

METROPOLIS
SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

1x10: "Resurrection"

Written by

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Executive Producers
Alex Matthews, Chris Davis
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XaleCorp Productions 2015

Starring

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

and

DR. KITTY FAULKNER Felicia Day

Also Starring

TODD RICE Chris Lowell
RACHEL ROTH Malese Jow
ABIGAIL HUNKEL Fionnula Flannigan
SEBASTIAN BLOOD James Patrick Stuart

Guest Cast

TED GRANT Michael Cudlitz
MADAME XANADU Indira Varma
DAMON MATTHEWS Jonathan Groff
GARFIELD LOGAN Conner Paolo
SOLOMON GRUNDY Dario Delacio
JESSIE
LEAD CULTIST
THERESA
JEFF
JOE
PARTY-GOER #1
POOL GIRL

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. METRO CENTRAL - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the building.

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

The bull-pen is empty aside from DANNY TURPIN who sits idly at his desk, *bored*. He leans back in his chair and stretches out for a moment.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Got anything you could be doing,
Detective?

Danny springs forward, his chair rocking, looking up in surprise to see a smiling MAGGIE SAWYER standing by her open office door - BUSTED!

DANNY
Uh..?

MAGGIE
(laughs)
Relax, Danny Boy, I'm just teasing.
We should enjoy the rarity of a quiet
turn for the night shift

At the coffee station Maggie pours two fresh cups, then takes them to Danny's desk, placing one down and taking a sip from her own.

DANNY
How goes the house hunting?

MAGGIE
(groans)
Ugh, I'd forgotten how annoying
realtors can be!

DANNY
(amused)
Yeah, I remember. Thankfully Suzie
did most of the heavy lifting when it
came to finding a place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

(deadpan)

She just left you the heavy lifting
of the actual moving instead?

DANNY

(matter-of-fact)

Pretty much.

They both laugh, and clink their mugs together.

MAGGIE

Here's to many more quiet night
shifts.

DANNY

Amen to that!

As they sit back and enjoy the relative calm...

FADE TO:

EXT. SLAUGHTER SWAMP - JUST OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT

It's a gloomy area of a otherwise beautiful area of nature,
where overgrown trees shield the murky waters of a swamp
from daylight, leaving it shriveled and dead. Standing
around the edge of it are NINE WHITE ROBE-CLAD PEOPLE.

Each member holds a lit white candle in their clasped hands,
the flames burning bright. Their leader in the center steps
forward, raising theirs HIGH in the air, looking skyward.

LEAD CULTIST

Mighty Azarath, we call on your
power! Lend us strength so that we
might rid the Earth of the threat of
the Under-Realms

The other cultists begin chanting one word over and over -
"Azarath".

LEAD CULTIST (cont'd)

Undead creature that dwells at the
bottom of this swamp, rise up now and
heed our commands!

The placid, filthy water of the swamp begins to ripple, as
bubbles form in the center of the lake. The CHANTING grows
louder and stronger, as more and more bubbles form and pop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAD CULTIST (cont'd)
It is done. He is awakening!

Something HUGE AND DARK slowly comes to the surface, hidden by shadow and grime as it shuffles towards the marshland where the cultists wait.

With a explosive burst, water and assorted detritus sprays in everywhere as SOLOMON GRUNDY (7-feet tall, all muscle, deathly pale skin, white hair) emerges from the swamp.

Dripping wet, he stands there, wearing a ragged black suit and gray shirt, SWAYING, almost DAZED. His BLANK EYES stare ahead, open but unseeing. The lead cultist visibly FLINCHES.

LEAD CULTIST (cont'd)
(nervous)
Come forward, creature. Obey me!

Purple light FLICKERS in Grundy's eyes, and his mouth twitches before he bares misshapen teeth and lets out a LOW GROWL. The cultists begin to mutter nervously, as the lead cultist takes a cautious step back.

LEAD CULTIST (cont'd)
Adam, Davis, get him into the van, we need to be back in Metropolis ASAP.

Two of the cultists step forward, and approach the still-growling Grundy. As one of them reaches for him--

SMACK!

With STUNNING SPEED, Grundy lashes out with a fist, hitting the closest cultist with enough force to send him flying into a tree, almost 10 feet away. He hits it with a loud CRACK, slumping to the ground in a twisted heap.

PANIC immediately breaks out between the other cultists, who gasp and scream in surprise and fear.

The second cultist tries to run, but Grundy is on him instantly, a massive hand clamped around the back of his head. Lifting him with ease off the ground. Struggling feet dangle helplessly until--

SNAP! The feet go limp.

LEAD CULTIST (cont'd)
(horrified)
No! Stop! You are ours to comma--!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grundy ROARS with ferocity, the trees shaking from the sheer volume - and the cultists scatter, leader included!

As Grundy drop the body of the second cultist to the ground, which lands crumpled like a broken doll, he ROARS again, which SEGUES into a more FEMININE-SOUNDING SCREAM...

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. GARFIELD'S DORM ROOM - COLLEGE DORMS - CONTINUOUS

RACHEL ROTH bolts upright in bed, clad in loose fitting PJs and a SHEEN OF SWEAT, still screaming in TERROR at something only she witnessed.

Lying next to her, STARTLED AWAKE, is a young man, wearing just a pair of boxer shorts, dark hair tousled from sleep. His dark eyes immediately fix on Rachel, WORRIED - this is GARFIELD LOGAN, Rachel's boyfriend.

GARFIELD

Rach?! What the hell was that?!

Inside the dark room, lit by moon-light coming through the window, Rachel doesn't answer. She sits on the bed, hugging herself.

GARFIELD (cont'd)

(concerned)

Hey, you're shaking. What's wrong.

She shakes her head, turns to him, forcing a smile.

RACHEL

Nothing, just a nightmare, a stupid nightmare. Sorry.

She lays back down, snuggling into him. Garfield kisses her hair, before closing his eyes, and drifting off.

Rachel, though, FEAR still clearly visible in her dark eyes, stares straight ahead, looking out into the full moon...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. METRO CENTRAL - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

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

The double doors open, admitting a smiling TODD RICE and another young man (early 30s, handsome, dark hair styled casually), dressed in a nice suit, walking beside him.

This is DAMON MATTHEWS. He is smiling as widely as Todd. They both have take-out coffee cups in hand.

DAMON

So, this is where all the hard work goes on, huh?

TODD

(laughs)

Something like that. Most of what I do is corral the detectives to get their paperwork done.

DAMON

Been there, done that, believe me. Remind me to tell you about how I started out in Star City.

TODD

I look forward to it. Let me grab you that file, hang on a sec.

Todd walks over to his desk, and quickly grabs a folder from a neat and tidy pile, and turns back to hand it to Damon.

CLOSE ON: Across the squad room by the conference room, MAGGIE, DANNY and RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS watch Todd and Damon interact, their words inaudible, but chemistry clear.

TEN CLOUDS

(frowns, puzzled)

So, who is this guy again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

(sighs)

Damon Matthews, a new junior A.D.A., they met at a deposition a couple of weeks ago.

DANNY

He's started visiting Todd every chance he got since. This is their second unofficial date.

TEN CLOUDS

'Unofficial date'? What the hell is that?

MAGGIE

You know, coffee, brunch, just kind of hanging out, not a real date.

TEN CLOUDS

Okay, but Todd, he likes this guy too?

MAGGIE

Look at him. Of course he does!

TEN CLOUDS

(puzzled, loudly)

So why hasn't one of them asked the other out yet?!

CLOSE ON: Todd, hearing Ten Clouds, turns away from Damon, and look DIRECTLY at the group by the conference room.

Both Maggie and Danny look away, trying to look occupied with the files they're each holding, but Ten Clouds gives him a THUMBS UP and a WINK. Maggie quickly smacks him with the case folder she is holding, *mortified*.

Todd's eyes NARROW in annoyance, before turning back to Damon, with an embarrassed smile.

TODD

So, I'll meet you tomorrow and show you some of the city's less well known tourist spots, okay?

DAMON

Looking forward to it.

Smiling widely, Damon turns and heads out, as Todd watches, his own smile widening, until Damon exits, before it quickly vanishes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns around to face Maggie, Danny and Ten Clouds.

TODD
What the hell was that?!

MAGGIE
(excited)
Never mind that, did you ask him?

TODD
Yes, actually, no help from Sergeant Loud Mouth there!

TEN CLOUDS
(miffed)
Hey, don't blame me if you need a push to ask out someone whose clearly into you!

TODD
I didn't need a 'push', I just didn't want to rush things.
(beat, pleased)
Wait, so you really think he's into me?

Each of the three shot him a look that screams "Well, DUH!". Todd's grin returns in full.

RING! RING!

Shaking his head, but with a smile, Danny crosses the bullpen to answer his flashing, ringing desk phone.

DANNY
S.C.U. Squad Room, Turpin here.

He listens, smile quickly fading, before frowning. Maggie, Todd and Ten Clouds each notice the change, and approach, as he nods to whatever he just heard.

DANNY (cont'd)
Understood, on our way.

He hangs up, and pulls his jacket off his chair, before turning to face the others.

DANNY (cont'd)
Triple homicide, over in Hamstead.

MAGGIE
(firmly, commanding)
Go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Each with a nod, Danny and Ten Clouds head on out of the bull-pen as Maggie and Todd watch, the happier mood gone...

EXT. J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building, the flag swaying from being caught in a gentle breeze.

ABIGAIL (PRE-LAP)

So, how busy are we today?

INT. MUSEUM AREA - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Pouring TEA from a china teapot into a matching cup, ABIGAIL HUNKEL sits at the ROUND TABLE in the room's center, the polished J.S.A. emblem standing out brightly.

She is dressed in her usual 1950s-style clothes, glasses resting gently on her nose, as she looks at her assistant, JESSIE (curly blond hair, young and eager to please).

JESSIE

Well, we're fully booked on each tour group, plus the school party coming for your personal tour at 1pm.

ABIGAIL

Good, then I hope you and Sean will be able to handle the tour groups between yourselves?

JESSIE

I already set up the schedule. Oh, we also have that meeting tomorrow with the corporate sponsor.

Abigail grimaces, and Jessie notices.

JESSIE (cont'd)

I know, but he wouldn't listen to me, so the brush-off would be better coming from you, anyway.

She then picks up a pile of papers, and hands them Abigail, who starts flicking through.

JESSIE (cont'd)

Here's the mail, and today's edition of the Planet as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

Thank you, dear.

Jessie gives her a beaming smile, before turning and heading out. Abigail puts the paper down, before opening the mail.

As she reads the letter, she picks up the cup at her side. As she does, she spots the Planet's main headline: "GRISLY DEATHS AT SLAUGHTER SWAMP STILL UNEXPLAINED".

Abigail's smile vanishes, the tiny cup dropping from her hand, smashing against the floor, as she falls back into her chair, hand to her chest.

Jessie runs into the room, quickly at Abigail's side, concerned.

JESSIE

(worriedly)

Mrs. Hunkel? Mrs. Hunkel, what's wrong?

Abigail's gaze is FIXED on the headline, her eyes fill with tears, her breathing is ragged. She's *TERRIFIED!*

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN ALLEYWAY - HAMSTEAD, BAKERLINE - DAY

The O.C.M.E VAN is parked by the sidewalk's entrance, flanked by two M.P.D. patrol cars. An unmarked sedan, Danny and Ten Clouds inside, pulls up and parks near the crime scene tape, a LARGE WHITE TENT visible on the other side.

Slumped against the wall, sitting with his knees drawn in tight, is a fresh-faced CORONER'S ASSISTANT, taking deep breaths, trying not to vomit. A digital camera sits on the floor next to him.

Emerging from the tent, DR. BETH CHAPEL, clad in her usual protective gear, liberally splattered in splotches of RED, gracefully ducks under the tape, pulling off her gloves and mask, before taking a grateful breath of her own.

She takes a moment to gently squeeze the assistant's shoulder in sympathy. He doesn't respond, eyes distant, *haunted*. Leaving him be, Beth picks up his forgotten camera, and walks towards the O.C.M.E. van.

TEN CLOUDS (O.S.)

Yo, Doc, what've you got?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns and gives a tired smile of greeting to Ten Clouds and Danny as they approach. She shakes her head, solemnly.

BETH

'Bad' would be an understatement.

TEN CLOUDS

So, 'really bad' cover it, then?

BETH

Here, see for yourself.

She hands Ten Clouds the camera, and Danny steps in closer as they scan through the images. Both men grimace at what it shows, before Danny turns away, swallowing hard.

DANNY

(shocked, low voice)

Holy shit!

Beth nods, while Ten Clouds continues scanning the images.

BETH

Three victims, all torn apart by something big and vicious. We're collecting the remains but it's going to take a while to sort through them all.

TEN CLOUDS

That why call us in?

BETH

I'm thinking whoever did this is either a meta, or juiced up on 'starlight'. No regular person could do this without some kind of assist.

DANNY

Like having super-strength?

Beth nods again. She sits down on the van's rear fender and pulls off her booties as she talks.

BETH

Once we finish here and head back to the morgue, CSU can give the scene a once over and hopefully find something that will help Wally figure out what actually happened. But we did find something with the fourth set of remains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ten Clouds and Danny exchange a confused look before turning back to Beth.

DANNY

You found another victim?

BETH

Of a sort, yeah. Man's best friend. Look's like poor Fido took a bite out of someone too, and a big one at that. I'll have it sent to Wally's lab right away.

As Danny and Ten Clouds absorb this information, "Who Let The Dogs Out?" begins to play...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - AFTERNOON

The song continues, as WALLY WEST bounces around at full pace in what could, laughingly, be called 'dancing', as he vocalizes to the song.

He then 'moonwalks' over to the main computer array, and does a few on-beat taps of the keyboard, pulling up several screens of data on the closest monitors.

His concentration on the song quickly switches to that of his screens, frowning at what he reads. He quickly mutes the music, leaving the lab silence, as he taps away at the keyboard again, his frown DEEPENING.

WALLY

(surprised)

Huh? Really?

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

Maggie sits perched on the corner of Todd's desk, flicking through a forensic report, frowning as she reads it. In front of her, both Beth and Wally stand, waiting for her to finish, Wally practically bouncing on his heels.

MAGGIE

(confused)

All I see is a lot of squiggly lines and unpronounceable words, guys.

She hands the folder back to a disappointed Wally, while Beth unsuccessfully tries to hide her smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Care to translate?

BETH

Wally ran the usual tests on the sample we took from the dead canine on the Hamstead crime scene. He called me in because of something very off about it.

WALLY

(excitedly)

The sample of human tissue that we got from the dead dog, there's something funky about it.

MAGGIE

'Funky'?

ETH

This tissue showed signs of being dead but no decay. Even tissue from a recently deceased body would show the first stages of decomposition.

MAGGIE

(confused)

Okay..? Could it be from another dead body, like say from a funeral home? Cross contamination, somehow?

BETH

(unconvinced)

I don't think so. The chemicals that are normally used to preserve a body before burial, like embalming fluids, weren't present at all.

WALLY

Anyway, I ran the sample through the databases, no hits. But I DID run it through my handy-dandy new equipment, bought and paid for thanks to our friendly neighborhood LexCorp, and found some bizarre genetic characteristics that my old crap would never have picked up.

As he talks, Maggie stands, intrigued now.

MAGGIE

(curious)

What kind of characteristics?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wally leans in and points to one of the images in the report, an image of a broken strand of D.N.A.

WALLY

The double helices are totally out of whack.

BETH

They're severely corrupted, Maggie. It barely even registered as human still.

WALLY

Not to mention, plant matter mixed with the whole soup of whatever this thing was.

Maggie, reading through the report again, looks up.

MAGGIE

(alert)

Plant matter?

She quickly moves over to the computer station that runs the overhead screens, and works the keyboard.

On the middle screen, a POLICE INCIDENT REPORT, marked "GOTHAM POLICE DEPARTMENT" appears, alongside several crime scene pictures. With a few keystrokes, they organize neatly, and several lines of the document are highlighted.

Maggie steps back and looks up at the screens as Beth and Wally approach behind her.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

A few weeks ago, there was a mass murder just outside Gotham City, near Slaughter Swamp.

WALLY

'Slaughter Swamp'? Says it all, huh?

Maggie points at the screen and reads from it, her finger following the quote as she talks.

MAGGIE

Gotham PD's forensics lab found some 'unusually corrupted D.N.A. samples, alongside strange plant matter residue'.

She steps back, frowning. Uncertain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (cont'd)
 So what's leaving behind weird D.N.A
 and plant matter? Plus, how'd it get
 from Gotham all the way to Kansas?

As Maggie eyes drill into the case report...

INT. FRONT LOBBY - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - EARLY EVENING

A recovered ABIGAIL stands at the front door, with a soft smile as JESSIE, on the front stoop, looks back, anxiously.

JESSIE
 Are you sure you don't need me to
 stay any later? Help with anything?

ABIGAIL
 (soothingly)
 I'm fine, dear, really.

JESSIE
 You put on a brave face today, Mrs.
 Hunkel, but I could see you're
 still... shaken, I guess?

ABIGAIL
 Oh, you must excuse a woman of my age
 her funny turns. Probably low blood
 sugar. Don't worry about me, go on,
 go home, I insist.

Jessie lets out a sigh, before nodding, and heading down the steps.

JESSIE
 (calling over her
 shoulder)
 I'll pop in early tomorrow. Call me
 if you need anything, okay?

Abigail simply smiles, and waves goodbye, before closing the door, and LOCKING it securely.

She walks back towards the main museum area, tidying up smaller displays present in the foyer as she goes.

SQUEAK! The sound of a cranky floorboard makes Abigail FREEZE. She looks over toward the darkened museum area.

She takes a CAUTIOUS step forward, UNCERTAIN--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SQUEAK! Instantly alert and WARY, Abigail intertwines her fingers and loudly CRACKS her knuckles.

ABIGAIL

Whoever you are, I may be old, but I still pack a hell of a right hook!

MAN (O.S.)

(laughs)

Yeah, you knocked me on my ass plenty.

Abigail gasps, hands flying to her mouth in SURPRISE.

A MAN (just over 6 feet, a football player's build, the younger side of 50, hair graying at the temples), wearing a plain dark jacket, pants and top - perfect for blending into the dark - stares back at her, unflinching until--

A HUGE GRIN breaks out across his face.

MAN

Hey, Mrs. H. Long time, huh?

Abigail stares, shocked, before lowering her hands.

ABIGAIL

Ted Grant? Is that really you?

In reply, the MAN, A.K.A TED "WILDCAT" GRANT, simply continues with his COCKSURE grin as we:

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - EVENING

Establishing shot of the building.

INT. MUSEUM AREA - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

TED, jacket slung over the back of the chair, sits at the round table, slowing RUNNING his hand across the surface, REMINISCING.

Behind him, Abigail enters with a tray of tea-things, steam coming from the teapot, carefully placing them on the table, before beginning to pour.

ABIGAIL

You've barely aged, Ted.

TED

What can I say, it's the whole 'nine-lives' thing, I guess. Besides, you can talk, you're still as spunky as ever?

ABIGAIL

(laughs, genuine)

'Spunky'? Well, that's one word for it, I guess. Some of us got lucky in our time together, others weren't.

She passes one cup to Ted, who gently places it back on the table, looking SOLEMN.

TED

I think about them every day, you know. Shayera, Kent, Carter, Wesley. You heard about Dinah, I take it? *Our* Black Canary?

ABIGAIL

I did, I couldn't believe it, we thought she'd gone dark years ago, but really...

(beat)

Well, I had to pay my respects.

After a moment of silence, Abigail picks up the 'Daily Planet' from the tea tray, and places it in front of Ted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
You're here for this, I take it?

Ted GINGERLY picks up the paper, and reads the headline, before NODDING.

TED
I was working on something over in Edge City when I heard about the 'attack' at the swamp.

ABIGAIL
(fearful)
What we went through to put him down, last time? I don't know if I can do that again.

TED
Well, I missed the last party you guys threw for this guy, but I remember our own tangles with him. What about the rest of the gang?

Abigail sits back and crosses her arms, before SIGHING.

ABIGAIL
A lot has happened in the last 5 years or so, Ted. The group is scattered; the League, the Society, everyone has gone their separate ways. After Courtney, and Bartholomew, then poor Chloe...

She looks over her shoulder at the two display cabinets, holding the uniforms of IMPULSE and STAR-GIRL - the fallen heroes, gone too soon.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
I don't think we can expect any help we don't go looking for ourselves.

Ted NODS, UNDERSTANDING.

TED
(accepting)
So, we're probably on our own then.

ABIGAIL
(thinks, realizes)
Maybe. Maybe not. I have an idea.

Abigail slowly smiles, a plan forming...

CONTINUED:

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. METRO CENTRAL - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

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

TODD sits at his desk, eyes glued to his computer screen as he rapidly types on the keyboard.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

Todd, dear?

He LOOKS over and REACTS, *surprised*, to find an anxious Abigail standing at the railing that marks off the bull-pen proper from the rest of the Squad Room. Behind her is a rather uncomfortable-looking Ted Grant.

He stands quickly and moves towards her, walking out of the bull-pen to greet her with a GENTLE HUG. Ted watches, intrigued, focusing on Todd for some reason.

TODD

(curious)

Mrs. Hunkel? What are you doing here?

ABIGAIL

(reproachful)

It's Abigail, remember. I think I might have information about a case.

She PULLS OUT the edition of the 'Daily Planet' and shows him the headline, worried.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

I don't know if your department is investigating this, but I didn't know who else to talk to who might listen to what I have to say.

TODD

(cautious)

I'm not really supposed to talk about active cases, Mrs. H-, I mean, Abigail. Maybe I should just--

He starts to lead her out towards the entrance, but she fiercely grabs his wrist, and SQUEEZES. He looks at her, shocked, and a little *pained* - she has QUITE A GRIP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL
 (determined)
 Please, Todd. I'm not some silly old
 lady, this is important. I need you
 to trust me.

Todd looks at her closely, and sees the FIRE in her eyes as she talks, and slowly nods, convinced.

TEN CLOUDS (PRE-LAP)
 (disbelieving)
 You've got to be freaking kidding me!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - S.C.U. BULLPEN - DAY (LATER)

Sat around the table are TODD, MAGGIE, DANNY, TEN CLOUDS, BETH and WALLY. Aside from Todd, each of them has a look ranging from stunned amazement, to total disbelief.

WALLY
 (excited)
 A real-life zombie?! That is so
 totally COOL!
 (beat)
 Except for the killing part,
 obviously.

Maggie rubs at her temples, while Beth and Danny each stifle a laugh. Ten Clouds, however, shots Wally a look.

TEN CLOUDS
 You're buying this? Come on, kid,
 it's a load of bullshit!

TODD
 (defensive)
 Hey! Abigail Hunkel is not some
 street level hoodie or two-bit low-
 life, okay?

Ten Clouds takes a BREATH, and raises his palms in acquiescence.

TEN CLOUDS
 You're right, I'm sorry. But
 seriously, Todd. Are you sure she's
 not... you know.

Todd FROWNS, unsure, and shakes his head. Beth COUGHS, uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH

I think what Russell is implying is that perhaps, Mrs. Hunkel is getting on in years and might be-

TODD

(interrupting/angry)

No. Absolutely no way. You should hope to be as spry as she is right now when you get her age.

Danny looks over at Maggie, who is shaking her head in disbelief as well.

DANNY

What do you think, Boss?

MAGGIE

I say we stick to the facts. Wally, you said the tissue you analyzed, it was dead, but not decayed, correct?

Wally NODS vigorously.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

And the D.N.A. had become corrupted, and somehow the plant matter was integrated with it?

Wally CONTINUES nodding, GRIN WIDENING.

TEN CLOUDS

Oh, come on! That could mean the tests were done wrong or something.

Wally's grin VANISHES, and he looks annoyed at Ten Clouds.

WALLY

Uh, I don't DO mistakes. At least not when it comes to science.

MAGGIE

Okay, okay, enough. Russell is just being the realist here. God knows we need someone to be.

She sighs, and stands, taking a few steps away from the table, GATHERING HERSELF.

BETH

What are you thinking, Maggie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

I'm thinking that 5 years ago, no one had ever heard of the J.S.A., but then we found out a group of people had been saving our lives from threats we never knew about.

She turns back to them, DETERMINED.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

I'm thinking 4 years ago, a man wearing a red cape and a blue one-piece changed everything when he single-handedly stopped another frigging planet colliding with the Earth.

She looks around at all of them.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

I'm thinking that only a couple of years ago, the regular guy on the street wouldn't have a clue what a 'meta-human' was, but now, everyone knows.

She picks up the CASE FOLDER on the desk, and opens it, and slaps the crime scene photos onto the table as she talk.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

I know that we have a brutal killer out there on our streets, and that somehow this case started in Slaughter Swamp, and we have a duty to stop it.

She slaps her palm on the table, FIRMLY.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

What I don't know is who the victims were, but I want us to find out and stop their killer from taking anymore lives. If Abigail Hunkel thinks she has a lead, we need to follow it, no matter how bizarre things get.

She looks at every member of her team one more time in the eyes.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Get to work, and let's solve this damn case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ENERGY of the room is palpable, brimming with CONFIDENCE and the DESIRE to WIN, as everyone stands.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Beth, Wally, I want I.D.s and I want them yesterday. Todd, once they have them, find anything and everything about them and what connects them.

The three civilians nod, and head out quickly, leaving Maggie with her two detectives.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Russell, you know people who know people. See if there are any whispers about what happened. Hell, talk to Faraday, he might know something.

Ten Clouds shakes his head, still taking it all in.

TEN CLOUDS
What about you, Boss?

MAGGIE
I'll liaise with the detective in charge of this in Gotham, not exactly what we're investigating but I'll let them know we're pursuing leads.

He nods, and heads out. Danny steps up to Maggie, *uncertain*.

DANNY
Zombies? Magic? Is that really where we're going with this?

MAGGIE
They don't call it the 'Special' Crimes Unit for nuthin', Danny.

She sighs, before heading out of the conference room, and walking towards her office, Danny close behind.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Head over to the J.S.A. museum, talk to Mrs. Hunkel for yourself, get a feel for what she's telling us.

DANNY
Sure thing, Boss.

Danny grabs his jacket and head off. After watching him go, Maggie shakes her head, *dubious*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

(to herself)

How the hell do I tell the
Commissioner we may have a killer
zombie on the run in the city?

CLOSE ON: Her resigned expression...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - DAY (LATER)

DANNY and ABIGAIL sit at her desk in her understated office. A smaller print of the J.S.A. PORTRAIT hangs behind her, alongside several photos - pictures of time long past.

TED GRANT stands behind the desk, leaning against a filing cabinet, face STOIC, staring straight at Danny, who tries to act nonchalant, as he takes notes while Abigail talks.

ABIGAIL

His name now is 'Solomon Grundy', but
he was born Cyrus Gold.

DANNY

I know that name, wasn't he a
millionaire or something, back in the
30s? Went missing, it was labeled a
mob hit?

ABIGAIL

That's a tale lost to time,
Detective. All we do know is that his
body was dumped in Slaughter Swamp.

FADE TO:

EXT. SLAUGHTER SWAMP - NIGHT - 1930'S (FLASHBACK)

Silently a GROUP of SUITED MEN exit an old style car, and open the trunk, between them pulling out a LARGE WRAPPED PACKAGE. As they wrestle with it, the ties loosen, and an ARM, COVERED IN BLOOD, flops out.

With some effort, the men move the package - THE BODY - towards the swamp, before giving it a great TOSS, sending it flying through the air, where it lands in the murky waters with an ALMIGHTY SPLASH!

They watch for a moment, as the body slowly SINKS below the surface, disappearing from view, before walking away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL (V.O)

What his killers didn't realize, what many people don't know, is that Slaughter Swamp is rumored to have mystical properties.

As they climb into their car and drive off, the surface of the water begins to BUBBLE and SWIRL, and CRACKLES of MYSTICAL ENERGY snap and discharge across the spot Cyrus Gold's body entered the swamp.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - DAY (LATER)

Danny STOPS his note-taking, and gives Abigail a dubious look, EYEBROW RAISED. She shrugs indifferently.

ABIGAIL

Until I worked alongside people like Dr. Fate, the Spectre, or even Carter Hall, a man who lived a thousand lifetimes, I never gave magic and mysticism a second thought. I soon changed my mind, believe you me.

FADE TO:

EXT. SLAUGHTER SWAMP - NIGHT - 1980'S (FLASHBACK)

A group of teenagers, their clothes and the ghetto-blaster playing music from showing the era, party by the swamp.

They're too distracted having FUN to notice the glowing water, and the sparking energy across its surface, as SOMETHING begins to emerge from the waters.

Only when the familiar hulking figure is almost fully emerged, do the kids see, and PANIC ENSUES.

ABIGAIL (V.O)

The swamp interacted with Gold's body, because of how violently he died. He merged with the swamp itself, became part of it, and was reborn.

DANNY (V.O)

As 'Solomon Grundy', like the poem?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The creature - SOLOMON GRUNDY - shambles forward aimlessly, disoriented, as the kids flee, escaping the horror movie their vacation has become.

ABIGAIL (V.O)
"Born on a Monday", yes.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - DAY (LATER)

Danny looks up from his notes, CURIOUS.

DANNY
So what brought him to you guys
attention? You took him on with the
J.S.A., back in the day?

TED
(unimpressed)
Kid, you make it sound like a run in
with the school bully - 'took him
on'? Please!

ABIGAIL
(apologetic)
What Ted means is that Solomon
Grundy, he's not a regular person. A
different set of rules apply to him.

DANNY
Are you thinking this is deliberate?
An attack on you, the Society, maybe?

TED
(heated)
It wouldn't be the first time, would
it?

ABIGAIL
(forcefully, not
harsh)
Ted, that's enough. Detective Turpin
is here for our help, remember.

Ted simply SCOFFS, before sitting back, ARMS CROSSED. Danny coughs, clearing his throat.

DANNY
Okay, so that's the how. Now what
about now? How do we track this guy
down, and what do we do then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

(uncertain)

Honestly, I'm not sure. It's not like I can just call up someone for a magical assist anymore.

TED

(coyly)

Actually...

Both Abigail and Danny look around at Ted, who casually examines his jacket sleeve with a SMALL SMILE.

TED (cont'd)

I've been giving it some thought, and I think I know someone who can help.

As Ted's smile GROWS into a GRIN...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES - MIDTOWN - DAY (LATER)

Set among the more upmarket boutiques and shops of the street, stands a rather different looking shop facade.

This one has a rather NEW AGE look to it, an EYE OF HORUS hanging in the window over the neon name sign. A poster in the window proclaims "TAROT AND PALM READINGS AVAILABLE!"

Ted Grant grins in amusement at the DISBELIEVING LOOK Danny gives the shop front before heading towards the door.

INT. HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES, FRONT PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

The chime over the door rings out loudly as Ted and Danny enter and give the place a once over. Danny immediately wrinkles his nose, and waves his hand in front of his face.

DANNY

Jeez! What's that smell?

TED

(sniffs, not bothered)

Jasmine, I think, or maybe frankincense.

The SQUEAK of a loose floorboard pulls their attention forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ted quickly slips out of sight behind a large stack of shelving as, with a SWISH of beads, someone enters from another part of the shop.

She's an TALL, LITHE, EXOTIC-LOOKING WOMAN, dressed in a flowing purple floor-length dress, trimmed with gold and lighter streams of purple.

Her hair is dark and curly, held back by a gold headscarf, her face showing a few age lines, but she's still very beautiful. This is MADAME XANADU.

She smiles, somewhat *ethereally*, and seemingly floats towards a startled Danny.

XANADU
(Eastern European
accent)

How may Madame Xanadu help you,
child? Do you seek to see your
future?

DANNY
(caught off guard)
Uh, actually...

XANADU
(interrupting,
pushy)
Perhaps a love potion is more your
sway.

TED (O.S.)
I wouldn't, kid, they tend to do more
harm than good.

Ted steps out from behind his hiding spot, a coy smile on his lips. Xanadu takes ONE LOOK, and her seemingly spiritual air dissolves instantly.

XANADU
(British, clipped)
Ted bloody Grant?! What the hell are
you doing back at Metropolis?!

Ted's smile WIDENS into a grin as Danny snorts in amusement.

TED
Good to see you too, Nimue.

DANNY
Nice accent, before. Very believable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He unzips his jacket, allowing his DETECTIVE SHIELD to be visible on the chain around his neck. Xanadu sees it and rolls he eyes.

XANADU

You brought a bobby to my place,
Grant? What, is this payback or
something?

TED

Relax, Nimue, we're not here about
your little scams.

DANNY

(dubious)
We're not?

XANADU

(affronted)
Oh please, it's harmless fun, I've
kept this place straight.
(beat, clears
throat)
Mostly, anyway.

Danny simply shakes his head in disbelief, as Ted's grin fades. Xanadu crosses her arms, curious.

XANADU (cont'd)

What are you after?

TED

We need a little magical assist.

XANADU

(serious)
Is this something to do with the
deaths at Slaughter Swamp?

Both Ted and Danny REACT, surprised.

DANNY

How'd you know?

XANADU

A tarot reading the other day. I saw
some dark evil force coming this way.
It doesn't take a sorceress of my
caliber to put the pieces together.

TED

So, can you help?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU

It depends what you need. I'm not Dr. Fate, you know. I don't work the same kind of magicks he could.

TED

First we have to find the son-of-a-bitch, then we'll deal with taking him out.

XANADU

(sighs, nods)

I think I can track his energy. But it will take time, I need to focus myself first. Come back tomorrow morning, I'll have a lead by then.

Ted's grin RETURNS, and despite herself, Xanadu MIRRORS it, as Danny grimaces and rolls his eyes...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, MONORAIL OVERHANG - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

As the MetroMono passes overhead, a sorry looking collection of HOMELESS gather around two or three different trash-can fires, to keep warm.

One of them, an OLDER MAN - JEFF - rubs his hands together, SQUIRMING uncomfortable, before turning and walking away. ANOTHER MAN - JOE - shouts after him.

JOE

Dude, where you going, you'll lose your spot.

JEFF

Gotta take a leak, save it for me, 'kay?

Joe NODS, as JEFF quickens his pace, ducking into a LARGE OPEN STORM DRAIN. He quickly UNZIPS his fly, before letting out a CONTENT SIGH, as he relieves himself.

A LOW GROWL echoes down the sewer pipe, and Jeff is CAUGHT OFF GUARD, quickly ZIPPING himself up before taking a step back.

JEFF (cont'd)

(fearful)

Someone there? Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From the shadows, emerging out into the thin sliver of overhead street-lighting, steps out GRUNDY! His eyes almost GLOW in the dark with a strange PURPLE LIGHT.

JEFF (cont'd)
(terrified)
Oh, sweet Jesus!

With surprising speed, Jeff BOLTS out of the drain and stumbles on the slippery ground, panicked, as an enraged Grundy ROARS, the echo magnifying the sound TEN-FOLD.

The gathered homeless all turn in shock at the sound, as Grundy EMERGES from the storm drain, and roars once again, before they all SCATTER like frightened mice.

As Grundy CHARGES FORWARD...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET, MONORAIL OVERHANG - DOWNTOWN - MORNING

Several PATROL CARS, the O.C.M.E. VAN, and a BLACK S.U.V. that says "CRIME SCENE UNIT" are on station, with a large area marked off by tape.

BETH stands by a GURNEY, on which lays JEFF, his slack face a MASK OF TERROR, in an open body bag, as she writes a few notes on her paperwork.

TEN CLOUDS, talking to JOE, who pulls his threadbare coat closer, finishes his own notes, SHAKES the man's hand, and walks over to Beth.

TEN CLOUDS

Cause of death?

BETH

No visible trauma, but look at him, Russell, he looks scared to death.

TEN CLOUDS

So, heart attack, maybe?

BETH

I won't be sure till I get him back to the morgue, but yeah, that'd be my guess.

TEN CLOUDS

I've interviewed everyone who was here and stayed put when the uniforms arrive to the disturbance call. They all say the same, that some hulk of a man came out of the storm drain chasing after our vic.

BETH

They describe this 'hulk'?

Ten Clouds flips open his notepad, and quotes from it.

TEN CLOUDS

'A mountain of a man', that he was 'pale as a dead body', and that he 'roared like something out of hell itself'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shakes his head, IN DENIAL.

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)
This isn't real, right? A god-damn
'zombie'? When'd this city turn into
a frigg'n horror movie?

BETH
(sarcastic)
Welcome to the new world order.

Just beyond the crime scene tape, an unmarked sedan pulls up, and the engine idles.

TED (PRE-LAP)
Damn, we're too late.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

In the driver's seat is DANNY, while TED GRANT sits in the passenger side. MADAME XANADU sits in the back, eyes closed, hands poised on her knees, meditating.

DANNY
Looks pretty bad from all the traffic
out there.

XANADU
(distracted)
I'm still sensing his energy in the
area, he must have hidden here for a
while to leave such a large trace.

Ted turns around in his seat, giving her an ANNOYED look.

TED
Where he's been, no so much a big
help. We need to find where he is
now, okay?

Xanadu's eyes SNAP OPEN, and she matches Ted's look with one of her own.

XANADU
Contrary to what you think you know,
magick is NOT an exact science, Ted
Grant.

She unfolds herself and STRETCHES OUT, as much as she can in a car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU (cont'd)
I'm tracking the magick that keeps
Grundy going, but it's not coming
through as clear as I'd expect.

DANNY
Meaning?

XANADU
I haven't the foggiest, sorry.

Ted and Danny share a BRIEF LOOK, before turning back to
look out the front windscreen, as Xanadu closes her eyes and
takes a DEEP BREATH.

XANADU (cont'd)
Maybe if we drive around, I'll pick
up his trail again, but no promises.

Unimpressed, Danny flicks the keys in the ignition, bringing
the engine to life...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. MET U. CAMPUS - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY (LATER)

Establishing shot of the campus and main building, the
"UNIVERSITY OF METROPOLIS" SIGN in the foreground.

INT. CLASSROOM - MET. U CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

The classroom is EMPTY, aside from RACHEL ROTH.

Dressed in her usual black-on-black, hair loose around her
shoulders, she sits at a table, idly doodling on a notepad,
study books forgotten, looking off into space, DISTANT.

The door opens, and in walks GARFIELD LOGAN, hair still in
complete disarray, but now clothed, wearing a green t-shirt
with animal imagery, dark jeans and red Converse. He GRINS
as soon as he sees Rachel.

GARFIELD
There you are! I've been looking for
you all morning.

He gives her a quick KISS on her hair, and sits down next to
her, before noticing she hasn't reacted. He FROWNS.

GARFIELD (cont'd)
Rach? You there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She BLINKS, before looking at him, with a HESITANT smile.

RACHEL

Hey, sorry. I was a million miles away.

GARFIELD

Are you still having the dreams?

She STIFFENS, uncomfortable, dropping the pen she was holding, as she crossed her arms, DEFENSIVE.

RACHEL

They're not dreams, Gar. They're nightmares.

GARFIELD

Is that why you haven't stayed over?

She SIGHS, before nodding.

RACHEL

I don't think I've had a full night's sleep for two weeks. I've barely gotten through my classes, or my assignments.

Garfield takes her hand, and rubs it gently.

GARFIELD

(cautious)

Maybe you should talk to your mom?

Rachel ROLLS her eyes, pulling her hand back, unimpressed with his comments.

GARFIELD (cont'd)

(defensive)

Hey, she's a psychologist, right? Maybe she can help?

RACHEL

She's out of town, remember? Besides, I do NOT need to go running to mommy because of some nightmares, Garfield. What I need is something to take my mind of it, and have a good time.

Garfield's face BRIGHTENS as he grins. He grabs his bag, digs through it for a moment, and pulls out a PAPER FLYER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARFIELD

I've got just the thing. Psi Delta Omega are having a big party tonight, and you know they throw the best parties on campus, right?

Rachel raises an eyebrow, UNSURE, as she looks at the flyer, which Garfield wiggles, still grinning, before a smile slowly forms on her face...

JUMP CUT TO:

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

The doors burst open into the Squad Room, and Madame Xanadu STRIDES in, followed hotly by both Ted Grant and Danny Turpin. NONE of them lucky very happy.

XANADU

(angrily)

Look, you can't expect me to work miracles for you after I haven't seen you in close to 20 years, Ted Grant!

TED

(annoyed)

Must you always say my name like that?! God, it's enough to make me want to change it!

DANNY

(snapping)

Okay, enough!

TODD and MAGGIE, standing by her open office door going over some papers, both look up, as Danny points at a chair.

DANNY (cont'd)

Ted, you sit there, okay? And you, Madame...

(embarrassed)

Madame Xanadu, why don't you head into the conference room at the end of the bull-pen. You should be able to get some privacy for your work.

Xanadu gives him a dismissive look.

XANADU

If by *work*, you mean my meditation, fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks in and SLAMS the door behind her, before closing the shades on the interior window. Maggie walks up behind an clearly frustrated Danny, as he lets out a SIGH.

MAGGIE
Bad day?

DANNY
You have no idea, Boss.

MAGGIE
What's she doing in there?

TED
Magick.

Maggie turns to face Ted, who is making himself comfortable at the guest chairs by an empty desk.

MAGGIE
(surprised)
Magic?

TED
With a 'k', M-A-G-I-C-K. She needed some space and alone time to 'gather her energy and focus'.

Todd, putting his paperwork back on his desk, grabs his coat, and crosses over to where the others are talking.

TODD
Am I still okay to head over to the Brownstone, or shall I stay?

MAGGIE
Nah, we're good, you go see how Mrs. Hunkel is doing.

Todd NODS, before looking at Ted, who is STARING at Todd again, CURIOUS.

TODD
(uncomfortable)
Did you, uh, want a ride, Mr. Grant?

TED
(distracted)
No, no, kid. I'm good here.

Todd nods again, quickly heading off out of the Squad Room, Ted watching him go, as Maggie looks on, *suspicious...*

CONTINUED:

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - DAY (LATER)

Abigail is stood by her desk, LOOKING FONDLY at pictures, sipping tea, before there is a gentle TAP at her ***door.

ABIGAIL

Come in?

The door opens, and Todd pops his head in, SMILING.

TODD

You busy?

ABIGAIL

Never too busy for a friend, dear.
Come in, have a seat.

Todd does as he's invited, and makes himself comfortable.

TODD

I thought I'd come check up on you.

Abigail's smile FADES, taking her seat as Todd continues.

TODD (cont'd)

You looked pretty upset when you visited Metro earlier.

ABIGAIL

It's all a lot to take in. The last time Grundy surfaced, it took a lot to send him back where he came from. I thought that was the last time.

FADE TO:

EXT. ABANDONED STREET - METROPOLIS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

GRUNDY stands in the middle of the street, ROARING SILENTLY as he is surrounded by a FAMILIAR GROUP.

We can't see their faces, but their costumes make them very RECOGNIZABLE. GREEN ARROW. CYBORG. IMPULSE. BLACK CANARY. STAR-GIRL. ZATANNA.

Hanging just above and behind them, floats a FIGURE, wearing a blue and red outfit, a long flowing cape, with a familiar S-symbol on the back - SUPERMAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL (V.O)
 Somehow, Solomon was 'hired' to take out Black Canary. He'd been specifically chosen to take her out, and he very nearly did.

On a silent cue, the attack begins, Superman leading the charge, as the group throws everything they have at him.

ABIGAIL (V.O) (cont'd)
 Grundy's tough. He's already dead, and can come back no matter how hard you beat him. The only true way to stop him, is magick.

Grundy FALLS back, the onslaught of attacks having an effect, as ZATANNA, her back to us, raises her hands, which GLOW with purple energy. She THRUSTS her hands out, the energy ENVELOPING Grundy as he roars!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - DAY (LATER)

TODD, ALL EARS, is leaning forward in his chair, listening to what Abigail is telling him, almost EAGER.

TODD
 So how did you defeat him?

ABIGAIL
 Thankfully Dr. Fate left behind a book of spells that the newer generation of heroes could use. They banished him back to the swamp and bound him to it, so he could never again resurface.

She chuckles, DARKLY.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
 Or so we thought. Looks like someone found a way to set him loose again.

An UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE falls, as Abigail pours herself another cup of tea, silently offering Todd one, who just as silently declines.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
 (hesitant)
 Can I ask you something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Todd simply NODS.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
(cautious)
Why did you stop looking for your
birth parents? You were so
determined, then you just seemed to
give up.

Todd LOOKS DOWN, clearly weighing how he's going to answer,
before sighing and looking back up.

TODD
Honestly, I wasn't sure I wanted to
know anymore. I'd spent years
looking, and when I realized there
was a significant chance that one, if
not both, of my biological parents
were somehow associated with the
J.S.A. - superheroes - but they still
gave me up.

ABIGAIL
They must have had a reason, Todd.
Don't you want to know why?

TODD
You know what, I really don't
anymore. I have a great life, family
and friends that love and support me.
Hell, I even have a date soon, kind
of. Why do I want to open up a can of
worms onto that, when things are
going good?

He finishes with a smile, and slowly Abigail returns it, but
there is a SADNESS in her eyes, as she nods in acceptance.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - EVENING (LATER)

A BORED Ted Grant, still sitting where he was told by Danny,
flicks through a magazine he's procured, before ROLLING HIS
EYES and placing it on the desk with a PLOP.

He stands, and STRETCHES, limbering up, in a surprisingly
flexible fashion for a man of his years.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Impressive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SURPRISED, he turns to find Maggie watching with with an amused look on her face, holding two steaming cups of coffee.

MAGGIE

You haven't let yourself get too out of shape.

She offers him one of the cups, which is takes with a thankful smile, blowing on it for a second, sitting down.

TED

Well, when you own a gym, and you've got a reputation for never turning down a challenge, you have to stay at the top of your game.

MAGGIE

I gotta admit, I was more then a little surprised when Ted 'the Wildcat' Grant was outed as a superhero. I remember watching you win the Heavyweight championship.

TED

(darkly amused)

Yeah, well, I was one of the lucky one. Being arrested, it only helped my boxing career, although no-one knew why back then, just I had been, before being cleared.

He takes a brief sip of his coffee. He grimaces, disgusted.

TED (cont'd)

Jeez, who made this?

He looks over at Todd's empty desk, thoughtful, before turning back to Maggie.

TED (cont'd)

That young guy, sits over there, the one Mrs. H knows, he a detective?

MAGGIE

Actually he's a civilian, my administrative aide.

TED

(surprised)

He's a secretary?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

(laughs)

If he ever heard you call him that,
he'd knock you on your ass,
heavyweight champion or no.

Ted, IMPRESSED, stands and walks over to the desk, looking
it over - including the FRAMED PHOTO of Todd's family.

TODD

He looks like a good kid. I can see
why Mrs. H. took to him.

MAGGIE

That why you asking about him?

TED

(thoughtful)

Yeah, that... and he kinda reminds me
of someone I used to know, a lifetime
ago.

Maggie FROWNS, unsure of what to make at that last comment,
before A LOUD SCREAM and a CRASH grabs their attention!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - S.C.U. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Madame Xanadu is on the floor in a heap, attempting to get
back to her feet, the conference table ON IT'S SIDE. She
pulls herself up, looking SHAKEN, as Maggie and Ted burst
in, SHOCKED.

MAGGIE

What the hell are you doing in here?!

XANADU

Ted, Ted-- I saw him! Grundy! I was
meditating, trying to hone in his
energy, and a vision, it hit me. He
was rampaging, there were kids,
teenagers, some kind of body of
water.

TED

That's all?

XANADU

It was all so indistinct, so fuzzy,
like something was blocking the
vision from coming through fully.
Whatever magick is animating him,
it's shielding him as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Did you see anything else that could tell us where he is?

Xanadu moves over to the large WHITEBOARD on the wall and picks up a marker pen, and quickly draws THREE SYMBOLS.

XANADU

Greek letters. I saw these as well.

TED

Sorry, I didn't study Ancient Greek back in my college days.

Maggie's EYES WIDEN in SHOCK.

MAGGIE

College! It's the Psi Delta Omega fraternity on the Met. U. campus.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. PSI DELTA OMEGA HOUSE - MET. U CAMPUS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of an older-style building, the symbols of the fraternity on the facade, cars parked out front, and co-eds milling near the entrance, LOUD MUSIC blasting from it.

INT. MAIN ROOM - PSI DELTA OMEGA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The room is ALMOST FILLED to capacity, as party-goers pump and gyrate to the beat of the songs coming from the state-of-the-art sound system. Those that aren't dancing take copious swigs from the disposable cups they drink from.

EXT. POOL AREA - PSI DELTA OMEGA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A few guests have found the pool area, some already IN it, half-naked, laughing and cavorting. Sitting, *bored*, in a pool-side chair, is Rachel, watching as the people in the pool play about.

She looks up as Garfield steps in and passes her a cup, before he takes a sip from his own, giving her A LOOK.

RACHEL

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARFIELD

Come on, can't you at least pretend to be enjoying yourself?

RACHEL

I came, didn't I? I'm drinking, aren't I?

She puts on a FAKE SMILE, and takes a big swig of her own - only to immediately PULL A FACE, and force herself to swallow, looking at the contents of her cup with DISGUST.

Garfield LAUGHS, before making himself comfortable, but keeping his eyes on Rachel. She shoots him an ANNOYED LOOK.

GARFIELD

Look, I know you're going through something right now, and you don't wanna talk about it yet.

He reaches over and takes one of her hands in his.

GARFIELD (cont'd)

But remember, I'm here when you do.

Rachel can't help genuinely smiling at his mushy statement.

PARTY GOER #1 (O.S.)

Hey, yo! There's some Peeping Tom in the bushes!

All attention turns towards one of the pool's occupants quickly climbing out of the pool, and moving towards the rear end of the frat house property.

A girl in the pool SQUEALS in shock.

POOL GIRL

Ooh, get rid of him! Pervert!

The bushes RUSTLE, and a low GROWL can be heard.

POOL GIRL (cont'd)

Hey, is it an animal?!

Rachel, hearing all this, looks over, FROWNING, UNCERTAIN.

PARTY GOER #1

I can't tell, it's too dark over here.

He steps closer. Pushes his arms into the bushes, waves around blindly for a second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARTY GOER #1 (cont'd)
Whatever it was, I think it's g-URGH!

A MASSIVE WHITE FIST punches out from the bushes and grabs the guy around the throat. Squeezes TIGHT-

- as GRUNDY stands upright, bursting out of his hiding place, with a LOUD ROAR!

Both Garfield and Rachel JUMP to their feet in HORROR. The pools occupants SCRAMBLE to get out as the girl SCREAMS...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

EXT. PSI DELTA OMEGA HOUSE - MET. U CAMPUS - EVENING

SCREAMS tear through the night air as the panicked crowd flees as fast as they can.

The red flashing light of the GUMBALLS signals the arrival of the two unmarked sedan as they pull up. From one, MAGGIE, XANADU and TED exit, and join DANNY and TEN CLOUDS, from the other car, on their approach.

MAGGIE

More units are on their way, but we don't know what we're facing here guys, so be on your toes.

TED

Bullets won't stop him, Cap, you'll just piss him off.

MAGGIE

If we get his attention, I'll take it. Let's move.

The three detectives head off, weaving through the exiting co-eds. Ted follows, only to stop - Xanadu hasn't moved.

TED

(annoyed)
You coming?

She doesn't answer. Instead, she looks at the house. Scared. Ted softens, moves to her and places a hand on her shoulder.

TED (cont'd)

You're the only one who has a chance of stopping him, Nim.

(beat)
We need you.

Xanadu looks at him, surprised. Takes a breath. Nods.

XANADU

Age before beauty, Teddy.

Ted smiles. They head into the house.

INT. PSI DELTA OMEGA HOUSE, UPPER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Grundy slowly advances toward his cowering victims, Rachel and Garfield.

Rachel is on the floor, nursing her ankle, while Garfield guard her, holding a coat rack like a staff.

GARFIELD
Keep away from us, you freak!

He takes another swing at Grundy--

SNAP! The coat rack breaks in half, and falls to the floor.

With a snarl, Grundy lashes out--

-- SMACK! The impact sends Garfield flying into the wall behind him! He slides to the floor, conscious but dazed.

RACHEL
(scream, terrified)
Gar!

She looks up at Grundy, tears in her eyes.

He stops. Looks at her, almost curious. STUDYING her. He takes another step forward--

RACHEL (cont'd)
No! Stay away from me!

Desperate, she waves her hand--

-- a BLACK WAVE appears and pushes Grundy back with force. He slides back along the hallway carpet, with a grunt.

Rachel looks down at her hand. Stunned.

Grundy looks back at her, curiosity gone - he's angry again. Growls low and roars!

Maggie CHARGES up the stairs, service weapon drawn and aimed straight towards Grundy, faltering just slightly as she takes in the sight.

MAGGIE
(low voice/stunned)
Holy-
(beat, commanding)
Metro P.D. Freeze!

Danny and Ten Clouds flank her, Xanadu and Ted behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEN CLOUDS

Sweet Jesus! Look at the size of him.

MAGGIE

Danny, Ten Clouds, get those two out of here!

Danny quickly holsters his weapon, and picks up Rachel easily, as Garfield woozily stands, holding his head, and Ten Clouds help him down the stairs, following Danny.

Grundy growls, glowing eyes watching as Rachel and Garfield are taken away.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Sorry, big guy. No more victims for you today.

Grundy charges--

BANG! BANG! BANG! Maggie continues to squeeze the trigger, unloading her clip.

Grundy flinches, each impact pushing him back just a little. Growing more and more ANGRY with each hit.

CLICK! Maggie's gun runs empty.

TED

Told you.

Maggie blinks, not believing what she's seeing. With EASE, Grundy picks up a nearby wooden shelving unit, the contents smashing on the floor, as he raises it above his head, and TOSSES it at Maggie!

TED (cont'd)

Look out!

With an agility not expected of an older man, Ted dives across the hallway. Slams into Maggie, knocking her down--

--as the wooden shelf collides with him, and into a dozen pieces, raining to the ground, as Ted hits the floor hard with a groan of pain.

Xanadu jumps out of her hiding spot, and SLAPS her hands together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU
(quickly, thinking
fast)
Creature of darkness, be gone from
this place!

BLUE/WHITE LIGHT crackles between her palms as she pulls them apart. It forms into a sphere, growing to the size of a football before she flings it at Grundy--

-- the impact send him FLYING! Down the hall and out the window at the end, glass shattering as he tumbles through it with a surprised roar.

Both pushing themselves to their feet, Maggie and a mostly-conscious Ted look at the broken window, STUNNED. They they look back at the grinning Xanadu.

XANADU (cont'd)
What'd'ya know? It bloody worked!

She continues to grin - right up until her eyes ROLL into her head, and her legs give out, as she drops in a faint. Ted catches her just before she hits the floor.

MAGGIE
Let's get out of here, we need to
make sure this place is clear. That
thing could still be outside now.

As Ted easily lifts the unconscious Xanadu and heads downstairs, he tosses Maggie a cheeky grin over his shoulder.

TED
So, you a believer now?

Maggie just looks at her now-empty weapon, before shaking her head in disbelief as she follows him.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. PSI DELTA OMEGA HOUSE - MET. U CAMPUS - NIGHT (LATER)

Patrol cars and an ambulance are parked outside the frat house, as uniformed police officers interview co-eds that didn't run off, and paramedics treat the injured.

INSIDE the ambulance, Garfield sits on a gurney, as a paramedic shines a light into his eyes. Rachel, her ankle WRAPPED, sits on the fender, looking up at them, worriedly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noticing, he gives her a TIRED SMILE.

GARFIELD

I'm fine, babe. Takes more than a
knock on the head to take me down.

Satisfied, the paramedic heads out of the ambulance, and Rachel climbs in next to Garfield.

RACHEL

I can't believe I twisted my ankle,
just like in a horror movie. It's so
lame!

GARFIELD

Hey, we got out of there, right?

He wraps an arm around her, and she leans into him, EYES
DISTANT.

Across the scene, leaning against the hood of Maggie's
vehicle, Xanadu takes a grateful sip from a bottle of water.
Ted and Maggie watch her closely.

TED

You okay?

XANADU

(laughs, not amused)
Been a while since I cast a spell
that powerful. Took too much out of
me, it's embarrassing!

MAGGIE

You kicked ass, and you probably
saved us, so take it as a win.

Xanadu looks at her with a arched eyebrow.

XANADU

(teasingly)
'Probably' saved?

Maggie smiles, shakes her head, turns to Ted.

MAGGIE

Sure you don't need looking over?

TED

(dismissive)
Nah, I've been hit harder by Ma
Hunkel, I'm good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny comes up, breathless.

DANNY

We did a perimeter sweep all around the block. I don't know how, but Grundy gave us the slip.

MAGGIE

Xanadu's blast must have knocked him for six, hopefully that will have softened him up for our next run-in.

TED

But what do we do next time? I mean, you saw, bullets didn't do a thing, and that one spell took almost everything Nimue has.

XANADU

(affronted)

Hey, don't count me out yet, Ted Grant. I've still got a few more spells in me yet. Besides, that encounter was quite revealing.

All eyes turn to Xanadu, and she enjoys the attention.

MAGGIE

Revealing how?

XANADU

When I was close to Grundy, I got a feel for whatever force is animating him. It was wild, chaotic, even.

TED

How does that help us?

XANADU

I'm not sure yet. But there was something else, I also got a flash of his emotions, his feelings.

DANNY

It has feelings?

XANADU

Very basic ones, but yes. There was rage, yes, but it was primal. Like how an animal lashes out when it's hurt. But there was also a-- a kind of longing, an emptiness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pushes off the hood, and walks forward - toward the ambulance.

XANADU (cont'd)
He's searching for something.

MAGGIE
What kind of something.

Xanadu stays silent. Her gaze is FOCUSED on the interior of the ambulance - on Rachel Roth.

Sensing the scrutiny, Rachel looks up, and sees four faces all staring right her. She frowns.

RACHEL (PRE-LAP)
That thing is after me?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM AREA - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT (LATER)

Rachel, Garfield, Xanadu, and Abigail sit around the round table. Todd and Ted stand close by, watching.

RACHEL
(dumbfounded)
I-- I don't get it, why would it be after me?!

XANADU
(matter-of-fact)
It might have something to do with the magickal energy you're emanating.

RACHEL
(stunned)
The what?!

XANADU
(demanding)
Did you or your friends cast a spell or something recently? A little experiment with magick, just for a laugh, or a bet?

GARFIELD
No! Look, we're in college, but we're not freaks, y'know!

Xanadu gives him a dirty look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU

Are you implying people who dabble in
magick are 'freaks'?

Garfield opens his mouth. Realizes he can't win. Quickly
closes it.

ABIGAIL

(soothingly)

Sweetie, we're only asking these
questions because we're concerned for
your safety.

XANADU

(deadpan)

Yes, there is a giant killer zombie
looking for you for some reason.

Abigail fixes Xanadu with a glare. Todd grimaces at her
bluntness. Ted simply rolls his eyes, before wincing.

TED

(low voice/pained)

Ah, dammit!

He shrugs off his jacket and pulls up his dark shirt -
revealing BLOOD and a nasty looking gash.

TODD

(worried)

You're hurt?

Todd bends low, and carefully inspects the wound, with a
practiced eye.

TODD (cont'd)

It's not that deep. I don't think it
will need stitches. Come on, I know
where Abigail keeps the first-aid
kit.

He pulls Ted towards the exit. Ted follows grudgingly.

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Ted and Todd walk in, Todd heading for a particular cabinet,
while Ted gingerly pulls off his shirt. He HISSES in pain as
he does, before perching on the edge of the desk.

Todd, First-Aid kit in hand, takes a wet-wipe, and carefully
cleans the wound. Ted, teeth clenched, focuses on the wall
as Todd continues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

Sorry.

(beat)

This happen when you got hit tackling
Maggie?

Ted just nods. Todd cleans the wound, and pulls out some white gauze and surgical tape. He places the gauze over the gash, easily biting off some of the tape to secure it.

TODD (cont'd)

Thank you for having her back.
Maggie's not just my boss, she's a
friend.

TED

Happy to help. But I'm getting slow
in my old age.

As Todd finishes up, Ted looks down at him, face softening. Sensing the scrutiny, Todd looks up, their eyes meet. Ted looks away after a moment. Todd stands up straight, frowns.

TODD

(unnerved)

You keep doing that.

TED

(caught, faux-casual)

What?

TODD

Staring at me when you think I'm not
looking. You did it when you first
met me.

Ted SIGHS, shakes his head.

TED

I'm sorry, it's just you remind me so
much of someone. From the old life.

TODD

(nervously)

You mean the J.S.A.?

Ted nods, and Todd, uncomfortable, instinctively pushes his hair past his ear, and rubs his neck. Ted smiles softly, opens his mouth to answer--

CRASH!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- but the entire room SHAKES! Both men quickly steady themselves with the desk, looking around, stunned.

INT. MUSEUM AREA - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

Running in the from main hall, Ted and Todd slide to a halt--

-- the museum is in RUINS. A GAPING HOLE in the wall where the Hawkman exhibit was. The round table, flipped over, and the rooms occupants scatter all around as they look around dazed.

Standing amid the ruins, breathing hard, purple eyes staring straight ahead and full of anger, is Grundy.

As he lets out an ALMIGHTY ROAR...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

CONTINUED:

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. MUSEUM AREA - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

GRUNDY starts to CHARGE forward--

-- but MADAME XANADU, still on the ground, waves her hand, fingers spread wide.

XANADU
(in Latin)
<Hold!>

An bubble of purple energy surrounds Grundy. He stops, chest heaving with ragged breaths, fists clenched tightly - trapped.

Xanadu, arm raised out in front of her, unsteadily gets to her feet, positioning herself in front of Rachel, Garfield and Abigail, all of whom are still dazed and grounded.

Ted slowly starts to make his way around the room, as Todd moves to the fallen Abigail.

XANADU (cont'd)
I had a feeling he'd be back.

TED
Would have been nice for you to share that with the group!

Xanadu silences him with a gesture, not taking her eyes of Grundy. Rachel cowers, holding onto Garfield with a tight grip. They're both *terrified*.

XANADU
(in Latin)
<Answer my questions truthfully.>

An aura of gold flares briefly around Grundy head, before fading. Xanadu points to Rachel.

XANADU (cont'd)
Why do you chase this girl?

Grundy, his body trembling with whatever emotions he is feeling, looks down at Rachel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRUNDY
(harshly, rough)
Must. Don't want. Must.

Everyone (but Xanadu) is amazed.

ABIGAIL
(woozy)
He can speak?

Xanadu remains focused on him, her fingers flexing. STRAIN begins to show on her face, and her arm falter slightly.

XANADU
This won't hold him, he's too strong
now. Any ideas?

Now behind the stationary Grundy, Ted starts rummaging through the debris of the Hawkman display, SEARCHING.

TED
I'm working on it.

Xanadu turns back to Grundy, the purple glow of the magic holding him starting to fade. BLOOD drips from her nose.

XANADU
Why? Why her?

Grundy tries to resist, but is unsuccessful. He shakes his head.

GRUNDY
(fighting, halting)
Must-- must find. She-- she special.

Rachel, STARTLED, looks up.

XANADU
Why is she special?

CLOSE ON: Ted, digging through the rubble, desperate, before suddenly grinning.

BACK TO: Grundy fiercely shaking his head, teeth clenched in PAIN.

XANADU (cont'd)
Answer me!

GRUNDY
(bellows)
NOOO!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lashes with a punch, and the bubble WAVERS. Xanadu grits her teeth, arm trembling as he punches again, and again until--

-- the bubble COLLAPSES!

Xanadu drops to her knees, exhausted. Grundy starts to move forward-- THWACK!!

-- Grundy ROARS in agony, his back arching. He stumbles forward--- revealing Ted, HAWKMAN'S ANCIENT MACE, it's head crackling with WHITE SPARKS, held in his hands, ready to swing again.

GRUNDY (cont'd)
(surprised)
Hurts.

Grundy advances on Ted, who adjusts his stance and thrusts the mace right into Grundy's chest.

Grundy SCREAMS! He keeps screaming as Ted continues to push the mace-head into him. The sparks glow brighter--

-- until Ted pulls the mace away, and stumbles back.

Grundy's screaming fades. He stands there, SWAYING for several seconds, before CRASHING to the ground with a solid THUD. Not moving.

Ted slowly lowers the mace, taking a breath. The others slowly climb to their feet, edging closer.

TODD
What the hell was that?

XANADU
I don't have a clue.

ABIGAIL
(realizing)
Carter's mace. Of course.

Xanadu kneels close to the fallen Grundy. She holds a hand over him, eyes closed.

XANADU
Whatever magick kept him going, it's fading. He doesn't have long.

RACHEL
You mean..?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Xanadu simply nods. Rachel, eyes full of TEARS, moves to kneel beside Xanadu, and gently lays her hand on Grundy's shoulder.

RACHEL (cont'd)
(genuine)
I'm sorry.

GRUNDY, eyes still open, focuses on her as she meets his gaze.

GRUNDY
(whisper)
Thank you.

A single TEAR slides down on his face and into the dirt, as the purple light in his eyes fades away, and they slowly CLOSE...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - EVENING

A "S.T.A.R. Labs" transport van sits parked out front, a large cigar-shaped silver tube slowly being lifted in by a group of workers. As it is secured, a view-port on the front allows a glimpse of Grundy's body inside.

Watching from the sidelines, wrapped in blankets and sipping hot coffees, are Abigail, Todd and Ted. They exchange silent greetings with Maggie as she wanders up.

MAGGIE
(teasing)
Honestly, I can't leave alone for 5
minutes, can I?

Abigail tuts in disapproval, but both Todd and Ted laugh.

Ted shrugs off the blanket, and holds up Hawkman's mace, allowing her to inspect it. She takes it gingerly.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
(surprised)
Is this it?

TED
Uh-huh. Carter's favorite toy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABIGAIL

His most treasured possession.
(beat, amused)
After Shayera, of course.

TODD

How did you know it would stop
Grundy?

TED

Honestly, I wasn't sure. I just
remembered something Carter used to
say about how magical attacks on him
never seemed to work right.

MAGGIE

What's it made of?

ABIGAIL

No-one knows, not even Carter knew.
It's been passed down from life to
life, since ancient Egypt. He told me
it was forged from the metal of a
fallen star, and he believed that was
why it had special properties.

TED

He called it Nth metal, I think.

Both Todd and Maggie look down at the mace, in AWE.

ABIGAIL

At least it's over now.

Maggie scoffs.

MAGGIE

For you, yeah. We still have
paperwork to do.

Todd GROANS, covering his face with his hands.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Somehow, I doubt 'undead zombies',
'con artist sorceress' and 'alien
metal' are acceptable terms for my
reports.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. METROPOLIS GENERAL - DOWNTOWN - EVENING

Establishing shot of the building.

INT. METROPOLIS GENERAL, EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachel sits on a bed, quietly allowing a DOCTOR to examine her.

Satisfied, the doctor exits, leaving Rachel alone. She pulls herself up onto the bed, knees tucked against her chin, DEEP IN THOUGHT for a moment, before coming to a decision.

She jumps off the bed, and exits.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES, FRONT PARLOUR - EVENING

Madame Xanadu is tidying some of the displays as--

KNOCK! KNOCK! Xanadu glares at the shut door, as the knocking continues.

XANADU
(loosing patience)
We're closed! Go away!

It becomes more insistent with every repetition. Finally Xanadu, beyond irritated, marches over to the door, and unlocks it.

XANADU (cont'd)
Whoever this is, I've had one hell of
a day, so you'd better--

She cracks the door open, and finds herself staring at Rachel Roth.

XANADU (cont'd)
Oh. You. Hello.

RACHEL
(nervous)
Uh, hi.

They stand there, in an uncomfortable silence.

XANADU
Did you want--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
 (interrupting,
 speaking fast)
 Can you help me?

Xanadu blinks, surprised, before slowly smiling.

XANADU
 (impressed)
 I think I can.

She opens the door wider, and hesitantly, Rachel walks in. Xanadu shuts it behind her, and on the "CLOSED" sign, we...

FADE TO:

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

A ROBED, HOODED FIGURE kneels in front of an ALTER. It's a basic looking set-up, with a chalice, standing on a red cloth, and a nasty-looking DAGGER. On either side burns a large black candle.

Behind the alter, painted onto the wall, is an emblem of sorts - A SKULL, sporting TWO PAIRS OF EYE SOCKETS.

The figure, chanting softly, picks up the dagger with one hand, and without any hesitation, slices it across the open palm of the other.

He holds it over the chalice, squeezing it into a fist. Blood drops into it, quickly forming a small pool. He then dips his finger into the chalice, before reaching under the hood, and unseen, MARKS himself.

A timid knock at the door interrupts his ministrations.

HOODED MAN
 Enter.

The door gently opens, allowing more light into the room, as a YOUNG WOMAN steps in, nervous.

YOUNG WOMAN
 (afraid)
 Sorry to disturb your nightly prayers, Brother Blood, but--

She breaks off, swallowing, as the man abruptly stands up, lowering his hood, before turning around - revealing SEBASTIAN BLOOD (last seen in 1x02: "Foundations"). A bloody cross marks his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLOOD
 (loosing patience)
 What is it, Theresa?

The young woman swallows again.

THERESA
 We just heard. The Cult of Azar's
 plan failed. The girl is unharmed.

Bloods simply smiles, before walking over to his desk, and
 pouring himself a drink.

BLOOD
 Of course she is. She is kept safe by
 forces beyond normal understanding.

THERESA
 But sir, the risk? Shouldn't we bring
 her into the fold now?

Blood simply shakes his head, looking out of his window into
 the bright lights of Metropolis at night.

BLOOD
 No. It is not yet time. Our Lord, he
 will tell us when the time is right,
 when our glory will be wrought. We
 must faith, Theresa.

CLOSE ON: His CHARMING, CONFIDENT smile.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

INT. MUSEUM AREA - J.S.A. BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

The place is still a mess, as work crews of various
 companies unloaded their supplies and set up, getting ready
 to begin repairs.

Overseeing it all, are Ted and Abigail, the latter watching
 anxiously as some men work on getting the table upright.

ABIGAIL
 Careful, please! That table is over
 20 years old and never been broken!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ted quickly takes hold of Abigail and leads her away.

TED

Let the workmen do their thing, Ma.
They know what they're doing.

ABIGAIL

(sighs)

I just hate the idea of being closed
again. It was nice having this place
full again, the sound of children
laughing.

TED

A few weeks, you'll have that back,
don't worry. Hell, if anything, once
news of this breaks, you'll have even
more visitors.

Abigail smiles and laughs. They walk over to the intact
exhibits by the wall, looking through them. Jay Garrick's
HELMET, Shayera's COWL. Alan Scott's LANTERN and RING.

TED (cont'd)

Why haven't you told him?

ABIGAIL

Who?

Ted just shoots her a look. Abigail sighs softly.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

I almost did, a few months ago. But
he isn't ready, not now. I mean, how
can I? Nobody's seen or heard from
Alan in years.

TED

I though Carter made contact with him
and the rest of the gang?

ABIGAIL

He did, but then after all that
business with Marionette Ventures,
Alan suddenly went dark again.

She looks at him, impressed.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

How did you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED

Little things. The way he rubs his neck. Just like Alan when he was nervous.

ABIGAIL

Or that things with his hair behind the ear. Rose used to do that when she was embarrassed.

They pause for a moment, in silent remembrance.

TED

He still deserves to know the truth.

Abigail shakes her head.

ABIGAIL

He's scared to know it, Ted. I don't blame him. His father was a superhero, and his mother, well, she can't be held accountable for the things she did, we didn't understand mental illness back then.

TED

It'll hurt less coming from you, someone he knows and cares about.

ABIGAIL

(stubborn)

Maybe you're right. But not now.

Ted sighs, and looks away, RESIGNED.

REVERSE ANGLE: Out in the main foyer, leaning up against the wall, fighting to catch his breath, is TODD.

Off his shocked expression, we:

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE