

METROPOLIS
SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

1x11: "Retaliate"

Written by

ALEX M. P. MATTHEWS

Executive Producers
Alex Matthews, Chris Davis
& Jack Malone

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
TOBY RAINES Kelly Rowan
RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS Gregory Cruz
RALPH DIBNY Fred Weller
KING FARADAY Alex Carter
DAMON MATTHEWS Jonathan Groff
ROY HARPER Nathaniel Buzolic
ADRIAN CHASE David Conrad
KYLE ABBOTT David Guintoli
WHISPER A'DAIRE Jamie Ray Newman

Guest Starring

DANIEL BRICKWELL Christopher Judge
THE 'COWBOY'/GREG SANDERS Christian Kane
MITCHELL SHELLEY Richard Speight Jr.
LYNN STEWART Salli Richardson
HARRY STEIN Diego Klattenhoff
LUCAS 'SNAPPER' CARR Chase Crawford
DRUG COOK
BAILIFF

Special Guest Stars

FRANK BERKOWITZ Anthony Michael Hall
DANIEL BRICKWELL Christopher Judge

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. WAREHOUSE, OLD CITY, METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the large run-down building, complete with crumbling brickwork, boarded windows and graffiti.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's a vast contrast to the outside. Almost the entire floor is filled with work benches. People of all descriptions wearing breathing masks, and little else, work away.

On the tables are measuring scales, plastic baggies and large piles of white powder, streaked with green - cocaine and kryptonite, a.k.a. 'starlight'.

Several GUARDS, fully clothed, keep distant from the workers, each holding a shotgun or a rifle. They watch, hawk-like, as they patrol the room's perimeter.

A metallic, TINKLING sound catches the attention of one of them. He turns and looks around, cautiously.

CLOSE ON: a metal cylinder rolls into his foot.

He looks down, and frowns for a second before his eyes widen in shock.

BANG!

A flash of light accompanies the deafening sound of the FLASH-BANG that just went off. Screams of panic and surprise echo across the room--

--as the front doors to the warehouse are VIOLENTLY pushed inwards and a DOZEN ARMED BLACK-GARBED people, weapons aimed up and steady, pour into the warehouse!

TACTICAL LEADER

Metro P.D.! Everybody on the ground!
On the ground now!

As they take control of the warehouse, easily taking down the disoriented 'guards', before moving onto the meekly obedient workers, the lettering on the back of their Kevlar vests becomes visible.

They read "S.C.U.".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the black-garbed officers slowly gather up and lead away the now-cuffed guards and workers, two officers step away from the crowd. They pull off their headgear, revealing the grinning, sweaty faces of MAGGIE SAWYER and DANNY TURPIN.

BERKOWITZ (PRE-LAP)
This was a victory for the good
citizens of this city.

EXT. HSC INTERNATIONAL, CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the large, modern building.

BERKOWITZ (PRE-LAP)
A major drug ring has been curtailed,
and a blow struck at the heart of the
criminals who think they can run
roughshod over Metropolis.

INT. WHISPER'S OFFICE, HSC INTERNATIONAL - CO

On a large flat-screen TV, hanging in the corner, a WGBS news report plays. MAYOR FRANK BERKOWITZ stands in front of an array of microphone being aimed at him by reporters.

Behind him, the now-arrested warehouse occupants are pushed into police transports, and crime-scene techs in overalls and masks, carrying scene kits, head into the warehouse.

BERKOWITZ
For too long, this drug-rings have
believed that they can continue to do
their business without fear of
reprisal, but I am here today to tell
them that is no longer the case.

WHISPER (O.S.)
Such a tiresome man.

The screen shuts off, going dark. WHISPER A'DAIRE sits at her desk, remote control in hand, as she turns to look at the two men standing in front of her desk.

One, KYLE ABBOTT, meets Whisper's gaze, and the two share a knowing look about *something*. The other, DANIEL 'BRICK' BRICKWELL (mid-50s, extremely well built, white dreadlocks tightly bound in a ponytail), looks more irate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRICKWELL

That all you have to say? I just lost the majority of my production houses in a single night!

WHISPER

We just lost, don't you mean, Daniel? I mean, we're partners, correct?

Daniel suddenly nervous, nods and swallows.

BRICKWELL

Yeah, of course.

Whisper simply smiles, before gesturing dismissively.

WHISPER

Anyway, we both know those houses were due to be shut down and reorganized soon. Admittedly, the loss of product is annoying, but nothing we can't deal with.

She then picks up a blue folder, and passes it to Daniel, who flicks through it curious, before becoming angry at what he reads.

WHISPER (cont'd)

Besides, we have a more important situation, as you can see.

BRICKWELL

Someone's skimming from us?

KYLE

They've taken a significant amount of our money. It's time that was dealt with.

BRICKWELL

Who?

KYLE

Your lawyer friend, Mitchell Shelley.

Brick, stunned, looks back at the papers, flicking to another page.

CLOSE ON: A surveillance photo of a laughing MITCHELL SHELLEY (longish, blond-brown hair, 40 or so, a casual smile, but with a sleaziness to it), as he paws at a couple of high-class looking call girls, flashing cash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE (cont'd)
He's been using our money to fund his
excesses. Drugs. Booze. Girls.

BRICKWELL
(stutters, shocked)
There-- there's gotta be some kind of
mistake, here.

Whisper simply shakes her head. Kyle crosses his arms,
defiant.

WHISPER
I'm afraid not, Daniel. I know he's
your friend, but we have the proof in
your hands.

Brickwell, looking utterly furious and betrayed, slams the
folder closed, and takes a deep breath, calming himself.

BRICKWELL
(hotly)
I'll take care of this myself.

Whisper smiles, coyly.

WHISPER
While I appreciate the thought, I've
already put another plan in motion.

Brickwell frowns, not liking what he hears. Whisper stands,
walking over to the large windows, looking out at the city.

WHISPER (cont'd)
Since you and Shelley have a history,
your friendship being well known with
the police, I decided to outsource.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM, SUICIDE SLUMS, METROPOLIS - DAY

The motel room is bare. A bed, small chest of drawers, and a
washbasin. Leaning against the basin, staring into the
mirror hanging over it, is a MAN (early-40s, long dark hair,
handsome but haunted).

He wears casual clothes: a dark blue shirt, a red neck-scarf
tied around one arm, pale blue jeans and brown cowboy boots
give him a distinct 'country' look. A STETSON even sits on
the chest of drawers - next to a PISTOL.

BRICKWELL (V.O.)
Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHISPER (V.O.)

No one you know. Someone I've arranged, and it will leave us free of reprisal as well.

Stoically, he picks up the pistol, and checks the magazine, which is fully loaded. He flicks it closed with ease, and places it in the holster around his waist, turning from the basin, flashing the SECOND gun he wears.

He picks up the stetson and places it securely on his head, before picking up a photograph that was under it, examining it closely.

WHISPER (V.O.) (cont'd)

Rest assured. He'll get the job done.

CLOSE ON: the photo, which is a head-shot of a more clean-cut, professional Shelley.

Off the man's cold, hard stare, we:

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY HALL, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - MORNING

Establishing shot of the older, classic looking building.

BERKOWITZ (PRE-LAP)
Well, I think some well-deserved
congratulations are in order.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS

Inside the well-appointed, rather grand office, featuring both a US flag, and a Kansas State flag, standing behind his desk and pouring a drink, is Mayor Berkowitz.

Sitting in front of him, are MAGGIE SAWYER, and DISTRICT ATTORNEY ADRIAN CHASE. Both decline his silent offer of a drink, as does SPECIAL AGENT KING FARADAY, standing by the wall nearby. Chewing gum, as usual.

The only one smiling is Berkowitz.

CHASE
Frank, I think you should be ready
for the backlash here.

Berkowitz's smile fades just a little, as a frown forms.

MAGGIE
The D.A. is right, sir. That press
conference made you a target. If I
knew you'd planned that, I would have
advised against it.

BERKOWITZ
(annoyed)
The people of this city need to see
I'm not sitting in this ivory tower
don't nothing, Captain. The point is,
we've inflicted serious damage
against that so-called drug kingpin
Brickwell.

MAGGIE
That may be the case, sir, but
putting yourself in the line of fire
only make our job harder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY

What she means is, Brickwell won't just take the shutting down of any of his production houses lying down. He'll retaliate, and you've just essentially proclaimed shutting him down is your own personal mission.

Berkowitz pales, and quickly gulps his drink down, before pouring another.

Chase, worried, watches closely, while Maggie shoots a very unimpressed look at Faraday. He slyly grins.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

Did you have to spook him like that?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM, METRO CENTRAL - LATER

Maggie and Faraday push through the double doors, walking into the squad room, and head towards the bullpen.

FARADAY

Hey, if he's going to be a target, he should know about it, right?

MAGGIE

You're not the one he'll be constantly calling up to ask why I haven't arrested Brickwell yet.

They enter the bull-pen and walk over to where Danny and RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS sit at their desks, going over paperwork.

TEN CLOUDS

(surprised)

We're arresting 'the Brick'?

Maggie sighs in annoyance and shakes her head.

MAGGIE

No. Faraday just scared the crap out of the Mayor, who now wants our every priority to be taking Brickwell down.

FARADAY

Oh, but he passed on his thanks to the entire department for a job well done though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie shoots him a look, but he just shrugs.

FARADAY (cont'd)
(innocently)
What? He did!

MAGGIE
How are we doing with our guests?

TEN CLOUDS
We've talked to over a dozen of them so far. We've got guard, meth cooks, a couple of couriers. So far, no one is saying a damn thing we can use.

DANNY
They're too scared of what 'the Brick' will do if they rat him out.

FARADAY
So, we're nowhere closer then we were before the raid. Great.

Off their collective of unhappy looks...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE, MIDTOWN - DAY (LATER)

It's a more classical style of building, with a statue of the blindfolded Lady Justice, holding a sword in one hand, scales in the other, in the front plaza.

LIEUTENANT RALPH DIBNY (from 1x04: "Trust") heads across the plaza, and up the stairs leading to the court house proper.

BETH (O.S.)
Lieutenant Dibny!

Dibny looks over his shoulder, and spots the caller.

DIBNY'S P.O.V.: Standing below the raised pedestal of Lady Justice, are DR. BETH CHAPEL and TOBY RAINES, each holding a coffee, smartly dressed. Toby has press credentials hung around her neck, while Beth wears a court entry pass.

Smiling, he adjusts course, and heads on down toward them.

DIBNY
Dr. Chapel. Ms. Raines, nice to see you both.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 TOBY
You too, Lieutenant.

 BETH
Are you here for the Sutton case?

 DIBNY
That's right.

 TOBY
I did a story on that case. A mole in
the 28th working for Daniel
Brickwell, right.

 BETH
Well, here's hoping Lynn Stewart
finishes the job. Mitchell Shelley is
defending him.

 DIBNY
 (unimpressed)
That jackass? Please, he may be the
go-to guy for scumbags, but A.D.A.
Stewart will beat him easily.

Beth sips her coffee, then checks her watch, grimacing.

 BETH
I should get a move on, Lynn wanted
me to see her before the hearing.

With over-exaggerated movements, Dibny offers his arms.

 DIBNY
May I escort you both, m'ladies?

 BETH
 (coquettishly)
Oh, I do love that Southern charm!

They share a laugh, and as they walk in together...

CUT TO: A man, wearing a long trench-coat and a stetson hat,
face hidden from view until he raises his head, revealing
the man from before - the COWBOY.

Eyes narrowed, he watches the court house, as Dibny, Beth
and Toby disappear inside. He reaches into his coat pocket,
and pulls out the photograph of Shelly from earlier.

He flips it over to reveal writing on the back: "COURTROOM
#4. 10AM." After a moment, he puts it away, before looking
back at, and moving towards, the court house...

CONTINUED:

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ONE-STOP COFFEE, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY (LATER)

Sitting outside the cafe in the small seating area, at one of the tables, which already has a couple of empty coffee mugs on it, is a slightly nervous TODD RICE.

He smiles up at DAMON MATTHEWS when the other man puts a another mug down in front of him.

TODD

Thanks!

He takes a grateful sip as Damon sits opposite, smiling at each other for a moment, both of them unsure what to say. They shift in the seats, uncomfortable, until Damon suddenly laughs.

TODD (cont'd)

(surprised)

What?

DAMON

I just realized how crazy it's going to sound to my mother when I explain I'm dating the son of a superhero.

Todd looks at him, surprised, before smiling.

TODD

Actually, I'm still trying to wrap my brain around it as well.

DAMON

Have you told anyone else?

Todd shakes his head. SIGHS

TODD

It's not exactly something I can drop into casual conversation with them.

DAMON

What about Mrs. Hunkel? Have you gone back to the museum since?

TODD

(embarrassed)

I wouldn't know what to say to her either! I mean, I was eavesdropping, remember.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAMON

(firmly)

You had every right to know the truth, however you found out, Todd.

They share a smile. Damon reaches across casually, and rests his hand on Todd's gently.

DAMON (cont'd)

I'm just glad I was in the right place and time to be the one you did tell. I hope I was a good listener.

TODD

More so, you were just what I needed.

DAMON

Happy to be of service.

Smiling, Damon's fingers rub against Todd's knuckles. Todd smile widens--

BLEEP! BLEEP!

Damon grimaces, pulling his cell from his jacket pocket.

DAMON (cont'd)

Sorry!

Todd smile fades, and he sits back, the moment gone, as Damon frowns and sighs.

DAMON (cont'd)

It's Lynn. I'm sorry, I have to go.

Todd nods, and they both stand.

TODD

Hey, I get it. Better not get on the bad side of the 'Demolisher', right?

DAMON

(laughs)

Actually, she's not as bad as everyone paints her, outside the courtroom anyway.

They stand there for a moment, UNSURE.

TODD

Well, this was nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAMON

Yeah, we should definitely do it again, just you know, without being interrupted, and maybe at a nice restaurant.

They share another laugh, before standing there for a minute, uncomfortable.

They both move toward each other at the same time, stopping, shifting position, awkwardly, before finally embracing in a brief, rather chaste hug. Todd gives Damon a very quick kiss on the cheek, before pulling away.

TODD

Uh, yeah, so I'll call you?

DAMON

Sure. Unless, you know, I call you first?

TODD

Great! Okay, uh, bye?

DAMON

Yeah, bye.

Damon gives a small, almost timid wave, before quickly walking away. Todd watches for a moment, before closing his eyes and shaking his head, embarrassed.

TODD (PRE-LAP)

It was awful!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. S.C.U. BULL-PEN, METRO CENTRAL - LATER

Todd and Maggie stand by his desk, Todd looking miserable, while Maggie does her best to be sympathetic.

MAGGIE

That's not too bad, unless it was the quick tap kind of kiss?

Todd grimaces and covers his face with his hands, groaning. Maggie shakes her head, trying not to smile.

TODD

(muffled, through hands)

Stop. I can hear you smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie smile widens.

INT. COURTROOM #3, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - INTERCUT (DAY)

Prepping their paperwork, standing at the prosecution's table, are Damon and a smartly-dressed LYNN STEWART-PIERCE (mid-40s, African-American, beautiful).

Damon looks just as unhappy as Todd does, while Lynn listens, distractedly, reading notes.

DAMON

I really like this guy, Lynn.

JOANNA

I'm pretty sure he like you too. I mean, it's been three dates in a week, right?

DAMON

Yeah, but it was *the* date, today. Sure it was only a coffee date, but we're both career guys, so I can live with that.

LYNN

'The' date?

DAMON

You know. '*The*' date, the one where you feel something was going to happen.

He gives her an annoyed glare.

DAMON (cont'd)

Until someone texts you and interrupts the moment.

Lynn looks up from her notes, embarrassed.

LYNN

(guiltily)

I did? My bad, I'm sorry.

Damon sighs, shaking his head.

DAMON

It's not your fault. It's just, that kiss. On the cheek. Was that a brush off? Will he call?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lynn stands, organizing some papers, just as the doors open, and MITCHELL SHELLEY walks in, sniffing and rubbing his nose, swaggering towards the defense's table.

LYNN

Damon, if the guy like you as much as I think he does, he'll call. He's probably just nervous. But now, we have a hearing to get on with, okay?

Damon nods, taking a breath, and focusing. They both watch with open distaste as Shelley sets himself up on his side of the court, before turning to look at them with a cocky grin.

SHELLEY

Trying to score extra brownie points by getting in early, Linnie? Or just needing the extra time preparing to loose?

Lynn sneers, and takes a step closer towards Shelley, who watches, amused.

LYNN

Not this time, Shelley. Besides, don't you ever get sick of lining your knock-off designer pockets with the money of the guilty?

SHELLEY

Given the fact that the majority of my clients have all been acquitted or settled out of court, calling them 'guilty' could be considered slanderous. You should watch yourself there, hun.

He deliberately turns his back on her, which only angers her more. She starts to lunge at him, but Damon grabs her wrist, and gives her a hard stare.

Taking a breath, she backs down, and takes her seat as the doors open again, Dibny and Beth walking in.

INT. LOBBY, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

At the security checkpoint area, several armed bailiffs stand on guard, watching with eagle eyes. One sits at a desk, an array of camera monitor screens on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In one area, talking to a man in judges robes, is Toby, taking notes as she inaudibly questions him, as the COWBOY walks in. He reaches into a pocket, pulling out a small black device, pressing a CONTROL.

CLOSE ON: The security screens all display STATIC. The guard frowns, leans forward, suspicious.

The Cowboy joins the line of people waiting to pass though one of the three large metal detectors by the checkpoint area. His stetson and long unbuttoned trench-coat immediately draw the guards attention.

When he finally gets to the detector, he gives the bailiff standing there a charming smile, and tips his hat to her.

COWBOY
(Southern, very Old
West)
Howdy, darl'n.

He then casually walks through the detector--

--which goes off with a loud BEEP!

On cue, two more bailiffs approach, hands resting on their holsters.

BAILIFF
Sir, could you step this way, please.

COWBOY
Sorry, miss. I've got other plans.

SLOW MOTION: In one FLUID move, he shrugs off his open trench-coat, which falls to the ground, and as the bailiffs start to pull their weapons free, the Cowboy already has his twin pair of REVOLVERS out and aimed.

He pulls the triggers--

BANG!

INT. COURTROOM #3, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Everybody reacts to the sound of the gunshot, DIBNY on his feet instantly, looking toward the closed doors, alert.

LYNN
(worried)
Was that..?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dibny steps out into the aisle between the rows of chairs of the gallery, taking a few cautious steps towards the door--

--as it BURSTS inward, kicked open by the Cowboy, his pistols up and ready, quickly brought to bear on Dibny. Screams of panic can be heard out in the corridor.

COWBOY

Easy, partner! Hands where I can see them.

Slowly, Dibny does as he is told, lifting his arms high and wide. The rest of the rooms occupants all react with a mixture of shock, fear and disbelief.

DIBNY

You've maybe got a few minutes before the police respond. You can still walk out of here without making this worse.

The Cowboy simply smiles, coldly.

COWBOY

Worse? I've already got what I came for.

He then AIMS one of his pistols - straight at a quivering Mitchell Shelley.

Off the cowboy's steely gaze, we:

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. COURTROOM #3, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - DAY (LATER)

While the Cowboy keeps a pistol aimed directly at Shelley, a nervous Damon closes the courtroom doors. The other pistol, and the Cowboy's gaze, is fixed on Dibny, as Lynn finishes handcuffing him.

COWBOY

Nice work, boys and girls. Let's keep it peaceful, and we'll all get along famously.

LYNN

(defiant)

You're not going to get out of here, you realize that?

COWBOY

I'll take my chances. Now, the rest of you, on the floor.

With a flick of the pistol, he gestures for Damon to rejoin the others, and the four civilians quickly group together and sit down as instructed, huddled closely.

Shelley suddenly bursts forward, pleading.

SHELLEY

Look, I can pay you! Whatever someone else is, I'll double it! Triple it! Please, just let me go and--

SMACK!

The Cowboy, face twisting with RAGE, lashes out with the pistol, catching Shelley across the face. The force of the blow floors Shelley, as he CRIES in pain, holding his now-bleeding cheek.

COWBOY

You don't get to talk! So sit down, and shut the hell up.

Shelley whimpers as he lays still, as the Cowboy looks around the room, SEARCHING, before spotting something O.S.

CLOSE ON: A security cameras mounted on the walls--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- which EXPLODES into pieces with a single well-placed shot.

With an almost lazy aim, the Cowboy aims at the second camera in a different corner, and destroys that one too.

EXT. METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE, MIDTOWN - CONTINUOUS

A crowd of people are congregating around the statue of Lady Justice, as uniformed police officers move through them, taking statements or moving them beyond the barricade that has now been set up..

Four police patrol cars are parked by the curb, and Adrian Chase, tie loosened and looking flustered, talks to a man in uniform, LIEUTENANT HARRY STEIN (mid-30s, red hair, wrestlers build).

STEIN

What can you tell me, Mr. Chase?

CHASE

It's bad, Lieutenant. I did a count, and checked the sign-in log. I'm missing five people.

STEIN

(serious,
considering)

So, we can assume they're hostages.

CHASE

(angry)

Dammit, what the hell is this guy doing? He looked like a damn cowboy, and he took out two bailiffs with ease. Shot the guns right out of their hands.

STEIN

He's got some training, then. Good, anything else you can tell me will help figure this guy out. Talk to your staff, have them give as much detail as possible from what they remember seeing.

As they walk off, they pass by Toby Raines, who is being escorted towards the barrier, cell phone to her ear.

TOBY

Come on, come on, answer!

INT. S.C.U. BULL-PEN, METRO CENTRAL - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie, phone to her ear, strides out of her office, looking determined.

MAGGIE
(fiercely)
Are you sure?

The rest of the bull-pen's occupants, including Todd, Danny and Ten Clouds, all look up, her tone and pose getting their attention.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Thanks for the heads up. Be safe, I love you.

She ends the call, and turns to face the room, everyone looking expectant.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
We've got a hostage situation at the court house. Their surveillance system is down, so we have no I.D. on the suspect yet, but we do know that Dr. Chapel and Lt. Dibny of I.A. are unaccounted for, possibly hostages.

She turns to look at Todd, her gaze softening, as he frowns, worried.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Also believed held are attorney Mitchell Shelley, Executive A.D.A. Lynn Stewart, and her co-counsel, Damon Matthews.

Todd visibly PALES, shocked, as Maggie turns back to the rest of the squad.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
We haven't been invited onto the scene, but I'm going anyway. Russell, Danny, you're about to interview one of the meth cooks, right?

DANNY
Yeah, he's sweating inside Interrogation One at the moment.

MAGGIE
Keep at it, but be ready in case I need the rest of the squad.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (cont'd)
 Russell, you okay to keep the
 madhouse ticking over?

TEN CLOUDS
 Don't I always when you play hooky?

Maggie gives him a brief grin. She turns back to see Todd pulling on his jacket. She looks at him, surprised.

MAGGIE
 Where'd you think you're going?

TODD
 (confidently)
 With you.

MAGGIE
 Todd, this is a hostage situation, I
 can't just--

Todd steps forward, and stands right in Maggie's way.

TODD
 (firmly)
 I'm going. With you.
 (beat)
 I need to be there, Maggie. Plus I'm
 the best I.T. specialist you have,
 next to Wally.

They lock eyes for a moment, before Maggie lets out a breath.

MAGGIE
 Let's move.

As the bull-pen resumes normal operations, the two head out...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ONE, S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In the stark, white-washed room, a single strip light illuminating it, Ten Clouds leans casually against the wall, while Danny sits at the metal table.

Sitting opposite, a pair of handcuffs securing him to the table, sits a gaunt, disheveled man (mid-20s), EVAN. He sniffs loudly, and rubs his nose, eyes watering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

This doesn't look good for you, Evan. Manufacturing of an illegal substance, possession with intent to distribute at least.

TEN CLOUDS

With your record, you'll go down for a long, long time. So how about you cooperate, and we'll let the D.A. know so they can cut you a deal.

EVAN

(nervously)

No, no way, man. I ain't talking to you.

DANNY

You really think you can handle going back in Stryker's, Evan? Come on, give a little to get a little.

EVAN

Yo, I'd rather do time in Stryker's and be alive, then go against the 'Brick' man. So, call me a lawyer, or we're done.

He leans back in his chair, DEFIANT. The two detectives share a look, before they exit the room.

INT. OBSERVATION ONE, S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Watching Evan fidget, behind the one-way glass, is Faraday, not impressed. He watches as a uniformed officer comes in, releasing Evan from the table, before pushing him towards the exit.

As Faraday exits the observation room, Evan is escorted out of the squad room. Annoyed, he heads into the bull-pen where Danny and Ten Clouds stand by their desks, Ten Clouds on the phone.

FARADAY

That's it? That's all you're asking him.

DANNY

The guy lawyered up. Not much else we can do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY
Are you kidding me?

Ten Clouds hangs up and grins.

TEN CLOUDS
Wally's all set. It's good to go.

The share a conspiratorial look, smiling coyly. Faraday's frown deepens as he looks at the two men.

FARADAY
What are you up to?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELLS, METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Walking through the dimly lit corridor, they reach an empty cell. The uniformed officer opens it with a sharp pull, before pushing the confused Evan into it.

EVAN
Hey man, this isn't the same cell I was in before. Where's the rest of my crew?

The officer simply slams the cage door locked, and head off the way he came.

EVAN (cont'd)
(scared)
Hey, not cool! I ain't talking, you hear me! Not without a lawyer.

VOICE (O.S.)
Keep it down, will ya? Trying to sleep here!

Evan turns around surprised, looking at the cell's solitary bench, where a man lays, wearing ripped jeans, old looking sneakers and a old faded red hoodie.

EVAN
Willie? Red Willie Jones? That you, man?

The man sits up and pulls the hood away, revealing ROY 'RED WILLIE' HARPER, looking almost as disheveled as Evan.

ROY
Evan? Hey man, long time, no see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off his tired, smiling face...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE, MIDTOWN - DAY (LATER)

News vans have already arrived. Standing by the WGBS-TV van is a handsome, smartly-dressed man (late 20s, short light brown hair, blue eyes), microphone ready.

Meet LUCAS 'SNAPPER' CARR.

As the cameraman sets up, Snapper quickly tousles his hair, before turning to the camera, as he is counted in.

SNAPPER

This is Lucas 'Snapper' Carr reporting for WGBS-TV outside the Metropolis courthouse where we are told several people are being held hostage by a masked gunman witnesses describe as being dressed like 'a modern day cowboy'.

He indicates a MOBILE COMMAND CENTER vehicle, parked alongside the patrol cars, as a growing crowd of spectators watch from behind the police perimeter.

SNAPPER (cont'd)

Metropolis P.D. has already responded and S.W.A.T. forces are deployed around the courthouse, but the question remains: who is the mystery gunman?

INT. LOBBY, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Standing behind the security desk, each of the monitors still displaying static, Stein stands over the shoulder of a technician, who is tapping the keyboard of the workstation. Adrian Chase stands nearby, arms crossed.

Behind them, the door opens, and Maggie and Todd step into the lobby, quickly getting clearance from a nearby S.W.A.T. Trooper. As soon as Chase sees her, he moves to block Maggie off.

CHASE

What the hell are you doing here, Sawyer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

My job, Counsellor.

CHASE

The S.C.U. has no involvement in this case, Sawyer.

MAGGIE

I've been involved in more hostage negotiations and critical situations than you've had corporate dinners, Chase.

CHASE

Dammit, Sawyer, you just can't show up at any given situation and think your damn unit can take over!

MAGGIE

(getting pissed off)

If it means taking it over from you, just watch me!

STEIN (O.S.)

(clears throat)

Uh, excuse me?

They both look over at Stein, who stands, unimpressed, arms crossed, watching them.

STEIN

Given that this is my command, I think you'll find I have the final say around here.

He takes a step forward.

STEIN (cont'd)

Mr. District Attorney, I appreciate your opinion, but truth be told, Captain Sawyer would be a good resource to use, so I think I'll take it.

Maggie smiles, which only pisses Chase off more.

CHASE

Fine. That's your decision. I'll leave you to it, see how my staff are.

He quickly exits, as Stein shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEIN

Jack-ass.

MAGGIE

No kidding.

(beat)

Sorry if I stepped on your toes,
Harry. Didn't mean to throw down on
your command.

STEIN

Hey, like I said, I'll take any help
I can get. I thought I'd seen some
stuff in L.A., but a cowboy,
seriously?

MAGGIE

Welcome to the City of Tomorrow.

She gestures at Todd, who waves halfheartedly.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

This is Todd Rice, my aide, and one
of the best I.T. guys I know. He
thought he could lend a hand.

STEIN

Good to meet you, pull up a chair,
take a station. We're still trying to
get surveillance.

TODD

Happy to help.

He sits at the offered chair, exchanging a nod with the
other tech. He begins tapping at keys, as two monitors go
black, before screens of data start scrolling down them.

EXT. S.T.A.R. LABS, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY (LATER)

Establishing shot of the building.

SNAPPER (PRE-LAP)

We're now being told that Captain
Maggie Sawyer of the S.C.U. has
arrived on scene. We're not sure why
a so-called 'cowboy' warrants the
attention of that department.

INT. KITTY'S OFFICE, STAR LABS - CONTINUOUS

Via a desk-top monitor screen, DR. KITTY FAULKNER watches the WGBS-TV live-feed, nervously biting her nails.

SNAPPER

We do know that surveillance video was disabled just before this all started. We'll keep you updated with more as it happens.

Kitty turns off the monitor. Stands. Pacing her office for a moment. She looks at her wall safe. Realization DAWNS.

She bolts forward, and taps an entry code into the touch-screen wall panel. The safe opens with a soft click.

She opens it, revealing a small, square metal case. She extracts and opens it with a flick of the catches, smiling at the unseen contents.

EVAN (PRE-LAP)

So, you got caught up in these busts, as well, huh?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELLS, METRO CENTRAL - DAY (LATER)

Roy and Evan are sitting in the bench, exchanging stories.

ROY

I was just there to get my latest shipment for the 'Brick', when the cops crashed through and cuffed everyone in sight.

EVAN

Dude, I heard you got out of the game, that you got yourself cleaned up?

ROY

Hey, I tried it, but you know how it goes. Not easy getting out of the business, and staying alive.

EVAN

Tell me about it! Man, you know the cops tried to get me to flip on 'Brick'. They couldn't pay me enough to risk that!

INT. FORENSICS LAB, METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A computer monitor, on which is a crystal clear view of the cell Evan and Roy are being held in.

FARADAY (O.S.)
Very nice, gentlemen.

REVERSE ANGLE: Ten Clouds, Danny, Faraday and WALLY WEST watch the conversation continue. Wally even eats some popcorn. He touches a key, muting the sound.

WALLY
(mouthful of
popcorn)
We're recording sound and video of
the entire conversation.

DANNY
We realized that Evan would be as
tight-lipped as the rest of those
ass-wipes we arrested.

WALLY
But when I ran Evan through our
system, it flagged that he was an old
friend of Roy's.

FARADAY
I studied up on your previous run-in
with Harper. Lucky to be alive,
stealing from Intergang.

TEN CLOUDS
Yeah, well, he's willing to help with
the play, stick 'em in a cell and
hope Evan runs his mouth to an old
friend.

Faraday shots Ten Clouds a look.

FARADAY
'Willing'? Given his agreement with
the D.A., I'm sure he was

DANNY
(defensive)
Actually, Roy's a decent guy. He's
put his safety on the line before,
and all his own choice.

Faraday, intrigued, looks back at the monitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY
Interesting.

CLOSE ON: The now-silent conversation continues...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM #3, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - DAY (LATER)

The hostages remain grouped together on the ground, as the Cowboy stands at the doors, looking out into the empty corridor.

Beth is examining the ugly gash on Shelley's cheek. He winces with every touch.

BETH
It's deep, but I'll don't think
you'll need stitches.

DAMON
What does he want with you? Do you
recognize him?

Shelley shakes his head. Lynn scoffs, unimpressed.

LYNN
Maybe he's someone who didn't like
your idea of legal representation.

SHELLEY
Hey, none of my clients have ever had
cause to complain.

DIBNY
Why hasn't he killed you?

SHELLEY
Excuse me?!

DIBNY
If all he wanted was to kill you, get
revenge, why hasn't he? It's like
he's waiting for something.

SHELLEY
Well, don't give him ideas, okay?! I
like that fact he hasn't shot me yet!

VRING! VRING!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone looks at Dibny. He looks over at the Cowboy, who hurries over, pistols aimed.

COWBOY

Take it out, slowly. Put it on the floor.

Dibny does as instructed. The Cowboy then SLAMS his heel into the phone. AGAIN, shattering it.

DIBNY

That was probably whoever's in charge out there, they'll want to talk to you.

COWBOY

Sorry, partner, I got nothing to say. Rest of you, phones out too.

The rest of the group pull out their cells...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. WHISPER'S OFFICE, HSC INTERNATIONAL - CONTINUOUS

Whisper, smiling ever so slightly, watches 'Snapper' Carr's continuing coverage on the television.

SNAPPER

A source close to the negotiation efforts tells us that the so-called 'Cowboy' is refusing to talk, leaving the fate of his hostages uncertain for now.

The television blinks off. Whisper raises an eyebrow, curious, as Brickwell, remote in hand, nervously paces the office.

BRICKWELL

This is bad. This is so freaking bad!

WHISPER

Oh, calm down, Daniel. Admittedly, it's gotten a little bit more dramatic than I thought, but it's still all working in our favor. We have the perfect man for this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRICKWELL

How do you know, huh? He could chicken out, decide what you paid him isn't enough to face jail time.

Whisper LAUGHS. Brick looks at her like she's crazy.

WHISPER

Daniel, darling. We're not paying this man a cent. We've other ways to convince him to follow through with the plan, for the good of everyone involved.

Smiling, Whisper picks up her cell phone and dials a number. Brick just watches her, DOUBTFUL.

INT. SAFE-HOUSE, SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

CLOSE ON: A vibrating cell phone, and the hand that picks it up, and answers it.

CRANE UP: As KYLE holds the phone to his ear.

KYLE

Yes?

WHISPER

How are our guests?

KYLE

Comfortable.

He looks across the room, at the quietly defiant OLDER WOMAN (mid-70s, gray hair, a wise looking visage) dressed in a very rural style.

In her arms, head partially buried into the older woman's chest, tears streaking her cheeks, is a YOUNG GIRL (12).

Standing around them, each carrying a GUN, visible but not aimed, are two men: HIRED THUGS.

KYLE (cont'd)

They're cooperating. They understand how this works.

WHISPER

And our man in the courthouse?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

He's playing along nicely. He knows
what's at stake.

He turns and sits down at an open LAPTOP, on which is a
WOBBLY LIVE-FEED of the courtroom. He picks up a microphone,
attached to the laptop.

INT. COURTROOM #3, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Cowboy maintains his vigil, but FLINCHES--

KYLE (O.S.)

(deeper, distorted)

Don't you, Cowboy?

One hand goes to his ear, as he seems to RUB it.

CLOSE ON: The small, almost imperceptible EAR PIECE just
inside his ear canal.

He backs away, and turns his head away from them. The
coldness in his eyes replaced by a DESPERATE NEED.

COWBOY

(whispered)

Please, don't hurt them. I'll get it
done, I swear! I just-- I need to
play this out a little longer!

Off his nervous swallow, we:

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

EXT. METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE, MIDTOWN - DAY

Establishing shot of the location.

INT. LOBBY, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maggie stands next to Stein, drumming her fingers against the surface of Todd's workstation. They watch as he taps at the keyboard, before finally shaking his head.

TODD

Surveillance is back, looks like it was an override signal that cut out the system. But he must have shot out the courtroom's cameras, I can't get those up.

MAGGIE

What about getting our own cameras in there?

STEIN

He's standing by the doors, keeping an eye out, we can't get close enough. Plus, it's an interior room, so no windows.

MAGGIE

Air ducts?

STEIN

Too old and too small to hold a person, and the fiber optic isn't long enough to snake around.

MAGGIE

Damn it.

There is a small CHIRP, and Stein puts a finger to his ear piece, frowning.

STEIN

There's a Dr. Faulkner from S.T.A.R. Labs outside. Says she has something that might help?

Maggie and Todd share a look, CURIOUS...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: The metal case opens, revealing a small silver, spherical object encased in protective wrapping. Next to it is a small USB device.

KITTY (O.S.)
I thought this might come in handy.

Kitty slowly and carefully lifts the T-SPHERE out and holds it in the palm of her hand.

MAGGIE
Isn't that..?

KITTY
(excitedly)
Uh huh! I mean, S.T.A.R. does keep all advanced technology the S.C.U. recovers in it's cases, so I've been tinkering.

TODD
You didn't give it back to him?

KITTY
(embarrassed)
Well, uh, he-- he never asked for it back.

STEIN
What is it?

KITTY
Everything you need to get eyes in the courtroom. I was able to figure out how to operate and re-purpose it.

She places it back down, and passes the USB drive to Todd.

KITTY (cont'd)
Mr. Rice, take that flash drive, it's got the software you'll need to view what the sphere sees.

Todd does as instructed. Kitty pulls a computer tablet from her bag. She grins. Excited. Proud.

KITTY (cont'd)
I've gotten pretty good at driving it around too.

Stein, DUMBFOUNDED, looks to a smiling, impressed Maggie.

CONTINUED:

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM #3, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - DAY (LATER)

The Cowboy stands by the door, peering out the gap, pistols lowered. Dibny, hands still bound, gets to his feet.

CLICK!

One pistol is immediately up and aimed in Dibny's direction.

COWBOY

I said to stay still, partner.

DIBNY

I just wanna talk, is all. One Southerner to another.

Closing the door, the Cowboy faces Dibny.

COWBOY

I got nothing to talk about.

DIBNY

I disagree. You came here to kill someone. There's gotta be a story to that.

COWBOY

Oh there's a story, but it ain't mine to tell.

He walks over, pointing the pistol down at the whimpering Shelley.

COWBOY (cont'd)

It's yours, ain't it, Shelley?

SHELLEY

It is?! Look, I don't know who you are, okay?

DIBNY

You're not helping, Shelley.

The Cowboy grabs Shelley by his shirtfront, and easily pulls him to his feet, gun held to his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COWBOY
 (shouts)
 Warpath!
 (beats)
 That ring any bells?

Shelley pales even further, and swallows hard.

As the Cowboy yells, his pistol wavering, PAN UP and CLOSE ON the small air duct in the upper part of the wall.

Just visible, floating by the grating, is the T-SPHERE.

KITTY (PRE-LAP)
 Signal's a little bit scrambled, but
 it's coming through steady.

INT. LOBBY, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

On one of the security monitors, the live-feed plays out, Maggie and the others watching. Kitty smiles, VICTORIOUS.

SHELLEY
 Oh, God.

COWBOY
 You do remember, don't you?

Maggie presses a control, muting the feed. She turns to Todd.

MAGGIE
 You got enough to get facial
 recognition?

TODD
 Scanning it now.

Another screen flares up with a focused close up of the Cowboy, highlighted in green.

MAGGIE
 Narrow it down using 'warpath'.

TODD
 On it.

A smaller screen pops up, running through various images at high-speed. Maggie turns the sound back on, continuing to watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLEY

It was years ago!

COWBOY

You took everything from us!

SHELLEY

(desperate)

Your family signed a contract! It was legally binding! You should have read the fine print!

COWBOY

He cost my family our home, our farm, all our land! We got nothing!

TODD

Got it!

STEIN

That was fast!

The sound is muted again, as the search screen is replacing by a SERVICE FILE.

TODD

Yeah, he's in the federal law enforcement database!

MAGGIE

He's one of ours?

She and Stein lean in to read the file.

STEIN

'Greg Saunders'? Former FBI agent, now the sheriff of a small town by the Mexican border.

MAGGIE

Called 'Warpath'. What's his connection to Shelley?

Todd taps away at the keyboard, and several newspaper articles appear.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Looks like the Saunders family owned a large amount of land, until they lost it after several legal disputes, 10 year ago, with a company called 'Ridge Mining'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY

Ridge Mining? I've heard of them. They've been doing a lot of work for LexCorp. Mining unusual areas all over the world.

TODD

Turns out Shelley used to work for them before he set up as a criminal defense attorney.

STEIN

Well, at least we know why he's gunning for Shelley.

MAGGIE

Ten years though? It's a long time to wait to get revenge.

TODD

Plus this guy is former FBI. He only quit that to come home to help the family.

STEIN

Maybe something happened to make him want to make a move now?

The sound is turned on, and they continue watching, as the Cowboy (now SAUNDERS) pulls Shelley away from the other hostages, and head back to the doors, before pushing him down into a heap on the floor again.

SCREECH!!

Everyone in the lobby flinches, and Todd tears off his headset, rubbing his ears furiously.

TODD

What the hell was that?!

STEIN

Sounded like some kind of feedback.

KITTY

There shouldn't be anything in the courtroom that would cause that kind of interference.

(beat, realizing)

Wait a second.

She begin to work her tablet at a FURIOUS pace, concentrating, as everyone looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY (cont'd)
Remember I said the signal was a little scrambled? Well, I figured out why.

She turns the tablet around to show the the screen - two distinct AUDIO WAVE FORMS, one above the other.

KITTY (cont'd)
There's a second audio-visual signal coming from inside that courtroom.

MAGGIE
Can you isolate it, so we can see and hear it?

She nods, and touches the tablet again. One of the other security monitor flashes up a VIDEO SCREEN, showing the same wobbly view from before, as a speaker HISSES into life.

KYLE (O.S.)
Don't forget, Saunders, we're seeing and hearing everything you do. If you're stretching this thing out in hopes of rescue, your family is going to pay the price of your failure..

There is a click, and the transmission ends, but the video feed continues. The room is silent with shock.

STEIN
Well, I guess that explains why Saunders made a move now.

MAGGIE
Yeah. Someone else is pulling his strings.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. FORENSICS LAB, METRO CENTRAL - MOMENTS LATER/INTERCUT

Danny, cell to his ear, stands away from the rest as they continue to watch the live-feed of Roy and Evan talking.

DANNY
He's being coerced?

MAGGIE
Someone, somewhere, is holding his family hostage.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (cont'd)

They're using his personal connection to Shelley to sell him as the perfect patsy.

DANNY

Any idea who ordered the hit?

MAGGIE

Shelley has mixed with the lowest of the low in his work, Danny. He could have pissed off any one of them at some point.

DANNY

What do you need us to do?

INT. LOBBY, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

Maggie, her own cell by her ear, looks over at Kitty, who now sits next to Todd at another workstation, her tablet resting between the two of them.

MAGGIE

Kitty and Todd are working on getting a trace. So far they've narrowed it the Slums. You and Ten Clouds head out now, you'll get there faster once we have it locked to an actual location.

DANNY

On it, Boss.

INT. FORENSICS LAB, METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

Danny hangs up and looks over at Ten Clouds.

DANNY

We gotta roll, Sarge.

TEN CLOUDS

Finally, this show was getting boring. It's ain't like it is in "Breaking Bad".

He claps Wally hard on the back, just as he swallows some popcorn, causing him to CHOKER for a second, as Ten Clouds quickly exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Faraday steps in closer, eyes still fixed on the screen - Roy in particular, as Wally slurps from his 'BIG BELLY BURGER' extra-large drink, before stuffing a handful of popcorn into his mouth.

WALLY

(chewing as he talks)

Oh, see, now this is where things get interesting...

FARADAY

Detective Turpin seemed quick to jump to Mr. Harper defense earlier.

WALLY

(straw still in his mouth)

Yeah, they've known each other a few years, I think. It was Danny who helped get the D.A.'s office to cut a deal to help him.

FARADAY

Really? Interesting.

Faraday looks down at him with an easy smile.

FARADAY (cont'd)

So, Mr. West. What can you tell me about Roy Harper?

Caught mid-slurp, Wally looks up at Faraday, EYES WIDE...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kitty and Todd work side by side, occasionally looking at the sphere's control tablet. Stein and Maggie stand behind them, watching, as the screens display a schematic overview of Metropolis's main island.

STEIN

Dr. Faulkner, that sphere of yours..?

KITTY

(distracted)

Yeah..?

STEIN

What else can it do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kitty turns, and gives him a rather WIDE-EYED look.

KITTY

Um, that depends, I guess.

MAGGIE

What you got in mind, Harry?

STEIN

I'm wondering, could it block the frequency that's being used to talk to Saunders?

KITTY

Block it? Why?

MAGGIE

(realizing)

So we can cut the puppet's strings

Kitty FROWNS in concentration.

KITTY

Theoretically, it should be possible. I mean, it detected the signal, so it's a simple matter to re-tune the sphere to cause interference on the same frequency.

She begins tapping away at the tablet again, determined while Todd turns around, CURIOUS.

TODD

What does cutting him off do for us? Won't that make him more dangerous?

MAGGIE

He's just another victim here, Todd, remember.

STEIN

Cutting him loose might prove the distraction we need to take him off guard.

KITTY

I'm ready.

MAGGIE

Stein, you want to handle the take down?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEIN

Happy to. I'll get kitted up.

He walks off, moving over to where several S.W.A.T. troopers stand waiting, as Maggie leans in closer to Kitty.

MAGGIE

Be ready to cut the signal on my say
so, okay?

KITTY

Got it.

As she holds her hands poised over the tablet...

INT. COURTROOM #3, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Saunders, standing by the closed doors, his pistol hand still aimed towards the cowering Shelley, wipes his SWEATY brow with his free hand, before touching the DEVICE in his ear gently.

CLOSE ON: Dibny, WATCHING CLOSELY, with a curious frown.

BETH, taking calming breaths, looks over at Dibny, curious for a moment.

DAMON

Dr. Chapel?

She looks over at the anxious Damon, who with his eyes, indicates at SOMETHING. Beth follows his gaze, looking up and spots the hovering T-SPHERE. Her eyes wide with recognition, and a small smile forms on her lips.

BETH

(softly)

Kitty.

Dibny looks over at Shelley, drenched in sweat, huddled on the floor. His breath comes in shot gasps, on the verge of PANIC, as he looks up at the clearly distracted Saunders.

His brow furrows in DETERMINATION, as he adjusts his position, getting his legs underneath himself.

Dibny's eyes WIDEN with realization.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY
 (low voice)
 Oh crap!
 (beat)
 Shelley, no-!!

With a sudden ROAR of rage, Shelley THROWS himself into the unaware Saunders, his hands fastening onto the gun, desperately trying to pull it free.

They STRUGGLE for several seconds, before Shelley aims a low KICK at Saunders' groin - knocking the wind from him, as he crumples to the floor, face down.

INT. LOBBY, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

Watching the screen as Saunders slowly sits up, Maggie slams a fist down on the work surface, PISSED.

MAGGIE
 That damn fool!

She quickly looks at Kitty.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
 Cut the feed! Cut the feed, now!

As Kitty brings her finger down hard...

INT. SAFE-HOUSE, SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

CLOSE ON: The laptop screen, showing Shelley holding the gun directly at the camera, suddenly CUTS TO STATIC.

Kyle FROWNS, and smacks the screen, before tapping at the keyboard for a moment, not happy...

INT. COURTROOM #3, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Holding the gun with a QUIVERING hand, Shelley, stands over the wounded, winded Saunders.

SHELLEY
 (frantic)
 Loose the other gun. Now! Now!

Slowly, Saunders draws his second weapon, and tosses it to the side, out of easy reach of either of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUNDERS

(scornful)

Go on, finish it. Finish the job you started when you took my family's home!

SHELLEY

Don't tempt me!

DIBNY

Shelley, don't!

Shelley, ANGRY, looks back at Dibny.

SHELLEY

You! You don't get to talk to me! You tried to warn him! What, are you in on it too?! Are you here to make sure he does the job?!

LYNN

(derisive)

Get a grip, Shelley! You're seeing enemies everywhere!

SHELLEY

Wouldn't you?! This guy came here to kill me!

DIBNY

Then why didn't he?! He had every opportunity to, but he kept stalling! Don't you see?!

Shelley FROWNS, CONFUSED, eyes darting around the room, looking at everyone, as he backs away from them.

SHELLEY

You're-- you're all in on it, aren't you?!

SLOWLY, Dibny stands up, holding his bound hands out in a placating gesture.

DIBNY

(calm, soft)

Mitchell, take a breath, and lower the gun, please.

Barely holding it together, Shelley runs his free hand through his hair, pulling at it, HARD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAMON
Something's wrong with him.

LYNN
You mean, besides the obvious?

DAMON
No, really! I think he's on a bad trip or something.

Cautious, Dibny takes another step, but FREEZES when Shelley points the gun at him again.

SHELLEY
Stop! I said, stop! Don't come any closer!

DIBNY
I'm not, Mitchell, I'm staying right here.

SHELLEY
Don't talk to me either, you're confusing me!

DIBNY
I don't mean to, I just want to help, that's all.

Shelley SHAKES his head, waving the gun aggressively.

SHELLEY
I said, SHUT--

BANG!!

Everyone jumps at the ECHOING BLAST of the gun shot. Shelley looks down in SHOCK at the smoke trailing from the barrel.

A white-faced Dibny looks down at his stomach - at the small PATCH OF RED against his white shirt that grows larger.

DIBNY
Oh... fu-

Eyes rolling back into his head, he drops to the floor with a grunt, as we:

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. LOBBY, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

STEIN, strapped in body armor, gun in hand, starts forward, followed by two of his troopers, but MAGGIE quickly stands in front, BLOCKING him. He fixes her with a furious look.

STEIN

We've got an officer down in there!

MAGGIE

You saw how unstable Shelley is! You go in there, guns raised, he's going to freak, maybe open fire. Can you guarantee your men wouldn't respond in kind? The others could get hit in the crossfire!

After a TENSE MOMENT of stand-off, Stein lets out an agitated breath.

STEIN

Okay. All right, I see your point. But Dibny's bleeding out in there.

MAGGIE

He's got Beth Chapel in there with him, he's in good hands.

INT. COURTROOM #3, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DIBNY lays on the floor, prone, his jacket and shirt pulled open, revealing the vest underneath, and the bloody wound just above his pelvis.

Kneeling over him are BETH and DAMON, their hands covered in blood, as they both apply pressure to the injury. LYNN, and SAUNDERS watch, worriedly.

BETH

I hope you're happy, Lieutenant. I just ruined my best blouse for you.

DIBNY

(weakly)

Remind me to take you shopping once we get out of this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAMON

Well, if we're keeping score, you now owe me a new suit jacket.

DIBNY

Well, I don't think I can afford to take you both shopping, not on my salary, anyway.

BETH

Maybe we can do out for drinks instead, then?

DIBNY

And laugh about all this? Sounds like a plan.

He COUGHS, HARD, and groans. Beth turns to Lynn, smile GONE.

BETH

Ms. Stewart, I have a basic first aid kit in my bag, would you mind passing it to me.

With a QUICK NOD, Lynn quickly stands and walks over and locates Beth's bag, fishing out a smaller red bag from inside, before tossing it to Beth.

Catching it easily, she looks over at Shelley, who is still standing stock-still in SHOCK.

BETH (cont'd)

Mr. Shelley, this man needs medical attention, I can only do so much here.

Slowly Shelley looks up, and shakes his head.

SHELLEY

No. No-one is leaving until I get some answers.

LYNN

Dammit, Mitchell, you idiot, you just shot an officer of the law, you really think anyone cares about what you want at the minute?

SHELLEY

Shut up, Lynn! Just shut up, unless you want to end up like your friend there!

INT. LOBBY, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

Maggie and Stein watch the screen, as Lynn shoots Shelley a FIERCE LOOK, before slowly sinks back to the floor, while Beth empties the first aid kit, pulling out the small collection of gauze, passing it to Damon.

TODD

He's completely lost it.

MAGGIE

He's definitely unstable. It makes me wonder if the rumors of his drug use might be true.

KITTY

The sphere's picking up his vitals, they're dangerously erratic. If he is on drugs, he's having a severe come down or something.

STEIN

A junkie holding a gun while needing a fix? This is just getting better and better!

They all watch as Shelley turns to face Saunders, who matches his glare with one of his own, DEFIANT.

SAUNDERS

What?

SHELLEY

Tell me who hired you?

SAUNDERS

I don't know.

SHELLEY

Please! I know your kind of people. You don't do things blind, you always run some kind of check on your clients. So just tell me!

SAUNDERS

I'm telling you, I don't know. I'm not some hired goon here, I'm just another pawn in someone's game against you.

Stepping forward, face contorted in FURY, Shelley pushes the gun's barrel into Saunders' forehead. Kitty GASPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLEY

(fuming)

Don't lie to me! Tell me know!

SAUNDERS

Why? So you can shot me straight after? Not exactly a motivation to be honest, is it?

KITTY, unable to look away, shakes her head. CONFUSED.

KITTY

Why doesn't he tell him?!

MAGGIE

He's protecting his family.

STEIN

Here's hoping your guys are able to do that as well.

As Maggie considers Stein's words, Stein continues watching the live-feed.

STEIN (cont'd)

We need a way of distracting this guy or something, so we can get in and disarm him quickly.

Kitty turns to look at him, GRINNING.

KITTY

I think I might have an idea.

She begins to work away again at her tablet...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM #3, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

SHELLEY has resumed his frenetic pacing, the revolver still wobbly aimed in Saunder's general direction.

SHELLEY

Why is this happening to me?

SAUNDERS

Maybe because you deserve it?!

SHELLEY

Shut up! I wasn't asking you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUNDERS

The who where you talking to? God? I don't think he listens to the pleas of scum like you, Shelley. Only the devil has time for someone like you!

SHELLEY

(furious)

I said SHUT UP!

As he turns and faces Saunders, his finger on the trigger, Saunders eyes still full of DEFIANT RAGE --

SCREEEEEE!!!!

A DEAFENING NOISE, like radio static combined with fingernails on a chalk board, echoes and bounces around the room!

Everyone clamps their hands to their ears, even Dibny grimaces and moans from the effect the sound has on them as they all exclaim in surprise and pain.

Shelley drops to his knees, looking around frantically.

SHELLEY (cont'd)

What the hell IS that?!

As suddenly as it started, the noise stops, just as the courtroom doors open, and MAGGIE and STEIN walk in, both in body armor, and with their weapons ready.

Shelley staggers to his feet, bringing his weapon up again, unsteadily but determined.

SHELLEY (cont'd)

No one's leaving until I know I'm safe!

MAGGIE

Mr. Shelley, drop the gun, you're only hurting yourself right now.

SHELLEY

No! No, not until I know that I've got some kind of police protection!

STEIN

Shelley, you've got a Metropolis Police Department detective bleeding out on the floor because of your actions. You really think you can demand protection right now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLEY

I didn't mean to shoot him! It was an accident! But I'm not safe! I know whose after me, he might not have told me, but I know who it must be! I'm not leaving this room until--!

THWACK!!

Shelley's eyes roll back up into his head, and the gun drops from his limp hand as he crumples to the floor, UNCONSCIOUS.

Behind him, stands LYNN PIERCE, a large open briefcase in hand, having split open from the impact of hitting Shelley over the head with it. Falling to the floor from inside it, are various assorted documents, as well as some small clear plastic packets, filled with WHITE/GREEN powder.

She looks down at him with disgust

LYNN

I knew he'd bought this thing knock-off. He never did have any real taste.

As everyone breathes a collective sigh of relief...

EXT. HSC INTERNATIONAL, CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the building.

KYLE (PRE-LAP)

(over the phone)
I've lost contact.

INT. WHISPER'S OFFICE, HSC INTERNATIONAL - CONTINUOUS

WHISPER, expression deadly serious, leans in, placing her arms in the desk, fingers interlaced. She's NOT HAPPY.

WHISPER

What do you mean, 'lost contact'?

KYLE

I mean just that. There was a struggle of some kind, and we lost the feed.

WHISPER

(beat, angrily)
Then I suggest you get it back!

INT. SAFE-HOUSE, SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

KYLE stands by the still-black monitor screen, cell phone clutched tightly to his ear. Behind him, the hired THUGS also stand, weapons ready and aimed at the trembling forms of Saunders' FAMILY.

KYLE

I've tried! There's no signal to lock onto anymore! The device must have been broken in the struggle.

WHISPER

That would be very convenient, if true.

KYLE

What are you thinking?

WHISPER

That this has drawn out a lot longer than we initially planned. Perhaps Mr. Saunders wasn't as pliable as we thought. We should cut our losses.

Kyle turns and looks over at the men, their weapons trained on the old lady and young girl. He nods in agreement.

KYLE

I understand. I'll deal with it, and then find out what's happened at the courthouse before I get back to you.

WHISPER

Good. You know how much I despise loose ends, Kyle.

His expression hardening, Kyle hangs up and drops the cell phone on the table, exchanging a LOOK with one of the hired thugs, who pulls out a SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL from his waistband, quickly COCKING it.

TEN CLOUDS (O.S.)

Drop the gun, punk!

Caught off guard, the man turns and brings his gun arm up, aiming loosely in the direction of the voice--

BANG!

-- only to flinch and crumple to the floor, a single hole spurting blood from the center of his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWO MORE SHOTS ring out, taking down the second hired thug as he pulls his own weapon free, also dropping to the floor as the impacts push him backwards.

KYLE, eyes darting to his OWN weapon on the table, makes a desperate lunge for it - only to reel back and HOWL in pain, grabbing at the bloody wound that just appeared on his shoulder, as the shot echoes around the room.

He drops down into a defensive crouch, face hidden from view, GROWLING LOW, as RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS and DANNY TURPIN emerge from the shadows, service weapons raised and aimed at him.

TEN CLOUDS
Easy, champ.

KYLE
(irritated)
You two again?

TEN CLOUDS
Do we know you?

Kyle's hands snaps up, but what once looked human now looks anything but, as he flashes teeth that have elongated into sharp canines, while his eyes GLOW BRIGHT YELLOW, and he lets out a MENACING ROAR!

Both Ten Clouds and Danny react with HORROR, backing away, as Kyle spins and runs across the room, jumping through the window with an almighty SMASH, glass raining around him as he falls.

CLOSE ON: RUSSEL TEN CLOUDS, jaw hanging open in disbelief.

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)
You've got to be kidding me?!

As he walks over to the remains of the window, Danny starts tending to the two scared hostages...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

CONTINUED:

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE, MIDTOWN - DAY

LUCAS 'SNAPPER' CARR stands in front of his cameraman, the center of attention, as he speaks into his microphone.

SNAPPER

As you can see behind me, the hostage crisis that began hours ago has finally come to an end.

CUT TO: MITCHELL SHELLEY, head bowed in shame, his wrists bound by hand-cuffs, is lead away, and pushed into a waiting patrol car by uniformed officer.

SNAPPER (O.S.)

There have been two arrests made, one of them being notorious defense lawyer Mitchell Shelley, who was apparently the target of an attempt on his life.

CUT TO: RALPH DIBNY, eyes closed, laid out on a gurney as paramedics wheel him into the back of a waiting ambulance, BETH CHAPEL following closely behind. She sits besides him in the ambulance and takes hold of one of his hands, SQUEEZING it hard. Dibny SOFTLY SMILES in response.

SNAPPER (O.S.) (cont'd)

Unconfirmed reports say that one plain clothes officer was injured during the stand off in the courtroom, but is in a stable condition and on his way to MetGen as we speak.

CUT BACK TO: Snapper continues his report.

SNAPPER

As for the mysterious 'cowboy' who was initially identified as the perpetrator, police officials are maintaining tight-lipped about his identity for the moment. Back to you at the studio.

INT. LOBBY, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE, STEIN and ADRIAN CHASE stand together, huddled together, while TODD stands away from them, talking to the technician from earlier.

CHASE
Good work, Stein.
(beat, reluctant)
You too, Sawyer.

MAGGIE
I appreciate that, Mr. District
Attorney.

STEIN
While Lieutenant Dibny's injury was a
damn shame, I think we got lucky on
this one. Having the S.C.U. and it's
resources around definitely helped
end the situation quickly.

MAGGIE
Not to mention Lynn Stewart's mean
swing with a briefcase.

Stein grins, and even Chase chuckles a little at her joke. They all turn to look as two UNIFORMED OFFICERS escort a hand-cuffed SAUNDERS down the corridor. He meets Maggie's eyes, and ever-so-slightly TIPS his hat in greeting at her.

CHASE
Where are they being taken?

STEIN
The 17th precinct. Both Shelley and
Saunders are going to be held there
pending bail and arraignment.

MAGGIE
I want to talk to him.

CHASE
Why?

MAGGIE
He was someone's puppet in there. He
may not want to have told Shelley,
but he might tell us, now his family
is safe.

DAMON (O.S.)
Todd?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Todd turns from his talk, and SMILES WIDELY before running into the welcome embrace of DAMON MATTHEWS.

TODD
I was so worried for you.

They pull apart, Damon looking at Todd in humbled surprise.

DAMON
You mean you've been here all this time?

TODD
As soon as I heard what was going on, I had to come. I mean, I know I kind of messed things up this morning, and you've just come out of this horrible situation, but I was really hoping that--

DAMON
(laughing)
Oh, shut up, you idiot!

He grabs hold of Todd's shirt and pulls him into a EMBRACE, kissing him deeply and passionately. Todd, caught off guard, quickly falls into the moment, and snakes his arms around Damon, pulling him closer.

Everyone in the lobby cannot help but watch, *dumbfounded* for a moment as the two continue their clinch, before they each desperately trying to find something else to look at, to cover their embarrassment.

Only LYNN and MAGGIE continue to watch, both smiling.

MAGGIE
About damned time!

LYNN
Finally!

As the two men finally break apart, smiling LOVINGLY at each other...

FADE TO:

INT. 17TH PRECINCT, INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING

Inside the barren looking room, illuminated by a thin shaft of moonlight, and the dim glare of a overhead light fixture, GREG SAUNDERS sits, handcuffed to a metal table.

Opposite him, MAGGIE sits in a barely adequate metal chair, while RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS, leans against the mirrored wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUNDERS

Ya'll helped save my family, I'm grateful to ya for that, but I honestly don't think I can help you that much.

MAGGIE

Just tell us what you can.

SAUNDERS

My history with Shelley, it's all true, but I thought it had been laid to rest. I mean, all the legal bills were paid, finally, and we're making a decent living on our new property.

TEN CLOUDS

We know you're former FBI, but you left and took a job as the Warpath sheriff to be closer to home.

SAUNDERS

Yes, sir. It helped pay the bills, keep us afloat until we could get the new farm running. It was tough going but we did it.

MAGGIE

So what happened, Sheriff?

SAUNDERS

This man, I came home from work, and found him in my home. He had these cold blue eyes, and he told me if I ever wanted to see my ma and my daughter, that I needed to do exactly what he said.

Maggie opens a folder, and pulls out a MONOCHROME PHOTO of KYLE ABBOTT, and pushes it towards Saunders.

MAGGIE

This the guy?

Saunders NODS QUICKLY, before sitting back, taking a breath, his eyes DISTANT.

SAUNDERS

Look, when it comes to a fight, I ain't no slouch, and no one threatens my family. I tried to take this guy down, but he-- he moved like a big cat.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUNDERS (cont'd)

He was fast, I tell ya, and his eyes, they did this thing when they flashed gold. I think he was one of those meta-humans you hear about now.

Maggie and Ten Clouds exchange a look...

DANNY (PRE-LAP)

So, what happens now?

INT. 17TH PRECINCT, RECEPTION AREA - LATER (EVENING)

Maggie, Ten Clouds and DANNY walk out into the main front area of the precinct building, mid-conversation.

MAGGIE

Chase, being Chase, wanted to press charges, but Lynn Stewart convinced him that wouldn't be in their best interests.

TEN CLOUDS

Kinda hard to argue when the 'Demolisher' doesn't think there's a case there.

DANNY

Hey, he was much a victim here as anyone. So, you're thinking someone set him up? Found out his history and used that to make him a fall guy?

TEN CLOUDS

Not just anyone, Danny. That guy tonight, I'm pretty sure it was the same one that attacked Roy last year.

MAGGIE

Kyle Abbott of Intergang, a.k.a. Whisper A'Daire's favorite flunky. Wally will confirm the D.N.A. in the morning hopefully.

DANNY

What about Shelley?

TEN CLOUDS

That skeeve already posted his own bail. He's probably hiding under a rock somewhere.

INT. HSC INTERNATIONAL, WHISPER'S OFFICE - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS

MITCHELL SHELLEY, scared, mouth taped closed, is PUSHED to the floor, with a whimper. He looks up to see WHISPER leaning against her desk, a cold glare fixed on him.

He looks around the room, frantic, seeing only the HEAVY that pushed him and BRICKWELL standing looking out of Whisper's office window.

SHELLEY

Danny? Danny, please!

Brickwell, FURIOUS, turns to face his friend.

BRICKWELL

You betrayed me, Mitch. You went behind my back, and stole from me!

SHELLEY

I-- I made some mistakes, I know, I got ahead of myself, thinking I'd hit a sure thing, but I can pay you back! Not right away, but I have other clients I can convince to invest, to recoup the money of yours I lost!

WHISPER

I'm afraid it's not that simple, Mr. Shelley. Now, I'm involved.

Shelley SWALLOWS, HARD.

SHELLEY

You-- you're her, aren't you? The one that Danny's been playing nice with, to try and get into your good graces.

WHISPER

I'm his business associate, yes.

BRICKWELL

A'Daire. I said I would handle this.

WHISPER

I'm sorry, Daniel. But this demands a more personal touch, I think.

She looks down at Shelley with DISDAIN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHISPER (cont'd)

Let me be honest. It wasn't Daniel's
money you played hard and fast with.
It was mine.

With SURPRISING STRENGTH, she grabs hold of Shelley and
PULLS him to his feet with barely a hint of effort, her own
eyes NARROWED as she gazes into his wide, SCARED ones.

Shelley's eyes BULGE as he witnesses Whisper's face distort
and shift, becoming SNAKE-LIKE - green/brown scales form
across her skin, her eyes narrow into reptilian slits, and
two LARGE FANGS emerge under her red lips as she HISSES.

WHISPER (cont'd)

(inhuman, furious)

And I don't tolerate anyone stealing
from me!

She lunges forward, and her fangs RIP into Shelley's neck,
as he lets out a STARTLED SCREAM, before she tears his
throat out, ARTERIAL BLOOD spraying across everywhere.

Shelley's body drops to the floor, with a final, wet gurgle,
as Whisper stands over it, glaring down at it for a moment,
before she twitches her head, as her appearance becomes
HUMAN once more. Brickwell looks at her, HORRIFIED.

She casually wipes the blood from her mouth, although all it
does it smear if further across her chin and cheek. She
looks down at her outfit, with DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHISPER (cont'd)

(forlornly)

I really liked that blouse.

(beat, bored)

Someone dispose of that carcass,
please.

She turns and heads out of the office, leaving Brickwell
staring down at the bloody remains of his friend...

EXT. METRO CENTRAL, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the building.

INT. HOLDING CELLS, METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Faraday, accompanied by a UNIFORMED OFFICER, walks up to the
cell, where Roy and Evan sit, slumped over, dozing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both awaken with a start when the officer noisily opens the cell door.

EVAN
(confused, sleepy)
Wha--? What's going on?

FARADAY
Mr. Jones? If you'll come with me?

Roy sits up, FROWNING.

ROY
(uncertain)
Uh, why?

FARADAY
We have some questions we'd like you to answer.

CAUTIOUSLY, Roy stands, adjusting his worn hoodie, before walking out of the cell, which the officer closes just as noisily.

EVAN
(shouting, defensive)
He won't tell you anything, cop!

INT. OUTER FOYER AREA, METRO CENTRAL - MOMENTS LATER

With a nod, Faraday dismisses the uniformed officer, before turning back to Roy with an IMPRESSED SMILE.

FARADAY
Nice work, Mr. Harper. Nice work indeed.

Roy looks at him, surprised, as Faraday offers his hand.

FARADAY (cont'd)
Special Agent King Faraday. My department is working closely with the S.C.U. on the 'starlight' case

ROY
(relieved)
Oh, right. You F.B.I. or something.

FARADAY
Or something, yeah. You were a natural in there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY (cont'd)

You got that creep to open up and spill secrets in record time.

Roy FROWNS, and crosses his arms, defensive.

ROY

(defiant)

That creep isn't so bad. We worked together a few times, and he was a good friend during a bad time in my life.

FARADAY

Yes, I'm aware of your history, and your deal with the District Attorney's office.

ROY

I'm paying my dues. I got off lucky, and if I can help out Officer Turpin and his crew, well, I'll do what I can for them.

FARADAY

You've got the knack, that's for sure. I read the report and your debriefing about how you also got involved in the missing homeless persons case. You save a lot of people then, too.

ROY

Look, Officer T and his S.C.U. aside, the police aren't always there for those out on the streets. So, well, someone had to get the ball rolling.

Faraday's grin WIDENS, as he gives Roy a visible once-over, before pulling out his wallet from his jacket. From the wallet, he produces a small WHITE BUSINESS CARD. He offers it to Roy, who takes it, a little apprehensive.

FARADAY

I think, with a little training and some guidance, you could do a lot more then help out on certain cases of interest, Mr. Harper.

ROY

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY

I mean, someone like you could make a difference in the world as it stands. Give it some thought and call me.

With a COCKY WINK, Faraday turns and walks away, leaving a puzzled Roy looking down on the card.

CLOSE ON: The card, which has a SYMBOL printed on it, an abstract image of a bird, wings spread, on a round yellow backing, with the words "DEPARTMENT OF EXTRA-NORMAL OPERATIONS" around it.

FADE TO:

INT. METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL, EMERGENCY WARD - NIGHT

NURSES and DOCTORS go about their business, treating or talking to the occasional patient that they're dealing with.

CLOSE ON: A dirty pair of shoes, as someone, with EXTREME EFFORT, stumbles across the clean floor of the reception area. Streaks of mud, mixed with something RED are left behind as the person continues forward with difficulty.

A NURSE, clad in pink scrubs, looks up from her clipboard, as GASPS at what she sees.

NURSE'S P.O.V.: A dirty, bedraggled, and HEAVILY BLEEDING OSWALD LOOMIS stands swaying in front of her. His hands are pressed against his shoulder area, soaked in BLOOD.

LOOMIS

(weakly, breathless)

Help... Me...

His eyes roll back, and he collapses to the ground in a heap, his hands dropping away, revealing the RAGGED BULLET WOUND he was applying pressure to.

She drops to her knees, and begins applying pressure to the wound, as other medical personnel rush to her aid, as we:

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE