

M.S.C.U
METROPOLIS SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

1x12: "Playtime"

Written by

ALEX M. P. MATTHEWS

Executive Producers
Alex Matthews, Chris Davis
& Jack Malone

XaleCorp Productions 2015

CAST

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

AND

DR. KITTY FAULKNER Felicia Day

ALSO STARRING

TODD RICE Chris Lowell
TOBY RAINES Kelly Rowan
RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS Gregory Cruz
RALPH DIBNEY Fred Weller
MIKE HENDERSON Harry Lennix
KING FARADAY Alex Carter
DAMON MATTHEWS Jonathon Groff
WHISPER A'DAIRE Jamie Ray Newman

GUEST STARRING

VIC SAGE Mark Pellegrino
CAT GRANT Keri Lynn Pratt
STEVE LOMBARD Alan Tudyk
HARRY STEIN Diego Klattenhoff
VINCENT MORGAN Eddie Cahill
DABNY DONOVAN Orny Adams
LUCAS 'SNAPPER' CARR Chase Crawford
JOHNNY DENETTO Sean Maher
JANET
DOCTOR
NURSE
DISPATCHER
CASHIER
SECURITY GUARD #1
SECURITY GUARD #2

SPECIAL GUEST STARS

WINSLOW SCHOTT Chris Gauthier
OSWALD LOOMIS David Tennant
DANIEL BRICKWELL Christopher Judge

AND

FRANK BERKOWITZ Anthony Michael Hall

TEASER

EXT. METROPOLIS HEIGHTS, CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - NIGHT

The ruined building sits high in the night sky. Powerful beams of light from several SPOTLIGHTS crisscross through the darkness, highlighting the damage done to the structure.

INT. DECORATED HALL, METROPOLIS HEIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

Bright decorations covering the at-capacity room announce that "RIDGE-FERRICK INDUSTRIES" organized the event. Others promote "EDWARD MORGAN: A NEW BEGINNING FOR OUR CITY!"

Well-dressed people mill around, chatting with each other... all except one. DR. KITTY FAULKNER looks smartly dressed, but totally out of her element.

Kitty stands on her own, nursing an untouched glass of champagne, looking around desperately for a friendly face.

VINNIE (O.S.)

Been stood up?

Surprised, Kitty looks up into the deep blue eyes and expectant look of VINNIE (late 30s, lean, handsome, with a charming smile). He is just as well dressed as everyone else present, his clothes clearly designer and tailored to fit.

Kitty, eyes wide at the attention from a good-looking man, stands there, mouth OPEN. Pulls herself together.

KITTY

Uh- what, sorry, what?

VINNIE

Sorry, I was just wondering if you'd been stood up by your date or something. You looked out of sorts.

KITTY

Oh, no! Well, yes, I mean, my boss, he practically ordered me to attend. I'm not a 'politics' kind of girl.

VINNIE

(laughs)

Ah, gotcha. Yeah, I know the feeling, but I kind of have to be here. I work with the people throwing this thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He offers a hand, which she takes and responds with a quick but firm shake.

VINNIE (cont'd)
I'm Vinnie, by the way.

KITTY
Kitty.
(beat, curious)
So, are you voting for Mr. Morgan?

VINNIE
(grinning)
Probably. You?

KITTY
Honestly, I never heard of him before today! Like I said, I'm not very political.

VINNIE
I hear he's been very reclusive, likes his anonymity.

KITTY
That may be, but come on, for the last year or so, all he's done is berate Mayor Berkowitz every chance he got.

Vinnie frowns, but his smile widens, *amused*.

VINNIE
I thought you said you'd never heard of him.

KITTY
(embarrassed)
I read up on him. I'm a quick study.

VINNIE
Impressive. So, you support Berkowitz then?

KITTY
Well, I think the Mayor has done what he can in the time he's been in office. He's had to clear up a lot of messes, not all of them his fault.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINNIE

Edward Morgan acknowledges that but believes it's time for someone else to take over. A fresh set of eyes to the city's problems.

A voice comes over an overhead P.A. SYSTEM.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome to the stage, the man who can bring a better future for our City of Tomorrow, Mr. Edward Morgan.

APPLAUSE rings out. A SPOTLIGHT turns and focuses on a PODIUM up on a raised stage.

Vinnie GRINS and turns to Kitty, who looks at him, *confused*.

VINNIE

That's my cue.

(beat)

I should introduce myself properly. My full name's Edward Vincent Morgan. But it's 'Vinnie' to my friends.

Kitty's mouth drops in shock, as 'Vinnie' turns and starts WAVING at the crowd, thanking well-wishers as he makes his way through. He reaches the podium and looks to the crowd.

VINNIE (cont'd)

Thank you all for coming. I know most of you here are already supporters, but I realize some of you are just here wondering why I'm the man who can bring Metropolis forward into the blinding light of the future.

He looks across the audience, and finds a shell-shocked Kitty. He smiles across at her, before turning SERIOUS.

VINNIE (cont'd)

This building we're currently in, has been an eyesore on the city's skyline since the explosion that destroyed the top levels, causing substantial damage to the interior structure making it uninhabitable above the ground floor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINNIE (cont'd)

The cost to restore it has always been viewed as too high, but the building's historic nature means demolishing and rebuilding was not an available option. However, I intended to change that.

A collective GASP of surprise goes through the crowd, as they begin to mumble to themselves, while Kitty keeps focused on Vinnie, curious. *Intrigued.*

VINNIE (cont'd)

I grew up in Suicide Slums, managed to get out, go to college out of state and make something of myself. I want to help this city find it's way again, and continue the good work that Frank Berkowitz started but seems to have lost his way with.

(beat)

Metropolis Heights will live again!

The crowd breaks into MASSIVE APPLAUSE, louder then before. Kitty joins with them, which pleases Vinnie, his smile returning slowly as he looks over at her...

FADE TO:

EXT. METROPOLIS HEIGHTS, CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT

Night fades into morning, several large-scale construction vehicles appearing, as does the beginnings of scaffolding support around the lower levels. Workers mill about, and set up safety barriers.

FADE TO:

EXT. METROPOLIS CITY ZOO AND AQUARIUM, MIDTOWN - MORNING

The zoo's main entrance is wide open, as small groups of people, or the occasional individual, make their way in.

A YELLOW SCHOOL BUS comes to a stop off the curb, and it's doors open to show the smiling face of CAT GRANT (last seen in "Smallville" 10x18: "Booster").

EXUDING excitement and enthusiastic energy, she hops off and turns around to take charge of the HORDE OF SMALL CHILDREN that exit after her, accompanied by several other ADULTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAT

Alright, everybody! Just because your teacher is ill doesn't mean you guys loose out. We P.T.A. Volunteers are happy to take charge. Now, find your buddy, wear your school I.D., and make sure to stick together and keep watch of the rest of the group, so not to get lost. If you do get separated, make sure to find the nearest zoo official, okay?

CHILDREN (ALL)

Yes, Ms. Grant!

CAT

(happily)

Okay! Let's go get our passes!

They all start to move off and into the main visitors center just past the gates, children and parents chatting aimlessly among themselves.

FADE TO:

EXT. METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL, MIDTOWN - MORNING (LATER)

Establishing shot of the building.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Under the stark lighting, prone on the bed, hooked up to various displays and machines, lays OSWALD LOOMIS. Deathly pale, eyes closed, breathing slowly but consistently.

The door opens, and a tired looking NURSE in blue scrubs walks in. She briefly consults the chart by the end of the bed, then moves to check various connectors. Finally, she takes hold of a limp wrist, and feels for the pulse --

-- as Loomis suddenly GRABS hold of her wrist. She YELPS in PAIN, looking down to see WIDE EYES staring at her, panic clear. The heart rate monitor goes WILD!

NURSE

(shouts)

I need help in here!

Loomis releases the nurse's wrist, his strength fading. His eyes flutter as he starts to pass out out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOOMIS

(weakly)

Tell them! You... you have to tell
them...

NURSE

What? Tell who what?!

EXT. METROPOLIS CITY ZOO AND AQUARIUM, MIDTOWN - CONTINUOUS

A FIGURE walks into frame, dressed in a DARK GREEN LEATHER
TRENCH-COAT. PAN UP to show the mass of greasy, curly black
hair on top. The figure stands there. *Watching...*

LOOMIS (V.O.)

Tell them... Toyman's back.

CLOSE ON: The familiar face of WINSLOW 'TOYMAN' SCHOTT,
wearing a pair of his usual RED-TINTED GLASSES, as he
SMILES, in a oddly child-like way...

BLACKOUT:

END OF TEASER

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Through the partially closed blind across the small window, OSWALD LOOMIS can be seen. The reflection of MAGGIE SAWYER appears, eyes locked on his unconscious form.

MAGGIE

What's his condition?

She turns to a DOCTOR, clad in a white lab coat over blue scrubs, while the NURSE from before stands with him, looking ANXIOUS. Behind them, a UNIFORMED OFFICER, keeps watch.

DOCTOR

The gunshot was from a large caliber hand-gun. It tore through the shoulder, and lodged deep in the scapula. He knew enough basic first aid to keep himself alive, though.

(beat)

We've already extracted it sent it to your forensics lab.

MAGGIE

Anything else?

The doctor starts to answer. *Hesitates*. He exchanges a worried look with the nurse. Maggie notices, *concerned*.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

What?

DOCTOR

He's been mostly out of it since he came in last night, but he did have a brief moment of consciousness...

MAGGIE

(unsure)

Okay?

The doctor gives the nurse another look, and she squirms for a moment, before SIGHING.

NURSE

I was checking his vitals, when he suddenly just grabbed me! He said to tell them, to warn them that--

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE (cont'd)
 (beat, scared)
 He must have been delirious, I mean
 that madman's dead, isn't he?

MAGGIE
 Who? Who did Loomis say was 'back'?

The nurse looks up at Maggie, EYES WIDE...

INT. VISITORS CENTER, METROPOLIS ZOO - LATER

Cat Grant happily watches as the school group listen attentively to their tour guide, as she hangs back with one of the adults - JANET (typical soccer-mom, late-30s or so).

JANET
 It was good of you to help out.

CAT
 (smiling)
 Adam has been looking forward to this for weeks! I couldn't stand to see him disappointed. Besides, I haven't been to a zoo in years, it'll be fun!

Janet LAUGHS, shaking her head, amused, before looking back towards the children. Cat continues to smile, as the group moves forward to look at the next display--

-- when she suddenly GASPS.

CAT'S P.O.V.: SCHOTT, standing near a doorway, stares intently at the school group from behind his glasses. He has that same strange, gleeful smile from before.

As if sensing her gaze, Schott looks up and locks eyes with Cat, his smile vanishing. He abruptly TURNS and EXITS.

Cat DASHES forward, Janet quickly calls out to her.

JANET
 (confused)
 Cat? Cat! What are you doing?!

CAT
 That man! I could have sworn... Get the kids--

The door closes behind her, cutting her next words off, leaving a puzzled Janet behind, who shakes her head, before following after the school group.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET

Okay, guys! Who wants to go see the monkey house next?

As the children cheer excitedly...

DISPATCHER (PRE-LAP)

911, what is your emergency?

INT. METROPOLIS CITY ZOO AND AQUARIUM, MIDTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Cellphone held tightly to her ear, PANIC clear on her face, Cat looks around at the growing crowds of visitors, *desperate*, brushing blonde hair out of her face.

CAT

(scared, fast)

My name is Cat Grant, I'm a reporter for the *Daily Planet*, and I've just seen Winslow Schott at Midtown Zoo.

DISPATCHER

(confused)

I'm sorry, can you repeat that, please?

CAT

(hushed, annoyed)

I said, I just saw Winslow Schott, the Toyman! He's at Midtown Zoo!

DISPATCHER

Ma'am, I'm going to have to ask you to hang up, and stop wasting time.

CAT

(shocked)

What?! Look, I'm a reporter! I'm telling you, I saw him! You've got to believe me!

CLICK! Cat looks down at the phone in shock - the screen reads 'CALL DISCONNECTED'. She snaps it closed in sheer frustration. She runs a hand through her hair, looking around again in anguish, before moving off...

EXT. DAILY STAR BUILDING, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Establishing shot of the building.

INT. DAILY STAR OFFICES, DAILY STAR BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

TOBY RAINES is sat at her desk, focused on her computer screen as she casually types away at her latest piece.

LAUGHTER, coming from the opening door of the office at the back of the bullpen, catches her attention. She watches as STEVE LOMBARD steps out, sharing a joke with a well built, older man with reddish/blonde hair.

This is VICTOR 'VIC' SAGE, well dressed but with a casual, rumpled, air to him, handsome but with character. Steve notices Toby's inquisitive gaze and waves her over.

STEVE

(grinning)

Toby, come and meet the *Daily Star's* latest award-winning recruit.

Toby, curious, joins the two men, Vic offering a handshake.

VIC

Vic Sage, formerly of the *Hub City Tribune*.

Toby's eyes widen in recognition. *Impressed*.

TOBY

Good to meet you. I read your piece on the corruption inside the Hub City police department. That was very good work, you earned that Pulitzer.

Vic's easy smile fades ever so slightly, before he chuckles.

VIC

Yeah, that was a story all right, definitely pissed off a few people. I hear you know a thing or two about that. Mercy Hope was nice work.

TOBY

Thanks. It's like I always remind myself, this job isn't about making friends, but printing the truth.

STEVE

Not just printing it, these days, though. Vic also writes a blog.

TOBY

Yeah, "Question Everything", I've visited it a couple of times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIC
I'm glad you liked it.

TOBY
(cheekily)
Ah, I didn't say that, did I.

VIC
(laughs)
I know, sometimes I do get a little carried away with it, and the title is a little out there, but it gets the subscribers, and helps get news out there in it's way.

Steve watches the two interact. His grin *widens*...

INT. METROPOLIS CITY ZOO AND AQUARIUM, MIDTOWN - CONTINUOUS

From behind a bush, Cat pokes her head out. She narrows her eyes as she watches something. Bites her lip, *anxious*.

CAT'S P.O.V.: Schott stands cheerfully looking around. He watches as people wander around enjoying the zoo's sights.

A GREY-UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARD (young, barely out of school) walks by. Schott, spotting him, quickly walks away, doing his best to remain inconspicuous.

Cat, watching, quickly emerges from her hiding place and RACES towards the guard.

CAT
Excuse me, sir!

SECURITY GUARD #1
(pleasantly)
Yes, ma'am?

CAT
My name is Cat Grant, I'm a reporter with the *Daily Planet*.

She fishes out and shows her press credentials from her purse. The guard looks at her nervously.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Uh, okay. Is there something I can--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAT
(interrupting)
Did you see that man just now, green
leather jacket, dark curly hair?

SECURITY GUARD #1
Uh, I think so..? Why?

CAT
He's a wanted man. We need to clear
the zoo before he hurts someone.

The security guard look at her, WIDE-EYED.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Is this some kind of joke, miss?

CAT
(exasperated)
No! I'm being serious! Please, alert
someone in charge! Will you do that?

He nods, STUNNED, reaching for his radio, as Cat points to
the door Schott just exited through.

CAT (cont'd)
Where does that door lead?

SECURITY GUARD #1
The... the reptile house, that's
where I just came from.

CAT
How busy was it in there?

SECURITY GUARD #1
Pretty busy, this school group had
just gotten in there.

Cat visibly pales. Swallows, *hard*. Scared.

CAT
Adam.

EXT. METRO CENTRAL, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY (LATER)

Establishing shot of the building.

HENDERSON (PRE-LAP)
So how's Loomis?

INT. STAFF CAFETERIA, METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie walks besides COMMISSIONER MIKE HENDERSON as they help themselves at the self-service display.

MAGGIE

Out of the coma, but sedated after the panic episode he had earlier. The hospital said they'd call when he was ready for visitors.

HENDERSON

You have a guard detail on him?

MAGGIE

Naturally. Also, I popped in and saw Wally on the way up, he's already processing the physical evidence that the hospital sent over.

HENDERSON

Whose working it?

MAGGIE

Russell and Danny. They're reading over the initial response reports.

HENDERSON

(lowers voice)

What about what Loomis told that nurse? Have you told anyone else?

MAGGIE

(also lowers voice)

I've reached out to Faraday, see if his 'Department' knows anything about it, just waiting to hear back. Until I have some kind of confirmation, though, I don't want any rumors to get out about this.

They push their trays towards the CASHIER (older woman, early-50s, typical 'lunch-lady'), stopping behind an male officer - a DISPATCHER, headset loose around his neck.

DISPATCHER

I swear, it's like people are on something today, Laura.

CASHIER

What kind of something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCHER

No idea, but whatever it is, it's made people convinced they're seeing that crazy bomber, Winslow Schott!

CASHIER

The Toyman?! He's been dead nearly two years! They found his body after everything that happened with the Joker in Gotham, didn't they?!

Henderson and Maggie REACT, anxious, sharing a look.

HENDERSON

(frustrated)

So much for that idea.

Maggie PULLS the officer around to face her. He looks at her, surprised, before swallowing.

MAGGIE

What the hell did you just say?

DISPATCHER

Uh, there a problem, Captain? Commissioner?

HENDERSON

You said there have been sightings of Toyman? Did you report them?

DISPATCHER

(dismissive)

Why? I just filed them under nuisance calls.

MAGGIE

(growing impatient)

How many?

DISPATCHER

Uh, five or six, I think. Last one was before I went on break.

MAGGIE

The last sighting. Where was it?

DISPATCHER

(confused)

What does it--?

Maggie, pushed past her tolerance, GRABS hold of the officer's shirt and pulls him forward. She GLARES at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Where? Was? It?

DISPATCHER

(unnerved)

The-- the Midtown Zoo!

With an angry breath, she pushes him away, before racing out of the cafeteria, Henderson calling after her.

HENDERSON

I'll get Stein and SWAT mobilized. No unnecessary risks, Maggie!

Maggie stops by the cafeteria doors. Looks at him. *Dubious.*

MAGGIE

That all depends on Schott, doesn't it.

She turns back and heads out with a DETERMINED stride.

INT. REPTILE HOUSE, METROPOLIS CITY ZOO - DAY (LATER)

The 'house' is a large circular room, the center dotted neatly with benches. The walls are large windows, sealing off various habitats, as well as the eponymous 'reptiles'.

Moving from window to window, is Cat's SCHOOL GROUP, watched by Janet and several other adults, relaxed but alert, standing nearby. Another SECURITY GUARD stands by the exit.

One young boy, ADAM GRANT, (brown haired, picture of innocence, around 8 or 9) stands near one of the windows, TAPPING it slightly, watching the large BOA CONSTRICTOR curled up inside.

ADAM

(bored)

This is no fun.

Cat comes up behind him, reflected in the glass, looking harried. Scared.

CAT

(relieved)

Adam, oh, thank God!

She quickly pulls him away from the habitat, towards a smiling Janet, Cat, distracted, doesn't return it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET
(frowns, concerned)
You okay, Cat?

CAT
(low voice, anxious)
Janet, we need to get the kids out of
here, it's not safe.

Janet looks at her, confused, and starts to respond--

CLANK!

Everyone, Cat included, JOLTS in surprise and turns to look at the main entrance to the Reptile House, now CLOSED.

A familiar stout figure stands in front of them, tying what looks like gift ribbon around the door handles, SECURING THEM. The Guard starts forward and approaches, frowning.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Excuse me, sir? You're not supposed
to close those doors.

The man, barely reaching the guard's chin, pulls off his hat and glasses to reveal TOYMAN, wearing a GOOFY SMILE.

TOYMAN
(cheerful, child-like)
But it's playtime!

Cat GASPS, pushing her son behind her. Her fears confirmed. The guard, unnerved by the person in front of him, backs up and places a hand on his SIDE ARM HOLSTER. Toyman POUTS.

TOYMAN (cont'd)
(upset, child-like)
You're no fun! You don't get to play!

He grabs the SMALL FLOWER in his lapel and SQUEEZES HARD - a CLOUD of purple/pink powder shoots out and into the Guard's surprised face. He COUGHS and gasps for breath, before COLLAPSING. Unconscious.

Janet SCREAMS, backing away, towards the scared school group, as Cat pushes herself and Adam further back. Everyone else in the reptile house begin to realize what's going on.

Toyman, smiling happily, steps over the fallen guard's body, looking around at all his captives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOYMAN (cont'd)
(cheerful, giggly)
Hey everybody! Guess what? You're all
now my new play-dates!

Somehow his grin widens ever further.

TOYMAN (cont'd)
Time to have some fun!

Off the gleam on insanity in his wide eyes...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

INT. VISITORS CENTER, METROPOLIS ZOO - DAY (LATER)

Crowds of panicked looking civilians make their way to the open waiting exit, waved through by several PATROL OFFICERS. Several S.W.A.T. personnel, wearing armor and carrying rifles, pass them by as they walk into the center.

SNAPPER (V.O.)

From what we can tell, the Metropolis Police Department are in the process of completely evacuating the Zoo.

EXT. METROPOLIS CITY ZOO AND AQUARIUM, MIDTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Patrol cars are parked by the sidewalk. Groups of officers work together to escort the civilians away from the scene. Nearby, standing by a news van, LUCAS 'SNAPPER' CARR continues his report to his waiting cameraman.

SNAPPER

An unknown number of hostages, including a group of children on a school field trip, are being held by the domestic terrorist Winslow Schott, a.k.a. the 'Toyman'.

EXT. REPTILE HOUSE, METROPOLIS CITY ZOO - CONTINUOUS

Standing in a temporary command post are MAGGIE and LIEUTENANT HARRY STEIN, wearing armor over their shirts. More S.W.A.T. personnel take positions around the reptile house, weapons AIMED. READY.

Stein works a tablet, until the screen shows the inside of the house. The hostages are all sat down in a bunched group, the children huddled with their chaperons. The security guard lays unconscious, now hogtied with ribbon.

STEIN

There! Got the security feed patched in.

MAGGIE

I count at least 20 hostages, all grouped together. Damn it, it had to be kids, didn't it?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (O.S.)

We got 'em!

Both turn to see DANNY TURPIN and RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS jogging up, the former holding an armful of building plans, which he drops onto a nearby table.

TEN CLOUDS

Schematics of the reptile house.

STEIN

Good. The better we know the layout, the more likely we can get in and out quickly, with minimal casualties.

MAGGIE

I'd prefer no casualties, Harry.

STEIN

You and me both, Captain, but this *is* the Toyman we're dealing with. I think we have to be realistic here.

Maggie's jaw clenches, *agitated*, but she nods stiffly.

EXT. S.T.A.R. LABS, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Establishing shot of the building.

SNAPPER (PRE-LAP)

Schott was believed killed during the massive Gotham riots, two years ago.

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

CLOSE ON: A TV MONITOR, displaying the continuing news report, as Snapper Carr continues. MUGSHOTS of Schott appear in a small inset screen during the report.

SNAPPER

He first came to public awareness after being charged with the apparent murder of Lex Luthor. Schott went on to commit a multitude of failed attacks against the United States, before his own supposed death.

KITTY, at her desk, WATCHES the overhead monitor, worried. On the screen, Snapper touches his ear piece. Listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNAPPER (cont'd)

I'm now being told that the Special Crimes Unit has arrived in scene and is working with the SWAT team to find a way to end this stand-off.

Grabbing the remote, Kitty MUTES the screen. She picks up her cell phone, and starts SCROLLING. She comes to an entry "SAWYER, M.", finger poised over the 'CALL' icon.

KNOCK!! KNOCK!!

DONOVAN (O.S.)

Dr. Faulkner? Do you have a moment?

With a SIGH, she puts the cell down, and stands.

KITTY

Of course, Dr. Donovan.

In walks a grinning DR. DABNY DONOVAN (bushy black hair, bug-eyed and a little manic), the Deputy Director of S.T.A.R. Labs, Metropolis. Besides him, dressed more casually than before, but still smartly, is *Vinnie Morgan*.

DONOVAN

(over-friendly)

Ah, Kitty! Just the person. Mr. Morgan here was asking for you!

KITTY

He did?

(beat)

You did? Why?

VINNIE

(laughs)

Well, I wanted to apologize for last night, really. But I've been meaning to visit S.T.A.R. Labs since I came back to Metropolis, anyway.

DONOVAN

Well, we're happy to have you here, Mr. Morgan, really!

(beat)

In fact, I'm sure Dr. Faulkner here would love to give you a tour! What do you say?

VINNIE

That sounds very appealing, actually.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kitty, EYES WIDE, grimaces, shaking her head.

KITTY

Now? Uh, no, uh...

Donovan's smile vanishes. He fixes a DARK look at Kitty. She falters.

KITTY (cont'd)

I mean, I would like to as well, but I can't, there's something...

She WAVES towards the monitor screen. Both men look, as it shows the continuing coverage, focusing on the temporary command tent, Maggie and Stein visible conferring silently.

VINNIE

Ah, yes. I heard you do work with the police. You should go, really.

DONOVAN

(faux casual)

Mr. Morgan, would you excuse Dr. Faulkner and I for a moment? We'll join you in the corridor in a moment.

VINNIE

Oh, of course. Sure.

Vinnie, tossing a final quick smile towards Kitty, EXITS.

Donovan GLARES at Kitty, who looks back, nervously.

KITTY

What?

DONOVAN

Look, I know I encouraged this whole 'scientific adviser' role back when they first asked, okay? But enough's enough. They see more of you than we do. You're behind on reports, your lab hours have drastically shrunk.

(beat)

I think you might need to re-evaluate your priorities.

KITTY

So, I should ignore a call for help?

DONOVAN

That's the thing! Have they? Called you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY

Actually, I was about to call them-

DONOVAN

(interrupting)

Exactly! You don't need to be so ready to jump head first into trouble! Let them handle it, and if they *do* need you, they'll call.

(beat)

Kitty, the man who could be the next Mayor of Metropolis asked for YOU, specifically. We need to get into his good graces while we have the chance!

KITTY

I hate politics.

DONOVAN

(impatient)

Yeah, well, I hate exercise, but I still do it, don't I. So swallow your pride, and get out there and let that man woo you! Understand?!

He storms off. EXITS. Kitty stands still for a moment, before putting her cell into her lab-coat pocket.

As she takes a breath...

EXT. REPTILE HOUSE, METROPOLIS CITY ZOO - CONTINUOUS

Maggie stands around the schematics, watching an interior camera view on a tablet, radio raised to her lips, focused.

MAGGIE

Report.

EXT. REPTILE HOUSE, MAINTENANCE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Danny, armored up too, alongside Stein, each holding their service weapons, stands by another door. Stein NODS once.

DANNY

In position. Ready to move in.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

(over radio)

Go on my mark.

INT. REPTILE HOUSE, METROPOLIS CITY ZOO - CONTINUOUS

Toyman sits on the floor, making balloon animals, oblivious to the fear he is causing. The scared adults try to keep the children calm, but their sobs echo through the otherwise-quiet room. Cat sits huddled with Adam, holding him close.

ADAM
Mommy, why won't this man let us go?

CAT
(struggling)
He... he's not well, sweetie. He thinks this is all a game.

ADAM
But, it's not, is it?

CAT
No, honey. It's not. But we're going to be okay.

ADAM
Will Superman save us?

CAT
(stifles a sob)
I--
(beat)
I don't know, Adam.

TOYMAN (O.C.)
Finished!

Toyman STANDS and proudly holds the balloon animal aloft. He BOUNCES over to Cat and Adam, offering the balloon to them.

TOYMAN
For you!

CAT
(fearful)
Stay away from us!

TOYMAN
(pouts)
Why are you being such a spoilsport?!

Adam PUSHES away from his mother and faces Toyman. *Defiant.*

ADAM
Leave my mommy alone! We don't want to play with you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAT
Adam, shush, sweetie!

She quickly pulls him back into her protective embrace.
Toyman stamps his foot, SULLEN.

TOYMAN
You're all meanies! This is my play-
date and you're ruining it!

The sobs INCREASE.

CAT
Don't you see? You're scaring them!

Toyman drops the balloon and slams his hands to his ears. He
TURNS and walks away from them.

TOYMAN
Nah, nah, nah, I can't hear you!
(beat, shouting)
Stop it! You're spoiling it!

EXT. REPTILE HOUSE, METROPOLIS CITY ZOO - CONTINUOUS

On the screen, Maggie watches as Toyman moves away from the
children.

MAGGIE
Go! Go! Go!

INT. REPTILE HOUSE, MAINTENANCE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The door BURSTS open as Danny, Stein and two more S.W.A.T.
officers storm in. *Fast.* Down a corridor...

INT. REPTILE HOUSE, METROPOLIS CITY ZOO - CONTINUOUS

Toyman holds his hands to his ears, eyes squeezed shut.

TOYMAN
(upset)
Can't hear you! Can't hear you!

From around a corner, Danny leads his small force into the
main room. All weapons POINT at Toyman.

DANNY
Metropolis P.D.! Stay where you are!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAT
(relieved)
Oh thank God!

Toyman SPINS, looking shocked.

TOYMAN
No! My play-date's not finished yet!

DANNY
Sorry, Schott, playtime's over.

Danny and the other officers keep their weapons leveled at Schott, who sinks to his knees pouting. Stein starts leading the hostages out of the room, as Danny holsters his weapon and approaches the despondent Schott.

TOYMAN
(sadly)
I just wanted to have some fun.

CLOSE ON: A pair of handcuffs are secured onto Toyman's wrists, behind his back...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MAIN LOBBY, S.T.A.R. LABS - LATER

Kitty and Vinnie walk in from a side corridor, looking very comfortable with each other.

VINNIE
(disappointed)
Is the tour over already?

KITTY
Afraid so, you've seen everything
that not classified or super-secret.

VINNIE
Ah, the *really* interesting stuff.

They stop at the reception desk, where a FLAT-SCREEN MONITOR shows 'Snapper' Carr delivering another news report. Kitty picks up and fiddles with the remote. Snapper grows LOUDER.

SNAPPER
Winslow Schott has been taken into
custody without incident, and will be
transported to Metro Central for
processing and questioning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY
 (sigh of relief)
 Oh, thank goodness.

Vinnie shoots her an appraising look. Kitty quickly SILENCES the monitor again, before sagging against the desk.

VINNIE
 You okay?

KITTY
 Just glad no one got hurt. I feel like I should have helped.

VINNIE
 Can I be honest?

Kitty simply NODS, curious.

VINNIE (cont'd)
 I'm surprised you're involved with the police. I mean, a scientist of your caliber, assistant director of R&D. You must be pretty busy.

KITTY
 I like being busy, keeps me focused. Besides, I only consult with the S.C.U., not the police in general.

VINNIE
 Still, it's a lot to ask, isn't it?

KITTY
 (considers)
 Actually, no, I don't think it is. I mean, I became a scientist to discover new, amazing things, to be at the forefront of knowledge. But I never used that knowledge to help people in a more direct way.

VINNIE
 What do you mean?

KITTY
 (sighs)
 Working with the S.C.U., I feel like I've had an actual effect on the lives of some people. Helped save them, maybe. I've felt connected to something larger than myself, more useful in ways people can appreciate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY (cont'd)

(beat)

That *I* can appreciate, as well.

VINNIE

(understands, smiles)

It makes you feel good about yourself.

KITTY

Yes. Yes, it does. Is that bad?

VINNIE

Far from it, it makes you human.

Kitty SMILES. They stare into the others' eyes for a moment.

VINNIE (cont'd)

(clears throat)

Well, I should head back to the office, do some actual work myself.

(beat)

Before I go, I was wondering, will you join me for dinner tonight?

KITTY

(stunned)

Me?! Dinner?

VINNIE

(laughs)

Well, I assume you do eat, right?

(charming)

Please? Think of it as a thank you for a full and proper tour.

Kitty slowly smiles, and nods.

KITTY

I'd like that.

VINNIE

Great! Nothing too fancy, I promise. Pick you up here, say around 7?

She NODS. Vinnie takes her hand and gently kisses it, all very chivalrous. Kitty BLUSHES.

DONOVAN (O.S.)

Leaving so soon?

Dr. Donovan walks up out of nowhere, interrupting the moment completely. Vinnie dons his businessman's smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINNIE

Afraid so, but Dr. Faulkner was an exceptional guide and gave me a proper experience.

DONOVAN

Well, she IS one of the best here.

VINNIE

Thank you, both.

With a slight bow, Vinnie departs. Both Donovan and Kitty watch him leave.

DONOVAN

(thrilled)

Having S.T.A.R. Labs on the radar of the man who might be the next Mayor of Metropolis can only do us good.

(beat, annoyed)

Oh, by the way, you have a visitor.

KITTY

(surprised)

Who now?

DONOVAN

Wouldn't say. Just flashed a badge, and said he'd wait in your office.

He walks off, leaving a concerned Kitty behind...

INT. KITTY'S OFFICE, S.T.A.R. LABS - MOMENTS LATER

Kitty walks into her office - STOPPING abruptly, frowning.

KITTY

(angrily)

What the hell are you doing here?

Sitting behind her desk, feet casually on it, sits SPECIAL AGENT KING FARADAY. He fixes a hard look at her.

FARADAY

We need to talk.

Off Kitty's growing concern...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. KITTY'S OFFICE, S.T.A.R. LABS - DAY

Kitty stands, arms crossed, staring daggers at a casual Faraday, who sits, popping gum, at her desk.

KITTY

I thought we had an agreement? You never come to my work!

FARADAY

Given the situation, it was decided that expediency was required.

KITTY

I'm already dealing with a lot of scrutiny from Donovan, Agent Faraday.

FARADAY

Leave Dr. Donovan to me, if and when it comes to it. Right now, we have more immediate worries.

KITTY

(realizing)
Winslow Schott?

FARADAY

He's supposed to be dead. We thought he was dead. But now he's in custody of the S.C.U.

KITTY

Don't blame me! You're the ones who brought me a body to autopsy two years ago and told me it was Winslow Schott. You and your so-called 'Department'.

FARADAY

You still have it in secure storage?

KITTY

In the lower levels, in a cryo-freeze unit.

(beat)

Could this be a clone?

Faraday shrugs, seemingly nonchalant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY

Who knows? It wouldn't be the first time that particular science has caused problems. Maybe the one in storage is the clone? Could you tell somehow?

KITTY

I'll need a blood sample, biological residue, something to work from, but yes, it's a simple enough task to find out.

Faraday STANDS, popping his gum again.

FARADAY

Then let's find out.

EXT. METROPOLIS CITY ZOO AND AQUARIUM, MIDTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Two ambulances are parked by the curb, as several paramedics tend to the former hostages. Police officers and detectives still mill about, taking statements.

VIC (PRE-LAP)

Okay, let's see it again.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY ROOM, METROPOLIS AQUARIUM AND ZOO - CONTINUOUS

Inside the well-equipped room, filled with security monitors depicting the action from various cameras throughout the zoo, VIC stands over the shoulder of a uniformed guard. The guard works the computer, as the door opens and TOBY enters.

TOBY

I got some decent comments and quotes from some of the hostages.

(beat, curious)

What are you doing?

VIC

Just seeing what our eyes in the sky might have caught.

TOBY

The S.C.U. already has a copy, don't they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIC

Sure, but I want my own to play about with. I don't like waiting for the police to share information with us.

TOBY

Fair enough, I can understand that.

VIC

Besides, Toyman back from the dead, that's a story that demands some investigating, don't you think?

TOBY

Working on your next Pulitzer?

He grins, then SPOTS something on a screen. POINTS. *Excited.*

VIC

There! Right there!

CLOSE ON: A monitor screen, showing a slightly blurry image of a dark SUV stopping by the curb outside the zoo. From the vehicle, steps TOYMAN. The vehicle quickly drives away.

TOBY

He didn't drive in on his own. Someone dropped him off?

VIC

Looks that way.

He pulls out his wallet, and removes a thin handful of notes, offering them to the guard.

VIC (cont'd)

Our little secret, okay?

The guard nods, before EJECTING a DVD from a nearby drive. He hands it to Vic, quickly snatching the payment as Vic takes the DVD. He notices the LOOK Toby shoots him.

VIC (cont'd)

(innocently)

What?

TOBY

What's that for?

VIC

(grinning)

Like I said, I don't like waiting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vic EXITS, leaving a slightly worried Toby to head after him...

EXT. METRO CENTRAL, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - LATER

Establishing shot of the building.

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

Under heavy guard, lead by Stein, TOYMAN is walked into one of an interrogation room. Head down.

Watching from the bullpen are Maggie, Danny, Ten Clouds, TODD and WALLY.

WALLY

Huh. He's taller than I expected.

Schott lifts his head and looks over at them. Smiles in that same child-like way. He stares at the small group for a moment before Stein pushes him into the interrogation room.

Both Todd and Wally SHUDDER.

MAGGIE

(concerned)

You okay?

TODD

Yeah, he's just giving me the creeps.

WALLY

Yeah, on a scale on 1 being 'slightly unnerved', and 10 being 'full on wiggled out', I'm feeling about a 12 right now.

TODD

His eyes. It's like something's missing.

DANNY

Yeah. His sanity.

TEN CLOUDS

And I'm the lucky smuck who has to interview him, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

You're my best interrogator, Russell.
I need you in there, trying to get
him to talk, slip up, anything.

(beat, worried)

This all seems a little too easy. He
must have something else up his
sleeve. Danny, you watch from
observation, note Schott's reactions,
make sure everything is on the
record.

Danny nods. Ten Clouds tosses off a quick mock-salute before
heading towards the interrogation room. He exchanges a quick
nod with HENDERSON as the older man walks in.

Maggie takes one look, and FROWNS.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

You look terrible.

HENDERSON

I just got off a conference call with
the Mayor, the District Attorney, and
the Justice Department.

TODD

Sounds like fun.

HENDERSON

If only.

(beat)

As you can imagine, the Justice
Department is very interested in
anything Schott might tell us.

MAGGIE

This stinks.

TODD

In what way?

MAGGIE

In every way!

(beat, sighs)

Sorry. It's just-- I don't know, it
just feels off, somehow. Like a
series of breadcrumbs laid out for us
since 'the Prankster' turned up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

Oh, that reminds me! There was a call from the officer at MetGen - Loomis woke up.

MAGGIE

About damn time!
(beat, curious)
Wally, anything on the evidence sent over from the hospital?

WALLY

I finished processing it all, and I might be able to figure out where exactly he was shot. I'm just waiting for the data to collate while the analysis finishes up. A couple of hours, tops.

MAGGIE

Which gives me enough time to go talk to 'Crazy Uncle Ozzie'.

WALLY

(matter-of-fact)
'Loony'. It was 'Loony Uncle Ozzie', not 'Crazy'

Maggie shoots him a LOOK, before heading off out of the bullpen. Henderson joins her, and they EXIT. Danny and Todd head back to their respective desks, leaving Wally standing alone. Arms crossed, *nonplussed*.

WALLY (cont'd)

What? It's what the show was called!

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, S.C.U. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Danny, arms crossed, watches, eyes narrowed as Ten Clouds slowly circles the room. Toyman sits at the metal table, his wrists cuffed to a secure bolt on it. His eyes GLIDE around the room, *oblivious*.

TEN CLOUDS

Okay, 'Toyman', what brings you back to Metropolis?

TOYMAN

(giggles)
I just wanted to have some fun!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEN CLOUDS

The same kind of fun you had in Gotham?

TOYMAN

I didn't like it there. Full of bad people, I didn't like them. They didn't want to play with me.

TEN CLOUDS

People like The Joker?

TOYMAN

(nods)

He was a bad clown. He was no fun!

(beat)

But Metropolis, it's full of lots of people who I'm going to make play with me!

Both Ten Clouds and Danny REACT.

DANNY

That does not sound good.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM ONE, S.C.U. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Ten Clouds LEANS in, as Schott simply GRINS.

TEN CLOUDS

What is that supposed to mean?

Toyman giggles again, eyes gleaming with insanity.

TOYMAN

It's a secret! I'm not gonna tell!

TEN CLOUDS

Dammit, Schott--!

TOYMAN

No! Toyman! I'm the Toyman! Shan't tell! Shan't!

He crosses his arms. *Defiant.*

TOYMAN (cont'd)

You can't make me!

He sticks his TONGUE out for a second, before turning away. Shaking his head in defeat, Ten Clouds stands and EXITS. Schott smiles with manic glee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOYMAN (cont'd)

(singing)

*Ring-a-ring of roses, a pocketful of
posies. Ashes, ashes, we all fall
down!*

He LAUGHS, any hint of remaining rationality gone...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, S.C.U. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Ten Clouds enters the Observation Room, and stands beside
Danny.

TOYMAN (O.S.)

(singing)

*London Bridge is falling down,
falling down, falling down. London
Bridge is falling down, my fair lady.*

(beat, pouts)

No, no, that doesn't sound right!

TEN CLOUDS

What a class-A lunatic!

DANNY

It's like he's a kid again, in his
head.

TOYMAN

(singing)

*Metropolis is falling down, falling
down, falling down.*

TEN CLOUDS

Like I said - *lunatic*.

(beat, realizing)

Wait, what's he saying?

TOYMAN

(singing)

*Metropolis is falling down, bombs are
singing!*

Danny and Ten Clouds exchange a horrified look of
understanding, Schott's words sinking in...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

Bombs?! He said something about
bombs?!

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie stands at the nurse's station near Loomis' room, on the desk phone. Listening intently.

MAGGIE

(determined)

Okay, bring Wally in, have him run a explosives residue test on Schott. If he turns up positive, we'll go from there. Keep me updated.

She hangs up, lets out a frustrated, ragged breath. Closes her eyes.

FARADAY (O.S.)

Trouble at the fort?

Maggie looks over to see Faraday standing by the entrance to Loomis' room. She pulls a face.

MAGGIE

You could have just called me back, you know.

FARADAY

Actually, I'm just as interested in what Loomis has to say about Schott as you are.

MAGGIE

How did-- you know what, never mind, I don't care.

(sighs)

Fine, come on.

With his usual grin, Faraday opens the door to the room, allowing Maggie to enter first. She simply rolls her eyes...

INT. FORENSICS LAB, METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Wally, wearing his lab coat and some disposable gloves, places a small plastic vial into one of his many machines. Closes it. Presses a control.

WALLY

This shouldn't take long, guys.

Behind him, leaning against the central table, are Danny and Ten Clouds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEN CLOUDS

(sighs)

I really hope he was just yanking our chain, you know?

DANNY

You and me both, but given his history, it's unlikely.

TEN CLOUDS

A guy can dream, can't he?

BE-BEEP! Wally quickly taps at his keyboard, and a series of CHEMICAL READOUTS appear on one of the monitors. He FROWNS.

WALLY

(surprised)

Huh. What? That doesn't make any sense.

DANNY

What doesn't?

WALLY

Nothing. The analyzer must be on the blink. Sorry, guys. I'll need to run the sample again.

Wally begins to cut another sample from a nearby gun-shot residue collection kit, and prepares it for analysis. Ten Clouds and Danny exchange a confused look.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, S.C.U. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Standing by the one-way mirror, watching Schott, is LT. FRANK DIBNY, a look of intense dislike on his face. Next to him, looking at Schott with burning curiosity, is DR. BETH CHAPEL.

BETH

He's not at all like I expected. I thought he'd be more, I don't know, 'diabolical', I suppose.

DIBNY

Given what he's done, he's plenty that, ma'am.

They both turn as the door opens, admitting Todd Rice, who looks at him in surprise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

Uh, Lieutenant Dibny? Beth? What are you two--?

BETH

Sorry, Todd. I couldn't help myself. I had paperwork to deliver to some of your detectives, and I had to take a peek.

DIBNY

Word gets around fast when you have a celebrity in the Box.

TODD

Oh. Okay, I guess.

(beat)

Celebrity, though? Really?

BETH

The guy everyone thought killed Lex Luthor. One of the first 'super-villians', according to Wikipedia.

DIBNY

Apparently, that makes him a celebrity, these days.

TODD

(dubious)

Well, I think I'll stick with following Kim Kardashian on Twitter for now, personally. Would you mind? I need to double check the recording equipment, there have been some weird power surges today.

DIBNY

Sure, no problem.

They both quickly step out and exit the room, but leave the door open, as Todd runs a few checks on the recording equipment. He glances up at Schott. Shakes his head.

TODD

'Celebrity'. What a joke.

He turns away-- not noticing as Schott LOOKS UP and *smiles*. Excited...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

Okay, 'Prankster', start talking.

INT. LOOMIS' ROOM, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Loomis, laying propped up on some pillows, attached to his monitors and wearing a nasal cannula, looks up at Maggie and Faraday, hovering over him. Neither looks happy.

LOOMIS
(weakly)
Toyman... they made me--

MAGGIE
That's old news, Loomis. We already know about Schott. He's in custody back at the S.C.U. What I want to know is, who shot you?

Loomis eyes widen in sheer panic. He starts gasping for air, and fiddling with his restraints. Shakes his head in denial.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Was it Schott? Didn't he like you horning in on his territory? A 'Prankster' isn't as good as a 'Toyman', is that it?

LOOMIS
No, no, you don't, you don't understand. Schott's--

He starts gasping again, heavier, more frantic.

FARADAY
Take a breath, Loomis. Maybe you could tone down the 'bad cop' act, Sawyer, huh?

MAGGIE
And play against type?
(sighs, nods)
Fine, I'll try.

FARADAY
Okay, Loomis. Talk to us. What about Schott?
(beat)
Is it really him?

Maggie shots him a look. *Incredulous.*

MAGGIE
What's that supposed to mean? Who else could it be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOOMIS

This, this wasn't supposed to happen!
I'm not a killer -- I'm a prankster.

(beat)

This was just a big JOKE!

FARADAY

Who was the joke supposed to be on?

Loomis LOCKS EYES with Maggie. She BACKS away from the intense look in them, disturbed.

LOOMIS

(to Maggie)

On you!

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, S.C.U. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Todd, oblivious as he checks the recording system, does not notice as Schott STANDS. With little difficulty, he adjusts his position and PUSHES the table across the room.

Todd, noticing, watches, dumbfounded. He watches as Schott positions himself in front of the window into the main bullpen area.

TOYMAN

(giggles)

This is going to be fun!

INT. FORENSICS LAB, METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Wally taps at his keyboard again, and another set of chemical results appear on a different screen. As Danny and Ten Clouds watch, unsure what's going on, he looks from one to the other. Shakes his head.

WALLY

(frustrated)

That makes no sense!

TEN CLOUDS

Why don't you explain it to us who don't read 'science'.

WALLY

I ran the test twice, the results were the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEN CLOUDS

So, what kind of explosives has he been handling?

WALLY

None.

DANNY

(relieved)

That's good, right? Why are you so annoyed?

WALLY

Because, the test isn't picking up any epithelial cells in the samples! Usually it filters them out, but they're always there. But not now.

TEN CLOUDS

What does that mean, in the long run?

WALLY

I'm not sure, but I don't think we should assume that the negative reading is accurate.

Danny SLAMS a clenched fist against the central table. Everything SHAKES.

DANNY

(furious)

I hate this! The way this guy is playing with us.

TEN CLOUDS

You better call the Captain, let her know.

With a nod, Danny turns. EXITS...

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

Standing inside the observation room, Todd turns towards the open door to the squad room.

TODD

Hey, Lieutenant?

Dibny, talking with Beth, TURNS, curious. They see Toyman standing at the window, staring out with an insane grin.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM ONE, S.C.U. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

'Toyman' closes his eyes.

TOYMAN
Metropolis is falling down, falling
down, falling down. Metropolis is
falling down...

His eyes snap open, GLOWING A BRILLIANT BLUE!

TOYMAN (cont'd)
...bombs are ringing!

Toyman EXPLODES, flames engulfing the room--

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, S.C.U. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Todd instinctively RAISES HIS ARMS to protect himself, as the mirror SHATTERS, glass fragments flying every which way. The force HURLS Todd back, hitting the far wall, HARD!

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

The interrogation room window BURSTS APART, flames licking the walls. Everyone in the room is THROWN to the ground from the force of the detonation. The overhead lights SPARK and EXPLODE, showering the room with their remains...

EXT. METRO CENTRAL, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

The windows to several floors in the middle of the building EXPLODE outward, glass raining down onto the unsuspecting officers and detectives, including HARRY STEIN, standing nearby. Stein looks up, mouth agape in SHOCK.

INT. HENDERSON'S OFFICE, METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

MIKE HENDERSON feels the tremor SHAKE his entire office, as windows rattle, and his desk rumbles. He looks around, eyes wide with FEAR.

INT. FORENSICS LAB, METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

The room SHAKES, the LIGHTS FLICKER AND FAIL as Wally and Ten Clouds look around in surprise. All his computer screens sputter and DIE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEN CLOUDS

What the hell was--?

The ceiling GIVES WAY, debris falling onto the central table. One of Wally's machine's EXPLODES - both men are THROWN BACK...

INT. ELEVATOR, METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Danny, STARTLED, grabs hold of the wall rail for support as the entire elevator SHAKES and GRINDS, before being plunged into darkness...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. METRO CENTRAL, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Smoke trails from the smashed windows on the destroyed levels.

Those lucky enough to avoid injury move between the wounded, helping where necessary, as paramedics emerge from the arriving ambulances and begin tending to those in need.

Amid the chaos, a blue sedan abruptly halts, before MAGGIE climbs out. She looks up at the damaged level. *Appalled.*

HENDERSON (O.S.)

Maggie! Over here!

She turns, and her relief is evident, upon spotting a gesturing HENDERSON, standing next to STEIN and a few other officers. She quickly joins them.

MAGGIE

You guys okay?

HENDERSON

More or less. We're still trying to assess the damage, determine what the hell happened.

MAGGIE

Schott happened. A robot duplicate.

(beat)

It was a damn Trojan horse, and I fell for it!

HENDERSON

Hey! Recriminations won't help the people trapped inside the building, so stow it, Captain.

MAGGIE

(takes a breath, calm)

You're right. Sorry.

STEIN

Alright, all we know at the moment is that the blast was mostly contained to the S.C.U. Squad Room floor. But it also shorted out the building's electrical system.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

(cautious)

Have you heard *anything* from anyone who was in the Squad Room since the explosion?

The two men exchange an apprehensive look. Their lack of answer tells Maggie all she needs. As she contemplates the fates of her friends and colleagues...

INT. CORRIDOR, METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A set of closed elevator doors protest with the shriek of metal scratching as they are PUSHED OPEN to reveal a sweaty DANNY, a nasty bruise forming on his forehead.

With another GRUNT of effort, he pulls himself up and out onto the floor, the elevator stuck just below the usual stopping point. He takes a DEEP BREATH before standing, touching his head tenderly, and moving off...

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

The room is in shambles. Exposed electricians SPARK overhead, as soft groans emanate from underneath piles of debris.

A HAND reaches up and grabs hold of an overturned desk, as RALPH DIBNY pulls himself up, shaking his head to clear it. A nasty CUT dribbles blood down his cheek, which he absently wipes away, as he surveys the room.

DIBNY

Anyone there? Anyone?

More groans can be heard as more detectives and officers pick themselves up off the ground, and check for injuries. Most appear unharmed aside from cuts and bruises.

BETH (O.S.)

(out of breath)

Lieutenant..?

Dibny TURNS - to see BETH PINNED by a fallen filing cabinet, unable to push it off herself. Dibny quickly aids her, but still can't shift it enough.

Danny pushes through the partially collapsed doors into the squad room, kicking his way through the debris to the bullpen. Dibny spots him, and waves him over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY
Turpin, give us a hand!

Danny quickly joins him, and with a collective groan of effort, they LIFT the cabinet off Beth. She scurries free, taking a needed breath as they ease it back into position.

BETH
(pants, relieved)
Thanks, gentlemen. Much appreciated.

DIBNY
Always happy to help a lady, ma'am.

DANNY
Is everyone okay?

Beth and Dibny look around, searching and identifying the faces.

BETH
I think so.
(beat)
Wait. Where's Todd? He was in the--

She looks around, and FREEZES when she sees something.

CLOSE ON: The collapsed door to the observation room, and the PRONE ARM sticking out from underneath it.

BETH (cont'd)
Oh, god!

As one, the three of them move like lightning to the door, and pick it up - revealing the broken, bleeding body of TODD RICE. Glass fragments pepper his body, and the outer layer of his clothing is singed and smoking.

Beth quickly feels for a pulse. Relief floods her face when she finds one. Todd moans softly, and coughs hard.

BETH (cont'd)
He's alive, but in a really bad way.
He must have been right next to the explosion, whatever it was.

DANNY
Where's Toyman? Did he set off the explosion?

Dibny stands and looks through the shattered window into the interrogation room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The room is a blasted ruin, blackened and burnt, the table twisted and charred. Fragments of metal and circuitry are strewn across it and embedded in the wall.

On the floor, twisted and broken, are a pair of red-tinted spectacles.

DIBNY

I think he was the explosion.

Danny grimaces-- just as the room SHAKES. Everything rattles, and more debris from the ceiling falls to the floor. Beth uses her body to shield Todd.

DIBNY (cont'd)

We need to get out of here. Can we risk moving Mr. Rice?

BETH

I think we're going to have to.

She looks around, quickly pointing.

BETH (cont'd)

That table, we can use it as a stretcher. We'll use your belts to keep him steady and just try to avoid jostling him too much.

As Danny and Dibny move off, and Beth tends to Todd...

INT. FORENSICS LAB, METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

TEN CLOUDS, bleeding from an cut eyebrow, tosses several pieces of ceiling tile debris aside, uncovering a scared WALLY WEST.

TEN CLOUDS

You okay, kid?

WALLY

(in pain)

My hands...

CLOSE ON: Wally's hands, fingers curled inward, the skin blotchy and blistered.

WALLY (cont'd)

Acid burns. The jar was next to the centrifuge. I must have got sprayed when it exploded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEN CLOUDS

Damn. Come on, let's get you up, get some help.

As they stand, the building SHAKES once again. Several large chunks of ceiling tile FALL.

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)

Look out!

Ten Clouds shields Wally from the raining fragments. A piece of ceiling support BREAK OFF, and SMACKS into the back of Ten Clouds head. He stumbles slightly, grabbing the back of his neck.

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)

Mother--!

WALLY

Sarge?

TEN CLOUDS

I'm fine, don't worry about me, I've got a hard head.

He pulls the injured, wobbly Wally to his feet, and helps him towards the door.

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)

Whaddya say we get out of this dump?

Wally, teeth gritted against the pain, simply NODS as he allows Ten Clouds to slowly lead them out...

EXT. METRO CENTRAL, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A panel van door, with "WGBS NEWS" written on it, as it slides open, allowing LUCAS 'SNAPPER' CARR, microphone in hand, to climb out. He looks up, his jaw dropping at the sight in front of him.

SNAPPER

Holy hell...

SWING AROUND to see the organized chaos outside Metro Central. Paramedics talk with Beth as they move Todd into an ambulance. Another tends to Wally's burned hands. Maggie shakes Dibny's hand, as Ten Clouds slaps Danny on the back.

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Faraday stands by the nurses' station, *scowling*. His gaze is fixed on the t.v monitor hanging nearby, as Snapper reports.

SNAPPER

This is Snapper Carr reporting live from outside Metro Central, headquarters for the Metropolis Police Department.

INT. DAILY STAR OFFICES, DAILY STAR BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Toby, standing with Vic and Steve, watches Snapper's report continue on one of several screens on the far wall displaying different news stations. The image pans up to show the damage to the middle floors.

SNAPPER

As you can see, there's been an explosion of some kind, but no casualties have been confirmed as of yet.

Off Toby's evident worry, as she pulls out her cell phone...

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

Kitty, horrified, watches the streaming news via her computer screen on her desk.

SNAPPER

We've been informed that the building is being evacuated, however, several personnel are still unaccounted for but fallen debris is hindering efforts to find them.

She quickly turns the screen off, and moves to her WALL SAFE, inputting the code with lightning speed. She pulls out a familiar looking metal carry case, before heading off...

INT. WHISPER'S OFFICE, HSC INTERNATIONAL - CONTINUOUS

Standing at her window, WHISPER A'DAIRE watches a TRAIL OF SMOKE drifting through the air in the distance. *Curious*.

WHISPER

Interesting...

EXT. METRO CENTRAL, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Maggie watches as Beth places a oxygen mask on Todd's face, before a paramedic closes up the back of the ambulance. She talks into the cell phone she is holding to her ear.

MAGGIE

Todd's in bad shape. Beth managed to get him stable but he's being rushed to MetGen for emergency surgery.

INT. DAILY STAR OFFICES, DAILY STAR BUILDING - INTERCUT

Toby stands away from Vic and Steve, cell held close, relieved just to be hearing Maggie's voice.

TOBY

Are you okay?

MAGGIE

I'm fine. Really.

TOBY

Keep me updated, okay?

MAGGIE

I will, I promise. I love you.

TOBY

(sincere)

Right back at you, babe.

She hangs up, her facade cracking instantly, as tears fill her eyes. Vic is immediately at her side.

VIC

(concerned)

Hey, hey, you okay?

TOBY

(emotional)

No, Vic. I am *far* from okay.

STEVE

Well, at least this time we'll be able to get ahead of the *Daily Planet* with the exclusive, right?

Toby stiffens, before looking at Steve, staring daggers at him. Vic frowns in disapproval. Steve's easy smile fades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE (cont'd)
I-- I'm sorry, I didn't mean...

With lightning speed, Toby lashes out and SLAPS Steve across the face, hard! Clutching his cheek, Steve looks back at her, stunned.

The SILENCE in the bull pen is deafening. Toby looks at the wide-eyed stares directed straight at her. Mortified, she looks back at Steve, who gingerly rubs his red cheek.

TOBY
Steve, I-- I'm so...

Vic touches Toby gently on the shoulder.

VIC
Maybe we should go get some air, huh?

With a distracted nod, Toby turns and walks out of the bull-pen, Vic following after her...

INT. MAIN LOBBY, S.T.A.R. LABS - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A door opens and Kitty POKES her head out. She looks around furtively, before emerging fully, wearing a casual jacket, and carrying the metal case close to her chest.

She heads straight for the main entrance, and is almost outside when--

DONOVAN
Kitty?! What are you--?

Kitty JOLTS, whirling around to face Dr. Donovan, who stands near the reception desk, looking at her, puzzled.

KITTY
(breathless, fast)
Look I'm going to Metro Central because my friends have just been bombed and people are trapped and they need my help so you should just back off and not stop me okay?!

Donovan, eyes wide, is taken aback by her blurted statement. He raises his hands in a gesture of acquiescence.

DONOVAN
Okay. Sure. Go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY

Look, you can threaten to fire me,
but I won't change my--
(beat, confused)
What did you say?

DONOVAN

I'm not a bad guy, Kitty. I saw the
news, I saw what happened. If we can
help, we should. Go. Let me know if
you need anything else, okay?

Kitty stands there, blinking rapidly as Donovan's words sink
in.

KITTY

Okay. I will, then. Go, I mean.
(beat)
I'm going. Bye. Thank you!

She turns and EXITS, leaving a nonplussed Donovan behind...

TOBY (PRE-LAP)

I can't believe I slapped him!

EXT. DAILY STAR BUILDING, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Toby sits on the steps leading up to the main doors, knees
tucked in tight, arms folded on her knees. She looks over at
Vic, who is buying two coffees from a nearby vendor.

TOBY

I'm surprised Steve didn't fire me on
the spot.

VIC

Because he's not a complete idiot,
despite his mouth working against
him, that's why.

He sits down beside Toby and offers her a coffee, sipping
his as he does. She takes it with a grateful smile, blows on
it and sips.

VIC (cont'd)

He knows better than to lose his
best reporter.
(beat, smugly)
Well, one of his best, anyway.

Toby lets out a surprised LAUGH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

Thank you, I needed that. And the coffee too.

VIC

Hey, I've been in your situation, I know where you're coming from.

Toby shoots him a quizzical look. Vic sighs deeply.

VIC (cont'd)

It's part of the reason I needed to get out of Hub City. That article might have got me a Pulitzer, but it also cost a good friend her life.

TOBY

I'm so sorry.

VIC

(indifferent)

My point is that caring for people on the front lines of danger is never easy. Is she worth it?

TOBY

(fiercely)

Without question.

Vic simply grins. He stands and downs the last of his drink.

VIC

Listen, I doubt you want to go back inside right now, so why not come with me? I'm heading back to my apartment, work from home. You're welcome to join me, Ms. Raines.

He offers his hand. Toby frowns, scrutinizing him for a moment. His cocky grin remains steadfast. She finally NODS and takes his hand, allowing him to pull her up.

As they walk away, side by side...

EXT. BRICKWELL'S LAIR, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

Establishing shot of a rundown office building, surrounded by other crappier looking buildings and warehouses.

BRICKWELL

(incensed)

Are you completely crazy, lady?

INT. BRICKWELL'S OFFICE, BRICKWELL'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Inside the office, which defies the building's exterior by looking more expensive and well-furnished, DANIEL 'BRICK' BRICKWELL stands by a window, yelling into his cell phone.

BRICKWELL

You realize you just declared war on the Metropolis P.D., right?

INT. WHISPER'S OFFICE, HSC INTERNATIONAL - INTERCUT

WHISPER, seemingly without a care in the world, sits at her desk, leaning casually into her comfortable chair. Standing by the desk, arms crossed, annoyance clear, is KYLE ABBOTT, cold blue eyes fixed on the desk's active speakerphone.

WHISPER

I admit, this was an unexpected development. Either the bomb detonated accidentally, or something caused it to prematurely explode.

BRICKWELL

Either way, we're screwed when they connect the dots, A'Daire!

WHISPER

Daniel, my dear, there is no way they can trace anything back to us.

BRICKWELL

Oh no? What about your man Loomis? He's still alive, right? He could tell them everything!

WHISPER

That will be taken care of, shortly. With the police in chaos, no one is worried about a mere 'prankster'.

(beat)

Now, all we have to do is simply accelerate our plans, and capitalize on what's going on. Understood?

The DIAL TONE answers her question. She reaches forward and silences it with the touch of a button, eyebrow cocked in disbelief.

WHISPER (cont'd)

He hung up on me? The man is more stupid than I thought.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHISPER (cont'd)

I beginning to believe he's come to the end of his usefulness.

KYLE

Perhaps then, we should move up that aspect of our time table as well?

WHISPER

(nods slowly)

Yes, I think that would be best. Have Mr. Denetto drop off a little present on his way to deal with Loomis.

Kyle replies with a sharp NOD, and then EXITS. Whisper leans back in her chair, looking up at the TV monitor on the wall, which shows Snapper Carr continuing his live report on-scene at Metro Central. She uses the remote to un-mute it.

SNAPPER

I can confirm that a representative of S.T.A.R. Labs is on site, helping in the efforts to recover personnel still trapped inside.

Whisper SMILES...

EXT. METRO CENTRAL, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

The crowds watching from behind the marked perimeter have grown, including several more news-vans. Snapper Carr can be seen addressing his cameraman and listening audience.

Standing by the impromptu staging area that has been set up, Kitty stands alongside Maggie, Henderson, Danny and Ten Clouds. She holds a hand-held tablet, which she gingerly runs her fingers over, face a mask of concentration.

KITTY

Almost through. Can you see the exit?

She looks over at Danny, who holds another tablet, on which is a wobbly camera view of a corridor inside Metro Central. The end of the corridor is just visible, light blinding the actual doorway.

DANNY

I think so, yeah

Ten Clouds, wincing a little, rubbing his temple, paces behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEN CLOUDS

Come on, come on, they're almost out!

HENDERSON

(pointing)

There! I see them!

Everyone, bar Kitty, who remains focused on her tablet, looks up as a small group of dusty, wounded officers and civilians emerges, squinting into the bright light of day. Paramedics quickly aid them and move them to the ambulance.

A GLINT OF SILVER flashes through the air before stopping in front of a smiling Kitty - it's the T-SPHERE!

MAGGIE

I'm so very glad you decided to keep that thing, Dr. Faulkner.

KITTY

You and me both, Captain.

HENDERSON

That's the last of them. The building is totally evacuated now, and all personnel are accounted for.

MAGGIE

We've been damn lucky, Mike. We could have ended up a lot worse off.

HENDERSON

Tell me about it.

KITTY

If you don't mind, I'd like to take a look around the S.C.U. Squad Room. I'd like to see if we can find any fragments of the bomb, maybe even the robot itself. It might help identify the maker.

TEN CLOUDS

(angrily)

We know who made the damn thing! If Loomis weren't already in the hospital, I'd put him there myself!

MAGGIE

No, Kitty has a point. Loomis isn't a killer, he's a mischief maker.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Someone must have put him up to this,
under false pretenses. We need to
find out who.

TEN CLOUDS

(faltering)

Okay, yeah, sure, f-- fine, what--
whatever, urgh.

He WOBBLER, STUMBLES, and grabs the back of his head, face
screwed up in pain. Maggie steps forward, concerned.

MAGGIE

Russell? Are you okay?

TEN CLOUDS

My head, it's hurting something bad,
Cap. I-- I can't--

His pulls his hand away, and it's RED WITH BLOOD. Ten
Cloud's eyes roll back into his head, and he COLLAPSES to
the floor in a heap, body CONVULSING, spittle on his lips.

DANNY

Sarge!

MAGGIE

(shouting)

We need a medic over here! Officer
down, we have an officer down!

Maggie and Danny both fall onto the knees, trying to keep a
shaking Ten Clouds still, as two paramedics rush over with
their medical kits. As they approach, Ten Clouds goes LIMP.

DANNY

Oh god! He's not breathing.

Henderson and Kitty quickly pull Maggie and Danny away, as
the paramedics begin performing CPR on the fallen form of
Russell Ten Clouds, as we...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

CONTINUED:

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL, MIDTOWN - EVENING

Establishing shot of the building.

DAMON (PRE-LAP)
Will he be okay?

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Laying prone on the bed, with a breathing cannula in his nose, head and arms bandaged and a neck brace in place, is a sleeping TODD. His chest rises and falls at a steady pace.

Sitting at the sleeping Todd's beside, a tired looking DAMON MATTHEWS sits vigil next to his boyfriend, one hand resting gently on Todd's. Next to him, looking bruised but okay, stands BETH.

BETH
The surgery removed several pieces of shrapnel that penetrated his abdomen, but it went well, considering. His burns were easily seen to as well, so he should recover within a week or so.

Damon nods, eyes not leaving Todd's bruised face. Beth squeezes Damon's shoulder, before she EXITS into:

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

She closes the door behind her, giving them some privacy, before facing the two men, DANNY and WALLY, sitting waiting outside. Wally's hands are heavily bandaged. Both men stare ahead, deep in shock. Beth looks at them with concern.

BETH
I know you two aren't all right...
but are you okay?

DANNY
I just can't believe the Sarge is gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

I keep thinking he'll come round the corner and make some remark about me having my hands all bandaged up!

DANNY

(smiles)

Yeah, he did always like to have a comment or a line ready, didn't he?

WALLY

(laughs)

Tell me about it, always calling me 'kid'! Even after the bomb went off! He practically saved my life today a few hours ago. Now he's...

(beat, emotional)

It's my fault, isn't it?

BETH

What?! Why would you think that?!

WALLY

He was in my lab, that's where he got hurt, isn't it? If I hadn't been such a klutz and got burned, he wouldn't-

DANNY

(interrupting)

Oh hell, no, Wally! There's only one person to blame for Ten Clouds' death!

He STANDS abruptly, surprising both Wally and Beth as he turns and storms away.

BETH

Where are you going?

DANNY

I'm gonna have a little talk with the man who gave that robot it's marching orders.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Inside, LOOMIS, looking a lot healthier but still attached to several different machines, is awake and sitting up. His wrists are also cuffed to the bed railings. FARADAY and MAGGIE stand at his bedside - neither look happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY

What do you mean, it was an
'audition'?

LOOMIS

This woman, Whisper A'Daire? Well,
she knew about what happened between
me and WGBS-TV, she knew I'd been
tinkering. She offered me a chance to
work with her and her company.

MAGGIE

Intergang?

LOOMIS

She never called it that, but I'm not
an idiot, I could connect the dots.

MAGGIE

So you performed your little stunt at
WGBS-TV, had us running around
thinking you were going to bomb the
city into next week, as a test?!

Loomis looks down, having the decency to look ashamed.
Maggie shakes her head in disbelief.

FARADAY

Can you tell us anything else about--

SLAM!

All three JUMP at the sound of the door hitting the wall
hard, looking around to find Danny, standing in the doorway,
FURIOUS as he stares at Loomis.

DANNY

You! You did this!

MAGGIE

Danny? What are you--?

DANNY

Why isn't he rotting in a cell
somewhere? Anywhere? Why does he get
to sit there all medicated and healed
when a damn good cop lies dead in the
morgue?!

MAGGIE

(realizing)

Oh, Danny--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Don't 'Danny' me, Boss. This creep is responsible for Ten Clouds' death, and he will answer for it.

FARADAY

Detective Turpin, I think it best if you leave now.

LOOMIS

(startled)

Death? What? I didn't kill anyone, I didn't know what they were planning with the bombs! I got shot because I found out!

DANNY

Too bad they didn't finish the job properly, you creep!

He LUNGES forward. Maggie quickly INTERCEPTS and PUSHES HIM BACK.

MAGGIE

That's *enough*, Detective!

She grabs him by the arm and pulls him out of the room into:

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie swings Danny around in front of her, glaring at him.

MAGGIE

What the hell are you trying to pull, mister? Are you trying to derail this investigation?

DANNY

Investigation? Are you freaking serious?! Russell Ten Clouds is dead, and it's his fault! Why does he get to survive, when Russell--

Danny stops, eyes full of tears, lip trembling. He visibly deflates, anger leaving him and he sags.

DANNY (cont'd)

He was my partner, Boss. The first one I'd had in a good few years, that didn't look at me like I was scum. He was-- he was...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
(softly, sadly)
I know, Danny. I know.

It finally HITS Danny, and he starts to CRY, the tears falling freely. Maggie pulls him into a tight embrace, her own eyes moist as she blinks back her own tears. Danny holds onto her tightly as his sobs echo through the corridor.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Faraday watches silently for a moment, as Maggie continues to hold Danny close, before closing the room's blinds, and turning back to a scared Loomis.

LOOMIS
You have to believe me, I had no idea they were planting bombs in the robots!

FARADAY
Doesn't matter, Oswald. You still constructed the delivery device.

He approaches, leaning in close, as Loomis tried to pull away, but he has nowhere to move to. He locks eyes with Faraday, *terrified*.

FARADAY (cont'd)
I'd say you're looking at a long jail term, if you're lucky. I mean, it *is* an election year, so maybe they'll push for the death penalty.

LOOMIS
You're not serious?!

Faraday, stoic, simply stares at him. Loomis quickly breaks.

LOOMIS (cont'd)
What can I do?! Please, there must be something I can do to fix this?

FARADAY
I'm sure we can come to some arrangement. But for now, just keep talking.

Loomis swallows, hard, as Faraday pops his gum, and slowly grins...

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

The Squad Room is in ruins, debris from the ceiling still falling at random moments and the sound of creaking reinforces just how unsafe the entire floor is. In the middle of it all, floats Kitty's T-SPHERE.

As it floats in place, part of the metal casing retracts, revealing a CAMERA LENS, which adjusts it's focus several times...

EXT. METRO CENTRAL, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A laptop monitor, which is relaying the incoming transmission from the t-sphere, overlain with several scanning elements and readouts. Dainty fingers fly across the keyboard, pulling back to reveal a frowning KITTY.

When a hand touches her shoulder, she JUMPS slightly, letting out a little SQUEAK of surprise before turning around embarrassed to see an apologetic HARRY STEIN.

STEIN

Sorry, Doctor. Didn't mean to scare you.

KITTY

No, no, it's fine. Sorry, I was pretty caught up looking around.

STEIN

Found anything yet with that little ball of tricks we can use?

KITTY

Not yet. It looks like the blast took out the robot completely, but I'll keep looking.

Stein, nods and heads back the way he came, as Kitty watches him go, amused.

KITTY (cont'd)

"Little ball of tricks"? Okay...

She turns back the laptop, and abruptly SCREAMS IN TERROR!!

Stein RACES back, concerned, as Kitty backs away from the laptop.

STEIN

What? What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kitty points a quivering finger at the laptop screen. Stein looks, and his jaw drops in astonishment.

STEIN (cont'd)

Holy hell.

CLOSE ON: The laptop screen, which shows the sphere's direct current view - a GLEAMING SILVER/METAL SKULL, embedded into the ceiling, at an angle that has it looking directly at the camera, complete with rictus grin...

EXT. BRICKWELL'S LAIR, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

A dark, unmarked panel van pulls up outside the run down building. It's familiar - the same one from outside the Zoo this morning!

The driver's side door opens, and a well-dressed man, JOHNNY DENETTO, steps out (late-30s, handsome, with cold eyes and an easy smile). In one hand he carries a small, sleek briefcase. He closes the door and heads into the building.

BRICKWELL (PRE-LAP)

Who the hell are you?

INT. BRICKWELL'S OFFICE, BRICKWELL'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Brickwell sits at his desk, leaning back in his chair. In front of him stands Denetto, calming allowing two of Brickwell's men to frisk him - he seems to be enjoying it.

DENETTO

My name is Johnny Denetto, Mr. Brickwell. We have an associate in common. Red hair, very sexy, rips your throat out with her teeth, if you piss her off.

BRICKWELL

(cautious)

You work for A'Daire?

DENETTO

On occasion. I work for the same people she does.

BRICKWELL

Intergang.

One of the thugs puts the briefcase on the desk, and Brickwell looks at it warily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENETTO

Ms. A'Daire understands you have some doubts about the way things have been carried out lately.

BRICKWELL

Damn right I do, Johnny! I worked long and hard to get where I am today, took down the right people, consolidated territory and made sure people knew my name. I am not about to let some snake bitch ruin that!

DENETTO

Well, I've been sent here to give you an assurance from Whisper that you are a valued ally in what's to come for Metropolis. That briefcase contains a little something extra for your trouble.

Denetto steps forward and unlatches the locks on the briefcase, before opening it and spinning it around to allow Brickwell to see what it contains.

MONEY. Lots and LOTS OF MONEY.

DENETTO (cont'd)

Two million dollars. Consider it a bonus and a thank you.

Brickwell is the picture of stunned amazement. The two thugs come around the desk and join him in basking in the glow of the money.

DENETTO (cont'd)

Can I tell Whisper you're still with us?

Brickwell waves dismissively at him with one hand, the other picking up one of the many bundles of bills.

BRICKWELL

Sure, whatever. Leave.

Denetto turns, his cocksure grin becoming more malicious as he EXITS...

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

Establishing shot of the building, now with several unmarked police cars, with gumball lights out, parked out front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN (PRE-LAP)
What is going on?!

INT. CYBERNETICS LAB, S.T.A.R. LABS - CONTINUOUS

Donovan, standing in the open doorway to the lab, angrily glares at the three figures standing at the central table - KITTY, MAGGIE and FARADAY. The way the latter two are standing blocks the view of what exactly is on the table.

KITTY
(unnerved)
Uh, Dr. Donovan--

DONOVAN
The main lobby is filled with people who don't work here! Why is that?

MAGGIE
Dr. Faulkner invited us back here while she worked on the... the 'item' she recovered at Metro Central.

Donovan lets out an annoyed breath, and squeezes the bridge of his nose in an effort to release tension. Unsuccessfully.

KITTY
(quickly speaks)
They don't have anywhere to work, Dabny, and there is a lot more going on then you know about!

DONOVAN
Yeah, that is perfectly clear.
(sighs)
What can I do to help?

FARADAY
We could use an actual room to work from. The at least we'll be out of the way of your main reception.

DONOVAN
Of course. I can set you up in our Security Room. Follow me.

Faraday shoots Maggie a questioning look. She nods, allowing him to take the lead. With a quick salute, Faraday heads out after Donovan, leaving Kitty and Maggie alone in the lab.

MAGGIE
That's your boss, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY

(laughs)

He's an acquired taste, I know.

Together, they turn their attention to the object that lies on the table - the ROBOTIC SKULL. A little cleaner than we last saw it, but still with it's skeletal smile.

Kitty picks up a small tool, and runs it over the back of the skull - and with a slight POP of air, a panel opens up. She then picks up another device, and starts using it to gently probe the inside.

MAGGIE

Loomis told Faraday that there are at least THREE more robots in Intergang's arsenal.

KITTY

(distracted)

Okay. So what do we do about that?

MAGGIE

I've put the word out for every officer in the city to be on the lookout for anyone matching Winslow Schott's description.

Kitty gives her a very dubious look. Maggie shrugs.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

It's the best we can do for now, until we find a surefire way of locating where the hell these ticking time bombs are.

KITTY

(feeling the pressure)

That's where I come in, right?

(sighs)

We're assuming all the robots are armed and ready?

MAGGIE

Like I said, until we can determine otherwise.

Kitty NODS, before frowning, scrutinizing the interior workings of the skull in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY

Cybernetics isn't my strongest subject, but I think I found something.

She picks up a small pair of tweezers, inserting them into the skull, and fiddling for a moment before -- SNAP! She pulls them out, revealing a burnt but intact looking *something*, with a look of triumph.

KITTY (cont'd)

It's a transponder. It basically receives any signals that would be sent to this unit.

MAGGIE

Looks damaged. From the explosion?

KITTY

I don't think so. Aside from being detached from the body, this skull is pristine. Everything else inside is intact as well, just non-functioning. I think this was damaged before the explosion.

MAGGIE

Put a pin in that for now. What about the transponder itself? You say it receives signals?

Kitty NODS, and realizes what Maggie is inferring. She GRINS excitedly, and quickly picks up another tool, and starts working her way into the transponder.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

Dr. Faulkner is working on the transponder she found, in the hopes that by figuring out the frequencies it transmits and receives on, we can find the other robots wherever they are in the city.

INT. SECURITY ROOM, S.T.A.R. LABS - LATER

Inside the well appointed Security Room, one wall of which is covered in MONITOR SCREENS, relaying the images of cameras throughout S.T.A.R. Labs.

At a central table, stands Maggie, facing Faraday, DANNY, DIBNY and STEIN, alongside various others from the S.C.U.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY

Can we assume they'll be targeting high-view locations? Should we deploy our forces at likely locations first?

MAGGIE

Given the long game that Intergang has been playing, and that the first robot was found at the Midtown Zoo, I don't want to make any assumptions.

INT. WHISPER'S OFFICE, HSC INTERNATIONAL

Whisper sits at her desk, a LAPTOP open in front of her. She casually regards the screen, and lightly traces her finger over the small mouse pad.

CLOSE ON: The laptop's screen, which shows a rather sophisticated tracking and monitoring program. The screen is split into four separate sections, each section with a small graph tracking it's own individual blinking ICON.

Each icon is named: "DEVICE #1", "DEVICE #2", "DEVICE #3" and "DEVICE #4".

A smiling Whisper daintily moves her finger across the pad. On the screen, the mouse moves to rest on the "DEVICE #1" section, and we PUSH THROUGH...

EXT. METRO MONORAIL STOP, DOWNTOWN - DAY/INTERCUT

As the sleek and gleaming monorail train pulls into the station, the doors opening to allow people on and off, we see TOBY and VIC are standing on the platform, ready to get on...

INT. CARRIAGE, METRO MONORAIL - CONTINUOUS

The camera moves past them as they enter and take seats, moving towards a DOOR marked with "DRIVER'S SECTION: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY", and we PUSH THROUGH...

INT. DRIVER'S SECTION, METRO MONORAIL - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

On the floor lies a BODY, a man dressed in a smart uniform, tongue lolling out, eyes vacantly staring ahead. Moving forward, we see at the controls TOYMAN. Or least, a robotic replica, wearing the driver's hat alongside an insane grin.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

Mayor FRANK BERKOWITZ sits at his desk, going over some necessary bits of paperwork, as the door to his office opens and his ASSISTANT walks in, with yet more papers.

As the silently communicate, we focus on a WATER DELIVERY MAN visible in the anteroom, working away at replacing the empty tank with a full one. He looks up with a eerily familiar insane grin - it's *another* TOYMAN ROBOT!

INT. LOBBY, METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

Various bailiffs and guards stand around, alongside the usual mix of civilians, lawyers and officers of the court, not noticing a STOUT FIGURE sitting casually in the corner, reading a newspaper.

The paper lowers just enough to allow a glimpse at the reader - TOYMAN!

INT. SECURITY ROOM, S.T.A.R. LABS - CONTINUOUS

Maggie looks around at the tired, drawn faces of everyone present. She squares her shoulders, projecting confidence.

MAGGIE

I know we're tired and grieving, some of us nursing our injuries. But this is an all-hands-on-deck situation, people. I need you all on the top of your game, understood?

(beat)

Let's get out there.

Everyone moves out of the room, Faraday and Stein with the first group out the door. Maggie looks at a stone-faced Danny. They exchange a LOOK, before nodding. He EXITS, but as Dibny follows, Maggie grabs his attention.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Keep an eye on him, okay?

DIBNY

Consider it done, ma'am.

Maggie watches with concern as Dibny EXITS...

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

As various officers fan out to their waiting cars, no one notices, standing just a way off, a solitary, still figure.

It is immediately recognizable in a long green leather trench-coat - ANOTHER Toyman robot. It wears the same insane little smile as it's counterparts, eyes gleaming behind red lenses. As it approaches the main entrance...

INT. WHISPER'S OFFICE, HSC INTERNATIONAL - CONTINUOUS

Whisper leans forward, and daintily runs her finger across the pad.

EXTREME CLOSE ON: The icon moves over a small part of one of the sections, a rectangular box marked with "ACTIVATE DEVICE?" We can't identify which device she is choosing, though!

CLOSE ON: A smiling Whisper.

WHISPER
Let the games commence...

She lightly TAPS at the mouse pad.

EXTREME CLOSE ON: The "ACTIVATE DEVICE?" flashes BLUE before switching to the text "DEVICE ACTIVATED" as we...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE

END OF SEASON

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