

M.S.C.U

METROPOLIS . SPECIAL . CRIMES . UNIT

2x04: "*Goodwill*"

2016 Christmas 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
TOBY RAINES Kelly Rowan
SUE DEARBON Jodi-Lynn O'Keefe
JENNIFER HAYDEN-LYNN Meghan Ory
LEE RATHAWAY Ashton Holmes
SAM SCUDDER Eion Bailey
OSGOOD RATHAWAY Keith Carradine
CHARLES GREAT EAGLE Booboo Stewart
BURLY MAN #1
LAWYER

SPECIAL GUEST STARS

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

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - EVENING

Snow falls gently from heavy clouds overhead, all across the city, covering it in a light white dusting, as "Rocking Around The Christmas Tree" by Brenda Lee kicks in...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BIBBO'S TAVERN, METROPOLIS DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

The outside of the bar has been festooned with as many decorations as it can hold, including a very cheesy 'Santa and his reindeer' neon sign...

INT. BIBBO'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The place is packed with regulars, decorated to the hilt, as everyone enjoys the festivities, holiday spirit throughout.

Near the bar stand MAGGIE SAWYER and TOBY RAINES, hand-in-hand, smiling and talking, sipping their drinks. Next to them are TODD RICE and DAMON MATTHEWS, who share a brief, affectionate kiss under the mistletoe.

At one of the tables sit PATRICIA TRAYCE and DR. ANTONY PETRELLI, an array of empty shot glasses in front of them. Petrelli sways ever so slightly, eyes glassy, a shot in hand, opposite a victorious clear-eyed Trayce, downing her own shot.

Watching all this closely with a mixture of embarrassment and enjoyment are DANNY TURPIN and DR. BETH CHAPEL.

As the music plays on...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM, BERKOWITZ'S TOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A very different type of 'party', where the guests are much more fancily dressed, taking drinks and h'or doerives from passing waitstaff. This is more regal, more refined.

And *totally* lifeless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Standing next to a wall fixture, doing her best to make herself unnoticeable, is DR. KITTY FAULKNER, dressed in her finery, nursing her untouched drink. She briefly looks at her wristwatch, before sighing in annoyance.

KITTY

(under breath,
irritated)

'Just making the rounds', he said.
'Wont be here too long', he said.

SUE (O.C.)

(amused)

You know, they say talking to
yourself is a sign of madness, honey.

Kitty turns to find SUE DEARBON and RALPH DIBNY, arm-in-arm, approaching, each smartly dressed as befitting the occasion, and holding their own drinks. Kitty offers a tired smile.

KITTY

(resigned)

Yeah? Well, they also say their is a
fine line between madness and genius.
If I have to stay at this party much
longer, I'm definitely going to be
more of the former.

DIBNY

Tell me about it. I'm missing the
shindig at Bibbo's for this.

Sue playfully slaps his arm.

SUE

I promise we'll only be here a little
while. Believe me, I'd like nothing
more then to ditch this dreary party
and go have some real fun, but you
know I have to make appearances at
these things, for the family.

DIBNY

Yeah, I know, I'm only teasing.

They share a soft kiss for a moment.

SUE

(to Kitty)

So, why are you standing around on
your lonesome, honey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY

Vinnie wanted to make the most of being 'in enemy territory', as he put it.

(quickly, defensive)

I don't mind, not really, not that much, anyway. I just-- I don't know anyone, present company excluded.

SUE

Oh, honey, no-one 'knows' anybody at these things. It's all about appearance here. Anyone who is anyone gets an invite, but it isn't cheap.

KITTY

What do you mean?

SUE

Every year, Mayor Berkowitz chooses a charity to 'suggest' to his guests that they make a donation to. The bigger the donation, the more attention you get in the press.

She looks around, and carefully points without being too obvious. Both Kitty and Dibny look in the direction she indicates.

SUE (cont'd)

See over there?

Standing under a large portrait of Metropolis itself, is MAYOR FRANK BERKOWITZ, arm around a beautiful middle-aged blonde woman - his WIFE. Sat at their feet, dressed in a fetching, if cheesy, festive get-up, is a GOLDEN RETRIEVER.

As they exchange pleasantries with their guests, several press photographers swarm around, cameras flashing, catching the various handshakes and greetings being exchanged.

As Berkowitz shakes the hand of a particular OLDER MAN (silver haired, mid-60s or so, hawk-like features), both men make a point of stretching out the handshake, and smiling for the cameras.

SUE (cont'd)

That's Osgood Rathaway, old money from over in Keystone City. They've been dealing with a lot of scandal recently. They just cut a *huge* check to this year's charity of choice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY
 (intrigued)
 How do you know *all* of this?

SUE
 (grins)
 It pays to be part of the elite,
 sometimes.
 (raises her glass)
 Merry Christmas, darlings.

The three of them toast their glasses, sharing a laugh...

EXT. BERKOWITZ TOWN HOUSE, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - EVENING

Two BURLY GUARDS, dressed in your typical 'bodyguard attire' (earpieces and sunglasses) stand watch outside the grand looking inner-city residence. They continue to stand watch, as a DARK GREEN PANEL VAN slowly pulls up nearby.

INT. DRIVER'S CAB, PANEL VAN - CONTINUOUS

Inside, in the driver's seat, sits a MAN, masked in shadow and dark clothing. He wears a pair of SUNGLASSES, very similar in design to Green Arrow's signature look.

In his hand, he holds a FLUTE, intricate in design, not your standard instrument. Putting it to his lips, he plays. A haunting, eerie, almost *ethereal* melody.

INT. GRAND DINING ROOM, BERKOWITZ'S TOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sitting listless on the floor, the Mayor's dog, CHAMP, suddenly perks up, ears twitching. He BARKS. *Loudly*.

BERKOWITZ
 (annoyed)
 Champ! Quiet, buddy.

Champ, doesn't respond, continuing to bark, longer, louder. Berkowitz kneels down, petting the clearly agitated animal.

BERKOWITZ (cont'd)
 What's wrong, buddy? What's got--?

He trails off, as his attention is caught by something --

A CHAMPAGNE GLASS on a nearby table is visibly *vibrating*, the drink inside rippling madly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Berkowitz frowns, Champ's barking gives way to an incessant whine, just as the champagne glass EXPLODES!

It's not the only one, as glasses across the room, shake apart in people's hands, forgotten on tables, or still on waiter's trays. GLASS FRAGMENTS go flying, as people let out screams in fear and surprise at what's happening.

The SILENCE that falls allows a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE to become noticeable, growing in volume and intensity. As it becomes all pervading, people clutch at their heads, desperately trying to block their ears.

Dibny, Kitty and Sue are just as affected as everyone else, the women fallen to their knees, and Dibny stumbles around. He falls against the wall by a nearby window --

-- just as LARGE CRACKS begin to form in the glass itself. Dibny's stares in horror - he knows what's coming...

DIBNY
(yelling)
Everyone get away from the windows!
Now, now! Move it!

CRASH!!. Just like the glasses before, every single window SHATTERS in a massive conflagration of flying shards of all sizes, raining upon the space where guests just stood...

EXT. BERKOWITZ TOWN HOUSE, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

The guards JOLT at the noise from inside, turning as the DOORS open and people stumble out, shocked and terrified.

INT. DRIVER'S CAB, PANEL VAN - CONTINUOUS

The driver gently lowers the flute from his lip. *Smiles.*

He watches the flow of injured, scared party-goers exiting the town house for a moment, before putting the flute into a slim case on the passenger side seat, then turning the ignition, starts the engine.

As he leaves the chaos behind...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BERKOWITZ TOWN HOUSE, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - MORNING

Several AMBULANCES and PATROL CARS block the town house's driveway, as UNIFORMED OFFICERS secure a perimeter and keep nosy lookie-loos at a distance.

A beat-up looking CROWN VICTORIA pulls up and parks. Stepping out from it, wearing a heavy coat against the cold, and sunglasses against the sun, is PATRICIA TRAYCE.

She does not look happy, as she stalks towards a decidedly chipper looking DANNY TURPIN, who holds his hands behind his back, trying not to grin, and failing miserably.

TRAYCE

Don't say a god-damned word, Turpin.

DANNY

Wouldn't dream of it, partner.

He pulls out his hands, revealing a steaming cup of coffee in one hand, and a grease-strained pastry bag in the other.

DANNY (cont'd)

Bear-claw?

Without a word, Trayce snatches the bear-claw from him, and eagerly takes a large bite, savoring the taste as she chews, before grabbing the coffee and taking a long sip.

TRAYCE

(between chews)

Anything bad I ever said about you, I take it back.

DANNY

(chuckles)

Yeah, we'll see how long that lasts.

(beat)

There's water and Advil in my glove compartment for later.

TRAYCE

(thankful)

You are a god among men, don't let anyone tell you differently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny LAUGHS, as they head over to one of the ambulances. Inside, sits DIBNY, nursing several small cuts including a couple to his face. The paramedic applies a butterfly-bandage to one by his eyebrow as the two detectives look on.

TRAYCE (cont'd)
Lieutenant? This why you were a no-show last night?

DIBNY
Believe me, it wasn't nearly as much fun as it looked.

DANNY
You were caught right in the middle of it all?

DIBNY
Yeah, just after 11 or so, I think. We were thinking of cutting out early when everything started exploding around us.

WALLY (O.S.)
Hey guys!

Everyone looks around to see WALLY WEST in full crime-scene-gear and field kit, approaching.

DANNY
Look whose back on field duty, huh?

WALLY
Limited duties, yeah, but I figured I should come out and help the poor shmucks that have been stuck collecting glass fragments all night.

DIBNY
Good on you, son. I think the lead CSU tech is inside helping with some of the interviewees.

WALLY
(excited, grinning)
Cool, catch you guys later!

He heads in, as Danny casually look out into the mass of onlookers that fill the early morning streets. Trayce finishes devouring her breakfast with a contented sigh.

TRAYCE
Anyway, we should find the Captain.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE (cont'd)
 (pauses, noticing
 Danny's silence)
 Danny? You with me?

Danny remains silent. His gaze is locked on something, something that has him worried.

DANNY'S P.O.V.: A young NATIVE AMERICAN (male, late teens/early twenties or so), with long dark hair, a serious mien and dark eyes that stare hard back at Danny, *unblinking*. If looks could kill, Danny would be six feet under by now.

TRAYCE (cont'd)
 (concerned)
 Danny? You okay?

Danny STARTS, looking back at Trayce, pulled out of whatever near-trance he was in, blinking a few times.

DANNY
 What? Oh, yeah, yeah, right, I'm coming.

Trayce nods slowly, not completely convinced, before heading off towards the town house front doors. Danny starts to follow, before tossing another look over his shoulder, trying to spot the young man again.

He's gone. Slipped into the crowd. As if he was never there.

Danny frowns, wondering what hell all that was about...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)
 Okay, who did you piss off this time?

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE, BERKOWITZ TOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A frowning MAGGIE SAWYER, dressed casually, her dark brown leather jacket over it, stands with arms crossed in front of a seated Berkowitz. The Mayor idly scratches one of Champ's ears, as the dog contently chews on a toy.

BERKOWITZ
 (shaking head, tired)
 Sawyer, I'm trying very, very hard not to piss people off at the minute.
 (sighs, angrily)
 This could kill my re-election chances.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

'This' could have killed *you*, not to mention my lieutenant, and a *hell* of a lot of innocent people.

(beat)

Level with me here, Frank, for your own good.

BERKOWITZ

I am! I swear to you, there's been nothing happening to even suggest I'd be targeted like this, otherwise I would have canceled the whole thing.

MAGGIE

You throw this party every year, right? There was nothing special about this one for any reason at all?

BERKOWITZ

Not really. It was for the publicity really, of that skinflint Osgood Rathaway actually giving money away.

MAGGIE

What charity is it going to?

BERKOWITZ

The Carmichael Initiative. They help the homeless all over the country, but they have a particular focus on young people, runaways and the like. They're also co-sponsoring the Centennial Park Christmas Festival.

MAGGIE

Which you're attending, I take it?

BERKOWITZ

(resigned)

Let me guess, you want me to reconsider my itinerary for the next few days while you figure out if I was the target?

MAGGIE

See, you're learning.

(sighs)

Look, email me the guest list, I'll make sure we talk to everyone who was here, run down other possible targets. Who knows, maybe you actually didn't piss someone off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERKOWITZ

Not that you're holding your breath, right?

(beat, sighs)

Just, go easy on them, Sawyer. There are some very high profile sorts of individuals on that guest list. That last thing I need is you pissing them off finding out if I've pissed someone off.

Off Maggie's unconvinced look...

EXT. 8TH PRECINCT, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

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

KITTY (PRE-LAP)

Sound waves.

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

KITTY, DIBNY, DANNY, TRAYCE and MAGGIE sit around the conference table - both Kitty and Dibny have changed into some clean casual clothes, nursing coffees.

KITTY

I think that's what happened. A very highly focused sonic attack, caused all the glass to shatter.

TRAYCE

Could someone explain for the science-impaired, please?

KITTY

Resonant frequencies, is how you can use sound waves to shatter objects at a distance. Basically, emit a strong enough signal at the right frequency, you'll break through steel.

MAGGIE

Is anyone else getting a sense of deja vu? Someone using sound as a weapon? Haven't we been down this road before?

KITTY

(nervously)

You think Bito Wladen is back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Does that fit his M.O.? He was developing his tech to help the rebels back in his home country. Why would he go after the Mayor?

TRAYCE

Even patriotic zealots need money, Danny. Maybe he sold his tech to someone who does have a grudge against the Mayor.

DIBNY

Assuming the Mayor was the target. We're still going through the guest list to see if anyone else has reason to be targeted. It's gonna take a while, though.

MAGGIE

(to Kitty)

Did your tech people get anywhere restoring Wladen's computer files?

KITTY

Uh, not really, no. It got downgraded to a non-priority task a few months after, since there was no trace of him. When I get back, I can have them take another look at it?

MAGGIE

Please. Maybe Trayce is right, he could have sold his tech onwards, and there might be a list or a contact or something on there. A long shot, I know, but it's our only lead so far.

(beat)

Okay, people, let's get back to it.

Everyone stands, and Danny and Trayce are the first ones out, as Kitty and Dibny hang back.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Sure you don't want to head home, Ralph? You look beat?

DIBNY

(chuckles)

I admit, I'm tempted, but I'd rather stay and work the case, I'll get plenty of sleep later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Fair enough.
 (to Kitty)
 What about you, Kitty?

KITTY

(tiredly)
 I think I will, once I get the techs
 on track with that reconstruction.
 Speaking of which, I hate to ask, but
 could I borrow Mr. Rice? Nothing
 against my team, but he's a natural
 with computers, he'll be helpful.

MAGGIE

(shakes her head)
 No can do, I'm afraid.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. METROPOLIS BUS TERMINAL, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

A standard sized terminal, filled with buses, coming and going, people milling about, some tourists looking around with curiosity, at the new sights around them, others residents returning home.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

He's taken some leave to see some
 family he's been looking forward to
 visiting.

A GREYHOUNDS BUS pulls up, and tired, cranky passengers quickly disembark. From out of the crowd on unknown faces steps JENNIFER HAYDEN-LYNN, her bright green eyes searching around for a familiar face, adjusting the small suitcase she carries.

TODD (O.C.)

Jenn! Over here!

It takes her about another second to spot a waving TODD standing by the bus station terminal proper, an eager, nervous smile across his handsome face. She returns the wave and smile with ones of her own, before heading over.

JENNIFER

Hi!

They stand in front of each other for a moment, *awkward*. Finally, they HUG, quickly and politely, both looking a little embarrassed by it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD
So, uh, how was your trip?

JENNIFER
Long. Boring. Very cramped. I'm glad
to finally be here.
(beat, heartfelt)
It's good to see you again.

TODD
(genuine)
Yeah, you too.

They share a slight smile, before heading off...

FADE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the residential building in the heart
of the city...

INT. LIVING/KITCHEN AREA, TODD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

DAMON stands in the large main room, organizing files into
his briefcase, while hastily drinking some coffee.

He looks up in surprise as Jennifer and Todd walk in.

DAMON
Hey! You're back quick!

TODD
Traffic was good, thankfully.

They stand in the vestibule for a moment, all staring at
each other, trying not to, unsure who should speak first.

DAMON
(exasperated)
Oh for God's sake!
(offers hand to Jenn)
Hi, I'm Damon, Todd's boyfriend. You
might remember me from when I kind of
barged in you doing your 'healing'
thing.

Jennifer LAUGHS - the ice is broken. Todd grins widely as
his sister takes Damon's hand, shaking it warmly and firmly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

It's good to meet you. Properly, I mean.

DAMON

I would love to stay and talk a bit more, but I'm due back in the office to go over some last minute strategies for trial tomorrow.

JENNIFER

(surprised)

You- you're a lawyer?

TODD

Damon's an Assistant D.A., he deals with a lot of the S.C.U.'s cases

JENNIFER

Oh. Okay. That sounds interesting, I guess?

DAMON

That's one word for it.

(beat)

Anyway, I gotta run. See you later!

He grabs his briefcase and kiss Todd briefly on the cheek before heading out, leaving the two alone.

JENNIFER

So...

TODD

Yeah...

JENNIFER

Good to know you have decent taste in men at least.

(beat, teasing)

I guess we have that in common, huh?

TODD

(laughs)

Well, I'll reserve judgment until I meet one of your boyfriends, thank you. But yeah, I found a good one in Damon. He really gets me.

JENNIFER

Does he know... you know, 'everything', everything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

You mean about our parents? Our biological ones, I mean. Yeah, he does.

(grins, happily)

He's never wavered in his support, it's one of the things I love about him.

JENNIFER

But that fact that he's good-looking, that's just a glorious bonus?

TODD

Well, it sweetens the pot, yeah.

(laughs)

Coffee? Tea?

JENNIFER

Tea, please.

Todd heads into the kitchen, as Jennifer studies the apartment, smiling warmly at how much it reflects Todd...

INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE, S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie is sat at her desk, reviewing some files, making the occasional signature.

TAP, TAP, TAP! The door opens, and Wally, wearing a lab coat over a bright red festive jumper, sticks his head in.

WALLY

(excitedly)

You got a sec, Cap? I think I have a lead on the Berkowitz case.

MAGGIE

(curious)

Come on in, tell me what you've got.

Wally walks in, and hands a DATA TABLET over to Maggie, who quickly skims through whatever is on the screen itself.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

(frowning, dubious)

The 'Pied Piper'?

WALLY

Meet Central City's latest super-villain, well, kinda.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY (cont'd)

He's been causing a fair few problems for the Rathaway Business Group.

MAGGIE

Rathaway? As in Osgood Rathaway?

WALLY

One and the same, yeah. Word is that the RBG isn't as squeaky clean as it tries to look, and it's the Piper that's caused said scrutiny.

MAGGIE

(remembering)

Berkowitz did mention something about Rathaway dealing with some scandal or another.

(reading)

"Witnesses report seeing a man dressed in a green hooded cloak, playing a flute"? Seriously?

WALLY

I know, right?! Just like the original Pied Piper of Hamelin. I think someone's using it as a gimmick to target the Rathaway company.

MAGGIE

(reads, surprised)

"Byline by Iris West-Allen". Your aunt wrote this?

WALLY

(proudly)

She's a top reporter with the Central City Picture News. She even named the Piper, has been following his vendetta or whatever against the RBG. He's attacked several of their facilities across the country.

MAGGIE

You're thinking it wasn't Berkowitz who was the target, but the party itself because Rathaway was there?

WALLY

Exactly!

Off Wally's eager grin...

EXT. DAILY PLANET BUILDING, CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

The venerable building hasn't changed since we last saw it. The main entrance is still busy as ever, people come and go...

EXT. ROOF, DAILY PLANET BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A MAN stands on the roof, wearing a rough-looking GREEN HOODED CLOAK, close to the edge, one leg mounted on the low brickwork. In one hand, held by his side, is some kind of thin, silver-metal device. A FLUTE.

It's the PIED PIPER. He looks out onto the city, hyper-focused on one building in particular, the name on the facade gleaming in the morning sun - the METRO COMMERCE TOWER.

A shining, gleaming example of modern architectural design, the Commerce Tower stands tall among those structures around it, though smaller than its close neighbors, the LexCorp building, or the Daily Planet itself.

The Piper's dark blue eyes allow a glimpse at the deep anger - hatred, even - he feels staring at the building, before he puts on his pair of GREEN SUNGLASSES.

His lips twitch as he places the flute to them, and after a moment, he begins to play. The same haunting melody he played before.

The affect is almost instant - the top floors of the Tower begins to SHAKE! Fractures begin to form in the large glass windows, unable to deal with whatever stress they are being put under.

As the Piper smiles with satisfaction, continuing to play...

CUT TO BLACK:

End of ACT ONE

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. METRO COMMERCE TOWER, CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

The center of the building is *shaking itself apart*.

As people flee from the structure's convulsions, desperately trying to avoid the glass fragments that are raining down from the top floors shattered windows, two UNMARKED SEDANS pull up alongside several PATROL CARS already there.

From the sedans, emerge Maggie, Dibny, Danny and Trayce. They all look up at the visibly vibrating building.

TRAYCE

Records confirm that the Rathaway Business Group moved into offices inside Metro Commerce Tower a few days ago.

MAGGIE

(awed, horrified)
Oh my God.
(beat, professional)
We need to get these people away from here, makes sure the building is completely emptied!

DIBNY

(to radio)
Copy that.
(to Maggie)
Metro Fire and Rescue is sending some units, a couple of minutes out.

DANNY

I don't think we have that long.

MAGGIE

I'll get the patrol officers to help me coordinate the evacuation, try and still any panic that's setting in. The rest of you, we need to stop this guy before the building comes down.

The three detectives NOD in acknowledgment, as Maggie turns and heads in, several nearby UNIFORMED OFFICERS following.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE

This freak could be anywhere! How do we find him?

WALLY (O.S.)

(over radio, nervous)

He won't be very far away, everything I read about him shows he's always close to any target he goes after.

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Wally, wearing a BLUETOOTH EARPIECE, anxiously paces in front of the lab's audio/visual set-up. Current surveillance footage of the Central Business District plays on each screen, the CENTRAL SCREEN shows the Commerce Tower itself.

DANNY

Can you trace the frequency he's using to attack?

WALLY

Not from here, not with what I've got to hand. I've fitted together a partial composite of what the Piper looks like from various news footage of him, I'm running the CCTV footage of the area through a recognition program, hopefully it spots him.

JUANITA (O.S.)

(excited)

I think I have something!

Wally turns to look at JUANITA MENDOZA, who is sat at one of the smaller work tables dotted through the lab. She holds up several small BLACK SHARDS OF PLASTIC, as Wally rushes over.

WALLY

What you got?

JUANITA

The CSU techs found several of these at the Berkowitz house. They're some kind of electronic high-frequency receiver/transmitter assembly.

She delicately shows Wally the INTRICATE CIRCUITRY inside the remains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY
 (impressed)
 Whoa. Top of the line stuff here.

JUANITA
 Recently made too, judging from how
 it looks. But the key thing is the
 size.

WALLY
 (realizing)
 Something this small wouldn't have
 that much range. That's why he needs
 to stay close by!

Wally and Juanita HIGH-FIVE in victory...

EXT. METRO COMMERCE TOWER, BUSINESS DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Dibny slams the door of his sedan, and puts his BINOCULARS
 to his eyes, looking high, turning in a tight circle.

JUANITA (O.S.)
 (over radio)
 If the pattern fits, and he's using
 something similar to transmit his
 attack frequency--

DIBNY
 (victorious)
 Got him!

He lowers the binoculars and points to the nearby Daily
 Planet building roof. Both Danny and Trayce look up and
 squint automatically.

DIBNY (cont'd)
 Wally, can you access any nearby CCTV
 to give us a look at the Daily Planet
 building. The roof, specifically.

WALLY (O.S.)
 (over radio)
 Give me a minute.

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Wally quickly rushes to the audio/visual area, and starts
 rapidly tapping away at the keyboard, as Juanita hovers over
 his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of the screens blinks from it's previous image to show a far-away image of the Planet, before zooming in quickly several times until the image of the PIPER playing his flute becomes clearer.

WALLY
 (awed whisper.)
 It's him...
 (louder, to others)
 It's him! It's the Piper!

DANNY (O.S.)
 (over radio)
 You sure?

WALLY
 Trust me! The way this guy is dressed, he's either a super-villain or a renaissance fair reject!

CLOSE ON: The Piper as he continues to play...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOF, DAILY PLANET BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The Piper stands just where he was, playing his flute without an apparent care in the world - he even sways softly to the melody he creates--

-- as the rooftop access door BURST OPEN, and Dibny, Danny and Trayce rush out, WEAPONS DRAWN, flanking the Piper.

DIBNY
 (shouts, firm)
 Metropolis P.D.!

The Piper ignores him. Dibny shares a look to his comrades, each of who nod, and affirm their shooting stances, before slowly approaching the target, his own weapon unwavering.

DIBNY (cont'd)
 Drop the flute, mister.

As he moves in, a small BLACK DEVICE, affixed to the brickwork around the roof's edge, starts blinking a bright red L.E.D. Trayce spots it, eyes widening in realization.

TRAYCE
 Lieutenant, stop--!

BLEEP!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Too late! HYPER-SONIC SOUND-WAVES burst from the device, and several others scattered around the rooftop!

The affect on the S.C.U. team is as instantaneous as the flute's effect on the Tower - all three drop their weapons, clutching at their ears, as they fall to their knees.

The Piper, completely unaffected by whatever is happening to the detectives, finally finishes his melody, and slowly turns to face the fallen officers. He wears a BLACK FORM-FITTING LEATHER UNDER-SUIT and BOOTS under his green cloak.

PIED PIPER

(regretful)

I'm sorry you're caught up in this,
but you're hunting the wrong person.

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Sitting at the computer, Wally's head snaps up, face the picture of complete shock, as he touches the small earpiece he wears.

WALLY

(stunned/whispers)

It... it can't be..?

EXT. ROOF, DAILY PLANET BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Piper looks down at the S.C.U. officers sadly, shaking his head.

PIED PIPER

I'm just doing what I have to, to
bring the guilty down.

Dibny struggles to stand, clearly straining, using the wall for support, as the Piper walks past him.

DIBNY

(fighting effect)

You mean Rath-- Rathaway?

The Piper freezes, shoulders stiffening.

DIBNY (cont'd)

(weaker, strained)

Stop-- you-- you're only hurting
yourself in the long run.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIED PIPER
 (scoff, resentful)
 I was hurt years ago. That's why I'm
 doing this.

As Dibny's strength leaves him and he slips back down, the Piper reaches into a pocket on his suit, and pulls out a small CONTROL DEVICE.

He kneels, gently tossing it to the floor nearby. Dibny, looking like he's about to be sick, looks at the Piper askance.

PIED PIPER (cont'd)
 This will deactivate my inducers. The
 dizziness and nausea will last for
 about ten minutes after that.
 (beat/determined)
 Don't get in my way again. For your
 own good.

Standing, the Piper strides towards the door, and EXITS, leaving the three behind, as Dibny pulls himself along the floor, and grabs the device. With a touch, the HYPER-SONIC BARRAGE fades away into silence.

As the three detectives breath sighs of relief, and slowly try to regain their equilibrium...

FADE TO:

INT. S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM, 8TH PRECINCT - THE NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON: A recovered BLACK DEVICE, laying on the table. Next to it is the SHARDS of another, as well as another one, INTACT. Each are enclosed in a CLEAR PLASTIC EVIDENCE BAG.

KITTY (O.C.)
 There's ingenious work.

PULL BACK to reveal Kitty standing alongside Juanita, Dibny, Trayce, Danny and Maggie around the large table towards the rear of the squad room.

TRAYCE
 (annoyed)
 Tell that to my ears, Doc. I'm still
 nursing a headache from whatever
 happened to us yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

You got that right, my stomach still keeps doing somersaults.

MAGGIE

What happened to them?

JUANITA

Sound waves. Highly focused through the miniaturized transmitter built into the device.

(points at first one)

This one, from the Daily Planet, it created a hypersonic pulse that causes distortions in the inner ear affecting balance and hearing.

(points to second)

This one, from the Commerce Tower, acted more like an amplifier, it increased the effects of an external source.

KITTY

(points to shards)

We believe this one from the Mayor's town house acted in a similar way. They emitted a ultrasonic wave form, causing the vibration effect seen.

DIBNY

Something that small nearly brought the Commerce Tower down?

KITTY

(excited)

In theory, yes, it could have, but I don't think that was the intent. See, I don't think there was enough of them to do that.

MAGGIE

How many did you find?

JUANITA

Six.

KITTY

Judging from their output, it would take about three times that amount, plus a much high frequency output then they're capable of, to actually bring down the Tower. It's a very solid construct.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

So, what? It was all for show?

MAGGIE

(Off Kitty's nod)

Hell of a way to scare someone.

(pauses, to Dibny)

You said this guy made it sound like he had a personal vendetta against Rathaway.

DIBNY

Very personal, Captain.

MAGGIE

Danny, Trayce. I think it's time you had a talk with Mr. Osgood Rathaway.

The two detectives share a look, before nodding and heading off. Maggie shots a quick smile at Kitty.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Thanks for the assist, Dr. Faulkner.

KITTY

(smiles back)

Happy to help.

DIBNY

I'll walk you out, Doctor.

The two EXIT, leaving Maggie with Juanita as she packs up the evidence into a small carry case.

MAGGIE

(curious)

Juanita, where's Wally? He busy with something?

As Juanita shrugs, and Maggie waits for an answer...

INT. WALLY'S OFFICE, FORENSIC FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Wally sits at his desk, focused intently on whatever he is doing at his computer.

JUANITA (V.O.)

Uh, I'm not sure. I don't think so. He asked me to brief you on the gizmos since I figured them out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (V.O.)

(surprised)

Huh. He seemed really into the case before, figuring out the mystery of the 'Pied Piper'.

Several windows of BANK ACCOUNT information come up on the computer screen - the name 'CENTRAL CITY FIRST NATIONAL BANK' briefly visible, and the account name: "H, Rathaway."

Wally's frown deepens, anger filling his eyes. He grabs a nearby pen and paper and scribbles something down fast, before tearing off the paper, and turning off the screen.

After a moment's further deliberation, he stands and grabs his coat from the door hanger, and heads out the office...

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

Establishing shot of the building.

INT. STAFF ROOM, O.C.M.E. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Inside the well-lit, if somewhat starkly decorated room, DR. ANTONY PETRELLI, in surgical scrubs, currently lays on a beat-up sofa, head buried in a cushion.

BETH (O.C.)

Nap time's over, sleeping beauty.

With a grunt, Petrelli re-positions himself as DR. BETH CHAPEL offers him a freshly poured coffee in a ceramic mug with the Superman 'S' shield emblazoned on it.

PETRELLI

(whining)

I'm never drinking again.

BETH

Are you still feeling hungover? The party was two days ago!

PETRELLI

(groans softly)

Ugh, well, see, there was this girl in my apartment building, she invited me to a party she was throwing, and one drink lead to another...

BETH

No sympathy from me, I'm afraid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Petrelli harrumphs, then grimaces as he sips his coffee. Beth hides her smile by sipping her own drink as DR. FRANKLIN WILSON, the Chief Medical Examiner walks in, looking harried and worn out.

WILSON

(relieved)

Ah, good, you're both here. I was afraid Tony would be sleeping his hangover off in the morgue.

PETRELLI

Beth won't let me do that anymore.

BETH

(unimpressed)

Not since you scared the last intern away, she was convinced zombies were attacking!

PETRELLI

(laughs, sighs)

Ah, good times.

WILSON

Yes, well, it seems I've double-booked myself. I'm due in court, but I also have a meeting that can't be ignored, so I need a substitute.

BETH

What kind of meeting?

WILSON

A brain-storming session with Rick Tyler, C.E.O. of TylerCo--

BETH

(interrupts,
surprised)

Pharmaceuticals, yes, I've met him. He's helping with the funding of the free clinic.

(beat, unsure)

Is that what the meeting is about?

WILSON

That, and the other various schemes the O.C.M.E. is involved in around the city. He's very much his father's son and wants to 'give back'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETRELLI

(sarcastic)

Well, I would love to, Frank, but I'm also liable to either pass out or throw up on him, the way I'm feeling.

WILSON

(unimpressed)

Lovely. Beth? I'd hate to ask, but..?

BETH

(perks up, eager)

No, no, I'd be happy to do it.

WILSON

(surprised, pleased)

Really? Well, that's wonderful! All the material and notes I prepared are on my desk, just help yourself.

BETH

I'll be there. No problem.

With a thankful smile, Wilson departs, leaving a smiling Beth settling into a comfy chair, as Petrelli sits up. Eyebrow cocked, he gives her an appraising look, a small smirk forming.

BETH (cont'd)

(noticing)

What?

PETRELLI

(shrugs, shakes head)

Nothing. Nothing.

He lays back on the sofa, sipping his coffee, but his smirk remains. Beth studiously ignores him...

INT. RATHAWAY GROUP OFFICES, COMMERCE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The damage is clear, but not as bad as it could have been. Staff members tidy up glass and debris, others sort out fallen papers and desks. Workmen replace several of the broken and cracked windows, as others are boarded over.

Standing in the middle of it all, like a king surveying his broken lands, is OSGOOD RATHAWAY. Arms crossed over his Armani three-piece-suit, he scowls at his minions as they work around him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCUDDER (O.S.)
(nervously)
Excuse me, Mr. Rathaway?

Rathaway turns to find SAM SCUDDER (late-30s, dark hair, intense blue eyes and designer stubble) standing behind him. With him are Danny and Trayce, each holding their I.D. out for inspection.

SCUDDER
These detectives from the Special Crimes Unit have some questions.

RATHAWAY
Right, of course, of course. Osgood Rathaway, pleasure to meet you, detectives.
(indicates Scudder)
You've already met Sam Scudder, my Chief of Security.

TRAYCE
Surprised to see you and the staff back in so quickly, Mr. Rathaway.

RATHAWAY
(angrily)
We were back as soon as the structural engineers verified the place was intact and usable. I'm not going to let some crazy guy with a flute fetish destroy my company.

DANNY
That actually leads us into our next question, Mr. Rathaway. You're aware of who attacked you? Both here and at Mayor Berkowitz's?

RATHAWAY
(sighs, disappointed)
I had hoped that hadn't been about me, my company, but I suppose I was kidding myself, huh?
(beat, firmer)
Yes, I'm very aware of this madman calling himself the 'Pied Piper' attacking my company, trying to drag our name through the mud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

No enemies you can think off that would hold such a heavy grudge against you. This company?

SCUDDER

The Rathaway Business Group has done nothing to deserve the kind of wanton destruction we've received at the hands of this individual. We've put every available resource into figuring out who he is, and stopping him. But we'd appreciate any help the Special Crimes Unit can provide.

Scudder pulls a small FLASH-DRIVE out of his own jacket pocket, and hands it to Danny, who scrutinizes it, curious.

SCUDDER (cont'd)

(explaining)

That flash-drive contains a list of all disgruntled former employees of the Business Group.

(annoyed)

We've only managed to investigate a small fraction so far, with no luck.

DANNY

We'll see what we can find out, thanks.

(baiting)

So, you don't believe these attacks may be related to the half dozen investigations being done by the S.E.C. that the Rathaway Business Group is involved in.

RATHAWAY

(stunned)

How did you..?

TRAYCE

We're detectives, Mr. Rathaway. It's our job to find things out.

RATHAWAY

(incensed, dismissive)

Yes, well, I don't think we have anything further to discuss if that's where your line of questioning is going.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RATHAWAY (cont'd)

If you wish to ask questions that might actually help you catch this lunatic, you can talk to Mr. Scudder.

DANNY

Oh, we will have, believe me.

TRAYCE

Thank you for your time.

Exchanging a look, and knowing they've overstayed their welcome, Danny and Trayce depart. Rathaway watches them leave, with growing frustration and fury.

RATHAWAY

(seething)

Dammit!

(turns to Scudder)

I thought you had this thing handled?

SCUDDER

It's taken a bit longer than I planned, but I'm close. I promise.

RATHAWAY

Good.

(lowers voice)

Or maybe I'll be in the market for a new security consultant soon, huh?

Rathaway turns and storms away, pushing his way through the workmen, as nervous employees watch him leave. Scudder's expression turns cold, angry, as he pulls out a CELLPHONE, quickly calling someone, before he walks away.

SCUDDER

It's me. We need to talk.

EXT. BRISTOL HOTEL, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - AFTERNOON

This stately, no-frills, hotel stands proudly in the afternoon sun...

SCUDDER (PRE-LAP)

(over phone)

The police, that Special Crimes Unit, they were just here. Are you all set to leave town?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIED PIPER (PRE-LAP)
 (determined)
 I told you, I'm not ready to leave
 yet. I can't stop now, we're so close
 to finally finishing this!

INT. PIED PIPER'S ROOM, BRISTOL HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

A modest, tasteful room. The 'Pied Piper' COSTUME hangs off a clothing rail inside a open closet. Technical equipment lies on the king-size bed - including the FLUTE, partially open, revealing *delicate circuitry* - no ordinary flute...

Pacing the room, cellphone to his ear, is the PIPER. In 'civvies', we see he's of average height, with reddish-brown hair, *handsome*. But any good looks he has are twisted up by the *severe, angry expression* he wears.

SCUDDER (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 I get that, I do. I just think you've
 done enough for the moment. Just lay
 low for now.

PIED PIPER
 (sighs, relents)
 Okay, all right, I get the idea. I'll
 stay at the hotel for now. It's not
 like I'm here playing tourist.

He quickly hangs up and tosses the phone on the bed--

KNOCK, KNOCK! The Piper spins around to face the door, cautious. He then covers the equipment with a nearby blanket, then shuts the closet, hiding the suit from site.

PIED PIPER (cont'd)
 Who is it?

VOICE
 (bad French accent)
 Room service, monsieur!

PIED PIPER
 (confused)
 What?

He strides over and opens the door, just enough to see who's on the other side.

PIED PIPER (cont'd)
 I didn't order any--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the corridor, stands an aggravated WALLY WEST!

WALLY
(normal voice)
Yeah, I'm not even sure if this place
even offers room service, but I was
out of ideas.

The Piper's mouth is agape in shock, as he stares at Wally.

PIED PIPER
Wally? Is it--?

WALLY
(interrupts, angry)
Yeah, yeah, it's really me, okay!
(sighs, shakes head)
Hi, Lee. Long time, no see, huh?
(beat, dead-pan)
So, attack any office towers lately?

Off the Piper's - LEE'S - 'deer-in-the-headlights' look...

CUT TO BLACK:

End of ACT TWO

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. PIED PIPER'S ROOM, BRISTOL HOTEL - AS BEFORE

After a moment's silence, Wally storms past the Piper - Lee - and into the room. Lee quickly closes and locks the door behind him.

LEE

Wally, what the hell are you doing here? *How* did you know I was here?

WALLY

I work with the S.C.U., Lee. I heard you, over the radio, when you attacked my friends!

(beat, sighs)

Once I realized who the 'Pied Piper' really was, it wasn't hard to track you down.

(disgusted)

You know, for a super-villain, you should really be better at covering your tracks.

LEE

(indignant)

I am not a 'super-villain', Wally! I work for the Carmichael Initiative, I'm one of the good guys!

WALLY

(dubious)

Really?

He grabs hold of the BLANKET on the bed and yanks it off, uncovering the equipment underneath. Lee has the decency to look embarrassed.

WALLY (cont'd)

(angrily)

Tell that to the people you attacked, just to get back at Daddy Dearest for whatever reason!

LEE

You've got it all wrong! God! I'm doing what I have to do!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE (cont'd)
 (sighs, cautious)
 If that's what you think, why'd you
 come alone? You could have brought
 some back up, arrested me by now.

WALLY
 (calmer)
 Because I've known you a long time. I
 figured that earned you the right to
 explain it all to me.

Wally sits down on the edge of the bed, fixing Lee with a
 emotional look.

WALLY (cont'd)
 (pleading)
 Tell me your side of it all. Why
 become the 'Pied Piper'?

Off Lee's conflicted expression...

INT. STAIRWELL, METRO COMMERCE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Sam Scudder paces impatiently in the small area until--
 VRING! He quickly answers the cellphone, holding to his ear.

SCUDDER
 (relieved)
 About damn time!

VOICE (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 Problems, Mr. Scudder?

SCUDDER
 The Special Crimes Unit has been
 sniffing around here. They haven't
 been asking the right questions yet,
 but it's only a matter of time.

VOICE (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 What do you propose?

SCUDDER
 I know you wanted the endgame to go
 forward when we got back to Keystone,
 but I think we should trigger it now.
 That will take care of both their
 investigation, and our target.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 Allowing us to attain our goal that
 much sooner. Yes, I approve. But can
 you arrange it?

SCUDDER
 (pleased)
 It's already in the works as a back-
 up, just in case.

VOICE (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 Excellent. You've lived up to your
 reputation, Mr. Scudder. This could
 be the beginning of a very profitable
 relationship.

CLICK! The line goes dead, Scudder, failing to hide his
 satisfied grin, pocketing his phone. He quickly straightens
 his tie and jacket before EXITING...

EXT. TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS, BUSINESS DISTRICT - AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of the building.

ASSISTANT (PRE-LAP)
 Sir? You're next appointment is here.

RICK (PRE-LAP)
 Send him in, please, Danielle.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

Inside the spacious, modern office, as befitting the Chief
 Executive, is RICK TYLER, sat at his desk. As the attractive
 young P.A. allows Beth entry, Rick quickly stands, a large
 smile forming - he's more than happy to see her.

RICK
 Dr. Beth?! This is a nice surprise.

BETH
 I'm standing in for Dr. Wilson, he
 unfortunately couldn't make it.

RICK
 Well, I wont say I'm disappointed.
 I've been hoping to see you again.
 (pauses, grins)
 Please, let me show you something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beth simply smiles and nods, as Rick walks her over to a large display table by the window. On it is a MAP OF METROPOLIS - the main island, it's smaller satellites and the other boroughs on the mainland.

Throughout the map, over two dozen points are highlighted and marked. Beth studies the map for a moment, as Rick studies her, smirking.

BETH

(curious)

What exactly am I looking at.

RICK

A new beginning for TylerCo and hopefully some of the city's failing community support projects.

(points)

All those places marked? They're the various work projects for helping the poor and homeless, including the free clinic you help at.

BETH

What about them?

RICK

Back when my dad started this company, when it was just Tyler Chemicals, once we were making high enough profits, Dad decided to start donating and helping better the city. Most of the projects that exist now, were started and initially bankrolled by Tyler Chemicals.

BETH

(impressed)

That's incredible. I had no idea.

RICK

Dad was all about the causes, not the publicity.

(smirks, laughs)

I guess that came with being a secret superhero, he wasn't a fan of the limelight.

(sadly)

Unfortunately, after he died, certain unscrupulous individuals took over the company board, and scrapped the company's involvement with the schemes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH
 (realizing, impressed)
 And you want to change that?

RICK
 (passionate)
 Now I'm finally C.E.O., I can bring
 this company back to what my father
 wanted it to be; a force for change
 and renewal, to help those who can't
 help themselves, beyond our products.
 (pauses, proudly)
 This city made him the man he was, a
 hero. I want to do what he did and
 give back to it.

Off Beth, enjoying the sight of an energized Rick...

INT. S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Trayce and Danny are sat at their desks, going over various
 files, as Maggie approaches, looking dour.

MAGGIE
 My friend in Quantico just confirmed
 it. The F.B.I. are also looking into
 the Rathaway Business Group.

TRAYCE
 (whistles, impressed)
 Looks like Osgood done bad.

DANNY
 Did your friend explain why?

MAGGIE
 Apparently, the Group is strongly
 suspected to have ties to certain
 criminal organizations that are on
 their high priority list, but he
 wouldn't name names. He did say,
 though, that the Group has been doing
 a lot of under-the-table dealings
 with firms of a disreputable nature.

DANNY
 Like?

MAGGIE
 Amertek for one. Daggert Industries
 for another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

(scoffs)

Calling them 'disreputable' is an understatement.

(sighs)

I wish we could say we've had as much luck as you had.

MAGGIE

The grudge list not panning out?

TRAYCE

Oh, plenty of disgruntled ex-employees, that's for sure. It seems Osgood won't win any 'Boss of the Year' awards.

DANNY

But nothing concrete on any of them to point to them being the Piper.

MAGGIE

So, another dead end? Great.

TRAYCE

Actually, I might have something, but it's a stretch.

She taps at her keyboard, then turns the monitor to face Maggie and Danny, pointing at the image of a smiling LEE.

TRAYCE (cont'd)

Meet Hartley Rathaway, eldest child of Osgood and Rachel Rathaway, and proverbial black sheep. Apparently, after college and law school, he left the family company behind, and became a voice for social justice. He currently works for the Carmichael Initiative.

MAGGIE

The Mayor's charity of choice this year? Co-incidence?

TRAYCE

Maybe, maybe not. But the big thing I found was that, despite his law degree and passing the bar, young Hartley actually makes his money as a freelance inventor and electronics whiz.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Nice work, Trayce. Can you find where he is?

TRAYCE

I can call the Initiative, see if they know?

DANNY

(distracted)

Is it me, or does Hartley look... familiar?

MAGGIE

(scrutinizing image)

Now that you mention it, yeah. Something about that smile. I swear I've seen it--

(stops, worried)

Oh, crap!

She turns and BOLTS out of the squad room, leaving a confused Danny and Trayce behind...

INT. WALLY'S OFFICE, FORENSIC FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie BURSTS into the empty office, and frantically begins looking around, before spotting an array of FRAMED PHOTOS on a small wall ledge behind the desk.

As a curious Juanita steps up and into the office, Maggie quickly checks each photo, before lifting one up, looking concerned.

MAGGIE

God, Wally, what have you got mixed up in this time?

MAGGIE'S P.O.V.: In her hand is a framed photo of a younger, laughing Wally. Next to him, a just as amused Lee/Hartley.

JUANITA

Captain? You okay?

MAGGIE

No. No, I'm really not. I think Wally may be making a big mistake.

(turns to her)

I hate to ask, but can you access his computer, tell me his recent activity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUANITA

(nodding, determined)

Sure thing. You wouldn't ask unless
you really thought he was in trouble.

She quickly gets to work, as Maggie hovers over shoulder...

INT. PIED PIPER'S ROOM, BRISTOL HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Wally sits a small dining table in front of a LAPTOP,
complete with external HARD DRIVE and a large MANILLA FOLDER
beside it. He reads the screen in slack-jawed disbelief.

WALLY

(shocked)

I-- I always knew your dad was a bit
dark, but I'd never have thought...

(pauses, realizing)

This is why you turned your back on
the company?

LEE

It hurt them a lot when I did, but I
just couldn't work there every day
and pretend I didn't know the truth!

(sighs)

I owe my parents so much. You know
what my life would have been like
without the things they did for me.

WALLY

(softly)

Yeah, yeah, I do.

LEE

But loyalty only goes so far. My dad,
he's wrong to do what he's been
doing, defrauding people, ruining
lives. That's why I became the 'Pied
Piper', used my knack for building
things to create what I needed to
become a thorn in their side.

WALLY

Why the Piper?

LEE

(laughs)

I always loved that tale. How
Hamlin's citizens suffered because
leaders reneged on a deal. It shows
you can't step on the little guy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE (cont'd)

(sighs)

The Piper threw my dad and his cronies off their game long enough for me to gather all this evidence. I have hard copies and digital copies of everything, and have multiple back-ups, just in case.

WALLY

(impressed)

I can't believe you did all this by yourself.

LEE

(embarrassed)

Well, I did have some help. An inside source whose been helping me, feeding me information when they could, and helping set up the 'attacks' by the Piper for maximum public effect, but they're all show, no real harm.

WALLY

I don't know, making every glass and window of the Mayor's house explode may not have been a good idea. Not to mention causing a skyscraper to come close to collapsing. You got lucky, real lucky, Lee.

LEE

(defensive)

Minor miscalculations, maybe, but I knew what I was doing.

(teasing)

You wanna see it?

WALLY

(eyes wide, excited)

The flute? Hell, yeah!

Lee picks the flute from the bed, and offers it to Wally, who gently takes hold of it, studying it from every angle, in awe.

WALLY (cont'd)

(impressed)

Whoa. Nice work, Lee. You always did have a magic touch with electronics, not to mention your obsession with sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

(laughs)

Hey, I was a delinquent genius teenager, I needed to channel my skill somewhere. Not many people born like me get that opportunity.

VRING!

Wally quickly lays the flute down with gentle care as he fishes his cellphone out of his jacket with his free hand. He swallows hard, before answering. *Busted.*

WALLY

(false cheer)

Hey, Boss. What's up?

INT. WALLY'S OFFICE, FORENSIC FACILITY - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

Maggie stands in front of the desk, cellphone to her ear, free hand on her hips, irate.

MAGGIE

Don't even, Wally. I don't need to run the GPS on your phone to know you're with Hartley Rathway. A.K.A. our prime suspect for being the Pied Piper.

WALLY

Ah, I see you kinda figured it out on your own.

MAGGIE

We're very good that way.
(sighs)
Just tell me you're okay, and you have a good reason for it.

WALLY

I do, I do, I swear. I'll explain everything when I get--

INT. PIED PIPER'S ROOM, BRISTOL HOTEL - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

SMASH!! The door to the hotel room is broken open as several BURLY MEN dressed in BLACK STEALTH GEAR force their way in. Wally, startled, drops his cellphone to the floor with a loud *thunk!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (O.S.)
(over phone)
Wally? Wally?! What's happening?!

LEE
(stunned)
What the hell?

PFFFT! PFFT!

Wally blinks slowly, looking confused, before he notices the SMALL DART in his arm. Understanding dawns just as he passes out.

WALLY
(disappointed)
Oh, crap-cakes.

Within seconds, both Wally and Lee, similarly tranquilized, fall heavily to the floor. They are each grabbed by two men, like a sack of potatoes, and carried out unceremoniously.

One of the men gathers up all the electronic equipment from the bed and desk, while another quickly raids the wardrobe and pulls out the Piper costume, before exiting along with the rest of his comrades.

Forgotten on the floor, the screen cracked and black, is Wally's cellphone...

CUT TO BLACK:

End of ACT THREE

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. PIED PIPER'S ROOM, BRISTOL HOTEL - DAY

CLOSE ON: Wally's broken cell, as a hand clad in a PURPLE LATEX GLOVE picks it up, and drops it into an evidence bag.

PULL BACK to reveal it's JUANITA sealing the bag, mask of professionalism in place, but a glint of worry visible in her eyes. Around her, the S.C.U. team move around the room, searching for any and all kinds of clues.

Standing in the corner, watching it all, is a stoic MAGGIE, arms crossed in a completely defensive posture...

LEE (PRE-LAP)
(faint, urging)
Wally? Wally?! Wake up!

INT. REAR COMPARTMENT, PANEL VAN - CONTINUOUS

WALLY, blinking several times, slowly regains consciousness, lifting his head up with effort, squinting in the low light of the compartment. Lee sits opposite him, in a lotus position, hands buried between his legs.

WALLY
(groans, coughs)
Ugh, what did they hit us with?
(swallows, gags)
My mouth feels like sandpaper.

LEE
(resigned)
If that were our only problem.

He raises his hands, showing the cable-tie like RESTRAINTS binding his wrists. Wally, eyes wide, looks down and vainly pulls at his own wrists, similarly bound.

WALLY
Oh, great! Any ideas?

LEE
I'm the Pied Piper, not Houdini!

WALLY
What about where we're going?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

No clue.

WALLY

(panicked)

They're your friends!

LEE

(defensive)

Hey! I was drugged too and tied up too! Whoever these bastards are, they're no friends of mine!

WALLY

(takes breath, calmer)

You're right, you're right. I'm sorry, I'm just a little freaked out.

LEE

Yeah? Well, so am I, okay. We're totally out of my comfort zone right now.

(pauses, desperate)

What do we do?

WALLY

(sighs)

The first thing, we have to try to stay calm. I know, not the easiest thing, but the best thing. Second, the first obligation of a prisoner is to escape.

LEE

(surprised)

Where'd you hear that, police training or something?

WALLY

(grins)

Nope. Binge-watching "Babylon 5".

(beat)

How much wiggle-room do you have in those restraints.

Both of them make an effort to move their hands, but freeze when the vehicle come to a stop, and the engine dies.

LEE

(whispers)

I think we've arrived... wherever it is we're going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SIDE DOOR opens, allowing bright light to fill the compartment. Both Lee and Wally squint and grimace from the abrupt glare in their eyes, before noticing the two BURLY MEN aiming TASERS at them.

BURLY MAN #1

Out. Now.

After sharing a worried look, both captives start shuffling towards the open door...

EXT. BRISTOL HOTEL, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - AFTERNOON

Standing just out of the way of the main entrance, and the ragged awning that covers it, MAGGIE chews on an unlit cigarette, toying with a lighter. DANNY steps out, looks around, spotting her quickly, frowning as he approaches.

DANNY

You okay, Boss?

MAGGIE

(sighs)

Why didn't he come to us, Danny? Why didn't he come to me? We could have avoided all this crap!

DANNY

Maybe. Maybe not. We both know what Wally's like when he gets it into his head to do something. Obviously, this Lee, Hartley, whatever, is important enough that he wanted to deal with it himself.

(beat)

I'm not saying he did the right thing, but given who he looks up to, can you blame him?

Maggie smiles softly, patting and rubbing Danny's shoulder affectionately for a moment, until Trayce exits the hotel, and strides towards them, looking impressed, as she flicks through her notes.

TRAYCE

Definitely a professional extraction job. Aside from the busted door of the room itself, their entry was clean. I'm guessing they used service entrances and elevators to make their way up, had a vehicle already standing by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

No witnesses at all?

DANNY

The hotel runs on a minimal staff.
They made their move at just the
right time.

(checks notes)

I confirmed that one Hartley Rathaway
was registered here, booked and paid
for by the Carmichael Initiative.

TRAYCE

But we didn't find anything in his
room to incriminate him, to link him
and the 'Pied Piper'.

MAGGIE

(determined)

It's him, all right. I can't prove it
yet, but it's him.

(pauses, considers)

And someone else knows it too. They
clearly wanted Hartley out the way.

TRAYCE

Dear old Dad, perhaps? Maybe he
figured out his wayward son was the
root of all his current problem?

DANNY

(nods, agreeing)

And Wally was just in the wrong place
at the wrong time.

Off their concerned looks...

INT. STORAGE ROOM, SECURE RATHAWAY FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

A large darkened room, lit only by a series of portable work
lights, dotted around in a large, loose ring.

Both Wally and Lee are unceremoniously pushed into the room,
each with a TAZER aimed at their backs, wrists still bound.
Moved into the ring, they are both pushed to their knees, as
they look around, anxious.

WALLY

(bravado)

Just so you know, you've abducted an
employee of the Metropolis P.D.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY (cont'd)
I don't think they take very kindly
to that kind of thing.

SCUDDER (O.C.)
(lazily)
I really couldn't care less, Mr.
West.

LEE
(recognizing,
surprised)
Sam? Sam, is that you?

Out of the shadows steps Scudder, walking casually around
the perimeter of the ring of lights, hands in pockets.

SCUDDER
Yeah, it's me, Lee.
(teasing)
Surprise!

LEE
What the hell is going on?

SCUDDER
I'm afraid I've had to step up my
timetable, get things done a little
faster than originally planned.

LEE
What's that supposed to mean? I
thought we were a team? Who are all
these goons?

SCUDDER
(laughs)
You really don't get it, do you? Oh,
Mr. Holier-Than-Thou, you were so
easy to play, thinking you were
better than everybody else.

LEE
(worried, fearful)
Sam, you're scaring me.

WALLY
(realizing)
Lee, why'd you become the Pied Piper?

LEE
I told you, to make a difference, to
allow me to gain the evidence I
needed to--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

(interrupts, forceful)

Was it Sam here, who convinced you to do it.

LEE

No! No, it was my idea... Well, kind of, I mean, he encouraged...

(realizing, upset)

Oh my God.

SCUDDER

(taunting)

And there it is, folks, the moment of realization! Ha, oh, I've been waiting to see that face.

LEE

(despondent)

Why?!

Scudder enters the ring, striding over to stare down at the helpless Lee, exuding pride in his own accomplishments.

SCUDDER

Because you made it so easy!

He kneels down in front of Lee, grinning in delight at the raw emotion Lee is trying to hold back, eyes wet with tears.

SCUDDER (cont'd)

(condescendingly)

The black sheep of the Rathaway family, so angry about dear daddy getting into bed with 'criminals' that you practically handed me your puppet strings.

(taunts)

All the better to bring down Rathaway with.

WALLY

I'm guessing you're not going to monologue long enough to tell us who you really work for, right?

SCUDDER

I'm not a Bond villain, Mr. West.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a small plastic I.D. card. He studies it for a moment, before flicking it to the floor - it's Wally's POLICE I.D.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCUDDER (cont'd)
I don't need the S.C.U. getting wind
of every detail here.

LEE
Leave him out of this, Sam, please.

SCUDDER
Sorry, no can do. I'm not sure why he
was with you at the hotel, not that I
really care, to be honest.

LEE
(hurt)
Yeah, I'm kind of figuring out
jealousy isn't in your emotional
wheelhouse.

SCUDDER
(sarcastic)
Aww, have I upset you, Lee, honey?
(pauses, delights)
Did you really think I actually felt
anything for you?

SMACK! With surprising speed and ferocity, Lee CLUBS Scudder
full in the face with a DOUBLE-HANDED PUNCH!

Scudder hits the floor in a startled heap, clutching the
side of his face, as Lee angrily stares down at him.

LEE
Feel anything now?
(spits)
Bastard!

Several of the hired goons approach, tazers out, but Scudder
quickly waves them off as he climbs to his feet.

SCUDDER
Back off, that's an order!
(pauses)
We still need him for the moment. Go
get him into character for his next
performance.

A couple of the burly men lift a struggling Lee to his feet.

LEE
Whatever you've got planned, I won't
be a part of it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCUDDER

Not even to protect the life of your
little friend here?

He pulls out a large PISTOL from a holster under his jacket, aiming it scare at Wally's face. Wally instinctively flinches in fear, closing his eyes, swallowing hard.

LEE

No, stop! Don't hurt him!

SCUDDER

I won't, as long as you shut up and
do what I say.

(beat, bored)

Now, get along with you already!

As the burly men lead Lee out...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM #1, 8TH PRECINCT - AFTERNOON

OSGOOD RATHAWAY, looking as polished as earlier, sits calmly at the interview room table, hands resting on top, fingers interlaced loosely. Next to him sits his LAWYER, the picture of a over-paid bloodhound.

LAWYER

I want it noted that my client came
in on his own free will, and is more
then willing to cooperate in any
investigations you have going on.

(pauses)

Despite the antagonistic line of
questioning used earlier.

Sitting opposite, the picture of calm and tranquility, is RALPH DIBNY. He smiles gently, humoring the lawyer. Behind him stands JUANITA, holding several manila folders close to her chest, watching with interest.

DIBNY

We appreciate Mr. Rathaway taking the
time away from work, especially with
everything going on at the moment.

Juanita offers one of her folders to Dibny, who takes it and opens it up in the center of the table. It contains several images of Lee. Osgood immediately tenses.

DIBNY (cont'd)

Your son, Hartley. You don't exactly
have a close relationship, do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSGOOD

What's the meaning of this?

LAWYER

(anxious)

Osgood, please.

(calmer)

What's the reason for this line of questioning?

DIBNY

We'll get to that shortly, but if you could advise your client to answer, we'll get there quicker.

OSGOOD

(off Lawyer's nod)

We had a falling out, it's a matter of public record, as you well know.

DIBNY

But could you clarify why?

OSGOOD

(sighs, annoyed)

Hartley was- is- something of a dreamer. He has a hard time seeing the reality of things, especially how hard it is to get by in the cutthroat world of business.

(beat, defensive)

Sometimes you have to make decisions that you don't like, but are for the good of the company in the long run.

DIBNY

And these decisions? They put you and your son at odds?

OSGOOD

Unfortunately, yes. It's something I regret, and wish I could fix, but it's not that simple.

DIBNY

(sympathetic)

I'm afraid you have no idea.

Off Osgood's frown, Dibny takes another folder from Juanita, opening it to reveal several more pictures that Dibny lays out on the table. Blurry but distinguishable security captures of the 'Pied Piper', next to a full-face image of Hartley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREEN LINES run from various comparison points from each capture to the image of Hartley next to them.

DIBNY (cont'd)

Ms. Mendoza here is one of our crime lab techs. She does some amazing work with our computers.

OSGOOD

I don't..?

JUANITA

I obtained the original security feed footage from each of the Pied Piper attacks in Central and Keystone City, and enhanced the resolution enough to run facial comparisons.

LAWYER

(defensive)

This won't stand up in court.

DIBNY

We're not in court right now, are we? I'm not trying to convince a jury of what is 'truth'.

(beat)

I'm just trying to show a father what his son has become in order to make a point.

OSGOOD

No! No, Hartley wouldn't hurt anyone!

JUANITA

That's just it, sir. Neither has the Piper. All his attacks against your company, no one was ever hurt. Any guards caught in the incidents always found themselves out of harm's way with no memory of getting there.

DIBNY

Here's the thing, Mr. Rathaway. Your son has gone missing, alongside one of our staff. We believe they've been abducted for some reason.

(beat, leading)

Perhaps you know why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSGOOD

What? No! I would never hurt my son!
 (pauses, realizing)
 But maybe...

LAWYER

Osgood, I'd advise you to--

OSGOOD

(furious)
 No! This is my son we're talking
 about, I won't let anyone hurt him,
 no matter what he's being doing.
 (sighs)
 Scudder. Sam Scudder, my security
 consultant, I put him in charge of
 finding out who the Piper was, to try
 and catch him.

DIBNY

And?

OSGOOD

A few weeks ago, I began to suspect
 that maybe he's already found out
 something, but was keeping it to
 himself.

Off Dibny's curious look...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

Samuel Joseph Scudder, a nasty piece
 of work.

INT. S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM, 8TH PRECINCT - LATER

The whole S.C.U. team (sans Todd) stand around the TECH AREA
 of the bull-pen. Juanita sits at the computer, working the
 keyboards as the others look at the CENTRAL SCREEN, which
 shows a RAP-SHEET AND MUG SHOT of Sam Scudder.

MAGGIE

Not exactly a man of principles,
 started working for the Rathaway
 Business Group little over two years
 ago. Before that, he's worked for
 various other companies as an
 independent 'security consultant'.

DANNY

Why'd Rathaway hire a man like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCHER

Desperation. The Business Group got hit hard by the recession, and a few internal incidents made Rathaway paranoid enough to bring someone in to 'clean house'.

TRAYCE

Okay, fair enough. But if we're thinking that Scudder is working with Hartley, a.k.a. the Pied Piper, the question is why?

MAGGIE

I think we have an answer for that. Juanita?

JUANITA

I, uh, unofficially checked Scudder's bank records.

DANNY

(impressed)

Someone's been spending too much time with Wally and Todd.

JUANITA

(embarrassed)

Something like that, yeah. Anyway, Scudder receives significant and recurring deposits from several holding companies.

TRAYCE

'Holding companies'? As in shell companies?

JUANITA

I think so, yeah. But unfortunately, I haven't been able to trace them back to a definite identifiable source.

MAGGIE

We don't have time for that anyway, but it does tell us one thing.

TRAYCE

(realizing)

Scudder's a plant. He's working for someone else to ruin the RBG from inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY

And he's been using Hartley to do that, probably to set him up as a scapegoat for when everything comes crashing down.

MAGGIE

I think we spooked Scudder when we turned up at the Commerce Tower.

(looks at screen,
angry)

Whatever endgame he has, he's setting it into motion now.

Off the dead look in the eyes of Scudder's mugshot...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM, SECURE RATHAWAY FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Scudder paces, walking off some anxious energy, as Wally sits, as calm as he can manage, on the floor, as two of Scudder's men, tazers at the ready, watch him.

The doors open (O.S.) and Scudder looks over, stopping his pacing, breaking into a malicious smile.

SCUDDER

There, now! Someone looks ready for his close-up!

Lee, now dressed out fully in his 'Pied Piper' garb, is escorted over by his own set of guards into the lit area.

WALLY

(defiant)

Whatever he wants you to do, Lee, don't do it!

BZZ!! One of the guards thrusts a tazer into Wally's side. He CRIES OUT, falling to the floor, whole body quivering from the painful ELECTRIC SHOCK.

LEE

(horrified)

Stop! Stop it!

SCUDDER

Easy boys, don't hurt the insurance package too much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE
 (resigned)
 Please, Sam. I'll do whatever you
 ask. Just don't hurt him.

Wally, grimacing with effort, carefully turns his wrist and
 start playing with his WATCH.

CLOSE ON: The watch SCREEN, as text appears: "GPS ACTIVE".

SCUDDER
 See, I wish I could believe you, but
 you're too smart for your own good,
 and I can't have you breaking
 character and ruining everything I've
 been working towards.

He pulls out a SMALL CONTROL DEVICE from a pocket, and aims
 it at a confused Lee.

LEE
 What the hell is--

BLEEP! Lee SCREAMS in agony, hands pressing to his ears,
 dropping to his knees as Scudder activates the device. He
 writhes for a second, before going ominously still.

WALLY
 (weak)
 What did you do?

SCUDDER
 Made sure he won't disobey my
 commands.
 (to Lee)
 Stand up.

With stiff, unpracticed movements, Lee does as instructed,
 staring straight ahead with dead, unseeing eyes. Scudder
 even SNAPS HIS FINGERS a few times in front of them,
 checking for signs of awareness. *Nothing.*

WALLY
 (realizing)
 The implants. You did something to
 them.

SCUDDER
 (impressed)
 You do know him well, don't you. He
 doesn't tell just anyone about them.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCUDDER (cont'd)
(gestures at device)
With this, he'll now follow my every
command. So now, it's time for the
Pied Piper to live up to his
reputation.

Off Wally's horrified look...

EXT. CENTENNIAL PLAZA, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - EVENING

The entire area is packed with people, a huge CHRISTMAS TREE, decorated to the hilt in lights, the main focus. Various vendors of Christmas treats (candies, hot chocolate, roasted chestnuts) serve the hungry masses.

Under the tree, sits SANTA CLAUS, entertaining and listening to the children who come to him. Standing around, helping out by giving gifts to waiting children, are recognizable faces - Beth, Petrelli, Rick Tyler and Sue Dearbon.

News reporters and camera crews follow the event, talking up the event to their viewers --

-- until the Pied Piper walks in view, then all eyes fall on the strangely-costumed individual, a FLUTE in hand. He stops, amid the crowds of curious onlookers, and begins to play...

This melody is different, but still strangely haunting, evoking a kind of sadness from it's low notes. It has everyone transfixed in an odd kind of way, as all movement in the plaza stops. All anyone cares about is listening...

As the melody continues, the Piper walks through the crowd, which parts for him, like the Red Sea parted for Moses, allowing him to approach the mass of children at the gift-giving.

They stare up at him with the same reverence as the adults do. *Hypnotized.*

He turns and walks away - and without hesitation, the children *follow*. Without a second thought, they let go of the hands of their escorts, and walk after the Piper.

As the Piper walks away, the gathered children trailing after him...

CUT TO BLACK:

End of ACT FOUR

CONTINUED:

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. CENTENNIAL PLAZA, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - EVENING

The plaza seems frozen in time - not one person is moving, as Hartley, now, sitting on Santa's chair, continues to play. At his feet sit the children, while all the adults stare at him in adulation.

No-one pays any heed to the new helicopter hanging above.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
WGBS-TV News, reporting live from the
Gift-Giving ceremony at Centennial
Plaza, which has turned into a scene
out of a children's tale.

INT. S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Dibny and Trayce stand behind Juanita at the Tech Area, watching the news report live in the central screen. Juanita bites her nails anxiously.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Early reports indicate that the
costumed criminal known as the 'Pied
Piper' appeared on scene. But since
then there has been no indication as
to what he's actually up to.

DIBNY
(quietly, scared)
Sue.

INT. LIVING/KITCHEN AREA, TODD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JENNIFER, TODD and DAMON sit on a couch, hands clasped together, their faces creased with concern as they watch the same report on his wide-screen television.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
He appears to be sitting on the
stage, surrounded by the crowd,
playing some kind of instrument, like
his name sake. How or why he's doing
this is unknown.

INT. SCUDDER'S HOTEL ROOM, METROPOLIS GRAND - CONTINUOUS

Inside the standard room, Scudder is packing together all his personal items and clothing into a suitcase as quickly as possible.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Police units from nearby precincts responded, but officers were immediately caught up in whatever strange effect he's generating. Fortunately it seems the WGBS-TV news chopper is outside of it's range.

The nearby T.V. has the live news report playing in the background, which he watches for a moment, basking in his apparent victory, before continuing his packing...

INT. STORAGE ROOM, SECURE RATHAWAY FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Inside the now-darkened room, Wally, surprisingly calm, sits in the bright field of light left by the single work light left on. Occasionally, he makes the odd attempt at freeing his bound wrists, chewing on the plastic--

--until the doors BURST OPEN, and MAGGIE SAWYER storms in, in full tactical gear, accompanied by several S.W.A.T. officers in similar garb.

WALLY

(peevied)

Well, it's about damn time!

MAGGIE

(to S.W.A.T. team)

Spread out, search the whole complex.

(defensive)

We got here as soon as we could! What took you so long activating the GPS on your smartwatch?

WALLY

Next time you get kidnapped, see how long it takes you!

(sighs, relieved)

Good to see you, Cap.

Maggie breaks into a grin, helping to his feet, before pulling out a flick-knife, swiftly cutting his hands free.

MAGGIE

You too. This is becoming a habit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

Tell me about it! I have no desire to keep being the S.C.U.'s 'damsel in distress', thank you.

(pauses)

You can call the S.W.A.T. team back, there's no one here. I wasn't important enough to leave a guard for. Scudder sent everyone packing, and then disappeared himself.

MAGGIE

We figured out it was Scudder behind everything, but where does your friend Hartley fit into it?

WALLY

He's being used as a fall-guy. Maggie, he's not in control of his actions, Scudder used some kind of device to hypnotize him, then sent him out like a programmed attack dog!

MAGGIE

He's already at Centennial Park, causing chaos - he's put everyone there under some kind of hypnotic trance, using that damn flute. We can't get near there before falling under the affect ourselves.

WALLY

That's not the worst of it.

EXT. CENTENNIAL PLAZA, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - INTERCUT

The Piper, as he sits, continuing to play, in his chair, oblivious to everything around him.

WALLY (V.O.)

Scudder rigged him, with a remote detonator and enough plastic explosive to level the whole block.

CLOSE ON: The blinking RED L.E.D. of a small blocky DEVICE strapped around the Piper's waist.

INT. STORAGE ROOM, SECURE RATHAWAY FACILITY - AS BEFORE

MAGGIE

Wonderful. Any ideas?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

(smugly)

Actually, being sat here alone in the dark was very conducive to brainstorming. I just need to give Dr. Faulkner a call to grab a few things.

As Maggie and Wally proceed to head out of the room...

INT. SCUDDER'S HOTEL ROOM, METRO GRAND - CONTINUOUS

Scudder, now sipping a scotch, sits on the edge of the bed, while watching the news continue to play out.

VREEP! His cell phone, laying on the bed, displays 'INCOMING CALL - UNKNOWN CALLER'. He picks up and put on a small BLUE-TOOTH EARPIECE, pressing it as he does.

SCUDDER

Yes?

VOICE (V.O.)

(over phone)

Your patsy is doing his job extremely well.

SCUDDER

I told you I had everything ready to go if necessary.

VOICE (V.O.)

(over phone)

Your payment is being processed now, plus a bonus for bringing it to a close so succinctly.

SCUDDER

I appreciate that.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

This just in! The Special Crimes Unit has arrived on scene at Centennial Plaza!

Off Scudder's surprised look...

EXT. CENTENNIAL PLAZA, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Maggie, Danny and Trayce exit their vehicles, and carefully approach the plaza itself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

(relieved)

Well, I don't feel like I'm being hypnotized, so that must mean this things are working.

CLOSE ON: The small ELECTRONIC DEVICE, like an ear-bud but fancier, just inside her ear.

DANNY

Same here, Boss.

TRAYCE

Back at you. Nice work, West.

She looks over her shoulder, at the S.T.A.R. Labs PANEL VAN parked by the curb, complete with a satellite farm on top.

INT. S.T.A.R. LABS MOBILE LAB - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

Wally, alongside Kitty and Juanita, sits watching and working the bank of computers and equipment inside the mobile lab.

WALLY

(grins, proudly)

Well, I do try. Can't take all the credit though, it was just handy Dr. F here kept Wladen's stuff around.

KITTY

Just make sure you don't loose them, otherwise you'll be susceptible to the subsonic frequencies that are being used to hypnotize everyone.

JUANITA

At least, that's the theory, anyway.

EXT. CENTENNIAL PLAZA, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - AS BEFORE

Cautiously, the detectives slowly make their way around the still forms of the adults, approaching the main stage where the Piper continues to sit and play. No-one seems bothered by their efforts--

-- until everyone suddenly TURNS TO FACE THEM! Dead eyes stare out at the detectives from every direction.

TRAYCE

Uh-oh. What's happening?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

I think our puppet master is pulling some strings. Look.

She points, to where the Piper has now stood from his chair, looking over at them. He has the same dead expression as the others, but continues to play. At his silent command, the crowds begin to MOVE INWARD, surrounding the detectives!

DANNY

Wally, please tell me your other plan is ready to go?!

INT. S.T.A.R. LABS MOBILE LAB - CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT

Wally, head and arms buried inside an open roof access panel, briefly pulls his head out, but keeps working.

WALLY

Almost finished installing it.

(to Kitty)

Did I mention I'm really glad you kept everything of Wladen's?

Kitty just grins in reply, as Wally makes a last adjustment, then slams the access panel shut.

WALLY (cont'd)

It's ready! Transmit now!

As Kitty slams a hand down on a CONTROL...

EXT. CENTENNIAL PLAZA, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

A WAVE OF BARELY VISIBLE SONIC DISTORTION *bursts* from the van's large satellite dish, spreading through the plaza!

The Piper's flute SPARKS, circuits blowing before it is dropped to the floor.

The affect on the crowd is as instant, as they stop moving as one, and start stumbling about. People blink, and look around in confusion and fear, Beth, Rick and Sue among them.

MAGGIE

(relieved)

It worked!

(determined)

Time for the third part of the plan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a burst of speed, Maggie races up to the Piper, who looks down at the remains of his flute with a blank face, oblivious as Maggie approaches.

Confronting him, Maggie reaches into her jacket and pulls out a small GUN-SHAPED DEVICE.

WALLY (V.O.)
(over radio, cautious)
Remember, just a two-second burst!

MAGGIE
I got it!

She aims and fires! A blast of BLUE ENERGY strikes the Piper square in the chest, dancing across his body as he convulses.

As the energy fades, and he blinks with awareness, life returning to his features. He pulls off his glasses, looking around in surprise.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
(smiles in relief)
It's done. He's free.

Off her thankful smile...

INT. SCUDDER'S HOTEL ROOM, METRO GRAND - CONTINUOUS

Scudder, cursing, angrily throws the now-empty scotch glass across the room. It SMASHES against the far wall, as he stands and grabs his suitcase.

VOICE (V.O.)
(over phone)
It appears you were premature in celebrating victory, Mr. Scudder.

SCUDDER
I need to get out of here.

He heads to the door with all haste, opening it--

-- to find RALPH DIBNY, alongside several PATROL OFFICERS, standing there, ready and waiting.

DIBNY
Samuel Joseph Scudder, you're under arrest.

Scudder drops the suitcase, as he realizes he's finished.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 Such a pity. We had such plans for
 you, Mr. Scudder.

CLICK! The phone line terminates, as Scudder faces the realization he's on his own now, raising his hands in defeat...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 8TH PRECINCT, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - EVENING

Establishing shot of the building.

WALLY (PRELAP)
 Lee was born almost totally deaf.

INT. SQUAD COMMANDER'S OFFICE, SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie, Lee and Wally sit in her office. Lee gratefully sips a steaming cup of coffee. As Wally talks, his fingers and hands are in continuous motion - AMERICAN SIGN LANGUAGE.

WALLY
 His parents spent millions on R&D on creating sophisticated hearing aids that were surgically implanted and tailored specifically for the defects that made Lee that way.

LEE
 (voice odd, distorted
 since he can't hear
 himself)
 That's how he was able to control me - he hacked my implants.

MAGGIE
 (realizing)
 Which were shorted by the EMP gun.

LEE
 It was very strange coming to in the middle of the Park, and not hearing anything but a loud buzzing noise!
 (upset)
 All this, just to ruin my family's business?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

(signing)

We think Scudder was working for someone to disgrace the family and eventually allow a hostile takeover when stocks plummeted.

MAGGIE

Scudder won't say who, though, probably out of fear of reprisal.

(pauses, difficult)

Unfortunately, Lee, you could face charges as well. You may not have been in control at the Park, but everything else you did, you were.

LEE

(resigned)

I know, I'm prepared for that. It was always something I knew could happen, and I was willing to pay that price.

OSGOOD (O.C.)

(comforting)

You won't have to, my boy.

Everyone looks up in surprise as Osgood Rathaway walks into the office, carrying a MANILLA FOLDER.

LEE

Father? What are you doing here?

OSGOOD

Doing something decent for once. I've made a deal with the State Attorney.

He hands Maggie the folder. She quickly peruses, eyes wide.

OSGOOD (cont'd)

This was all my mess, not yours. You were just trying to bring injustice to light. So now, I'm doing that too.

LEE

What does he mean?

MAGGIE

(stunned)

He's made a deal. In exchange for information about all the RBG's illegal dealings, he'll get a lenient sentence for himself, and no charges at all against you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

Dad, no! I know I've been angry with you, but--

OSGOOD

No, son. It's what I deserve. I did what I did to protect my family, but I nearly destroyed it. So now I'm doing what I have to in order to make it right. I don't care what they do to me, as long as you were safe.

MAGGIE

(impressed, offers hand)

That's a very decent thing you're doing, Mr. Rathaway.

OSGOOD

(shakes hand)

Thank you, Captain. Now, if I could have a moment or two with my son.

On Lee's nod, Maggie and Wally exit the office into the squad room proper. They watch as father and son embrace in a loving hug, tears in Lee's eyes...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM, 8TH PRECINCT - LATER

Danny sits at his desk, typing up a report, before yawning loudly.

JUANITA (O.C.)

Don't you ever go home, Detective?

Danny looks up to see Juanita approaching with a MANILLA FOLDER. He smiles tiredly.

DANNY

No reason to. The wife and kid are visiting family in Reno this week.

(teasing)

Besides, I could say the same about you.

JUANITA

I just wanted to give you this.

(concerned)

That assignment you gave me before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY
(surprised)
You found something already?

JUANITA
(worried)
See, that's the thing. You came to me
and asked me to I.D. someone.

DANNY
And did you?

JUANITA
Not exactly.

She opens the folder, arraying the dozen PHOTOS in front of him. Each is the same person but different outfits and locations. The young NATIVE AMERICAN from the crime scene.

DANNY
(confused)
What is..?

JUANITA
I couldn't find an I.D., but I did
find him in crime scene photos of a
dozen S.C.U. cases over the past 3
months.
(pauses)
All cases *you* were on site for.

DANNY
(realizing)
He's following me.
(horrified)
He's *stalking* me.

Off Danny's bewildered look...

CUT TO BLACK:

End of ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE