

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

2x03: "*Enchant*"

2016 Halloween Special

Written by

ALEX M. P. MATTHEWS

Executive Producers
Alex Matthews, Chris Davis
& Jack Malone

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

JUANITA MENDOZA Gina Rodriguez
DAMON MATTHEWS Jonathon Groff
SPECIAL AGENT KING FARADAY Alex Carter
SUE DEARBON Jodi-Lynn O'Keefe

GUEST STARRING

LOURDES LUCERO Angelica Celaya
DR. BARBARA ANNE MINERVA Debrah Farentino
DR. NINA DOUWD
DR. MIGUEL LUCERO
MRS. LOPEZ
DOCTOR
MAN
WOMAN

SPECIAL GUEST STARS

DR. ANTONY PETRELLI Peter Facinelli
MAYOR FRANK BERKOWITZ Anthony Michael Hall
MADAME XANADU Indira Varma
RICK TYLER Jason Bateman

SPECIAL APPEARANCE BY

Gregory Cruz as *Russell Ten Clouds*

CONTINUED:

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS MUSEUM, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building - it hasn't changed all that much since Clark Kent's visit back during his freshman year of High School. A large banner declaring "THE WORLD'S MYTHICAL WONDERS!" hangs across the large columns.

TODD (PRELAP)

When I said I was in the mood for something different, this isn't exactly what I had in mind...

INT. MYTHIC WONDERS EXHIBIT, METROPOLIS MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the main suite of the exhibit, various MUSEUM WORKERS pull an all-night set-up session to get the place in perfect order for the public.

ARTIFACTS stand on podiums, some encased in glass, the others, in open air. The walls are decorated with murals about famous myths, like the Greek Gods, the Amazons, even one about *Atlantis*.

In front of it, stand DAMON MATTHEWS and TODD RICE, both dressed casually, an island of calm in the sea of chaos.

DAMON

Well, I like to keep things interesting with you.

TODD

Oh, you're succeeding, that's for sure. How did you even..?

DAMON

It helps when you're friends with the staff, even more so the person in charge of curating this exhibit.

They stop by the mural about Atlantis, both studying it for a moment.

DAMON (cont'd)

(uncertain)

So... you ready to talk about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

(looks back at Todd)

Is that why you arranged this? To get me more relaxed so I'll spill the beans?

DAMON

(deadpan)

Pretty much, yeah.

(beat)

You haven't really been yourself since you came back from Midvale. Was it really that bad with your adoptive parents?

TODD

(sighs, shakes head)

Actually, it wasn't 'that' bad at all. They've always known I wanted answers to my questions about my birth parents. They were as shocked as I was to find out I had a twin sister.

(pauses)

But sometimes, I wonder if my getting those answers is just going to hurt them. They don't deserve that.

Damon reaches out and takes his hand, giving it a soft, gentle squeeze.

DAMON

Whatever happens, I'll be there for you if and when you need me, okay?

Todd smiles, nods in gratitude, before looking back and studying the Atlantis exhibit a little more before frowning.

TODD

Should this even still be here? I mean..?

NINA (O.C.)

(amused)

Don't worry, we've updated the description.

Both men TURN as DR. NINA DOWD (mid-30s, strawberry-blonde, perky and upbeat) approaches them. She and Damon embrace in a friendly hug for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAMON

Todd, this is Nina Dowd, a dear friend of mine. We went to college together before I went to Law School, and she started ruining her manicure by digging things up.

NINA

Hey, some girls just like having dirt under their fingernails, I guess.

TODD

It's good to meet you, and thank you for letting us get a sneak peek.

NINA

(eagerly)

Come on, let me show you the real star of the show, it's just ahead, come one!

Practically bouncing with each step, Nina leads them over to a separate area of the exhibit, made to look like an UNDERGROUND TOMB of some sort. In the center lies a stone podium, on which is an artifact of some sort.

It's a small HOLLOW CUBOID, a container of some sort, made of some kind of brass metal. The sides, top and bottom are all GLASS, the top even has a LONG CHAIN attached. Inside is some kind of WHITE GAS.

NINA (cont'd)

(dramatic)

Behold, the Mists of Ibella!

(beat, laughs)

Or, at least, as close to it as our tech team could create on a budget.

TODD

The what of the who-now?

NINA

I'm not surprised you haven't heard of them. They're a little known myth in South America. I even went hunting for them a few years ago, during my internship. It was fun, but also a colossal waste of time and money.

DAMON

That sounds like a story to be told in more detail over a bottle of wine at my place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINA
 (grimaces, sadly)
 I would love to, but I'm going to be here till the early hours finalizing the set up. How about tomorrow, after the museum closes and I can finally go back to having a normal life?

Damon NODS, and they walk on.

NINA (cont'd)
 Now, why don't I show you two the mock-up of the Bow of Orion?

As they walk off...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MYTHIC WONDERS EXHIBIT, METROPOLIS MUSEUM - LATER

Nina, sipping from a disposable coffee cup, adjusts one of the open-air pieces, positioning it just right. She takes a step back, nodding, satisfied.

STAFFER #1
 Night, Dr. Dowd!

Nina waves goodbye to the LAST GROUP of museum staffers heading home for some much deserved rest.

NINA
 Bye, guys! And thank you! It will all look amazing tomorrow when we open the exhibit!

The tired staffers EXIT, leaving Dowd alone to her final adjustments and changes...

...until a GIRLISH LAUGH echoes throughout the exhibit.

Nina JUMPS, caught completely by surprise by the noise! She looks, around startled.

NINA (cont'd)
 Is someone there? Hello?
 (beat)
 Anyone there?

She shakes her head - she must be hearing thing! She turns back to what she was doing--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--but SPINS around again, eyes darting about, when the same LAUGH echoes around her again!

NINA (cont'd)

Who is..?

(beat, confused)

What the Hell?

NINA'S P.O.V.: a FINE MIST is slowly trailing along the floor, from behind a partition in the exhibit. A SOFT GLOWING, PULSING LIGHT illuminates the mist.

Cautiously, Nina approaches, coming around the partition to the "Mists of Ibella" area. She stops dead at what she sees, jaw dropping in shock.

The exhibit is COVERED in the fine mist, which seeps in copious quantities from the container on the pedestal. The mist itself inside the container is the source of the glow, as it PULSES with an ELDRITCH LIGHT.

As Nina moves in closer, staring at it in amazement, trying to figure out just what she is seeing--

LA ENCANTADORA (O.C.)

Beautiful, isn't it?

Nina SPINS around to find a woman standing behind her, leaning against the wall without a care in the world.

LA ENCANTADORA - all Latino fire and sensuality. Her long dark hair cascades in curls down and around her shoulders. Clad in a figure-hugging outfit that shows off an impressive physique (and cleavage), leaving nothing to the imagination.

NINA

(scared)

Wh- Who are you?

La Encantadora pushes off the wall, and casually meanders towards the exhibit, giving Nina a wide berth. She walks into the mist itself without any hesitation.

LA ENCANTADORA

(ignoring her)

This is what it looked like when I first saw it.

She stands next to the podium, one finger gently stroking the surface of it, encircling the cuboid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LA ENCANTADORA (cont'd)
It shone with power, and I knew there
and then I had to have it.

Nina frowns, her attention caught by La Encantadora as she absently plays with a NECKLACE she wears. A necklace that holds a PENDENT of sort - that looks exactly like the container on the pedestal. Inside it, churns a thick, glowing vapor.

Nina visibly pales as she recognizes what she's seeing.

NINA
(whispers)
Oh, God. You're wearing--

LA ENCANTADORA
(interrupts, fierce)
Ah, ah! You don't get to say their
name, not after what you did.
(angrily)
Not after the way you treated *him*.

The mist around Nina begins to THICKEN, and slowly, inexorably, begins to wind around her body and up towards her head.

NINA
(pleading, desperate)
Please, I didn't know! None of us
did!

LA ENCANTADORA
(disgusted)
That's not good enough!

As Nina stands, helpless, FROZEN in fear, the mist seeps into her mouth and nose. She GAGS, the mist choking her for several seconds, as she fights to breathe.

LA ENCANTADORA (cont'd)
So, now, you have to pay.

The mist begins to dissipate, but it's work is done. Nina, eyes COMPLETELY WHITE, but still wide open in absolute terror, SCREAMS in blood-curdling horror...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS MUSEUM, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot - several police cars and an ambulance are now parked outside.

INT. MYTHIC WONDERS EXHIBIT, METROPOLIS MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

NINA DOWD, eyes wide open, and completely WHITE, mouth open in a silent scream, is secured with straps to a GURNEY by a couple of paramedics, before being wheeled out.

As they head out, they pass JUANITA MENDOZA, kitted out in the usual field gear, examining the stone pedestal of the 'Mists of Ibella' exhibit. She dusts for FINGERPRINTS, while several other C.S.U. techs explore the rest of the room.

As she works, DETECTIVES DANNY TURPIN and PATRICIA TRAYCE walk up behind her, both carrying a large disposable cup of coffee.

TRAYCE

So why are we getting this case? What make's it S.C.U. worthy?

DANNY

One thing you'll figure out fast, Trayce, is that the S.C.U. gets given a lot of cases that don't start out like they should be ours, but they almost always wind up that way.

TRAYCE

Great. Sounds like a lot of fun.

(beat)

Morning, Juanita.

Juanita looks up from her work, and offers both detectives a tired smile as way of greeting.

JUANITA

From what I hear, the Museum Director is a friend of the Mayor, and he's the one who asked for the S.C.U. to look into it. This exhibit was supposed to open today, but it looks like that's not going to happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Just another day in Metropolis, huh?

JUANITA

I'll say. This city sure knows how to keep things interesting. I have to admit, though, it's different to not be investigating a death, for once.

TRAYCE

The victim is still alive?

JUANITA

Alive, but completely unresponsive.

DANNY

Any idea what happened?

JUANITA

From what I can piece together, Dr. Dowd, our victim, was left alone in the early hours, finishing up the exhibit. When the staff came in first thing to get ready for opening, they found her on the floor, no injuries, no one else around, nothing touched.

TRAYCE

Nothing stolen?

JUANITA

Not as far as I can tell, but most of the valuable stuff is protected by secure cases. All the stuff not in cases are reproductions made especially for the event.

DANNY

A robbery gone wrong, maybe? Assailant got caught by Dr. Dowd, they did something to her, then made a run for it?

TRAYCE

If you can do that to some poor shmuck, why wouldn't you take the time to rob the place? I mean, no alarm was sounded, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUANITA

Exactly. No security trips all night. I'm taking fingerprints to see if anyone was here who shouldn't have been, but it'll take a while to eliminate all the authorized people.

DANNY

Security footage?

JUANITA

Already downloaded and run off to Wally at the lab.

As Danny and Trayce consider their next move...

EXT. O.C.M.E. BUILDING, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

INT. MORGUE/EXAMINATION AREA, O.C.M.E. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The double doors open, as DR. BETH CHAPEL pushes her way in, only peripherally aware of her surroundings as she reads a CASE REPORT she is holding. She happens to look up - and JOLTS, *startled*--

BETH

Oh, dear God!

-- at the sight of DR. TONY PETRELLI laying on the autopsy table closest to her. He lays there, completely oblivious to her arrival, dark sunglasses on, ear-buds in, listening to music, his feet twitching to the beat.

Unimpressed, Beth marches over - and YANKS out a ear-bud.

PETRELLI

Ow! Hey! What'd you do that for?!

BETH

How many times do I have to ask you to not 'chill' on the autopsy tables?

PETRELLI

They're surprisingly comfortable. Anyway, I stopped smoking in here, didn't I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH

Yes, both my lungs and yours are grateful, believe me.

(beat)

Don't you have some work to do?

PETRELLI

Actually, no. I'm all caught up, it's a thankfully slow day, no call outs, yet.

(beat)

Besides, I got nowhere else to go.

BETH

What's that supposed to mean? Why don't you go see some friends, or, I don't know, family?

PETRELLI

I'm still new to the city, Chapel, remember? I ain't made any 'friends' yet, although I'm sure I'll find some nice girls at a bar tonight if I try hard enough.

Beth just rolls her eyes in disgust, as she start checking on morgue supplies.

PETRELLI (cont'd)

(quietly)

As for family... yeah, don't go there.

Beth frowns, interested despite herself.

BETH

Not close to them, huh?

PETRELLI

You could say that. As it happens, though, I'm the only Petrelli around these parts.

BETH

So, where is your family? Out of state, or--

He sits up and slides off the table, shooting her a fierce look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETRELLI

(interrupts, annoyed)
 What part of 'don't go there', didn't
 you hear, Chapel?

BETH

Sorry, I was just curious.
 (beat)
 I'll keep my mouth shut, shall I?

PETRELLI

Do that.
 (beat, uncomfortable)
 I need a smoke. Later.

He quickly EXITS, leaving a puzzled Beth behind...

EXT. METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL, MIDTOWN - DAY

Establishing shot of the busy city hospital.

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Trayce stands outside a private recovery room, watching as NURSES attend to the still form of Nina Dowd. Her eyes are now closed, as she lies hooked up to various MACHINES.

She turns as a scrubs-clad DOCTOR exits the room, and looks to her.

DOCTOR

Detective? You wanted an update?

TRAYCE

Yeah, how is she, Doc?

DOCTOR

Physically, she's in more or less
 perfect health. Mentally, I have some
 concerns.

TRAYCE

She's unconscious. How can you be
 worried about her mental state?

DOCTOR

Sorry, I wasn't being clear. When a
 patient is comatose, they're not only
 non-reactive to physical stimuli, but
 also have minimal brain activity.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR (cont'd)
According to the EEG, however, Dr.
Dowd is most definitely engaging in
brain activity.

TRAYCE
'Most definitely', huh?

As Trayce considers the doctor's words...

EXT. CAR LOT, O.C.M.E. BUILDING - DAY

Petrelli leans up against the outside wall, UNLIT CIGARETTE firmly clamped between his lips, as he scowls at the world from behind his sunglasses.

With practiced ease, he pulls out, flicks open and lights a Zippo lighter, the cigarette catching quickly. As he takes in a drag from it, the door opens, and Beth walks out. She surveys him for a second, unimpressed.

BETH
How many of those have you had?

PETRELLI
None of your damn business, that's
how many.

BETH
Look, cut the macho bull, okay? We
don't have to like each other, but we
do have to work together.

PETRELLI
(sighs)
You're right, I'm sorry. I just, I'm
not a big talker, especially about my
family and stuff, at least not with
people I barely know, okay.

BETH
Then, I'll respect that, and your
privacy.
(offers a smile)
Anyway, I'll see you tomorrow.

PETRELLI
(surprised)
Uh, what? You're heading out,
already?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH

Yeah, I have a couple of half days every week, so I can be part of a community support program that the O.C.M.E contributes to.

PETRELLI

What kind of program?

BETH

Interested?

PETRELLI

Intrigued, would be more fitting.

BETH

(smiles, coyly)

Good. Because it turns out Wilson signed you up for it as well, so let's get going.

Off Petrelli's clueless surprise...

EXT. 8TH PRECINCT, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the S.C.U. headquarters.

TRAYCE (PRELAP)

This case is more and more becoming our kind of case, that's for sure.

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

Trayce, Danny and Juanita stand around the CENTRAL TABLE, having been joined by WALLY WEST, LT. RALPH DIBNY and CAPTAIN MAGGIE SAWYER.

Pictures from the scene lay across the table, as well as several EVIDENCE BAGS. A bio of Nina Dowd is on display on the overhead SCREENS.

TRAYCE

I remembered something I'd read in the case files, about a metahuman who could read minds? His victims suffered some kind of unusual brain activity as a result.

MAGGIE

(stiffly)

You're talking about Edgar Cizko.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY

The guy that the *Daily Planet* dubbed
'Dr. Psycho'?

DANNY

Yeah, I doubt he's behind this. Last
I checked, he's still a vegetable
over in Belle Reve.

TRAYCE

Damn.

MAGGIE

Believe me, Cizko not being involved
is a good thing, Trayce.

Trayce frowns, noticing the guarded looks being exchanged
between Maggie and Danny, but wisely leaves it be. Juanita
picks up on of the evidence bags - inside which is a CELL
PHONE.

JUANITA

I found this at the crime scene. It's
the victim's, and the last call she
received went straight to voice mail.
She also had several dozen missed
calls from the same number over the
past few days.

WALLY

I was able to 'unofficially' access
the mail box, and well, we found
something interesting.

Wally manipulates the TABLET he is holding, until it beeps
and a WOMAN'S VOICE plays.

WOMAN

(crisp, British,
scared)

Nina, it's Barbara, please, call me
back. I know we're not exactly
friends, but something's going on,
something very very bad. It's about
Mexico. Call me, please!

The team exchange looks. *What the hell was that about?*

WALLY

No I.D. on the caller yet, but I'm
working on it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY (cont'd)

(beat)

In other news, the video footage showed something interesting, especially given that voice mail.

He taps at the tablet again, and the SCREENS begin playing security footage of the "Mythic Wonders" exhibit, showing Nina approaching the 'Mists' area, staring at it in amazement. Then it all fades away to STATIC.

MAGGIE

What happened?

WALLY

No clue! The data isn't corrupted, but for whatever reason, all it records for several moments is complete static.

DANNY

Why was she staring at the exhibit like that? She looked stunned, amazed, even?

The static FADES, showing Nina, eyes wide, mouth open, laying on the floor, as TELLTALE SIGNS OF MIST trail away from her body, only to dissipate into nothingness.

TRAYCE

Whoa. What was that? Some kind of smoke?

JUANITA

There wasn't any kind of smoke or fire damage on the exhibit, I checked.

DIBNY

Some kind of gas, maybe?

JUANITA

The exhibit was a prop set up by the museum tech staff. It used dry ice pumped in from the podium into the container to simulate the so-called 'Mists of Ibella'.

DANNY

Maybe somebody had a grudge against Dr. Dowd, switched out the dry ice for something else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Call MetGen, have them fast track a tox screen on Dr. Dowd's blood. Maybe we'll catch a break, find something.

FARADAY (O.C.)

Sorry, but somehow I doubt that.

The team turn to see SPECIAL AGENT KING FARADAY walking into the bullpen, his cocky grin in place, chewing on some gum.

MAGGIE

Special Agent Faraday. Are you ever *not* chewing on gum?

FARADAY

It beats smoking, Sawyer.

DANNY

What does the D.E.O. want now?

FARADAY

To help, same as always.

DIBNY

How?

FARADAY

Simple. I can't tell you how *this* victim was attacked.

(beat, confident)

But I think I know who your *next* one will be.

Off the surprised REACTIONS of the team...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MEDICAL WARD, S.T.A.R. LABS - DAY

DR. KITTY FAULKNER stands next to a DIAGNOSTIC BED, checking the status readouts of the HI-TECH MONITORS around it. Lying in the bed is Nina Dowd, expression still twisted in a rictus of fear.

PULL BACK to show three other beds in the ward, ALL OCCUPIED by comatose patients, being tended to by staff.

FARADAY (V.O.)

Her name is Dr. Barbara Minerva.

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

CLOSE ON: The image of a woman's face - BARBARA MINERVA (redhead, mid-40s, a cold, icy stare) on the center overhead monitor screen above the conference table. At the table itself sit Maggie, Dibny, Danny and Trayce.

On the left screen is a LIST of names, including Nina's, while the right screen shows a LIVE-FEED from the S.T.A.R. Labs medical ward.

MAGGIE

Who's Barbara Minerva, and how is she involved with the investigation?

FARADAY

She and your victim, Nina Dowd, are old acquaintances. Not only that, but she's also been connected to the three other victims we transferred to S.T.A.R. Labs.

DIBNY

'Other victims'? From where?

FARADAY

All over. One in New York, another in Opal City, another in Bludhaven. All of them archaeologists. All of them acquainted with Barbara Minerva.

MAGGIE

You think they were targeted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY

I know they were, I'm just not sure
who is doing it at the moment.

TRAYCE

Okay, but why? What reason could
someone be attacking these people,
and why is Minerva the next target?

FARADAY

About 9 years ago, all four of the
victims, and Minerva, were involved
in an archaeological dig in Mexico
that almost caused an international
incident.

MAGGIE

That's it? That's all that connects
them?

FARADAY

(annoyed)

I've requisitioned the file from the
State Department, but there's not
much to it. I'll send you copies.

(beat)

Whatever happened to these four
people, it left them all in this
weird comatose state.

KITTY (O.C.)

(over monitor screen)

Uh, excuse me?

Everyone looks up to see Kitty facing the monitor, waving
timidly at them, waiting for a response.

FARADAY

Go ahead, Dr. Faulkner.

KITTY

(over monitor screen)

I've got my medical team working on
keeping the patients stable and
comfortable for now.

MAGGIE

What can you tell us about what
they're experiencing, Dr. Faulkner?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY

(over monitor screen)
Well, it looks a lot like what happened with you, last year, Captain. Thankfully, this time there is only the singular brain wave present.

DANNY

Meaning there's no one else in their heads, at least.

KITTY

(over monitor screen)
Exactly. But just like with Captain Sawyer, while their bodies are unresponsive to external stimuli, there are physical indicators of a heightened adrenal response.

TRAYCE

Meaning?

KITTY

(over monitor screen)
I'd say they were suffering a severe anxiety attack.

(beat)

Whatever it is they're experiencing inside their minds, it's got each of them terrified.

Off the group considering her words...

EXT. FREE CLINIC, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

A nondescript building, looking as run down and as ill-maintained as the rest of the neighborhood. Across one of the dirty, cracked windows is the name: "WEST SOUTHSIDE FREE CLINIC".

PETRELLI (PRELAP)

(disbelief)

This is what you contribute to?!

INT. RECEPTION AREA, FREE CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Inside a far-too-busy and cramped waiting room, SUE DEARBON stands behind the reception desk, handing out clipboards, pens and papers to the waiting crowd of patients.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Standing nearby, looking around in disdain, is Petrelli, while Beth shrugs off her jacket and hangs it up on a nearby peg.

BETH

Like I said, it's something we all help out with, and since that now includes you, get used to it.

PETRELLI

Oooh, no, lady! I spent enough time around sick people in my day job, it doesn't matter that they're already dead, I've done my part!

His raised voice gets a few looks. Beth quickly storms over, and pulls him to one side, not happy.

BETH

Look, can you see past your own ego for a moment and realize these people don't have access to regular doctors?! They don't have health care, have no way of getting treatment for minor things. We may both be pathologists, but we're still doctors.

Petrelli lets out a ragged breath for a moment, as Sue joins them.

SUE

Uh, hi? Dr. Petrelli, right? Thank you so much for this. We're down a nurse and our usual doctor for the day had to call in sick. Any help you can provide would be really great.

Petrelli stares into Sue's deep eyes for a moment, before he shakes his head, resigned to his fate.

PETRELLI

I gotta be going crazy.
(to Beth)
You sooo owe me for this.

BETH

Tell you what, you last the rest of the day here, I will show you just how much of a nightlife Metropolis has to offer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE

And I'll come too.

(off looks)

What? I'm a fun loving socialite,
remember? If I'm with you, you get in
everywhere for free.

Off Petrelli's growing grin, as he shrugs off his jacket...

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - LATER

Juanita works at the keyboard in front of the technical area of the lab. On the SCREEN above her, a MAP OF METROPOLIS is displayed, cut into it's various boroughs and their individual neighborhoods.

Behind her, stand Wally, Danny and Trayce, watching as she works.

JUANITA

(frustrated)

We've been trying to ping the
cellphone that was used to call Dr.
Dowd, but we haven't had any luck.

WALLY

Meaning this Minerva chick has either
dumped it, or just hasn't turn it on
since she last tried calling.

TRAYCE

Makes sense. The papers have already
reported the attack and the museum
having to postpone the exhibit. No
point in trying to warn someone of
something that's already happened.

DANNY

Keep it running, just in case. It's
our only lead.

WALLY

(victorious)

Aha! Not necessarily, Danny Boy!

(off look)

Uh, sorry. Anyway! Juanita, call up
the new security footage.

Juanita taps away, and the map is replaced by an image of the Museum exterior - grainy, black and white, but visible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY
(confused)
Hang on, I thought the museum footage
was scrambled.

WALLY
The museum's was, at the time of the
attack... but *not* the ATM camera
across the street!

TRAYCE
Nice work, West!

Wally bows dramatically - stumbling just ever so when he
dips too low. The others manage to suppress their laughter,
as he straightens up, trying to maintain his dignity.

WALLY
Show them, Juanita.

The footage start to PLAY, and shows nothing at first, as
the seconds on the time-stamp in the corner tick away.

DANNY
What are we..?

WALLY
Wait for it!
(beat)
There! See!

He points - at a slight trail of SMOKE as it start to escape
through the small gap between the door and the floor.

TRAYCE
What is that?

WALLY
(excited)
Just keep watching!

The smoke continues to emanate from underneath the door,
trailing down the steps of the museum. It coalesces into a
tall GLOWING pillar before suddenly vanishing - to reveal a
a woman - LA ENCANTADORA.

DANNY
Whoa.

WALLY
I know! Transubstantiation, baby!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE
 (incredulous)
 Tra-what?!
 (beat, shakes head)
 Never mind. Who is she?

Juanita, tapping at the keyboard, points at the screen, as a GREEN SQUARE highlights the woman's face, before zooming in.

JUANITA
 The ATM footage isn't the best quality, but I'm doing what I can to clean it up so we can run a facial recognition on her.

DANNY
 Cool, keep us updated.

Trayce and Danny head out, leaving the two scientists to their work. Wally can't help but stare a little at La Encantadora.

Off the CLOSE UP of her, the software making it clearer...

EXT. HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building, the glowing neon sign declaring 'DISCOVER YOUR FUTURE!' a new fixture.

XANADU (PRELAP)
 (Eastern European
 accent)
 What can Madame Xanadu do for you today, my dears?

INT. READING AREA, HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES - CONTINUOUS

Inside the appropriately cheesy and over decorated room, MADAME XANADU sits at her table, across from a young man and woman - clearly a couple from their body language and closeness.

XANADU
 (fake accent)
 Perhaps the tarot interests you, eh? Would you like to see what the cards say about your future?

WOMAN
 Actually, I was hoping you'd read my palm?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU

Ah, you have an interest in palmistry? Excellent! Well, then let us begin, eh?

She gently takes the woman's hand, and subtly strokes a fingernail across the various lines.

XANADU (cont'd)

Ah, you are blessed with a strong life line. Yet you also overcame an illness recently?

WOMAN

(stunned)

Ye-yes, that's right. How could you..?

MAN

(disbelieving)

Babe, it's all part of the act.

XANADU

Your boyfriend here does not believe in my gift, but that does not make it any less accurate, no?

WOMAN

(excited)

What else do you see?

XANADU

Let me study this for a moment.

She scrutinizes the palm, smiling to herself; she's got her, hook, line and sinker.

Suddenly, Xanadu *stiffens*, sitting BOLT UPRIGHT, as her eyes GLOW BRIGHT WHITE, as she see:

INTERCUT:

- *thick white smoke* emanating from a familiar PENDANT.

- an ancient, dark and dusty TOMB, covered in archaic writing.

- a frail OLD LATINO MAN, laying in bed, deathly pale and weak, mumbling under his breath.

OLD MAN

(gasping, terrified)

Ibella. Ibella! *Ibella!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- LA ENCANTADORA, eyes twinkling with mischief, as she laughs, seemingly at Xanadu.

- BARBARA MINERVA, hand to her throat as she CHOKES, smoke filling her mouth, eyes WIDE in terror--

END INTERCUT:

Xanadu, clutching at her own throat as she GAGS, desperate for breath, pitches back from the table, FALLING from her chair, as she finally gets air back into her lungs.

The couple are out of their seats, completely freaked out by the sudden transformation of their 'reading' into a scene out of "The Exorcist"!

MAN

Hey, are you okay?! Should I call
911?

As Xanadu sits up, more than a little disturbed...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. 8TH PRECINCT, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - EVENING

Establishing shot of the building.

TRAYCE
 (tired)
 Anything?

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

Trayce and Danny are sat at their desks, looking over files and papers. Danny shakes his head in response to Trayce's query.

DANNY
 Nada. Too much of these State Department files has been redacted. Just some details about an unauthorized archaeological dig headed by a guy named Miguel Lucero.

TRAYCE
 Why even release the files if they're going to be this heavily censored?

DANNY
 The government and it's secrets, huh? Still, I have a friend in the State Department, I'll give him a call, see if he can shed some actual details on this for us.

TRAYCE
 Cool. Then maybe we can actually get a handle on why some mist-woman is attacking these people.

VRING! Danny quickly answers his DESK PHONE after it starts ringing.

DANNY
 Detective Turpin, Special Crimes?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BACKROOM, HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES - CONTINUOUS

Madame Xanadu, having shed most of her 'costume', and now dressed a tad more normally, paces as she talks into her cell phone.

XANADU
Detective, it's Madame Xanadu. Ted Grant introduced us?

DANNY
(surprised)
Uh, yeah, I remember. Hi.
(long beat)
Can I do something for you?

XANADU
I need to see you, it's important. I think there's something strange going on. Something mystical.

END INTERCUT:

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

An ominous look comes over Danny.

DANNY
I'll be right there.

As he hangs up the phone and stands...

BETH (PRELAP)
(frustrated)
He's just so-- so-- there isn't even a word to describe what he's like!

INT. RECEPTION AREA, FREE CLINIC - DAY

Beth stands with Sue behind the reception desk. Both women are sipping from disposable coffee cups, enjoying the brief respite.

BETH
He's like a child sometimes! That's how annoying he can be. 'Chilling out' on a morgue slab? Those sunglasses he wears constantly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE

(nonplussed)

So... why bring him here? Not that I'm not grateful, because God knows we needed both of you today.

BETH

Because, I'm trying to make an effort to see past his behavior, and find the actual grown-up underneath the macho childish antics.

(sighs)

Anyway, talk to me of good things. Like how things are with you and the dashing Lieutenant?

SUE

(giggly)

You mean Ralph? They're fun, actually, really good. We just clicked when we were talking at the Morgan event.

(beat, excited)

We actually have a date this weekend. We're going to see the new musical with Delores Winters at Schuster Hall.

BETH

(cheekily)

Who's paying?

SUE

(gently defensive)

I got the tickets free, thank you. One of the perks of being a rich girl. Turns out Ralph is a fan of the esteemed Ms. Winters.

Sue casually looks at her wristwatch, and grimaces.

SUE (cont'd)

Tony's running over, I better give him a nudge.

BETH

(teasing)

'Tony', huh? First name basis already?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE

(laughs)

He told me to call him that! Anyway, he has lasted all day, as asked, so we better live up to our end of the bargain.

Beth nods, and Sue quickly grabs a clipboard before she EXITS. Beth sips her coffee as the doors open, and a HANDSOME GENTLEMAN walks in. He's mid-40s, smartly dressed with a friendly, easy smile and a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

This is RICK TYLER. Beth immediately takes notice of him - his dress sense and obvious wealth are incongruous with the look of the clinic. He approaches the desk, and Beth quickly slides over with a friendly smile of her own.

RICK

Hi.

BETH

Hi.

(beat)

Uh, do you need to register or are you already a patient here?

RICK

(laughs)

Neither, actually. Why, do I look like I need medical attention?

(beat, flirty)

And if I do, will you be offering it?

BETH

(embarrassed, pleased)

Depends on what's wrong with you, Mr..?

SUE (O.S.)

Rick? Hi, welcome back!

Sue walks back, escorting an clearly frail OLD CHINESE WOMAN into the waiting area. She quickly exchanges a goodbye as the woman exits before joining Rick and Beth.

SUE

Marcus is down in his office, just knock on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK
 Thanks, Sue. See you later, okay.
 (to Beth)
 Nice to meet you...
 (studies name badge)
 Dr. Beth.

With a casual salute, he heads down the corridor, heading to an office marked 'CLINIC ADMINISTRATOR'. Beth takes great pains to watch him walk away, which Sue quickly notices.

SUE
 (amused)
 Uh-huh. I saw that.

BETH
 (innocent)
 Saw what? I was just making sure he got to where he was headed.

SUE
 Yeah, because he might get lost walking down the well-lit corridor, right?

BETH
 Who is he?

SUE
 That's Rick. Rick Tyler, the C.E.O. of TylerCo Pharmaceuticals.

As Beth looks back down the corridor in amazement...

INT. FRONT PARLOR, HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES - LATER

The chime over the door sounds as Danny and Trayce walk in. The shop looks just the same as always, but looks deserted of staff and customers. Trayce takes in her surrounding with a look of amused disbelief, desperately trying not to laugh.

TRAYCE
This is where your confidential informant works?

DANNY
 (uncomfortable)
 See, she's more of a special consultant than a C.I.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (cont'd)

(beat)

You've read the S.C.U. cases files, right? You knew about Cizko. Did you read the 'Solomon Grundy' one?

TRAYCE

Yeah, the uh, 'super zombie killer case'. Gotta say that one gave me nightmares for a while.

DANNY

Trying living through it. That was just plain crazy. So, you gotta be prepared for all kinds in this job, given how wacky the world has gotten the last few years.

TRAYCE

I think I can handle it, Turpin. I've seen some craziness in my time. I've also learned to keep an open mind when it comes to the unexplained.

XANADU (O.C.)

(normal accent)

That's good to hear, Detective.

Both S.C.U. officers turn to see Xanadu standing in front of them, having seemingly appeared from nowhere! She smiles in welcome.

XANADU

I'd hate to have to prove my worth all over again.

DANNY

Madame Xanadu. What can I do for you?

XANADU

Actually, it's what I can do for you, I think, Mr. Turpin.

(beat)

I had a vision, out of the blue, left me with quiet a headache and cost me some customers, bloody thing.

TRAYCE

A vision? Of what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU

Smoke or mist of some kind, emanating from some kind of pendant, a woman, a redhead, choking, and another woman, younger, Latino I think, with curly dark hair, laughing.

DANNY

(to Trayce)

Could be Minerva, maybe? Plus the woman from the museum?

TRAYCE

Miss Transubstantiation, yeah.

(to Xanadu)

Think you could I.D. these women if we show you some pictures.

XANADU

Certainly. But I'd like something in return.

DANNY

(dubious)

Which is?

XANADU

I read about the museum curator, the victim. I'd like to see her.

TRAYCE

Why?

XANADU

If she was attacked via magick, I think I can confirm it for you, maybe even tell you about what kind was used. Might that help your 'case'?

Danny and Trayce exchange a look, before deciding. They share a nod, as Danny pulls out his cell phone and dials...

INT. RECEPTION AREA, FREE CLINIC - DAY

The waiting area is gloriously silent, as Sue works on a old model computer, while Beth walks out with a HISPANIC WOMAN.

BETH

(in Spanish)

<You're recovering nicely, Mrs. Lopez, but I want you back here in a couple of weeks, okay?>

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS LOPEZ

(grateful, in Spanish)

<Thank you, Doctor Beth, so much! I don't know what me and my family would do without you lovely people and this clinic.>

BETH

(blushing)

<It's what we do, Mrs. Lopez. Now, I know Dr. Tony was looking after your kids while I examined you, but I don't see him.>

(switches to English)

Sue? Where's--

PETRELLI

(faux-scared,
screaming)

Help! Help, they got me! Argh!!!

Everyone looks up and around as Petrelli staggers into the room, as THREE SMALL HISPANIC CHILDREN, giggling with the excited innocence of youth, ride him like a bucking bronco!

With an over-exaggerated 'death cry', he stumbles and falls to the ground, the kids cheering at their defeating him. Everyone laughs as Petrelli calls up into a ball and the kids dismount him, running around him in victory.

PETRELLI (cont'd)

Okay, okay, you got me, fair and square. I give up, I give up!

MRS LOPEZ

(embarrassed)

<Rafe, Luisa, Carlos, leave Doctor Tony alone! It's time to go home now. Say goodbye.>

KIDS

(waving goodbye)

Bye, Dr. Tony! Bye, Dr. Beth! Bye, Miss Sue!

The three adults return the wave as Mrs. Lopez herds her children out of the door as quickly as she can.

Petrelli collapsed back onto the floor with a tired sigh.

PETRELLI

Those kids were great, but exhausting! Jeez!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE

You were very adorable, I thought.

Petrelli shoots her a smile and a cheeky *wink*. Sue giggles, catching herself, but still smiles, while Beth rolls her eyes, but hides a slight smile of her own.

SUE (cont'd)

Let me just shut down all the exam rooms, and I think we're done here.

She heads out, as Petrelli stands and stretches, before joining Beth at the desk.

PETRELLI

I'm a big enough man to admit I was wrong. I'm glad you brought me along, I had fun.

BETH

It's nice to give back a little, isn't it?

PETRELLI

Some times, when it's appreciated, yeah.

He looks away for a moment, smile fading.

PETRELLI (cont'd)

I'm also sorry I got to defensive with you before.

(pauses, sighs)

What I said about being the only Petrelli around?

BETH

Hey, you don't--

PETRELLI

Yeah, I do. The reason I said that is because I don't have any family, not alive, anyway. I knew Franklin from years back, and when I needed a fresh start, he offered me a job here in Metropolis. Plus there was an extra bonus.

BETH

Which was?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETRELLI

You. We're alike in the way that we both started as surgeons, who came into pathology late in our careers.

(pauses, curious)

Why did you switch, if you don't mind me asking?

BETH

(sadly)

Probably the same reason you did - I got sick and tired of loosing patients. We're told it's inevitable, that you have to accept you can't save everyone who comes into the O.R. But I couldn't, so decided if I was going to use a knife on someone, then it would be someone I couldn't hurt, but could actually help.

PETRELLI

(pained, raw)

Yeah. It's never easy loosing anyone, no matter how or why.

Beth looks at Petrelli, seeing the study of pain and loss in his eyes. She reaches out, and gently takes his hand, squeezing it for a moment.

SUE (O.C.)

Okay! I think we're free and clear.

As Sue walks back in, Petrelli pulls his hand back, clearing his throat as he pulls out his sunglasses and slips them on a little too casually.

PETRELLI

Then, ladies, I suggest we freshen up before we hit the town. I assume tonight is good for you to come through on your promise?

He smile that easy smile of his, heading to the door, as Sue turns the lights out.

SUE

(to Beth)

You coming? Or are you planning on staying here in the dark?

BETH

(distracted)

No, no, I'm coming, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As she pulls together her jacket and bag...

INT. MEDICAL WARD, S.T.A.R. LABS - LATER

Nina, her body motionless aside from the occasional twitch, lays in her diagnostic bed, completely unresponsive as Madame Xanadu stands above her. Eyes closed, hands held over the prone woman's body, Xanadu concentrates deeply.

KITTY (O.C.)
(stage whispers)
So... how long will this take?

Standing in a far corner, as far out of the way as they can, are Kitty, Danny and Trayce, all watching with curiosity.

DANNY
(shrugs)
No clue, Doc. Sorry.

XANADU
(annoyed)
Magick runs at it's own timetable,
Dr. Faulkner, Detectives. Could I
please have your patience.
(beat, clipped)
And absolute silence.

KITTY
(blushing)
Oh, right. Sorry. Shutting up now.

Xanadu, eyes still closed, lets out a frustrated sigh, as she runs her hands over the length of Nina's still form. After a moment, she steps back, eyes open, biting her lips.

XANADU
Hmm. I don't like this at all.

TRAYCE
Don't like what? You done?

Xanadu gestures to include the other victims in the room, all laying still as statues.

XANADU
This woman, all of these people,
they've been the victim of some kind
of magick that I can't identify.
(beat)
And if I can't identify it, that
means it's very, very old indeed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY

And that's bad?

XANADU

To put it mildly, yes.

(beat)

I'd like to try something, it's a bit of a Hail Mary, but it might help. Dr. Faulkner, do I have your permission?

KITTY

Me? Oh, well, I guess...

(beat, worried)

It, uh, it won't hurt her, will it?

XANADU

(reluctant)

Her? No.

She closes her eyes again, and places a hand on Nina's creased brow. She remains still, deep in concentration again, for a moment.

Until she FLINCHES. Once. Twice. a third time!

KITTY

(concerned)

Is she okay? Is that normal?

Danny and Trayce, clueless themselves, watch in fascination, as Xanadu continues to react to something unseen--

--until she starts to CONVULSE, before dropping to the floor with a heavy SMACK!

DANNY

Oh hell!

Trayce and Danny quickly tend to the fallen Xanadu, who is slowly rousing to wakefulness. Kitty checks on Nina's unchanged readings, briefly examining her eyes with a penlight.

DANNY (cont'd)

You okay?

XANADU

(strained)

That, ooooh, was not fun.

TRAYCE

What did you do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU

A low-level mind-link, just a casual inspection of what's going on in her head right now, and even that was painful.

(beat)

There's definitely a spell at work here, it's magnifying some kind of latent guilt she's buried over something that happened years ago. That's all I got, if I'd gone deeper, I could have gotten pulled in myself.

BREEP! Danny pulls out his CELL PHONE, studying it for a moment.

DANNY

Faraday's contacts came through, he's got a fix on Minerva.

As he, and Trayce head out, leaving Kitty tending to the other patients, a concerned Xanadu watches them leave for a moment, before:

XANADU

(frustrated sigh)

Wait! I'm coming too.

As she EXITS...

EXT. PARADISE HOTEL, SUICIDE SLUMS - LATE AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of the severely rundown, low-rent building that does *not* live up to any part of it's name.

FARADAY (PRELAP)

She's in Room 307, under an alias of her we flagged, 'Priscilla Rich'.

INT. 3RD FLOOR, PARADISE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The ELEVATOR opens, with Faraday, Danny, Trayce and Xanadu spilling out. As they walk down a corridor that looks just as bad as the outside, all faded carpets and cracked walls, Xanadu waves a hand in front of her face, *unimpressed*.

XANADU

If I'd know offering my help would drag me to the lower realms of human existence, I wouldn't have bothered. This place is disgusting!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY

(hisses)

Keep it down, back there, we don't want to tip her off.

Xanadu offers a silent apology, stepping out of the way as the three law enforcement officers take out their weapons and hold them at the ready. They approach Room 307 (the '0' hanging lower than the other numbers), and exchange a NOD.

Danny takes the lead. He knocks on the door.

DANNY

Dr. Minerva? Metropolis P.D. Open up!

No answer. He cautiously reaches for and turns the door handle... the door OPENS easily.

With practiced ease, Faraday takes the lead going in, Danny and Trayce following swiftly, leaving Xanadu to take the rear...

INT. MINERVA'S HOTEL ROOM, PARADISE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

...where she finds the three of them staring at the room in amazement. Xanadu looks around herself, eyes wide.

XANADU

(awed)

Oh. Oh my.

The room is COVERED in artifacts of every conceivable form and origin. Standing by the bed, caught shoving clothes into a bag as fast as possible, is a harried BARBARA MINERVA. She looks at them, frantic.

MINERVA

What do you want?

FARADAY

Dr. Minerva, I'm Special Agent Faraday with the Department of Domestic Security. You need to come with us.

TRAYCE

On account of some crazy lady using magical smoke to attack people you know.

Minerva sinks onto the bed, shaking her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINERVA

(defeated)

She got to Nina, didn't she?

DANNY

She?

As they talk, Xanadu frowns, closing her eyes, and surreptitiously reaches out a hand, *sensing*.

MINERVA

I don't know who she is, but she's targeted everyone that was involved.

FARADAY

In the dig in Mexico? You found something something you shouldn't have?

MINERVA

Dr. Miguel Lucero, it's all his damn fault. If he weren't already dead, I'd kill him!

(beat)

He recruited us for the dig, paid us handsomely, hell that's the only reason I took the job. The 'Mists of Ibella', they were his obsession, he was convinced he'd found them. It wasn't until we'd broken the tomb's seal and the *federales* arrives that the rest of us discovered he'd never got permission to conduct the dig in the first place!

TRAYCE

What's with all the redecorating?

MINERVA

They're protection, from whatever it is that's after me. Anything and everything I could scrape together to give me a decent chance of beating this curse!

FARADAY

I'm sorry, a 'curse'?

MINERVA

The tomb, it had nothing of any value there, nothing to prove the 'Mists' had any basis in fact.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINERVA (cont'd)

All that we did find, was an inscription, in some ancient Mayan dialect.

(beat, sighs)

It was your standard 'thieves beware, you will be punished for entering this holy place', blah, blah, blah. I hadn't given it a second thought, but then all *this* started happening, and I--

XANADU

(interrupts,
dismissive)

You're not cursed, love.

Everyone turns to Xanadu, who has her arms crossed, and is fixing a look of disdain on a put-out Minerva.

MINERVA

Excuse me? Who are you?

(studies her)

Who is this charity shop reject?

XANADU

I'm someone who knows her magicks, and her curses. I've made a few myself over the years.

As she talks, unseen by any of the occupants, a WISP OF MIST starts to trail into the room, snaking around everyone's feet.

XANADU (cont'd)

I know how to feel for the imprint a curse leaves on a victim, and you don't have it.

DANNY

But you said earlier that the others were under a spell.

XANADU

Oh, they're under a spell, all right, but whatever went after them, and is after this lovely lady here, isn't a curse. It's just a reasonably skilled magick user.

LA ENCANTADORA (O.C.)

(coily)

I like to think I'm a quick study.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone SPINS around to see LA ENCANTADORA, in all her leather-clad glory, standing in the open doorway, the MISTS already pouring from her PENDANT.

She gestures, and TENDRILS OF MISTS shoot out and force themselves into the mouths of everyone else in the room. As one, they all grab at their throats, struggling to breath...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. MINERVA'S HOTEL ROOM, PARADISE HOTEL - AS BEFORE

La Encantadora stands, smiling, watching as everyone chokes on her mists, pouring forth from her necklace--

--until Xanadu gestures, and a PURPLE ENERGY FIELD springs into form around the group. The mists, cut off from their source, quickly dissipate, allowing everyone to drag in needed lungfuls of air.

XANADU

(strained, raspy)

You're not the only magick-user here, darling.

LA ENCANTADORA

Impressive, but I can feel the energy of your shield, sweetie. It won't last that long, and I've got all night, and plenty of mists.

DANNY

That true?

XANADU

(reluctant)

Unfortunately. I wasn't expecting a magickal battle, I'm not exactly firing on all cylinders right now.

LA ENCANTADORA

Let me offer you a deal, then. I don't want you four, you have no part in this.

(pauses, fierce)

Just give me Minerva.

FARADAY

Why? Who are you? What's she to you?

LA ENCANTADORA

You can call me La Encantadora, and all that matters is that Minerva face justice for her crimes.

XANADU

What you've been doing isn't justice, you leather-clad wannabe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU (cont'd)

I've seen what you're making people experience. It's vengeance, plain and simple.

LA ENCANTADORA

Justice, vengeance, aren't they just a flip of a coin?

(pauses, frustrated)

Fine, you won't give her to me, I'll just take her.

She raises her arms, gesturing at the group, and the mists that circle them - and the barrier protecting them - grow thicker as more pour the pendant around La Encantadora's neck.

Xanadu buckles, dropping to one knee, sweat beading on her brow, as she works to keep them safe.

XANADU

(tiredly)

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sorry to say I can't keep this going much longer.

(pauses, determined)

Get ready.

TRAYCE

For what?

XANADU

This!

She gestures, and lets out a SCREAM OF PURE DETERMINATION! The field EXPLODES outward in a shower of sheer purple force, repelling the mists and sending La Encantadora FLYING! She hits the wall, sliding down onto the floor.

As she sits up, dazed, Faraday steadies the barely conscious Xanadu. Danny and Trayce, their weapons already back in hand and aimed at La Encantadora, slowing approach her.

TRAYCE

Hold it right there, Misty.

La Encantadora smiles, before clutching at her necklace. The mists quickly ENVELOPE her, obscuring her from sight, before dissipating, revealing an empty space where she just sat.

TRAYCE (cont'd)

Damn it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU

(woozy, weak)

The mists power is limited, she can't travel as smoke forever! She'll have to solidify before long.

FARADAY

Get after her, go! I got things in here.

After exchanging a nod with Faraday, they EXIT...

INT. CORRIDOR, PARADISE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Danny, GUN held out in front, clears the corridor before heading down it. He takes each step cautiously, checking behind every so often, as he heads down the corridor, until he sees...

... a tell-tale wisp of mist heading around the corner up ahead.

DANNY

Got her!

He breaks into a run, and comes around the corner, weapon raised and ready--

--only to stumble to a halt, in complete disbelief at something he sees.

DANNY (cont'd)

Ru- Russell?!

Standing ahead of Danny, leaning casually against the wall, arms crossed, wearing an easy grin, is RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS.

TEN CLOUDS

Hey, Danny Boy. It's been a while.

DANNY

(shaking his head)

No, no! You- you died! Four months ago!

TEN CLOUDS

Yeah, I'm sorry about that. Guess it didn't agree with me, I suppose. You not happy to see me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY
(desperate)
This- this can't be real.

As he backs away from Ten Clouds, MIST rises up behind him, gathering together to form into a smiling La Encantadora.

DANNY (cont'd)
This is some kind of trick by that bitch!

LA ENCANTADORA
It's not nice to call people names.

Danny SPINS around, and starts to bring his gun up - only for Ten Clouds to grab hold of him, pulling his arms behind his back, holding him in place.

DANNY
Sarge?! What are you--

TEN CLOUDS
Play nice for the lady, Danny Boy.

La Encantadora smile widens, and she wraps her arms around Danny's neck, and pulls him in to a PASSIONATE KISS. Danny's useless struggles end after several seconds, as his eyes GLAZE OVER.

Finally, La Encantadora pulls back, a telltale wisp of smoke between her and Danny's lips. He regards her with a dazed expression before his head slumping forward. *Unconscious*. She sensually strokes his chin with a finger, pleased.

LA ENCANTADORA
Now, *that* was a kiss!

TRAYCE (O.C.)
Metropolis P.D.! Freeze!

La Encantadora casually turns to look over her shoulder at Trayce, who stands with her gun up and raised at them. She smiles and teasingly BLOWS A KISS, as the mists surround all three, and they *vanish* into vapor that heads out the window.

TRAYCE
Dammit!

As Trayce lowers her weapon, defeated and alone...

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

CLOSE ON: A MUG-SHOT of La Encantadora, displayed on one of the main screens in the technical area.

TODD (O.C.)

Meet Lourdes Lucero, daughter of Dr. Miguel Lucero.

Todd sits at the keyboard under the screens, as Maggie, Dibny and Trayce stand behind him.

TRAYCE

That's her, that's the woman who attacked us and took Turpin.

DIBNY

So now we know who is after, and I think that give us a why as well.

MAGGIE

You think she's after revenge? She's blaming the rest of the dig group for what happened to her father?

DIBNY

I do. The question is, why is she striking now?

TODD

Probably because of this.

Todd works the keyboard and two new images replace the picture of Lourdes. One is an older LATINO MALE, the other a DEATH CERTIFICATE.

TODD (cont'd)

Dr. Lucero died about a year ago in a hospice on the Mexican border. According to medical records, after serving his time in jail, he succumbed to some kind of mental illness. He fell into some kind of vegetative state, and was placed in palliative care, until he died.

(pauses)

He left behind two children, a son attending college here in the States, and Lourdes, the older of the two.

MAGGIE

What do we know about Lourdes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

She has a criminal record, she's well known in the FBI Fraud Division, mostly low-level con jobs. She was last seen visiting her father in the hospice just before he died.

XANADU (O.C.)

That must be when she found out about the Mists.

The group turn to see Xanadu, a cup of tea in hand, slowly approaching, studying the images on the screen.

XANADU

I've been speaking with Dr. Minerva. She says that Lucero was obsessed with proving the Mists existence. What if he was right about that dig? Maybe he went back after his release, and this time, he found them?

MAGGIE

What makes you think that?

XANADU

I've studied the legend of the Mists, it is said they drive their wielder mad over time. That could have been what caused Lucero's mental decline and eventual death. Plus, I saw him...

(indicates the screen)

...in my vision, older, weaker, muttering the word 'Ibella' over and over. It's only a theory, admittedly...

MAGGIE

Given that we're dealing with magick, Ms. Xanadu, I'll take one of your theories any day.

XANADU

I appreciate the faith, Captain.

DIBNY

Are you thinking that Lucero told Lourdes about the Mists?

TRAYCE

With respect, Lieutenant, Captain, does it matter how she found out?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE (cont'd)

She's got them, and she's not afraid to use them, and now she has Danny.

MAGGIE

I get where you're coming from, Trayce, but we can't just rush in. This woman wields forces beyond our understanding. We need a plan.

XANADU

If I may, Captain?

(off Maggie's nod)

Lourdes has no real power of her own, so think of the Mists as an external power source - a battery, of sorts.

MAGGIE

Meaning that if we can strip her of her power source, then she's powerless? I'm liking the sound of that.

(pauses, uncertain)

You up to it?

XANADU

(determined)

Oh, believe me, I'm looking forward to showing that little strumpet just how proper magick works.

Off Maggie's slowing growing grin...

EXT. METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of Metropolis' premier hotel in the heart of the city.

TODD (V.O.)

(over comm. channel)

Danny's cell GPS places him at the Metropolis Grand, penthouse suite.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, METROPOLIS GRAN HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The suite is the epitome of 'luxurious', with plenty of space, all open plan, and a glorious view of the city from it's balcony and huge windows.

But La Encantadora has something else keeping her attention. She lays on the bed, fingers trailing across Danny's chest, as he lays, unconscious, next to her, smiling with delight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY (V.O.)

Confirmed. We've already made egress,
Beta Team is clearing the main lobby.

(pauses)

About to enter the target location.

XANADU (V.O.)

She's in there, I can feel the power.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

(over comm. channel)

You have a go, Alpha Team. Get our
boy back.

BLEEP! The double doors to the suite BURST OPEN, as Dibny, Trayce and Xanadu storm in. The two detectives are clad in full body armor. Xanadu's hands GLOW with purple energy.

As they enter, La Encantadora lazily looks up from the bed, trying not to laugh.

LA ENCANTADORA

Back for another round, *chica*?

XANADU

Oh, I'm ready for you this time, you
little upstart.

Dibny and Trayce each aim their weapons - TRANQUILIZER PISTOLS - at her, as she casually rolls off the bed, and walks towards them without a care in the world.

DIBNY

Stay where you are, Ms. Lucero.

LA ENCANTADORA

(stops, surprised)

You know my name, huh? Guess I should
have known you'd figure it out
eventually.

She holds her arms up in surrender.

LA ENCANTADORA (cont'd)

I don't want to hurt anyone else,
Officers. All I want is Minerva.

DIBNY

Trayce, check on Danny. I got you
covered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU
 (raises glowing hands)
 As do I, Detective.

La Encantadora just watches the exchange with a smile. Trayce breaks away, and holsters her weapon as she reaches out to feel for a pulse on Danny's throat.

TRAYCE
 Pulse is strong. He just looks like he's sleeping.

DIBNY
 Can you wake him?

Trayce gently shakes Danny by the shoulder.

TRAYCE
 Danny? Danny, wake up, man.

CLOSE ON: Danny's eyes as they SNAP OPEN, not their usual blue, but a FADED WHITE, the pupil a tiny dot of black.

TRAYCE (cont'd)
 What the hell..?

Caught completely off guard, Trayce JOLTS back as Danny suddenly SITS UP, turning *sharply* to look straight at her.

With alarming speed, he GRABS HER by the throat, and pulls her close, his free hand snaking around her back to pull her BACK-UP WEAPON free!

As Trayce struggles in his grip, Danny, without a flicker of humanity in his expression, takes aim and FIRES!

BANG! The bullet strikes Xanadu in the shoulder! She is sent reeling, hitting the floor with a cry of pain, the glow fading from her hands.

DIBNY
 Danny?! What the hell?!

Danny doesn't answer. Instead he turns the gun on Trayce, pressing it against her temple, as he holds her steady in his iron grip...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

CONTINUED:

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, METROPOLIS GRAN HOTEL - AS BEFORE

Xanadu lays on the floor, hissing in pain, as Danny, hand as steady as stone, keeps his weapon against the squirming Trayce's temple. Dibny, conflicted but duty-bound, has his own weapon aimed at Danny.

La Encantadora watches all this with an amused smile, fiddling with her pendant. Xanadu, one hand clutching at her wound, blood seeping between her fingers, *realizes*.

XANADU

(strained)

It's her! She has him under her thrall, she's the threat, not him!

Dibny quickly adjusts his position so that his aim is now on La Encantadora.

LA ENCANTADORA

(tuts, wags finger)

Ah, ah, ah, I don't think so, *federale*, not if you don't want my pretty little boy to put a bullet in blondie's head.

DIBNY

I thought you didn't want to hurt innocent people?

LA ENCANTADORA

There's truth to that, but with you getting between me and that bitch, Minerva, well, maybe you aren't as innocent as you'd like to think.

DIBNY

I can't let you have her, Ms. Lucero.

LA ENCANTADORA

If you know my name, you know why I want her. She killed my father! They all did!

DIBNY

Your father died in a hospice on the Mexican border.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LA ENCANTADORA

(furious)

Because of all of them! Because they betrayed him!

(pauses, calmer)

Prison, it broke him, and he didn't even have his work to fall back on to, because he was pushed out of academia for his beliefs, and his so-called 'criminal record'! He never got over that, the humiliation.

XANADU

(weak)

But he found them, didn't he? The Mists? He went back to the tomb?

LA ENCANTADORA

(nodding)

They were everything he'd ever wanted, but they cost him so much, he couldn't bare to part with them. That's when he started drinking himself into an early grave, when his problems started.

XANADU

Don't you see, girl, it wasn't anyone else that killed your father, it was the Mists! The magick, it's toxic, I can feel it from here! They are what made him ill.

(pauses, realizing)

You can hear them calling to you, can't you? Just like they did to him. Lourdes, if you don't get rid of them, deny them, they kill you too!

La Encantadora simply smiles, her eyes twinkling with a malevolent mischief.

LA ENCANTADORA

(teasingly)

Ah, but don't you see, *bruja*, that's what makes me different from my *papi*. You know, I went to see him, one last time, before he died, and he left me the Mists, told me to destroy them, to get rid of them, for the very reasons you say.

(pauses, laughs)

Why on Earth would I deny myself this power?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU

(stunned)

By the Goddess, you're not affected
by it are you? You *embraced* the
voices?!

La Encantadora grins, and SNAPS her fingers.

CLICK! Danny, stone-faced, cocks Trayce's gun, driving it
into her temple just enough to make her wince. She closes
her eyes, swallowing down her nerves.

DIBNY

Stop! Okay, okay! You win.

He lowers his weapon to the floor, then raises his hands in
surrender, backing away, slightly.

LA ENCANTADORA

You know, when I first embraced their
power, I just thought that it could
make life a bit more interesting,
give me a little extra edge in my
line of work. But then, I started to
explore just what I could do, started
having fun!

(laughs, unhinged)

You see, now? With the Mists, I can
do anything!

XANADU

(derisive)

Oh, please! Get over yourself, love!
You're nothing more than a
supernatural leech!

She reaches out, hand GLOWING once again, and PULLS--

-- and the PENDANT holding the Mists, SNAPS, flying from La
Encantadora's slim neck into Xanadu's waiting grip!

Hand reaching to her now bare throat in surprise, La
Encantadora's smile vanishes. Furious, she turns to Danny,
and barks out a single command:

LA ENCANTADORA

Kill her!

Without a moment's hesitation, Danny aims the gun straight
at Xanadu--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--only to get an ELBOW in the stomach, as Trayce makes her move. Danny, winded, loosens his grip on her, allowing Trayce to break his hold and move out of his reach.

TRAYCE

(desperate)

Come on, Danny, snap out of it!

He ignores her, brings the gun up again. She lunges at him, grabbing the firearm. The struggling causes the weapon to FIRE several times. Dibny and La Encantadora quickly dive for cover from errant bullets.

THWACK! Danny sucker-punches Trayce hard in the face. She lets go of the gun, but SPINS into a roundhouse, foot extended, KICKING the gun from Danny's hand.

He looks at his empty hand, clearly confused as to how to follow his 'orders', as Trayce drops into a defensive stance, fists ready. He blinks several times, before lunging towards Trayce, who responds with a RIGHT HOOK--

--knocking Danny to the floor, out cold!

TRAYCE (cont'd)

(regretful)

Sorry, partner.

Dibny quickly moves to Xanadu's side.

DIBNY

How bad is it?

CLOSE ON: Xanadu's hand glows with an eldritch energy, as she keeps it clasped to her shoulder. *Healing.*

XANADU

(pained)

It stings like a bugger, but I've had worse, I'll be okay. I haven't gotten this far without knowing healing spells.

Dibny breathes a sigh of relief, as he helps the wounded sorceress to her feet.

DANNY (O.C.)

(groans)

Urgh, what happened?

Danny, blinking back to consciousness, looks up at the three people staring down at him, confusion clear on his now-back-to-normal BLUE EYES. A sudden realization comes over him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY
Oh, she did not..?

TRAYCE
Yeah, she did, partner.

DANNY
(furious)
That bitch! Where is she?!

Everyone looks around, all noticing one very apparent thing - La Encantadora has GONE.

DIBNY
She's powerless now, she won't get far.

XANADU
(determined, angry)
Damn right she won't!

Her eyes FLASH with a purple light that engulfs her in seconds, fading away to reveal she has vanished. Off the stunned faces of the S.C.U. officers...

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS GRAND HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Lourdes runs around a corner, heading towards a door marked 'STAIRWELL'. She casts a quick look over her shoulder, unable to mask her fear--

XANADU (O.C.)
Going somewhere, love?

--only to nearly run straight into a waiting Madame Xanadu, eyes widening in fear--

SMACK! Xanadu LASHES OUT with a fist, striking Lourdes hard across the face! She hits the floor, down for the count, as Xanadu wrings her clenched fist in pain.

XANADU
Owww!
(grins)
Totally worth it.

As she stands over Lourdes insensate form, victorious...

BERKOWITZ (PRELAP)
Heard about your latest case, Sawyer.
It sounded... *interesting*.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL - DAY

Maggie sits in front of Berkowitz's large, opulent desk, as he goes over some papers. He looks up from his work, his piercing blue eyes spearing her as he waits for a response.

MAGGIE

(nodding)

It was that, Mr. Mayor, to say the least.

BERKOWITZ

(shakes head in disbelief)

The world is still getting used to aliens walking among us and sunken kingdoms inhabited by water-breathing humans. I guess magic being real shouldn't be too hard to fathom.

MAGGIE

Honestly, I'd take any of those over dealing with governmental red tape.

(grudgingly)

No offense, sir.

BERKOWITZ

None taken, Sawyer, because believe me, I feel the same.

(pauses, curious)

I understand you had some issues with getting certain information released that might have helped solve the case sooner?

MAGGIE

Not exactly, Mr. Mayor, but it might have allowed us to not be so dependent on our 'consultant'. She got badly injured, and I can't help but feel if the State Department hadn't been so tight-lipped, we could have avoided some of what happened.

BERKOWITZ

(coyly)

I doubt that, but it is a good read.

Maggie, confused, shoots him a look. Berkowitz simply smiles, opening a drawer to pull out a MANILLA FOLDER.

CLOSE ON: The folder is marked "STATE DEPARTMENT, TOP SECRET".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Berkowitz passes it to Maggie silently, who glances at it with curiosity. With a nod from him, Maggie opens it, and starts reading.

As her eyes widen in intrigue to what she reads...

MINERVA (PRELAP)
I'm just glad it's all over.

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

Sitting at the conference table, Minerva gratefully accepts the cup of coffee that Dibny offers her, before he takes a seat beside her.

MINERVA
What will happen to her? To Lourdes?

DIBNY
Case law against so-called 'super-villains' is still a little unsure, especially when they use something like magic to commit their crimes. We're holding her, pending charges from the District Attorney's office.

MINERVA
(coldly)
I hope they throw the book at her. She deserves to be punished for what she did to the others. They may not be dead, but she's still caused them all such pain.

Dibny regards her for a moment, curious. They both look up as the door opens, and Danny, now sporting a livid bruise on his cheek, leans in.

DANNY
Lieutenant, Boss wants to see us.

Dibny nods, offering a small smile to Minerva before leaving. Minerva watches, warily, as Dibny and Danny join Trayce and Maggie by the door to her office. They exchange words silently, Minerva watching intently, a frown forming.

As one, they all look back to Minerva, who balks at the sudden attention. She then spots the FOLDER in Maggie's hands, and a look of dread understanding twists her attractive features into a grimace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With sudden alacrity, she carelessly drops the untouched coffee onto the table, and moves out of the conference room as fast as she can. She makes to move out of the nearest door--

--only to walk into the waiting King Faraday, standing there with his cocky grin, and his own manilla folder. Behind him are two FEMALE UNIFORMED OFFICERS, each with a hand on their service weapon.

FARADAY

(faux-innocent)

Going somewhere, Dr. Minerva? Or should I call you Priscilla? Or perhaps you prefer Deborah Domaine? Sabrina Bellas--

MINERVA

(interrupts, resigned)

Yes, yes, I get the point, Agent Faraday.

She shakes her head, rubbing her temples in annoyance, as Maggie and the other S.C.U. officers approach from behind.

MAGGIE

Faraday? What's going on?

FARADAY

You know, I couldn't help but notice those artifacts you had in your motel room. Quite a few of Mexican origin.

MINERVA

Protection, from Ms. Lucero, I told you that, already. I secured them at substantial risk.

FARADAY

Interesting. You did however neglect to inform us that they were stolen. Or at least, listed as missing.

MINERVA

(sarcastic, deadpan)

Really? How surprising.

FARADAY

I had Mr. West and Ms. Mendoza do a little digging into your recent call and email history, and it seems you'd arranged to meet some rather disreputable people while in town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

(disgusted)

You weren't here to check up in Dr. Dowd, were you? That was just a convenient excuse to travel to Metropolis. You were here to sell some of those goods.

MINERVA

(disgusted)

Oh, please! Like those fatuous *federales* and government gorillas actually give a damn about those artifacts. They've sold out most of Mexico's cultural heritage long before I turned up. I simply took advantage of an available market.

MAGGIE

Why? You're an archaeologist, you're all about preserving the past.

MINERVA

The past does not pay the bills, dear. You really think I went into archaeology for the *prestige*? Money is what matters these days, and they would have made me a fortune.

Maggie shakes her head in disgust, a view shared by the rest of the assembled officers, as the female uniforms, on the nod of Faraday, escort Minerva away...

INT. HOLDING CELLS, BASEMENT LEVEL, 8TH PRECINCT - LATER

Minerva, now in cuffs, is marched down the dark, bleak corridors to a cell of equal dreary description.

FARADAY (V.O.)

She's right. Any one of those items she was hording would have netted enough money to create a new identity, start a new life anywhere in the world.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

Some life. She'd have been looking over her shoulder constantly, wondering if that was the day fate caught up with her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE (V.O.)

You know, I wouldn't be surprised if she was the one who called the *federales* about the original dig for the Mists, to get rid of Dr. Lucero and find the Mists herself.

DANNY (V.O.)

A damn good thing she didn't get them. A coldhearted bitch like that with superpowers? Ugh, gives me the willies just thinking about it.

They pass a cell, on the small cot of which lies Lourdes Lucero, in an orange jumpsuit, sprawled cat-like. She watches with unmistakable glee as Minerva is escorted past, and into a cell of her own.

LA ENCANTADORA

Hola, chica.

Minerva ignores her...

INT. EVIDENCE STORAGE AND LOCK-UP, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A familiar necklace and PENDANT lays on the shelf, enclosed in an EVIDENCE BAG, with various other bags around it. It seems inert--

DANNY (V.O.)

What about Lourdes? I mean, can we really hold her?

TRAYCE

(incredulous)

She almost made you kill me, Danny. She's gotta have her day in court, like anyone else.

--until the white fog inside it begins to churn, filling the bag for several seconds before dissipating just as quickly - to reveal the necklace has GONE!

INT. HOLDING CELLS, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Minerva paces her cell, like a caged tiger, waiting to pounce on any unsuspecting prey that comes too close.

DANNY

No, I mean, physically, can we hold her? What about her powers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY

Madame Xanadu thinks she has no powers without the necklace. So she won't be getting far without them.

The sound of FEMININE LAUGHTER echoes throughout the holding area. Minerva, patience at an end, whirls to snap at Lourdes--

--only to stumble back when she sees the EMPTY CELL that Lourdes was just inside, the orange jumpsuit on the floor, and a telltale WISP OF MIST lingering long enough for Minerva to see it and realize what's happened...

INT. MEDICAL WARD, S.T.A.R. LABS - CONTINUOUS

Sitting next to the still form of Nina Dowd is Damon Matthews, hands clasped together, as if in prayer, as he watches over her. Todd stands behind him, a hand squeezing Damon's shoulder in a show of silent support.

DIBNY (V.O.)

Besides, she did a lot of damage she needs to pay for.

TRAYCE (V.O.)

Can anything be done for her other victims?

MAGGIE (V.O.)

S.T.A.R. Labs is their best hope for finding a cure or something. If anyone can, they can.

CLOSE ON: Nina's eyes, SNAP OPEN, the white clearing like early morning fog, returning to normal, before she BLINKS.

With a GASP, she BOLTS upright, looking around in confusion. Both Damon and Todd JOLT at the sudden awakening, jumping back and away in surprise.

Kitty, standing nearby at a separate workstation, quickly rushes over, checking the readings, before looking past Todd and Damon, her jaw dropping.

Both men turn, and are greeted by the sight of the other 'victims' all beginning to stir, sitting up and sharing the same confusion that Nina has.

INT. READING AREA, HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES - CONTINUOUS

Sitting at her table, Xanadu gazes into a CRYSTAL BALL, hands held close to it on either side as she seemingly gazes into it.

CLOSE ON: The ball, inside which can be seen wisps of white smoke, snaking and twisting each and every way.

Xanadu closes her eyes, a gentle smile on her lips, as a familiar *feminine laugh* echoes.

XANADU

Good luck, La Encantadora. I hope you
can lay your father's memory to rest
now.

She leans back in her chair, opening her eyes, a glint of understanding present...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE