

M.S.C.U
METROPOLIS . SPECIAL . CRIMES . UNIT

2x02: "*Substitute*"

Written by

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Executive Producers
Alex Matthews, Chris Davis
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XaleCorp Productions 2016

CAST

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

WITH

LIEUTENANT RALPH DIBNEY Fred Weller
DR. KITTY FAULKNER Felicia Day

AND

DETECTIVE PATRICIA TRAYCE..... Katee Sackhoff

ALSO STARRING

TOBY RAINES Kelly Rowan
JUANITA MENDOZA Gina Rodriguez
JOHNNY STITCHES Sean Maher
VINNIE MORGAN Eddie Cahill
VIC SAGE Mark Pellegrino
SNAPPER CARR Chace Crawford

GUEST STARRING

ARTEMIS BROOKS Jessica Alba
VICTOR GOVER Niall Matter
LUIS SANTIAGO JR.
GOON #1

SPECIAL GUEST STARS

MAYOR FRANK BERKOWITZ Anthony Michael Hall
CONNOR KENT/SUPERBOY Lucas Grabeel
ARTHUR CURRY/AQUAMAN Alan Ritchson
JOHN JONES/MARTIAN MANHUNTER Phil Morris
DR. CLAIRE FOSTER C.C.H. Pounder

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS, STREETS - DAY

It's another regular, quiet day in Metropolis, as people make their way from A to B, some buying magazines from the newstand, as others get coffee from the mobile vendor--

--until a beat-up looking CAR comes screaming around the curve, crashing through a trash can on the sidewalk.

People scream and dive for cover as the car continues on unabated, and is quickly followed by two PATROL CARS and an UNMARKED SEDAN, lights flashing and sirens wailing, as they pursue the beat-up car!

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

All units, we have a 10-80, heading towards Clinton Bridge, approach with extreme caution, suspects are armed and dangerous.

CRANE UP as the cars continue onward, heading towards the bridge that connects the main Metropolis 'island' with the mainland - and freedom - beyond.

The suspect vehicle is forced to slow, as the traffic approaching the bridge begins to thicken, but still moves at a fast speed. It effortlessly SWERVES around various other vehicles - the driver is either lucky, or very good!

Just as they are on the final approach to the bridge, a BLUE SUV pulls out to move into the neighboring lane - right ahead of the fleeing suspect vehicle!

CRASH!

The suspect vehicle SLAMS into the SUV, sending it skidding sideways onto and over the edge of the bridge supports, leaving it dangling precariously!

The suspect vehicle violently skids before it FLIPS once, twice, three times before coming to a stop about twenty feet from where it first flipped over. FLAMES immediately erupt from the torn gas line.

The pursuing police vehicles come to a dead stop, their occupants jumping out to render assistance, but before they can even approach the stricken SUV, it's weight gets the better of it and it SLIPS OVER THE EDGE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Screams from it's occupants can be heard as it disappears from sight, as the officers run uselessly to the edge--

-- only for the SUV to come *soaring* into the air, surrounded by a strange BLUE AURA, as someone in a RED/BLUE OUTFIT, red cape dangling behind them, holds it by the fender.

Gently, the SUV is lowered back onto the bridge proper, the aura fading in seconds, to the amazement of the onlookers.

The caped figure doesn't turn to face the onlookers, but vanishes in a sudden red/blue blur. That blur envelops the crashed vehicle further down the bridge, smothering the flames within seconds.

Then, two dazed forms - the driver and his cohort - appear almost out of nowhere, groaning in confusion and disorientation, as the red/blue blur vanishes.

Within seconds, the two men are approached and apprehended by uniformed officers, while others check on the occupants of the SUV. A crowd of drivers has started to gather as people get out of their vehicles to watch what is going on.

Soon, one of them points and exclaims, and everyone looks up to see the red/blue figure floating in the air, their cape flowing in the soft wind - on their chest is a familiar 'S'-shaped symbol.

It's SUPERMAN.

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN, 8TH PRECINCT - DAY

Our first sight of the new bullpen. While the previous version could be described as low-rent but functional, the new iteration is the exact opposite.

It's spacious, state-of-the-art and built to order. Lots of chrome and glass, dozens of computer screens displaying the M.P.D. logo, and over a dozen staff sitting at desks, answering phones, or dealing with public inquiries.

Watching at all, hawk-like, is MAGGIE SAWYER, through the window in her office.

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

Inside her much larger, but barely decorated, private sanctum, Maggie turns away from the view. Instead, she watches the T.V. in the corner, as a news report plays.

On the screen is a frozen image of 'Superman' hanging in mid-air. Remote in hand, Maggie adjusts the volume.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

This amateur footage from YouTube clearly shows the Man of Steel, after just saving a family of four when their SUV plunged over the side of Clinton Bridge and apprehending criminals involved in the early morning car chase throughout the Central Business District.

The image pulls back into the corner of the screen, revealing a bumpy camera-view of MAYOR FRANK BERKOWITZ, walking up the stairs to City Hall, actively ignoring the camera.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

Mayor Berkowitz again refused to comment on the return of Superman, as many Metropolitans wonder if it will effect the campaign strategies of the incumbent Mayor or his competitor, Edward--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLICK! Maggie, sour-faced, turns off the television, and drops the remote on her as-usual untidy desk. She lets out an irritated sigh.

MAGGIE
(resigned, to herself)
Let's get this over with.

She marches over to and opens the door, leaning into the bullpen proper.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
(firmly)
Turpin. My office. Now.

At his desk, going over a case report or two, DANNY TURPIN looks up, surprised - a deer caught in headlights. He jumps to his feet, and quickly makes his way over and into the office.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
(softer, calmer)
Take a seat, Danny.
(beat)
We need to talk.

Danny does so, eyes WIDE, almost excited.

DANNY
You hear back from the top brass,
Boss?

MAGGIE
(sadly)
Yeah, I did.

Danny's face FALLS, all excitement drained away in an instant.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Ralph Dibny has been named my new
2nd-in-command. I'm sorry, Danny, but
they decided to go with someone with
more years under their belt.

DANNY
(sighs, shrugs)
Hey, I guess it was a long shot. I
mean, I've only been a Detective for
just over a year or so, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

They have agreed with my other recommendation, though.

(beat)

As of today, you're officially a Detective, 2nd Grade. I suppose congratulations are in order, huh?

She smiles, and offers her hand. Danny stands and they shake firmly, although it's obviously a little bittersweet.

DANNY

(playful)

That mean I get a pay bump?

MAGGIE

Not much, but yeah. That, and a new partner.

DANNY

(smile fades,
unimpressed)

Oh, come on, Boss? This again?

MAGGIE

Hey, I've let you off with considerable leeway on this, all right? You know it's departmental policy to always have a partner. It's been three months, Danny.

DANNY

(resigned)

Fine. Who are you sticking me with? Davis? Brown?

(worried)

Not Hurd? Please, not Hurd.

MAGGIE

Actually, it's someone new, they've just been transferred to the Unit.

Maggie SPOTS something out of her window, and heads for the door.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Ah, she's just got out of the elevator. I think you'll like her, she's relatively new to M.P.D. as well, worked over at the 12th.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY
 (remembering)
 The 12th?
 (realizing, softly)
 Oh, hell no...

Maggie opens the door - to reveal PATRICIA 'PAT' TRAYCE, standing in the doorway, fist raised to tap on the door, looking just a tad unsure of herself.

MAGGIE
 Detective Trayce, welcome to the
 Special Crimes Unit.

She offers her hand, which Trayce takes, and shakes with some gusto.

TRAYCE
 Happy to be here, Captain.

That's when she spots Danny - her face lights up with delight, her eyes glinting with evil glee.

TRAYCE (cont'd)
 Detective Turpin! Are you my
 welcoming committee?

Danny rolls his eyes, and shoots Maggie a look that screams "WTF?!" Maggie simply grins back.

MAGGIE
 I heard about you two working
 together during the Toyman attacks,
 saving the Mayor. He had some very
 complimentary things to say about the
 both of you.
 (beat)
 Hence, you're now partners.

The two women share a conspiratorial look, as Danny lets out a long, slow breath, his new situation sinking in...

ARTEMIS (PRE-LAP)
 (pleased)
 You're doing brilliantly, Wally.

INT. RECEPTION AREA, PHYSICAL THERAPY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WALLY WEST and ARTEMIS BROOKS exit the treatment room and enter the reception area, both all smiles, Wally flexing his hands experimentally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMIS

You've really taken to the exercises now, your progress is moving in leaps and bounds.

WALLY

Yeah, you know, I feel like they're making a difference. Things aren't as hard as they were before.

ARTEMIS

(sternly)

But you're not pushing yourself too much, right?

WALLY

(solemnly, sincere)

No ma'am, nuh-uh.

ARTEMIS

Good to hear.

(beat)

You know, I was worried about you for a bit. Our first session, you were so eager, but when you came back, it seemed like you were almost ready to give up.

Wally's smile fades a little as he nods. Neither notice the ajar door open as someone quietly walks in.

WALLY

(sighs)

Yeah, I had some work-related issues I had to deal with, but a certain red-head gave me a slap and it gave me the nudge I needed to get back on track.

ARTEMIS

Knowing Tina, that sounds about right. Oh, will you tell her to call me to confirm for drinks this Friday?

WALLY

At Belladonna's, right? She mentioned it.

Wally's eyes suddenly widen, comically *panicked*.

WALLY (cont'd)

Uh, should I be worried about you two spending time together?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMIS

(playful)

What ever could you mean, Wally?
We're just two career-driven women
who happen to know all your deep dark
secrets between the two of us, right?

WALLY

(nervous)

Yeah, see? Now I'm totally paranoid.
On that note, later!

He grabs his jacket, and waves farewell as he exits.
Suppressing a laugh, Artemis closes the door behind him, and
heads back to her treatment room--

BE-BEEP! BE-BEEP!

Surprised, Artemis sits down at the reception desk, and
gazes at the LAPTOP SCREEN.

ARTEMIS'S P.O.V.: A PRIVATE MESSAGE WINDOW has appeared on
the screen. The user-name is "SPRTSMSTR81". The message
reads: "*Hey babe, been a while, huh?*"

Whatever good feeling Artemis had evaporates instantly.

ARTEMIS

(typing at same time)

What the hell do you want?

BE-BEEP! Another message pops up: "*What? No hello? Thought
we could meet up for old times' sake?*"

Artemis looks at the screen with disgust, typing fast.

ARTEMIS (cont'd)

Not in a million years. Do NOT
contact me again.

She hits 'return' and then uses the mouse to move the cursor
over the 'BLOCK/IGNORE USER?' option. She hits the keypad
with vehemence. The window closes.

Artemis leans back, letting out an angry, ragged breath,
before shutting the laptop closed...

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

Hard at work - as usual - is DR. KITTY FAULKNER, sitting at
her desk, typing away at her keyboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her eyes dart from the computer screen to the pile of papers beside the keyboard. A PICTURE FRAME, holding a recent image of her and Vinnie, stands next to the papers.

The last sentence finished, she leans back, tired. Removing her reading glasses and squeezing the bridge of her nose helps - a little.

KNOCK, KNOCK! The door opens just enough for VINNIE MORGAN to pop his handsome face around.

VINNIE
What's up, Doc?

Kitty grins from ear to ear, perking up immediately.

KITTY
Hey, you! This is a nice surprise!

They meet and embrace with feeling, a soft kiss exchanged before Vinnie pulls back. Kitty quickly reads his hesitancy. She frowns.

KITTY (cont'd)
(worried)
What's wrong.

VINNIE
Nothing major, I swear...

KITTY
But..?

VINNIE
(apologetic)
I have to cancel our date for tonight. I have some business associates in town and they need me to go over some account details with them.

KITTY
(disappointed)
Oh, okay. Yeah, I understand.

She pulls back a little, distancing herself, but Vinnie quickly takes her hand, strokes it with his thumb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINNIE

Hey, if I could pass this on to someone else from the office I would, but their new investors, and they need the face of Ridge-Ferrick involved.

(beat, coyly)

You know I'd much rather spend tonight geeking out with you binge-watching "*Doctor Who*", right?

Kitty's big smile returns with a vengeance. Vinnie's own smile grows in response. He reaches into and pulls a small *something* out from his jacket.

VINNIE (cont'd)

I was going to give you this tonight, but since I can't, I want you to have it now.

He hands her the SLIM-FILE CASE, Kitty takes it with slightly shaking hands. She opens it. *Gasps* with amazement.

KITTY'S P.O.V.: A bracelet. Slim, chrome and very modern looking, dotted with small glittering stones - DIAMONDS. It's some serious *bling*.

KITTY

Oh my God, Vinnie, it's gorgeous.

(shaking her head)

I-- I can't take-- it's too much!

VINNIE

Hey, hey, none of that crap. This is a gift, to commemorate 3 absolutely fantastic months since we first met, okay?

He easily slips the bracelet onto her dainty wrist - it looks incongruous with her work clothes, but still dazzling.

VINNIE (cont'd)

There. Perfect fit.

Kitty drinks in the sight of it on her wrist for a moment, before gazing up to Vinnie, eyes bright with adoration...

EXT. BODEGA, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Prospective customers check the wares of the small, rustic-looking shopfront, a plastic banner proclaiming "TWO FOR ONE ON APRICOTS!". It's all quiet--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--until TWO MASKED MEN push their way out, GUNS held high and aimed at the closest person. The group of bystanders panic and spread out, some SCREAMING in fear.

The men dash towards a parked car, one guy wrestling with the keys as the other waves his gun around, keeping people at bay.

A SHADOW descends over the car, blocking out the sun. The man with the keys freezes, looks up. After a few persistent nudges from his cohort, the man with the gun turns and looks up.

Above the car, a CAPED FIGURE hovers in mid-air, hands on their hips--

-- until a BURST OF RED AND BLUE causes both men to vanish from the spot!

From the bodega, the OWNER steps out, holding his head in obvious pain, a little wobbly on his feet. He stumbles into the nearby STREETLIGHT - only to notice a PAIR OF FEET dangling in front of his face!

He looks up, to see the sight of both masked men, UNCONSCIOUS, wrapped in the promotional banner that hung outside only moment ago. At the base of the light sit their ill-gotten gains.

Everyone looks around in amazement...

INT. ALLEYWAY, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Down in the alleyway, out of sight of the main midtown roads, a solitary PHONE BOOTH stands. A sign of the times, it's old, broken and dusty--

--and almost collapses when a RED/BLUE BLUR streaks into it at super-speed, spinning round and round. It darkens with every spin until...

CLOSE ON: A pair of polished, sensible shoes, with neatly tied laces, steps out.

PAN UP to show a pair of beige pressed trousers, buckled by a plain brown belt. A blue/black flannel shirt is hastily tucked into the trouser by a pale hand. As the figure adjusts a plain black pullover, we reveal:

CONNOR KENT! Clothes satisfactorily straightened, he dons one final piece - a pair of thick, black GLASSES, bright blue eyes squinting slightly through thick lenses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Disguise completed, Connor releases a tired, relieved breath. He leans back into the phone booth and picks up a worn-looking bag, quickly pushing in the RED CAPE that sticks out just ever so...

FIRST MAN (O.C.)

Howdy, Junior.

Caught complete off-guard, Connor SPINS around, stumbling slightly as he faces the speaker.

It's TWO MEN. One wears an ORANGE/GREEN HOODIE underneath a black leather jacket, the hood covering their face. The other is an older man in a long dark trenchcoat, who does not look happy at all.

SECOND MAN

What do you think you're doing?

Connor plays innocent, fiddling with his glasses, trying to look non-threatening.

CONNOR

Uh, can I help you two folks?

The man in the hoodie steps forward, shrugging off the hood - to reveal ARTHUR 'A.C.' CURRY! He looks over at the second man, nodding. The man returns the nod - his entire body suddenly becoming TRANSPARENT, the form fluid, a GREEN OUTLINE visible before he reforms - as JOHN JONES!

JOHN

I think you've got some explaining to do, Mr. Kent.

Busted! Off Connor, grimacing...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ALLEYWAY, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - AS BEFORE

A.C. and John stand facing an embarrassed Connor, who fidgets nervously.

ARTHUR

So, it's not Superman that's been doing all the saving lately, huh? It's actually Super-squirt?

CONNOR

I can explain. Really!

JOHN

Please do. A lot of people have been worried about you. We encouraged you striking out on your own, attending MetU, but this?

ARTHUR

Dude, you have to realize, posing as the Big Blue? It's does no one any good in the long run.

CONNOR

I didn't mean for it to happen!

He sags against the phone booth, slipping down it into a crouching position.

CONNOR (cont'd)

I was visiting town when everything happened with Toyman, and I saw the monorail out of control, and I knew I had to do something.

(beat)

It's what Clark would have done.

JOHN

But you're not Clark, Connor. You're only half-Kryptonian, remember. Your powers aren't as strong as his, your human D.N.A. has changed them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

(frustrated)

I know, I know! I'm a D.N-Alien, my weird half-breed biology means I have some of the same powers, but not all, and a few new ones all of my own.

(beat)

But I can still use them to do some good, and I want to! I have that responsibility.

ARTHUR

Kid, we get it. All that power, the ability to make a difference. But a lot of people have spent years hiding you from some serious bad guys, why risk it now?

CONNOR

You know why, A.C.! This city, it's his home, it's where he started being a hero, where he first became a beacon of hope, and they've started to forget that. I've reminded them of that hope.

JOHN

And run yourself ragged as a result. Like you say, you don't have all the same powers. You can't keep up this 'act' forever, someone could get hurt.

CONNOR

(defiant)

I have to at least try.

ARTHUR

Look, Connor, I get where you're coming from about responsibility, really I do! But Clark--

(sighs, sadly)

Clark was this--

CONNOR

(interrupts, angry)

'Was'?

(beat)

He's not dead, A.C.

Arthur and John exchange a LOOK. Connor, disappointed, looks at both men, seeing how they really feel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR (cont'd)

You both think he is, don't you?

(beat, furious)

You've all given up! All you so-called heroes, Lois, even Mrs. Kent has.

(to Arthur)

You with your kingdom under the sea.

(to John)

You with your private investigations!

(disappointed)

You've all become so consumed by your 'normal' lives that you've forgotten the one lesson Clark always tried to teach us - we never give up on each other! I haven't. Clark is still out there somewhere, I can feel it. And until he comes back, I am going to continue reminding this city to never give up on itself either.

He stands and grabs his bag, shooting a disgusted look at the two 'heroes'.

CONNOR (cont'd)

Go back home, both of you. We're done here.

He SUPER-SPEEDS away in a blur of black and brown. John and Arthur exchange a worried and defeated LOOK...

EXT. TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS, BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

Establishing shot of the large, modern corporate building in the heart of the business center of Metropolis, the LexCorp Tower and Daily Planet building visible in the background.

TRAYCE (PRE-LAP)

Dear God, they trashed this place good, didn't they?

INT. RECEPTION LOBBY, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

Danny and Trayce stand amid the remains of what was once a nice, well-presented public open space, but is now in ruins.

A RECEPTION DESK is over turned, and riddled with bullet holes. C.S.U. TECHS move around, collecting evidence, and several uniformed OFFICERS take witness statements from shaken witnesses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

They definitely made their mark. At least we have them in custody already.

JUANITA (O.C.)

I don't think that's true, Detective.

Trayce and Danny look over as JUANITA MENDOZA pops up from behind the flipped desk. Alongside the standard field-duty C.S.U. jacket, she is wearing a bizarre HEADPIECE of some sort - with a CAMERA attached to it.

TRAYCE

What you thinking, Mendoza?

JUANITA

Quite a few unanswered questions, and a lot of spent bullet casings. Different caliber weapons too, at least 3, I'd guess.

WALLY (O.S.)

(over phone line)

Four! I just isolated another one.

TRAYCE

(confused)

What the hell?

Embarrassed, Juanita brushes her hair away from her ear, showing a BLUE TOOTH EARPIECE. She touches it gingerly. Gestures at the head gear.

JUANITA

Wally's watching the scene from the lab, he's using the camera feed to run the bullets through IBIS.

INT. BALLISTICS AREA, FORENSICS FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Surrounded by a variety of test firearms hanging from the walls on display, WALLY WEST, sucking on a milkshake with gusto, stands at a dedicated BALLISTIC COMPUTER. It runs through a series of bullet images at HIGH SPEED.

WALLY

(stops drinking)

Nothing on the bullets themselves yet, we might need closer detailing to get a better comparison.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at a nearby LAPTOP, on the screen of which is the slightly wobbly LIVE FEED from Juanita's camera. Currently showing a sour-faced Trayce and a frustrated Danny.

TRAYCE

(over live feed)

Patrol officers only recovered 2 guns at the crash scene. One for each of the suspects in the car when it crashed.

DANNY

(over live feed)

Meaning two other creeps slipped our notice.

Off Wally, taking a very loud SLURP...

EXT. INTERGANG SAFE HOUSE, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

Establishing shot of a run down looking shopfront, all the windows boarded up.

JOHNNY (PRE-LAP)

(coldly)

I'm disappointed, Mr. Gover.

INT. BACK ROOM, INTERGANG SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SLAM! VICTOR GOVER is *thrust* against the wall, choking for breath, clutching at the firm grip on his throat. Wide eyes stare as JOHNNY STITCHES slowly squeezes the life out of him.

JOHNNY

Very, very disappointed.

GOVER

(gasps, wheezes)

I can fix this!

Johnny slowly TURNS BACK to Gover, *intrigued*. He RELAXES his grip, but still keeps hold of Gover's throat. Gover takes a needed breath.

JOHNNY

I'm listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOVER

We screwed up, there was more security than we expected, but they don't know what we were really after. They'll assume it was a botched raid for drugs in storage.

JOHNNY

Quite an assumption, there.

GOVER

One I'm good with. I know how people like that think.

JOHNNY

Still, they did catch two of your goons, Victor. What makes you think they won't talk.

GOVER

My guys aren't rats, they won't snitch.

(beat)

But I'm sure you have people on your payroll that can make sure of that, right?

Johnny grins - it's a disturbing sight, as his scars STRETCH and DISTORT.

JOHNNY

We can take care of that.

He finally let's go of Gover, backing away, hands laced behind his back. Gover takes another, deeper breath, massaging his bruised throat.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

What's your plan?

GOVER

We'll strike again in a day or so, but this time, we'll do things a little different.

JOHNNY

You realize I can't supply you with replacements? Are you sure you can bypass their security on your own?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOVER

(grins, cocky)

I won't be on my own, I have someone in mind to bring in. Someone I used to work with back in the day.

JOHNNY

(impressed)

Very good. I'll be in touch.

He TURNS, exits. Gover's cockiness vanishes in an instant, as he absently rubs his throat again.

INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN, 8TH PRECINCT - DAY

DING! The elevator doors open and Trayce and Danny make their way into the bullpen proper.

DANNY

I'll brief the Boss quickly, okay?

TRAYCE

Sure, just don't take forever, okay?

Danny gives her a 'huh?' look. Trayce fixes him with a determined glare.

TRAYCE (cont'd)

I know I'm the newbie right now, but there's now way you sticking me with all the actual work, got it?

(beat, cheekily)

Partner?

Danny rolls his eyes as Trayce heads off, before gentling rapping his knuckles on the door to the Squad Commander's office.

DIBNY (O.C.)

It's open.

Frowning, Danny enters the office--

INT. SQUAD COMMANDER'S OFFICE, S.C.U. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

-- where RALPH DIBNY, looking a little unsure of himself, sits at the desk, half a dozen case files in front of him. He nods politely to the surprised Danny.

DIBNY

Detective. Come on in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny hesitantly steps in, leaving the door open behind him.

DANNY

(puzzled)

Uh, hey, Lieutenant. I was, uh, just looking for the Boss-- I, uh, mean Captain Sawyer, sir.

DIBNY

(pleasantly)

She's had to head out to a meeting at City Hall.

(beat)

How was the TylerCo crime scene? It true there was a couple more gunmen involved?

DANNY

That's what I came in to say. Witness statements seem to corroborate the forensics. Trayce-- uh, she's the new transfer?

DIBNY

Yeah, I'm caught up on that.

DANNY

Right, okay, well, we're going to go through the incident report of the chase, see where these other two split from their partners.

DIBNY

Okay, keep me updated, and I'll brief Captain Sawyer when she's back.

DANNY

Sure, okay.

He turns to leave. Stops. Squares his shoulders, and turns back to Dibny.

DANNY (cont'd)

Listen, Lieutenant, I just wanna say, welcome to the Unit, and congrats on the position.

Dibny looks up, regards Danny with serious scrutiny for a moment - before finally relaxing.

DANNY (cont'd)

Thanks, Danny.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (cont'd)

(beat, sighs)

I know that you were the Captain's first choice for the position, and honestly, when I applied for the transfer, I wasn't expecting to come in as Ten Clouds' successor. I didn't mean to derail your chances of advancement.

DANNY (cont'd)

(shrugs, faux-casual)

Hey, it's no biggie. Sure, being the Boss's number two could have been fun, but at least this way I still get to chase the bad guys around, and leave you with all the extra paperwork, right?

DIBNY

There is that. Not exactly what I was hoping for after leaving I.A., but I'll take it.

DANNY

Glad to have you on board, Lieutenant.

He offers Dibny a GENUINE SMILE, before he exits. Dibny sits back, a lot more secure in his new role...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS

MAYOR FRANK BERKOWITZ is sitting at his desk, reading and signing various documents. He LOOKS UP as the door OPENS to allow Maggie Sawyer into the room.

BERKOWITZ

Ah, Sawyer, glad you could make it!

He stands, leaving the work for now, flashing a congenial smile. Maggie stands there, arms crossed, defensive yet also aggressive.

MAGGIE

(sharp)

Wasn't aware I had a choice, Mr. Mayor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERKOWITZ

I get that you're a busy woman, Sawyer, but I think you'll make time for this, as it's about the S.C.U. in a roundabout way.

MAGGIE

(concerned, edgy)

What does that mean?

BERKOWITZ

Have a seat, and we'll talk.

Slowly, cautiously, Maggie joins the Mayor as they move over to the more relaxed seating area by the large office window. Berkowitz lounges in his chair, but Maggie perches on hers, alert, ready.

BERKOWITZ (cont'd)

Let me start by saying, I haven't always liked you, we both know that. But, I do respect you, both as a police officer and as a person, because you say what you mean, and you don't take crap from anyone.

(beat)

I'd like to put that skill to some good use.

Maggie stares at him, *dumbfounded*.

MAGGIE

Are you offering me a job?

BERKOWITZ

As a matter of fact, I am.

He quickly cuts off her reply with a wave of his hand.

BERKOWITZ (cont'd)

This would be alongside your work at the S.C.U., not instead of. You're too valuable to loose on that front,

MAGGIE

What kind of 'job' are we talking about?

BERKOWITZ

Officially, I want you as an adviser on the subject of the growing meta-human influence on society and crime.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERKOWITZ (cont'd)

(beat)

Unofficially, I want you to be a source of upfront and unfiltered advice during my re-election bid. As you know, I'm facing some serious competition, thanks to this upstart Morgan.

MAGGIE

(incredulous)

You want me to help make sure you stay Mayor? Why would I do that?

BERKOWITZ

Because, I can make it worth your while.

(beat, derisive)

You really think a camera-hungry glory-hog like Morgan can do a better job than me?

MAGGIE

He's got the popular vote, that's for sure. Fixing Metropolis Heights helped with that.

BERKOWITZ

Don't remind me. The point is, I need someone to keep me on my toes.

MAGGIE

Okay, so what makes it 'worth my while'?

BERKOWITZ

We both know that the S.C.U. has gotten where it is today because of, shall we say, 'generous donations'. Neither of us like the idea of private citizens having any kind of control over public or municipal aspects.

He leans forward, eager.

BERKOWITZ (cont'd)

Work with me, and I'll make sure the entire Metro P.D gets the funding it deserves.

He offers his hand to Maggie. She scrutinizes it carefully, deep in thought...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

The Southside Construction Effort. Construction employees, wearing their orange hard hats and reflective vests, head into work.

A PROTEST GROUP march outside, waving large banners and signs. Cheers against the redevelopment grow more excited with each utterance. As the engines of various construction vehicles start, the protesters simply shout louder.

On the other side of the street is a small, independent COFFEE SHOP. Sitting at a table, sipping from a large mug of coffee, looking more tired than before, is *Connor Kent*. He watches the scene across the street with interest.

The crowd is starting to get antsy, as SECURITY GUARDS start to push forward, trying to persuade them to move away. The protesters *do not* take kindly to this, and push back with equal force, banding together.

A lone PROTESTER stumbles. As he picks himself up, he grabs a ROCK, and with a mighty effort, THROWS IT HARD--

--where it strikes an unsuspecting FORK-LIFT DRIVER in the side of the head! He immediately slumps forward onto his controls, which causes the fork-lift to careen off it's intended course, zigzag across the site--

--before it CRASHES into a TRUCK-MOUNTED CRANE! The impact rocks the crane's raised boom, knocking it's payload - a large PALLET filled with heavy cement tiles, about 50 feet off ground level - askew.

CLOSE ON: The CABLES that secure the pallet to the crane's HOOK, begin to *fray*!

As the crowd begins to notice, and PANIC, so too does Connor. He quickly grabs his nearby bag and slips away as fast as possible--

INT. NEARBY ALLEYWAY, SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

--ducking into the alley, moving out of sight! He drops the bag, pulls off his GLASSES and pulls open his SHIRT, revealing the 'S' SYMBOL underneath...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

As the crowd panics, the security guards keep their heads and quickly push people away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside the site, the workers desperately tend to their injured colleague, pulling him out of the stalled fork-lift--

SNAP! The cables start to give way! The pallet slips free of it's holding and FALLS--

--until a RED/BLUE STREAK flies up to the pallet and STOPS THE DESCENT!

CLOSE ON: Connor, teeth gritted, shoulder and arms straining, pushes against the weight of the pallet and it's heavy load.

A BLUE AURA starts to spread out from where his hands press against the pallet, and across it.

Another CHEER goes up, this time from everyone at the sight of 'Superman' saving the day! The construction workers let out a collective sigh of relief at the save, and keep working to free their colleague.

CLOSE ON: Sweat drips down Connor's face, red with overexertion. He grunts with effort - as he slowly starts to loose ground, dropping closer to the ground.

The blue aura starts to FADE, and the pallet shakes! Several concrete tiles slip from it, SMASHING to the ground amid startled screams from the crowd.

The construction workers finally free the fork-lift driver, now awake and semi-dazed, and rush out of the site as fast as possible, avoiding falling tiles.

With one FINAL supreme effort, Connor pushes HARD against the pallet. As the blue aura VANISHES, Connor lets rip a DEFIANT ROAR--

--as he, the pallet and everything on it, SLAM to the ground with a MASSIVE CRASH!

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, SUICIDE SLUMS - AS BEFORE

Dust from the crash fills the air, making it difficult to see. Onlookers slowly begin to approach, as good Samaritans tends to the handful of wounded. Whispers of confusion and concern echo through the silence surrounding the incident.

CLOSE ON: The pile of debris from the pallet and concrete tiles begins to shift, as something underneath pushes it's way out. Finally a HAND emerges, then an ARM, before, with some degree of effort, CONNOR KENT frees himself.

His costume is torn and shredded - the RED CAPE has been completely ripped off and is twisted up in the remains of the cement tiles. But he's OK.

He looks around, sees the forms of people in the dust cloud, making their way cautiously. *It's time to go.* Without a second look, he PUSHES UP into the air, away from prying eyes.

Off the sight of the CAPE, torn and mangled amid the crushed remains of the pallet and tiles...

SNAPPER (V.O.)

Amateur video footage corroborates witness accounts from the scene of the incident.

INT. DAILY STAR OFFICES, DAILY STAR BUILDING - LATER

CLOSE ON: A copy of the DAILY STAR, laying on a desk - the main headline reads: "Superhero or Superfail?" The large picture that dominates the article is of the rubble of the crash, and the mangled cape among it.

SNAPPER (V.O.)

Although no one was seriously harmed in the incident yesterday at the East Southside redevelopment project, questions are being asked about the Man of Steel and his recent actions in the city.

PULL BACK to reveal a dismayed TOBY RAINES looking down at the article...

INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN, 8TH PRECINCT - DAY

JUANITA, WALLY and TODD RICE stand at the spacious TECH AREA of the bull-pen. 4 large SCREENS hang from the ceiling, flanking a WIDESCREEN MONITOR in the center. Several smaller desktop monitors sit on the desk underneath, alongside a couple of keyboards and other accessories.

On the widescreen, shaky footage shows a just-discernible figure standing in the dust cloud from the crash before pushing up and away into the air. The camera follows as they hover briefly before speeding away in a red/blue flash, before cutting back to SNAPPER CARR at the studio.

SNAPPER (V.O.)

That fact that he fled the scene of the incident could be considered grounds for criminal negligence.

JUANITA

(disgusted)

Oh, please!

She grabs the remote and quickly turns off the T.V.

WALLY

(annoyed)

Hey! I was watching that!

(disappointed)

I can't believe Supes messed up like that. He stopped a runaway monorail 3 months ago, but now he can't even hold a load of building supplies? What's that all about?

TODD

Everyone has off-days, Wally.

JUANITA

Don't forget, he hasn't been seen for close to 3 years, who knows what happened to him in all that time.

MAGGIE (O.C.)

All interesting points, but let's focus on our actual case for now.

The three all turn to find Trayce, Danny, Dibny and Maggie standing at the CENTRAL TABLE near the center of the bullpen. The table is covered in various PAPERS and FOLDERS, as the three civilians join their colleagues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Dibny?

DIBNY

We have the two men in our custody, but they have both lawyered up and refused to say a word about what they were after. We have them on attempted armed robbery and a slew of other charges, but we're not closer to figuring out who put them up to it.

MAGGIE

We're assuming they were? That one of the other people involved wasn't the brains?

DANNY

I doubt that. Taking on a company like TylerCo, seems like a big leap for petty criminals like those two mooks.

JUANITA

But why TylerCo in the first place?

TRAYCE

Drugs, maybe? They thought it would be an easy score for some high-priced items for the street?

WALLY

Well, we tried to talk to someone at TylerCo to get some answers.

(beat)

Nada.

MAGGIE

How so?

JUANITA

They wouldn't tell us a thing! We asked if they had anything going on that might have motivated a robbery, but their so-called 'public relations' officer wouldn't give us a straight answer.

MAGGIE

(sighs, frustrated)

Any luck on tracking the other two shooters?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Unfortunately, no. They made a clean get-away. A security camera caught a glimpse of them getting into their getaway car, but no license plate.

TODD

Based on descriptions from the scene, I pulled together a list of possible known associates of our two guests downstairs. One name in particular jumped out at me.

Todd manipulates his TABLET for a second, before a MUG-SHOT and accompanying RAP SHEET appears on the tech area's central screen. It's younger and surlier, but recognizable as Vic Gover.

TODD (cont'd)

Victor 'Vic' Gover. 34 years old, a rap sheet as long as Superman's cape, and just as colorful.

MAGGIE

(grunts, darkly)

Oh, I know Vic Gover. He's not smart enough to come up with the idea of stealing from TylerCo, but he's definitely the man to put a crew together to do it for someone else for the right price.

DIBNY

We need to know what TylerCo is hiding. That might give us an idea.

TRAYCE

Any other names pop up on that search?

TODD

Not that matched with the descriptions and the biometrics we got from the security footage, but there was one name that flagged as interesting.

(works tablet again)

A former girlfriend of Gover's, living in Metropolis after finishing time out of state. Here she is.

CLOSE ON: A curious Wally, who suddenly GASPS, face draining of color in a heartbeat!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFF the screen now shows a new image - it's ARTEMIS!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Artemis, a shopping bag hanging from her elbow, and a coffee in hand, casually walks up the street, exchanging smiles and greetings with people on the street. As she approaches the door to her building, her smile VANISHES--

-- as Vic Gover leans against the wall, staring straight at her, looking her up and down with clear intent.

GOVER
(impressed)
Looking *good*, babe.

ARTEMIS
What the Hell are you doing here,
Victor?

GOVER
Come on, can't we just have a minute,
for old times' sake?

ARTEMIS
I have nothing more to say to you.

GOVER
I've missed you, Missy.

With lightening speed, Artemis PUNCHES Gover hard in the face with her free hand. He staggers slightly from the blow, but he looks back at her, that cocky grin in place, as he rubs where she struck him.

GOVER (cont'd)
Improved your right hook, I see.

ARTEMIS
(furious)
Don't ever call me that! That's what
he always called me. I hated it then,
and I hate it now.
(disgusted)
Just get out of here, Victor.

GOVER
(grows serious)
Can't do that, babe. I'm in a lot of
trouble, and I need your help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMIS

Not gonna happen.

GOVER

(loosing patience)

Dammit, stop being as stubborn as
your mother and listen to me!

He GRABS her shoulder--

-- and Artemis LASHES OUT. She takes hold of his hand, and SPINS out from his grip, CIRCLING around him, while at the same time, TWISTING Gover's arm, forcing it behind him at an awkward angle.

Applying pressure, Artemis drops Gover to his knees, as she pulls the arm up HIGHER, eliciting a PAINED MOAN from him.

GOVER (cont'd)

(agonized)

You're gonna break my arm, bitch!

ARTEMIS

(low, quietly)

Listen up and listen good. I don't have to do a god-damned thing for you. Any connection we had died a long time ago, when you and he let my mother die.

(beat)

Got it?

GOVER

I got it, I got it!

She releases him, Gover scrambling to his feet, along with the remains of his dignity, as he backs away, eyes burning with FURY.

GOVER (cont'd)

I ain't gonna forget this.

(beat, venomous)

Babe.

Ignoring the curious stares of the onlookers, Gover quickly EXITS, leaving Artemis, fists CLENCHED in anger, alone...

INT. SQUAD COMMANDER'S OFFICE, S.C.U. BULLPEN - DAY

Maggie and Dibny stand by her desk, while Todd sits trying to comfort a shell-shocked Wally on the couch nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

My physical therapist is a bad guy?
(beat, stumbles)
I mean, *girl*.

TODD

I don't think so, Wally.

He offers him the tablet, which displays a MUG SHOT of a younger, harder, *angrier* Artemis, and the accompanying rap sheet.

TODD (cont'd)

Everything I found about her criminal record is a good 10 years old. She was a model prisoner, got released on good behavior. Not a peep out of her since she went to college.

DIBNY

I think we should at least bring her in for questioning. Maybe Gover's been in contact?

MAGGIE

It's a long shot, but it could pan out. Okay, why don't you send--

WALLY

(stands, interrupts)
I'll go.

MAGGIE

(surprised)
You're a civilian, Wally. I can't send you out to talk to a possible suspect.

WALLY

(determined)
I know her, Maggie. She's not just my therapist, she's my friend. Jeez, her and Tina are going out for drinks on Friday!

(beat, calmer)

If she feels like she's being accused of something, she won't talk. But if I'm there, I know I can get her to open up, if I think she's hiding something. Please.

After a tense moment, Maggie sighs. Nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Fine, but Trayce will go with you.
Got it?

Wally nods, shots her a appreciative smile, before he EXITS.
As Maggie watches, wondering if she made the right
decision...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, QUEENSLAND PARK - DAY

Establishing shot of a more vintage-looking apartment
building, in one of the older parts of Metropolis.

OFF the sound of impatient KNOCKING...

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT, APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A disheveled VIC SAGE, wearing a ratty college t-shirt and
clashing jog-pants, still shaking the sleep from his eyes,
wanders bare-foot towards his apartment door.

VIC

(irritated)

Yeah, yeah, I'm coming, already!

The KNOCKING continues unabated until he finally OPENS the
door - to reveal Toby standing there, the latest edition of
the *Daily Star* held up in front of her.

VIC (cont'd)

Toby? What the Hell are--?

TOBY

(quoting)

"Superhero or Superfail?"

(disappointed)

Really, Vic?

She PUSHES past Vic into the apartment, before turning back
to him, seething with anger.

TOBY (cont'd)

I've been working my ass off to help
restore people's faith in Superman,
and you've just single-handedly
ruined all that!

Taking a deep steadying breath, Vic closes the door before
facing his irate partner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIC

I won't apologize for writing a decent article. Have you actually read it? I don't draw any conclusions, I simply report the facts as we knew them at the time.

(beat, veiled)

That's our job, remember?

TOBY

(defensive)

What's that supposed to mean?

VIC

You've made it your mission to cover the 'Superman beat', so aren't you curious why Steve asked me to write this piece, not you?

(sighs)

Look, I'm as much a fan of Superman as the next guy. I've even got a couple of Superman mugs in the kitchen sink. But this story needed to be presented in an unbiased way.

(beat, cautious)

Lately, that hasn't been your style.

TOBY

What are you saying?

VIC

Two words.

(beat)

Lois Lane.

Toby REELS, as if Vic had just slapped her. She slowly sinks into a nearby COUCH, stunned.

TOBY

(slowly)

You're saying that I've lost my focus..?

VIC

Your passion and your drive are working over time, but you've stopped looking at what's been going on like a reporter, and started writing everything up as a fan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIC (cont'd)

(beat)

I think Steve hoped by giving me this assignment, it might be a wake up call.

TOBY

Yeah, you could say that.

(disgusted)

Oh my God. How could I not see it?

VIC

He saved our lives. You're allowed a lapse in judgment for that, I guess.

TOBY

You didn't.

VIC

(shrugs)

Eh, I've always been a cynical bastard. Besides, I think I've found something that confirms a theory I've been working on for a month or so.

He gestures for her to follow, as they head out of the living room...

INT. STUDY/COMPUTER DEN, VIC'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

It used to be a spare bedroom, but Vic has transformed it into a workplace any tech geek or hacker would be proud to call their own.

Video footage plays on several screens, while others display a mixture of professional and amateur pictures. They have one thing in common - they're all of SUPERMAN.

TOBY

(impressed, little scared)

Whoa. This is...

VIC

Yeah, I know. It's a hobby, what can I say.

Vic takes the seat at the keyboard in front of it all, working the mouse across several screens. One screen shows a clear, crisp image of Superman in all his glory, face clearly visible. GREEN LINES highlight his face, limbs and body at regular intervals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIC (cont'd)

I've got a few friends in the hacker community, they've got hold of a few top-of-the-line military grade facial recognition and bio-metric analysis programs for me.

TOBY

Why? What's your theory?

VIC

(points to screen)

This image, was the last picture taken of Superman before he disappeared. I'm using it as a comparison against all the pictures and footage of him since he came back.

TOBY

Why would you--?

(realizes)

You don't think it's him, do you?

Vic's defiant stare says it all...

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

An unmarked SEDAN pulls up to the curb, and cuts it's engine. From it, both Wally and Trayce emerge, and head into the building.

Standing across the street, watching like a hawk, is Vic Gover, idly smoking a cigarette...

ARTEMIS (PRE-LAP)

(resigned)

I should have known my past would come back to haunt me.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, PHYSICAL THERAPIST'S - DAY

Artemis perches on the edge of the reception desk, while Trayce and Wally stand opposite her. Trayce remains stoic while Wally exudes sympathy.

WALLY

Artemis, we need your help, okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trayce pulls out a PHOTOGRAPH from the folder she is carrying, and shows it to Artemis. It's of Gover, the same mug shot as before.

TRAYCE

You know this man? You seen him lately?

ARTEMIS

(sighs)

Yeah, that's Vic Gover. He ran with me and mine back in the day, went solo after I got caught. I haven't heard from him in years.

(beat)

Until yesterday.

TRAYCE

He call you?

ARTEMIS

No, he private messaged me, I told him to get lost, and blocked him. Then earlier today, he showed up here. We talked, I showed him the door, he left.

TRAYCE

When was this?

ARTEMIS

Around lunch time, maybe half one?

(beat)

Before you ask, I don't know where he's living right now.

WALLY

(to Trayce)

We might be able to track his I.P. address from the computer, or maybe Juanita can find him on local CCTV?

TRAYCE

I'll call it in.

She pulls out her cell and starts dialing, as Artemis hangs her head in shame.

ARTEMIS

It's not fair, you know. I was young, stupid and caught up in a very screwed up family. I never had a chance, really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

Hey, we make our own lives okay.
Remember what I told you about my
parents? I think I'm doing okay,
considering.

SMASH! The door is kicked open, hitting the wall hard enough
to destroy the frosted window! Gover steps in, darkly
determined, holding a 9MM SEMI-AUTOMATIC at the ready.

GOVER

Everyone take it nice and easy!

WALLY

(terrified)
Until now, that is!

ARTEMIS

(stunned)
Victor?! What the Hell..?

TRAYCE

Gover?! Metro P.D., freeze!

Trayce pulls her SERVICE WEAPON from the holster as she
shouts, but Gover is on her in an instant - pulling the
trigger--

BANG! The bullet clips Trayce in the shoulder, sending her
SPINNING round. She hits the wall with a grunt, her service
weapon dropping to the floor and skidding away, before she
slumps to the floor herself.

WALLY

Detective!

Wally starts to move to Trayce's aid, but Gover LASHES OUT
and PULLS Wally towards him, wrapping his arm around Wally's
throat.

GOVER

Going somewhere, pal?

He SQUEEZES, causing Wally to flush red, and choke, eye
bulging!

ARTEMIS

(pleading)
Wait, Vic, please! Don't do anything
else stupid!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOVER

I wouldn't have to! Not if you'd come when I asked before, huh? Now, you made me do this, I'm desperate, okay. This is our chance to make it into the big leagues, and I ain't gonna screw it up again!

Gover puts the gun right to Wally's head, digging the barrel hard into the flesh of his temple.

GOVER (cont'd)

So? What's it gonna be, Missy? You with me on this? Or should I just redecorate your office with this guy's brains, huh?

Off Artemis' PANICKED, FEARFUL expression...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, PHYSICAL THERAPIST'S - DAY

TRAYCE grits her teeth as her WOUND is examined and treated by a PARAMEDIC. C.S.U. TECHS take photos or bag up evidence, including the LAPTOP on the desk.

PARAMEDIC

Looks like it was a through-and-through, Detective. You'll need x-rays to make sure there's no loose fragments or damage to the bone.

TRAYCE

Thanks, I'll put that on my to-do list, once I catch the asshole that shot me in the first place.

As the paramedic begins applying some GAUZE, both DIBNY and DANNY walk in, quickly heading her way.

TRAYCE (cont'd)

Oh look, the cavalry's here.

DANNY

What the hell, Trayce? You're my partner for less than 48 hours and you're getting yourself shot?

TRAYCE

Yeah, must be some kind of new record, huh?

DIBNY

What happened, Detective?

TRAYCE

I got caught with my pants down, Lieutenant. It was Gover, he came in waving a gun, caught me off-guard as I was calling in. I went for my weapon, he got a lucky shot in.

The paramedic finishes up, and Trayce pulls on her shirt and jacket, *wincing* just a little from the movement.

TRAYCE (cont'd)

And I lost two damn civilians. Not exactly a great start at S.C.U., huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

At least you're alive, and still in one piece - mostly, anyway.

TRAYCE

Aww, you worried about me, Turpin? I'm all warm and fuzzy inside.

DIBNY

We need to focus on finding Gover. He has Mr. West hostage, presumably as some kind of incentive to make Ms. Brooks help him?

TRAYCE

Definitely. I was down, but not out. There's no love there, I heard him say she'd refused to help before, and that he was desperate.

DANNY

Desperate why? What is he after?

As the three consider their options...

INT. MAYOR'S ASSISTANT'S OFFICE, CITY HALL - DAY

Maggie paces the length of the room, growing more irritated with each circuit, as Todd, a LAPTOP balanced on his knees, types away.

MAGGIE

(fuming)

What part of 'urgently need to see the Mayor' did they not get?!

(sighs)

You getting anywhere?

TODD

You mean with my not-so-legal attempts to pierce the TylerCo firewalls and enter their system undetected?

(beat, annoyed)

No, not yet. Whoever set their system up is good, I mean, *real* good.

MAGGIE

Keep at it. Just in case.

Todd NODS, diving back into his work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (cont'd)
(faux-casual)
So... heard from your, uh, sister,
lately?

Todd FREEZES, before slowly looking up and giving Maggie a sideways look.

TODD
She, uh, she's good. We've been
Skyping most nights, bless Damon for
putting up with it. Really? You're
asking me this now?
(beat)
Why ask now?

MAGGIE
(sadly)
Because you haven't mentioned her. I
was afraid I'd pushed you away or
something

TODD
No! No, it's just...
(sighs)
I know you mean well, I do, but I
know how suspicious you are. And
normally, I would be cautious about
something like finding out I have a
sister.
(beat)
But you weren't there, Maggie. When
she healed me, I felt *something*. A
connection. She *is* my sister.

MAGGIE
Hey, yeah, I can be a cynic, but all
I care is that you've finally gotten
some long overdue answers.

TODD
(pleased, happily)
Thank you, Maggie. I'm hoping Jenn'll
be back for Christmas, she doesn't
really have anyone, and then maybe I
can introduce her. She's not met
anyone yet besides Damon.

MAGGIE
I'd really like to meet her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

You'll be the first person I
introduce her.

(cheekily)

After meeting you, anyone else will
be a breeze.

MAGGIE

I'll take that as the compliment I'm
sure it was intended as, thanks.

Todd GRINS, as Mayor Berkowitz abruptly enters the room in a
rush, carrying a COMPUTER TABLET.

BERKOWITZ

(harried)

Sorry to keep you both waiting,
running a city like this isn't as
easy as some people think.

MAGGIE

Did you get anything?

BERKOWITZ

(annoyed)

To the point as always, I see,
Sawyer?

(sighs)

I called a friend I have over in the
F.D.A. Turns out TylerCo have a
product that's undergoing final
checks and testing. But aside from
the crossing of the T's and dotting
of the I's, it's a done deal.

MAGGIE

What kind of product?

Berkowitz hands her the tablet, which she reads. Blinks.
Reads again. Finally, she gives up, and hands it to Todd. He
frowns, absorbing the information quickly.

TODD

Okay, whoa. This is impressive.
Apparently, TylerCo have created and
patented a new type of super-
multivitamin. It's all very hush
hush, and they've had to deal with a
lot of the Big Pharma companies
working against them, because they
want to sell it at a reasonable
price.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Nice to see someone isn't totally in it for profit.

TODD

Even if they sell it at low cost, this will definitely put TylerCo on the map of pharmaceutical companies.

BERKOWITZ

Everyone's out to get their secret. The formula for this new miracle vitamin is worth millions.

MAGGIE

That's what Gover's after. Either the formula, recipe, whatever, itself, or a sample for whoever is paying him to reverse engineer.

BERKOWITZ

Rumor is that now the product is in final testing, all data has been removed from company servers, and only exists in hard copy form in their C.E.O.'s wall-safe.

MAGGIE

We need to get to TylerCo. Given what happened at Artemis Crock's office, I'm guessing Gover is going to want to end this as fast as possible.

They TURN to leave, but Berkowitz calls after them.

BERKOWITZ

Feels good, working together, doesn't it, Sawyer?

Maggie grimaces, ignoring both the Mayor, and the confused look Todd shots her as the EXIT...

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

BEEP! The door marked "UTILITY ACCESS" opens, and out step ARTEMIS, GOVER and WALLY, and two heavysset GOONS. Gover, Artemis and the goons wear form-fitting black clothes - Gover has several WEAPONS strapped to his belt, while Artemis has various ELECTRONIC GEAR hanging from hers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOVER

(to the goons)

You two stay put, got it? You'll both be rich after, I promise.

Wally still wears the same as before, but with one very clear addition - a BULKY COLLAR of some sort, which has a small GREEN LED *blinking* every other second. It's clearly uncomfortable, as he tries to surreptitiously adjust it.

GOVER (cont'd)

Wouldn't do that, dork. Not if you want to keep your head attached to your shoulders.

Wally immediately lets go, swallowing nervously. Artemis glares at Gover with hate-filled eyes.

ARTEMIS

I'm here, helping you, Victor. You didn't have to put a bomb on him! You could have just had those meat-heads you've brought with you tie him up or something.

GOVER

We both know you don't wanna be here, babe. I had to make sure that I had something to make you stick to the plan all the way.

ARTEMIS

You bastard.

GOVER

How about we do less of the name-calling, and more on the breaking and entering, okay, babe?

ARTEMIS

(sighs)

I can either hack their system internally and deactivate all the security on one go, or bypass each doorway as we go. Your choice.

GOVER

The second. It will be slower, but quieter. Let's go.

With a prod from Gover's gun, Wally moves forward, trailed by Gover and Artemis as they move down the corridor...

INT. CONNOR'S DORM ROOM, METROPOLIS UNIVERSITY - CONTINUOUS

The room has the typical messiness of a young man, but also has plenty of homely touches. The walls are covered in SUPERHERO PARAPHERNALIA, mostly the familiar 'S' shield.

On a dresser sits several FRAMED PHOTOS - one of LOIS & CLARK, one of TESS MERCER, another of MARTHA KENT. Moments of happiness caught forever.

CONNOR lies on the bed, deep in thought, ignoring the overlapping voices coming from a POLICE SCANNER on his desk.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

(over scanner)

All units, we have a 10-35 at TylerCo Pharmaceuticals, hostages involved. Proceed 10-40, S.C.U. officers will be on site ASAP.

Connor abruptly sits up, staring at the scanner for a moment. He stands, and walks over to it--

--and turns it OFF. With a sad sigh, he heads back and slumps onto the bed.

ARTHUR (O.C.)

What? No up, up and away this time, kid?

Connor JUMPS to his feet in surprise, to find ARTHUR and JOHN standing in his open doorway.

CONNOR

How did you--?
(shakes head)
Never mind. Just go.

JOHN

We heard what happened at the construction site, Connor. We came to see if you were all right?

CONNOR

I wasn't hurt, if that's what you mean. It was just dumb luck no one else was hurt.
(beat)
Or worse.

John and Arthur exchange a silent look of worry, before they approach Connor. John sits besides him, while Arthur pulls out the nearby desk chair, and straddles it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

You saved a lot of people, Connor. They would have been killed if not for you helping.

CONNOR

But you and A.C., you were right! I was pushing myself too much, too hard. I'm just-- I'm not as strong as Clark is, I never will be, and pretending I am almost got people killed.

ARTHUR

So, what? You're gonna ignore that impulse inside you to help people? Because of what 'might' happen?

(beat)

You're still the strongest person in this room, in this whole damn city. You just need to start being your own hero, doing things your way.

JOHN

You were right, what you said about us. We have been busy with our own lives. It was Clark who helped remind us that you can't be a hero all the time, sometimes you need to take time to be as 'normal' as we can manage.

(beat)

But it was also Clark who taught us that we're stronger together, and to always do the right thing, no matter what. You reminded us of that today, so we are here for you now.

Connor looks from one man to the other, emboldened by their support...

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

Artemis kneels in front of the elevator's CONTROL PANEL. The cover has been removed, allowing her to hook up one of her GADGETS to the internal circuitry. The gadget runs an app, flashing through various combinations of numbers.

Behind her stand Wally and Gover. Both men look sweaty and agitated. Artemis is the picture of calm - aside from a telltale biting of her lower lip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOVER

What's taking so damn long?

ARTEMIS

Hey, you don't like how I work, I can always let you do this.

(beat, sarcastic)

Oh, that's right! You can't do this. So shut up and let me--

BE-BEEP! The APP displays a sequence of SEVEN NUMBERS. It glows RED for a moment, before changing to GREEN.

ARTEMIS (cont'd)

Got it.

She quickly disconnects her gadget, and replaces the panel with ease. She stands, and presses a button marked 'EXECUTIVE LEVEL'. The elevator SHAKES as it starts moving slowly upward...

INT. RECEPTION LOBBY, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

The place has been restored to normalcy, everything back in place and repaired, as the S.C.U. squad come charging in, much to the chagrin of the EVENING SECURITY OFFICER.

SECURITY OFFICER

Excuse me! What's going--

MAGGIE

(interrupts)

Sawyer, Special Crimes Unit, we have reason to believe your security is about to be compromised.

(beat)

Again.

SECURITY OFFICER

Okay, I'll sound the alarm--

MAGGIE

No! Actually, ma'am, they have a couple of hostages, we need to handle this as quietly as possible. Is there someone in charge I can talk too?

As the security officer grabs her desk phone and starts punching in the number...

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

BE-BEEP! Gover PUSHES Wally into the room - he stumbles, falling against a chair. Artemis wheels on Gover, furious.

ARTEMIS

Victor! I've done what you asked,
leave him alone!

GOVER

You still got one little job to do
yet, babe.

He pulls out and turns on a FLASHLIGHT, and uses it to scan the room, until it rests on a WALL-SAFE.

GOVER (cont'd)

That's our prize. Go get it open.

ARTEMIS

Then you'll take that bomb off Wally?

GOVER

(smugly)

One thing at a time, babe. One thing
at a time.

Off Wally's terrified expression...

INT. RECEPTION LOBBY, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

Uniformed POLICE OFFICERS calmly and quickly wave a throng of suited and lab-coated employees out through the front doors.

Ignoring the organized chaos around him, Todd sits at the security desk, accessing their systems, an array of SECURITY MONITORS in front of him, brow creased in concentration. Maggie stands behind him, letting him work. She looks up at the approach of Dibny and Danny.

DIBNY

We've got the building employees
undergoing evacuation.

DANNY

Quietly.

MAGGIE

(relieved)

Good, the less civilians around, the
better I'll feel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY
(to Todd)
You doing any good?

TODD
I've removed the looped footage they feed into the security cameras, so we've got eyes back throughout the building.

MAGGIE
I sent Trayce with a couple of uniforms to take down the two guys in the basement corridor. Once that's clear, we move in ready for them on the way back down.

BE-BEEP! On the main computer screen, a FLASHING RED GRAPHIC appears.

TODD
Looks like an internal silent alarm was just tripped.
(beat, types)
The C.E.O.'s office, Executive Level.

DANNY
Just like you said, Boss.

Maggie grabs a nearby radio, and thumbs it on.

MAGGIE
Trayce, Sawyer. What's your 20?

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

Standing at a corridor junction, Trayce, SERVICE WEAPON at the ready, looks across the junction at her back-up - two PATROL OFFICERS, weapons ready as well. They exchange nods of readiness, as Trayce touches the EAR-PIECE she wears.

TRAYCE
Suspects sighted, ready to approach.

MAGGIE
(over radio)
It's your show, Trayce. Good luck.

Trayce just GRINS...

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

Artemis, a FLASHLIGHT in her mouth, studies the circuitry of the wall-safe's ACCESS PANEL, a gadget in hand. Wally, holding a flashlight of his own, tries to keep it steady - but his TREMBLING HANDS don't help.

WALLY

Really not how I figured my day would end. Or my life. Kinda figured I'd go out in a lab accident or something.

Artemis removes the flashlight and fixes him with a hard stare.

ARTEMIS

You are not going to die here, Wally. I promise you, that.

Wally smiles sadly. He doesn't believe a word of it.

GOVER

Less chat, more work! Move it!

He punctuates his point by prodding Wally with the barrel of his gun. Artemis quickly adjusts some of the wiring, and presses a control on her gadget--

BLEEP! The wall-safe door UNLOCKS with a slight hiss, opening just a little. Gover GRINS, pushing Wally out of the way in his haste to open the safe fully--

GOVER (cont'd)

Finally! About time, babe, I was starting to think you'd lost your--
(gasps)
What the freaking Hell?!

The safe is EMPTY.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

The two GOONS stand ready, their own GUNS drawn but held at a lowered position, ready and alert--

--as Trayce and her back-up CHARGE AROUND the corner, weapons raised.

TRAYCE

Metropolis P.D. Freeze!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As ONE, both goons bring up their guns and FIRE at the officers. Trayce DIVES for cover, but one round CLIPS the closest uniformed officer. He goes down with a YELP, his weapon dropping to the floor.

The other officer, using the wall for cover, gets off a couple of shots, hitting the good closest to the utility room door. He DROPS without a sound, BLOOD pouring from a wound to his neck.

Trayce provides covering fire, forcing the remaining goon to take cover, allowing the unharmed uniformed officer to pull his comrade out of the line of fire.

TRAYCE (cont'd)
Get him out of here, I got this.
(beat, forcefully)
Go! Now!

The officer nods, and quickly helps his partner to his feet, as they EXIT...

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

Gover continues to stare at the empty interior of the safe for a moment, before reaching in, desperately feeling some *something, anything*.

GOVER
Where is it? Where's the goddamned
formula?! It's supposed to be here!

With an enraged cry, he slams the wall-safe door against the frame - it simply bounces back and hits the wall, *hard*.

ARTEMIS
Vic, calm down, okay. Look, we can--

The RADIO on Gover's belt suddenly SQUAWKS with static.

GOON
(over radio)
Gover! Cops are here! Damien is down!

Gover's face becomes a picture of fury. He grabs Wally by the scruff of his t-shirt and thrusts him against the wall.

GOVER
This is your fault! Somehow you let
them cops know what was going on!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY
 (fearfully)
 I didn't, I swear! I haven't been out
 of your sight since you grabbed me
 and Artie!

GOVER
 (loosing it)
 Shut up! Just shut up!!

He PUSHES Wally into Artemis, knocking them both to the floor in a tumble of limbs. As they right themselves, Gover calmly aims with WEAPON at them...

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

Taking a steadying breath, Trayce, quickly checking her remaining rounds--

--before performing a flawless TUCK-AND-ROLL into the corridor, weapon out and aimed, pulling the trigger - shooting into EMPTY AIR. As Trayce realizes--

CLICK! A gun prods into her temple. She closes her eyes for a brief moment, before allowing her weapon to fall to the ground, and raising her hands in surrender.

She looks up and around at her captor, the remaining goon, who glares down at her.

GOON
 Any last words, cop?

Trayce looks up at him with disgust - before her expression changes to COMPLETE SHOCK at something only she can see.

TRAYCE
 You, uh, might want to look behind you.

GOON
 (pissed)
 Like I'm gonna fall for--

THWAP! The goon, eyes rolling back into his head, unceremoniously drops to the ground, revealing MARTIAN MANHUNTER, in all his green-skinned and bald glory.

MARTIAN MANHUNTER
 (echoey, alien)
 The lady did warn you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trayce stands, in awe at the sight before her.

TRAYCE

Uh, thanks.

Martian Manhunter simply tosses off a casual salute, before his body fades to TRANSPARENCY, a vague green outline visible, as he FLIES upward and THROUGH the ceiling with ease. Trayce watches, grinning from ear to ear.

TRAYCE (cont'd)

(amazed)

They'll never believe this back home.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

Artemis, on her knees, hold up her hands, almost in supplication, to Gover as he points the gun at her and Wally.

ARTEMIS

Vic, please, just let us go!

GOVER

(desperate)

Don't you get it? I don't have a choice! No witnesses!

(resigned)

I'm doing you both a favor, ending it now.

As he SQUEEZES the trigger--

CRASH!! The window to the office SMASHES as a ORANGE/GREEN FIGURE comes flying through. They roll to a graceful stop, and stand in front of the cowering Wally and Artemis, bullets meant for them BOUNCING off their protector's chest.

It's AQUAMAN! He grins in that familiar cocky way, watching with amusement as Gover continues to unload his rounds into him with no effect.

AQUAMAN

Seriously? You're not really getting the 'bulletproof' thing, are you?

As Gover's gun clicks EMPTY, Aquaman strides forward, and with a casual PUNCH, knocks Gover to the floor, dazed. Wally and Artemis look at him, both shell-shocked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY
How did you get up here? You can't fly!

ARTEMIS
Seriously? That's all you can think of?

WALLY
What? It's a fair question!

AQUAMAN
He's right. I can't fly.
(beat)
But my friend can.

They look at the direction he points - to see CONNOR hovering just outside the window, arms crossed over his chest, dressed very differently than before.

As he moves into the office, we see that, while the top half is still a Superman-inspired costume, complete with blue/yellow coloring and 'S' shield, he now wears dark baggy CARGO PANTS and matching BOOTS, with BIKER GLOVES.

WALLY
(stunned)
Superman?

CONNOR
Not exactly, no.

He kneels in front of Wally, and SQUINTS as he X-RAYS the bomb.

CONNOR (cont'd)
Some kind of bomb, right?

Wally NODS, swallowing his nerves again.

CONNOR (cont'd)
Okay. Just hold still.

Artemis takes Wally's hand, squeezing it gently, as Wally closes his eyes--

CRACK!

Wally's eyes SNAP OPEN, to see the now-broken collar in Connor's hands. He literally SAGS into a heap in relief, rubbing at his sore neck...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...as, unseen by anyone, Gover reaches into his EQUIPMENT BELT, and pulls out a small DEVICE, which has a blinking GREEN LED. He squeezes it--

BEEP! The matching light on the collar TURNS RED!

WALLY

Oh, shit!

CONNOR

(shouts)

Everyone get down!

Aquaman uses his own body to cover Wally and Artemis, as Connor, his hand glowing with a BLUE AURA, cocks his arm and THROWS the bomb out the broken window with all his might--

EXT. TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS, BUSINESS DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Outside, along a police barrier that has now been erected, a crowd of onlookers has formed, alongside curious press officials alerted to the news, when--

BOOOM!!

A mixture of screams of fright and excitement ripple through the crowds as an ALMIGHTY EXPLOSION fills the air around the top floors of the TylerCo. building.

INT. RECEPTION LOBBY, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

The effects of the explosion are felt inside, as the building shakes from the close detonation. As horrified looks are exchanged, Maggie and her team bolt outside as quickly as possible...

EXT. TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS, BUSINESS DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

The crowd all watch, collectively holding their breaths, as the S.C.U. team exit and look upwards.

MAGGIE

(horrified)

Wally...

Dibny mutters a silent prayer, while Todd and Danny exchanged mortified looks--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE

Wait, look! There's something by the window, look!

Everyone looks to where Trayce is excitedly pointing - and it soon becomes clear as SIX FIGURES gently float down to street level in a hazy BLUE AURA. Within seconds, the aura dissipates--

-- revealing WALLY, ARTEMIS, GOVER, AQUAMAN, MARTIAN MANHUNTER AND CONNOR!

Everyone looks at the odd assortment for a moment, before Wally offers a tired wave, and an embarrassed smile.

WALLY

Uh... hi?

MAGGIE

(relieved)

Oh, thank God!

Maggie lunges at Wally and envelops him in a huge BEAR HUG. Martian Manhunter drops the unconscious Gover to the floor, Danny quickly moving to cuff him.

WALLY

(strained)

Can't really breath, Cap.

MAGGIE

(lets go, happily)

Sorry, sorry, I just, I thought--

WALLY

Yeah, me too.

(beat)

DANNY

Uh, Wally, who's the kid with the 'S' on his chest?

The press among the crowd are literally screaming questions at them, desperate for answers, as various cameras and phones are pointed at the heroes.

Connor RECOILS, clearly uncomfortable, until a gentle hand on his shoulder from Martian Manhunter calms him. Carefully, Maggie approaches him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

I don't know who you are, kid, but
thank you. You saved a friend of mine
today. I owe you.

CONNOR

(sincere)

Thank you. I'm glad I was able to
help.

Maggie smiles gently, studying Connor's earnest face, and
the 'S' he wears, before nodding.

MAGGIE

Good to know Metropolis has another
hero looking out for it again.

She offers her hand, and after a moment, Connor takes it,
the two of them shaking firmly.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Glad to have you around, Super-uh...
Boy?

Off Connor's wide, happy SMILE...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

CONTINUED:

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. DAILY STAR OFFICES, DAILY STAR BUILDING - DAY

CLOSE ON: The latest edition of the Daily Star as it is slapped down onto a desk. The headline reads "WHO IS THE SUPERBOY?"

VIC (O.C.)
Nice article, Toby.

PAN UP to reveal the smiling face of Toby Raines, sipping on her mug of coffee. Her eyes twinkle with mischief as she meets the gaze of the person speaking to her - Vic Sage.

TOBY
I had a lot of help, remember?

She delicately points at the names above the article: "*written by Toby Raines and Vic Sage.*" Vic grins, and nods his head in appreciation, before perching on the desk.

VIC
You okay?

TOBY
(sighs)
I'll admit it, I'm a little disappointed. But in a way, I think this might be better.

VIC
(confused)
Okay, run that one by me again.

TOBY
Think about it. Maybe Superman hasn't come back from wherever he's disappeared off to, but there are others, carrying on his work, his legacy, his message of hope.

VIC
(understanding)
Keeping the faith, as it were.

TOBY
(pleased)
Exactly. Also, thanks to some advice a certain someone gave me--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIC
You're welcome...

TOBY
(continues)
--my article was a lot more balanced.
I'm making a promise to myself to
never let myself get that blinded by
hero worship again.

VIC
Everyone makes mistakes, Toby. Even
Superboys.

Off Toby, considering his words...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, S.C.U. BULLPEN - DAY

Artemis Brooks sits at the table, head on her arms, as she
leans on the table, deep in thought.

VIC (V.O.)
The thing is to learn from them, and
let those lessons guide where you go
from there on.

She looks up as Todd and Wally step into the room, and sits
up a little straighter. Wally places a mug of steaming hot
coffee in front of her, as they join her at the table.

ARTEMIS
Is it all really over?

TODD
I have some pull with the A.D.A.
assigned the case, convinced him it
wasn't in our interest to prosecute
the woman healing the S.C.U.'s lead
forensic scientist.

WALLY
That's me, by the way.

ARTEMIS
I don't--
(sighs)
Thank you, all of you. I don't
deserve your generosity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

Wally explained how everything you did do was to try and protect his life. Gover was the one with the literal gun to both your heads.

ARTEMIS

Still, it was my messed up family that brought this all on everyone. If I hadn't moved back to Metropolis--

WALLY

Then Gover would have found some other lackey to use, and who knows how many hostages might have gotten dragged into it. This was a win, Artie, let's treat it as such.

ARTEMIS

I suppose. It's just, I've tried so hard to escape my background. I took my mother's name after I got out of jail, cleaned up, got my degree, was doing some real good. Then this happened.

TODD

I did some digging. You and Gover have quite the history, it's no wonder he turned to you when he was desperate.

ARTEMIS

(sighs)

We weren't just partners. We were practically engaged. I would have married him in a cold minute, if things hadn't turned out the way they did.

(beat)

I grew up surrounded by criminals. Not like the Mafia, or those kind of organizations, but an actual family that robbed together, stole together.

(beat, sardonic)

Who better to get into all the small, tight spaces, then a little kid?

WALLY

What happened? What got you out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMIS

(tearful)

My mom died. On the job. She was just supposed to do one simple job, but the equipment Dad used, it wasn't up to it. She fell 50 feet without a harness. Dad, Vic, they just took off, left her there, but I couldn't. I wouldn't. So I got caught.

TODD

And your father?

ARTEMIS

(coldly)

He never came to visit me. I didn't want him to. I blamed him, and rightly so, he blamed himself. About 3 years into my sentence, Vic wrote me that he drunk himself into an early grave.

(beat, determined)

That was when I swore that I would never fall into that life ever again.

WALLY

(impressed)

Thatta girl!

(beat, embarrassed)

Uh, I mean, uh... yay?

Off Todd rolling his eyes, and Artemis laughing, wiping away the tears...

INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Danny stands by the CENTRAL TABLE, watching the goings-on in the conference room, curious. He barely registers Trayce's approach until she sidles up next to him.

TRAYCE

I hear they're letting her go without charge.

DANNY

She was coerced into it, so yeah, the D.A. is being lenient.

TRAYCE

Good. She seems like a stand-up person, I mean, she risked her life to help Wally, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

I guess.

Trayce studies him for a moment, before letting out a resigned breath.

TRAYCE

We need to talk about something.

DANNY

(uninterested)

Which is?

TRAYCE

Dr. Foster.

Danny stiffens, any hint of relaxed posture vanishing.

TRAYCE (cont'd)

Look, if I weren't your partner, I'd not bring this up. What goes on in those sessions, stays in them.

(beat)

But I am your partner, so we need to be clear and honest with each other.

DANNY

Look, I don't know what you've heard--

TRAYCE

(calmly)

You're angry over the death of your last partner.

Danny GLARES at her - he's not happy.

DANNY

Whatever you think you know--

TRAYCE

It's a simple deduction, Danny.

(beat, strained)

It's also something I know a little bit about too.

Danny BLINKS, caught off-guard by her honesty.

DANNY

You mean..?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE

His name was Luis Santiago. We were partners for a good few years, and we went through a lot together.

(beat)

Then one night he was killed, took a bullet meant for me, and I fell apart.

(beat)

We can go through hell in this job, Danny, and sometimes, we need to have someone to talk to, who won't judge us, won't hold us to some high standard and is watching out for our mental well-being. That's why I still go, even though he died six years ago. Because in the long run, if we don't unload, if we keep it all bottled in, we do no one, not our partners, or families, or ourselves, any good.

DIBNY (O.C.)

Detective Trayce?

Both Danny and Trayce turn, as Dibny approaches with a smile.

DIBNY

There's someone here to see you.

From behind him, a YOUNG LATINO BOY (pre-teens, scruffy hair and a huge grin) pops out.

LUIS JR.

Can we go to Big Belly Burger for dinner? I'm hungry!

Trayce just laughs.

TRAYCE

Sure, why not.

(to Danny)

Wanna come?

DANNY

Actually, I'll pass. I think I need to go see someone else first.

Trayce smiles, nods in understanding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (cont'd)
Aren't you gonna introduce us to your
friend there?

TRAYCE
Oh, right! Sorry. Danny Turpin, this
is my son, Luis Santiago.
(beat)
Junior.

Luis smiles and waves, open with friendliness and the
innocence of youth. Danny stares as realization hits him
like a hammer.

TRAYCE (cont'd)
Later, guys.

Danny watches with stunned amazement as Trayce - and her
son - head out of the bullpen...

INT. FOSTER'S OFFICE, PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DR. CLAIR FOSTER sits at her desk, reviewing papers and
files for several moments. After a moment, she removes her
glasses and squeezes her nose, *tired*.

She quickly and quietly packs up, picking up her briefcase
and coat with practiced ease as she heads to the door. She
reaches for the light switch, as the door opens--

--to find DANNY TURPIN standing there, ready to knock.

FOSTER
(surprised)
Oh my word! Detective Turpin?

DANNY
(nervously)
Uh, hi, Dr. Foster. I'm sorry to come
by so late, but I saw your light was
still on.

FOSTER
I was catching up on paper work. I do
a lot of that at night, actually.
(beat, concerned)
But you didn't come here to hear
that. Is something wrong?

Danny meets her gaze, eyes raw with emotion and tears not
shed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY
(voice cracking)
Yeah. Yeah, I think something is.

FOSTER
Then maybe you should come in, and we
can talk about it.

Danny NODS, and enters the room, as Foster gently closes the door...

INT. DAILY STAR OFFICES, DAILY STAR BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Toby Raines is also working late, alone in the bullpen, working away at her newest article, before taking a moment to stretch--

TAP! TAP!

She looks around, surprised at the noise, wondering where it's coming from.

CONNOR
(muffled, embarrassed)
Uh, excuse me, Ms. Raines? Over here?

Toby turns to face the large windows of the bullpen - and JUMPS in surprise at the sight of CONNOR KENT hovering outside, waving casually at her.

CONNOR (cont'd)
I was wondering if we could talk,
maybe?

TOBY
I'd like that, Superboy. Can I call
you that?

CONNOR
(amused)
It'll do for now, I guess. I suppose
it's accurate enough.
(beat)
I guess you have some questions.

TOBY
A few, yes.

She turns back to her desk, and picks up a NOTEPAD and PEN, positioning them at the ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY (cont'd)

I'm surprised you're not talking to Lois Lane, though. She's usually the fount of all things Superman-related.

CONNOR

I got some advice recently to step out of the shadows and be myself. Since you're the one who's written so many articles about me lately, it made sense.

TOBY

Okay, fair enough. So, why don't you start by telling me about yourself. Just who are you, Superboy?

CONNOR

My name is Kon-El, and Kal-El, the man you all call 'Superman', is my brother.

Toby eyes WIDEN in surprise, and as the two continue to talk...

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE