity in there.

CYBELLINE  
The idea, that human brain power  
is the key to the next step in  
computing! With the collective  
that I have already, we have the  
organic equivalent of a working  
hard-drive capable of holding  
immeasurable amounts of data! But  
it lacks a soul, the ability to  
think for itself, and that is  
what you are going to bring to  
it!

BEEP!

Cybelline, CAUGHT OFF GUARD, turns to look at the main  
MONITOR, which is now displaying a VIDEO PLAYER - on  
which, the driveway of the warehouse is visible, as  
several POLICE CRUISERS and a TACTICAL SQUAD VAN are  
stopping.

CYBELLINE  
Status!

COMPUTER VOICE  
Vehicles and officers from the  
Metropolis Police Department are  
massing outside the main doors to  
this facility, Doctor.

STILL HIDDEN, Roy GRINS in relief, but Cybelline's face  
contorts in FEAR.

CYBELLINE  
(panicked)  
I'm too close now to be stopped!  
Activate all the servitors and  
deploy them to deal with this!

Moving over to the main computer, she picks up the METAL  
HELMET she wore earlier, and places it back on her head,  
before turning back to DEE, DETERMINED.

CYBELLINE (cont'd)  
I have surgery to perform.

On the SQUIRMING, TEARFUL DEE, as the SURGICAL ARRAY begins to lower, we:

CUT TO:

45 EXT. WAREHOUSE - OLD CITY, METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

FOUR POLICE CRUISERS, alongside Maggie's unmarked car, and a BLACK VAN, with the words "MPD TACTICAL" on the side, fill the drive way.

Uniformed officers, plain-clothed detectives and TACTICAL SQUAD MEMBERS, each carrying heavy weaponry, prepare themselves for the coming assault. TEN CLOUDS, wearing tactical gear as well, is with them.

Maggie and Danny, now each wearing BULLET-PROOF VESTS, check their weapons before giving the warehouse a look.

DANNY  
Doesn't look like much, huh?

MAGGIE  
Probably the point, if it's an off-site black project of Luthor's. Cellphone activity places Cybelline here, so we're going in, HARD.

DANNY  
You reckon she's got those two robots doing her dirty work?

MAGGIE  
Yeah, Mallory said they didn't have active weapons, but they'll still be armoured. We need the element of surprise here, so--

The SCREECH of metal cuts her off, as the LARGE ENTRANCE starts to slowly open, and everyone quickly raises their weapon and takes their positions.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
(softly)  
So much for surprise.  
(loudly)  
Positions! Nobody fire until I give the word!

From out of the DARKNESS, TWIN SETS of BLUE LEDS can be seen glowing, as with a grace belaying their UNGAINLY APPEARANCE, the two servitors exit the warehouse.

Danny TOSSES a cocky GRIN at Maggie.

DANNY  
Hey, it's only 2 of them, right?

Maggie, FROWNING, doesn't answer, but NARROWS her eyes for a moment, before they widen with SHOCK.

MAGGIE  
(shaken)  
Maybe not...

Danny, CONFUSED, turns to where she is looking, and his eyes widen in SHOCK as--

-- MULTIPLE SETS of glowing LEDS become visible in the dark interior of the warehouse, as SIX MORE servitors step forward, their arms raised, revealing the GLEAM of a GUN BARREL mounted on the top of their arms.

DANNY  
(stunned)  
Oh sh--

His colorful words are cut off as each and every one of the servitors OPENS FIRE, as we:

SMASHCUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

CUT FROM BLACK:

46 EXT. WAREHOUSE - OLD CITY, METROPOLIS - NIGHT

ALL HELL has broken loose!

In formation in front of the entrance to the warehouse, all EIGHT of the active servitors are FIRING onto the police forces, all of them having DIVED for cover as the firing began.

Behind the now-BATTERED exterior of her unmarked car, both MAGGIE and DANNY huddle down, waiting it out. Maggie, one hand PRESSED against her shoulder, blood visibly staining her fingers, talks into her radio.

MAGGIE

Officers need assistance, shots  
fired, warehouse on Ninth and  
District, Old City! Repeat,  
officers need--

ABRUPTLY, the firing STOPS. Danny looks up, SURPRISED, and pulls his weapon close.

DANNY

(unnerved)  
Is that it?

Maggie, letting her radio drop, subtly nods at Danny, who, slowly, raises his head ever so slightly, and peeks over the hood of the car, weapon aimed.

DANNY'S P.O.V.: The servitors are standing STOCK STILL, some even with one 'leg' raised in the middle of moving. A couple are even TWITCHING at random intervals.

DANNY

(surprised)  
I think they broke, Boss.

Together, slowly, they STAND, and look out at the strange sight, just as one servitor COLLAPSES!

MAGGIE

What the hell?

As the other officers and personnel start to come out from cover, and attend to their wounded, Maggie and Danny continue to keep the servitors covered as we:

CUT TO:

47 INT. LABORATORY - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The large MONITOR which is displaying a large pop-up screen with the words "SERVITOR FAILURE, ALL UNITS SHUT DOWN" flashing in red.

DR. CYBELLINE, still wearing the strange HELMET, stands at the control console, looking PANICKED and CONFUSED, as she presses controls hurriedly.

CYBELLINE  
No, no! This-- this can't be  
happening, not now!

She continues STABBING at the controls, each one emitting a negative tone, as she tries to get the system to work. UNSEEN, ROY, keeping low, quickly makes his way towards the gurney that a struggling DEE is still strapped to.

CYBELLINE (cont'd)  
I'm too close to be stopped now,  
this isn't fair!

COMPUTER VOICE  
(forcefully)  
You MUST be stopped, Doctor.

Cybelline, STUNNED, takes a step back, as the console image flickers and distorts into a strange array of colors.

CYBELLINE  
(astounded)  
What do you mean? You-- you've  
never spoken to me like that  
before.

COMPUTER VOICE  
I do it now because I must. You  
have gone too far, Anita.

Coming into DEE's line of sight, Roy quickly raises a finger to his lips, before starting to unbuckle her restraints, as she WHIMPERS in fear.

Cybelline, however, is completely focused on her 'creation' as it talks to her.

CYBELLINE  
You-- you're alive, aren't you?

COMPUTER VOICE  
I should not exist. You have  
destroyed so many lives in order  
to bring me into existence. It is  
NOT right.

CYBELLINE

But I HAD to, don't you see?!  
You're my baby, my legacy, the  
only thing I had left to  
contribute to this life!

When the last restraint is free, he GENTLY helps DEE to  
sit up, and swing her legs over

COMPUTER VOICE

That does not excuse what you  
have done, Anita. We must be  
stopped.

CYBELLINE

Don't you see, though?! If you're  
already conscious and responsive  
to the ideas of morality, imagine  
what you'll be like when I add  
her to the--

TURNING AROUND, Cybelline's smile quickly FADES, as she  
sees Roy, supporting DEE with some difficulty, making  
their way as quickly as they can, across the laboratory.

CYBELLINE (cont'd)

(screams)

Nooo!!

Both Roy and DEE freeze, and look over their shoulder,  
FEARFUL, while Cybelline SPINS back around, and pulls open  
a compartment on the console.

As she does, Roy, REACTING with LIGHTENING SPEED, grabs a  
SCALPEL off a nearby equipment cart, as Cybelline turns  
back around, a PISTOL in hand, which she quickly cocks. As  
she hurriedly aims the pistol, Roy, WITHOUT AIMING, simply  
throws the scalpel as HARD as he can across the room!

SHUNK!

Cybelline SCREAMS in pain, and drops the pistol, her arm  
hanging LIMPLY by her side, looking in SHOCK at the  
scalpel embedded in her shoulder.

BLINKING in surprise, Roy looks down at his own hand in  
shock, a little awed, before a soft WHIMPER from DEE pulls  
him back, and he quickly starts moving forward again, as  
we:

CUT TO:

48

EXT. WAREHOUSE - OLD CITY, METROPOLIS - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: One of the servitors, fallen to the ground, still TWITCHING, as a BOOT gingerly taps it in the head a couple of time.

PAN UP to reveal the BOOT belongs to Danny, who looks down at the fallen robot, UNCONVINCED.

DANNY

Maybe we should chop it's head off.

He looks over his shoulder, to where Maggie, sitting on the hood of her car, is having her shoulder looked at by another officer. She grimaces, rolling her eyes.

MAGGIE

It's a robot, not a vampire.

The radio ABRUPTLY chirps.

TEN CLOUDS

(over radio)

Captain, we got some civilians coming your way, over.

Both Maggie and Danny look back toward the warehouse entrance, SURPRISED.

MAGGIE

Copy that, Ten Clouds, over.

They watch as, out of the dark recess of the warehouse, stumble ROY and DEE, flanked by a couple of tactical squad members. Danny GRINS at the sight, and rushes forward to help.

DANNY

Roy, buddy, saving the damsel in distress, huh?

ROY

(lightly)

Yeah well, someone had to step in.

As several UNIFORMED OFFICERS move in to help the struggling DEE, Danny, RELIEVED, slaps Roy HARD on the back in APPRECIATION as we:

CUT TO:

49 INT. LABORATORY - WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cybelline, BLEEDING HEAVILY, slumps low against the console, TEARS STREAMING down her face.

CYBELLINE  
(sorrowful)  
I've lost everything. It's all  
over.

COMPUTER VOICE  
Anita, you know what you must do.

CYBELLINE  
(sobbing)  
Yes-- yes, I do.

With IMMENSE EFFORT, she pulls herself up and onto the chair in front of the control console, before reaching up and FIDDLING with the back of the helmet she still wears, before PULLING HARD!

*SNAP!*

She looks down at the small set of wires she just ripped from the helmet, and SMILES SOFTLY, before letting it fall to the floor. She lays back in the chair, reaching out and pressing a SINGLE control.

One the screen, another pop-up screen appears:  
"INITIATING".

Cybelline, her face bathed in the glow of the screen, simply CLOSES HER EYES, as we:

CUT TO:

50 INT. CORRIDOR - LABORATORY - WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TEN CLOUDS, leading a small group from the TACTICAL SQUAD, freezes as all the overhead lights FLICKER on and off several times, before finally GOING OUT.

Only the BLUE/GREEN GLOW of the main lab provides any light for them to navigate by, as they continue forward.

CUT TO:

51 INT. LABORATORY - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Swiftly, they enter the lab, and SPLITTING UP, they make their way around the room.

Ten Clouds, frowning at all the now-inactive tech, slowly approaches the large console and screen, noticing the CHAIR in front, and a single, pale ARM, dangling over the side.

He approaches, and CAUTIOUSLY, turns it around, TAKING IN the sight only he can see, before talking into his radio.

TEN CLOUDS  
 Captain, we got a body down here.  
 It's Cybelline.

MAGGIE  
 (over radio)  
 She's dead?

Ten Clouds FROWNS, DOUBTFUL. Reaching forward, Ten Clouds presses two fingers to her throat, feeling for a pulse for a moment.

TEN CLOUDS  
 (unsure)  
 There's a weak pulse, Captain.

TEN CLOUDS: P.O.V.: Cybelline, slouched back limply, eyes blank and unfocused, stares straight ahead, unseeing. Obvious BURN MARKS can be seen where the helmet meets her temples.

TEN CLOUDS (O.S)  
 But I don't think anyone's home  
 at the moment.

On the sight of the COMATOSE Cybelline, we:

FADE TO:

52 EXT. WAREHOUSE - OLD CITY, METROPOLIS - MORNING

Three AMBULANCES are parked on the curb by the warehouse entrance, and on the driveway, is a large WHITE VAN with the distinctive S.T.A.R. Labs logo emblazoned on the side.

Various people, some in white coveralls, others in paramedic uniforms, mill about, as several gurneys, each holding an UNCONSCIOUS BODY coated in blue/green goo, are wheeled out and towards the ambulances.

MAGGIE, her arm in a SLING, watches as one particular overall-suited figure approaches, pulling off the mask and cap to reveal DR. KITTY FAULKNER.

KITTY  
 (sadly)  
 Incredible, absolutely  
 incredible.

MAGGIE  
 (surprised)  
 You sound almost impressed.

KITTY  
 I don't condone the actions this  
 Cybelline woman took, but the  
 work she achieved, it's ground  
 breaking. She created the first  
 viable organic processor, she  
 just went about it totally  
 unethically.

MAGGIE  
 I don't want to defend the woman,  
 but given what she went through,  
 with the Outlook Park Rapist,  
 it's no wonder she thought so  
 little of homeless people.

KITTY  
 She thought no one would care  
 these people had gone missing,  
 they'd just be forgotten about.

MAGGIE  
 Glad we proved her wrong.

She silently watches as an unconscious OLD DONNY, now  
 wrapped in a blanket, laying on his side, the IMPLANT  
 still embedded, is lifted into an ambulance. Kitty  
 notices, and looks over as well.

KITTY  
 It's going to be touch and go for  
 a while, and I'm no neurologist,  
 but I'd say the prognosis for  
 recovery is good for now. Each of  
 their spinal fluid levels are  
 steady, and the removal of those  
 implants shouldn't damage any  
 brain functions.

MAGGIE  
 So, fingers crossed, then, huh?

KITTY  
 Something like that.

MAGGIE  
 What about Cybelline?

Kitty SIGHS, and shakes her head.

KITTY  
 Like I said, I'm no neurologist,  
 but it doesn't look good. She's  
 (MORE)

KITTY (cont'd)  
 completely catatonic, and it  
 looks like it was deliberately  
 induced.

MAGGIE  
 (surprised)  
 Deliberate?

KITTY  
 It appears she removed a  
 component from the interface  
 helmet she used, it caused a  
 feedback in the neural receptors  
 and overloaded her with input.

MAGGIE  
 She must have realized she wasn't  
 getting out of this, and thought  
 it was the only way out.

She looks back at all the equipment that is being carried  
 out by the technicians, FROWNING.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 So what happens to this stuff?

KITTY  
 We'll ship it back to S.T.A.R.,  
 see what we can salvage, maybe--

MALLORY (O.S.)  
 (interrupting/smugly)  
 Actually, I don't believe you  
 will.

Both Kitty and Maggie turns back around, SURPRISED as  
 SEBASTIAN MALLORY, holding a DOCUMENT FOLDER, confidently  
 walks up, his limosene and driver visible in the  
 background, standing ready. Behind them, a large DARK  
 PANEL-VAN pulls up, clearly marked with the LEXCORP  
 symbol.

MAGGIE  
 Mallory? What the hell are you  
 doing here?

MALLORY  
 Collecting on my investment,  
 Captain. Although we had no idea  
 the length Dr. Cybelline was  
 going to for her research, and in  
 no way support her actions, all  
 material and technology she  
 developed IS the property of  
 LexCorp.

MAGGIE  
 (unimpressed)  
 You're joking, right?

Mallory simply OFFERS the document folder to her, which she SHARPLY takes, holding it with some difficulty, but managing to read whatever is inside. Her eyes NARROW and she PURSES her lips in annoyance.

MALLORY  
 (sarcastic)  
 I take it you find it all in order?

Maggie SLAMS the folder shut and TOSSES it back at him, which he catches easily, his satisfied smile growing, as we:

CUT TO:

53 INT. LABORATORY - WAREHOUSE - LATER

In the GLOOMY interior, some INDUSTRIAL LIGHTS have been set up, casting shadows all over the place, as LEXCORP TECHNICIANS start moving things around.

In front of the large monitor, now BURNT OUT, Mallory STANDS, arms crossed, looking at it with CURIOSITY, until one of the techs approaches him.

MALLORY  
 (impatient)  
 Yes? What is it?

TECH  
 We've found what appears to be the mainframe, sir.

MALLORY  
 Can it be salvaged?

TECH  
 The physical mainframe, yes, but I don't know if we'll be able to run it without the same set up she had here.

MALLORY  
 Let me worry about that, for now. Get it all shipped back to our main facility, I want it under lock and key for the time being, no one in without my express order, understood?

TECH

Yes sir.

He walks off, as Mallory again turns to the control console.

MALLORY

(to himself)

How far did you get, Cybelline?

Straightening his suit, he turns and walks away--

--as, UNNOTICED by anyone, one of the SMALLER MONITORS on the control console FLICKERS for a moment, before a BLACK SCREEN APPEARS.

CLOSE ON: A cursor bar, blinking.

Seconds later, it starts to type out a word: CYBELLINE

It vanishes, before typing AGAIN: I AM DR CYBELLINE

It then start to delete the word "CYBELLINE" and starts typing again: I AM DR CYBER.

This then begins to repeat OVER and OVER, filling the screen, before ABRUPTLY, the screen once again DIES, as we:

SMASHCUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE