

METROPOLIS: SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT  
SEASON ONE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL | "CHARITY"

Written By  
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Based on "Smallville", developed for  
television by Alfred Gough, and Miles Miller

Based on DC Comics Characters

Executive Producers  
Alex Matthews, Chris Davis &  
Jack Malone

XaleCorp Productions 2014

CAST

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

AND

DR. KITTY FAULKNER ..... Felicia Day

RECURRING GUEST CAST

TODD RICE ..... Chris Lowell  
TOBY RAINES ..... Kelly Rowan  
RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS ..... Gregory Cruz  
BO 'BIBBO' BIBBOWSKI ..... Steve Austin  
WHISPER A'DAIRE ..... Jamie Ray Newman  
SUZIE TURPIN ..... Sarah Smythe

GUEST CAST

JAMIE SAWYER ..... Hayley McFarland  
CLAUDE SANTINI ..... Noah Emmerich  
JOSHUA COYLE ..... Simon Baker  
TELEVISION EXEC .....  
STEVIE TURPIN .....

SPECIAL GUEST STAR

OSWALD LOOMIS ..... David Tennant

## TEASER

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

1 EXT. WGBS STUDIOS - CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

It's a large, modern building, all glass and concrete, at least a couple of dozen stories, with the "WGBS" logo on the roof, covered in a soft layer of SNOW that continues to fall from the sky.

COYLE (PRE-LAP)

Okay, people, it's crunch time,  
talk to me!

2 INT. BOARD ROOM - WGBS STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

Inside a well appointed but spartan meeting room, sit a half dozen people, all dressed smartly and presentable, but all looking a tad UNSURE of themselves.

At the head of the table, sits JOSHUA COYLE (mid-40s, blonde, handsome and a little cocky), looking around the room at the OBVIOUSLY NERVOUS faces of his staff.

He SIGHS, and shakes his head, before standing up and pointing to the large MONITOR behind him, which displays a LINE CHART, the large red line that ZIG-ZAGS wildly before taking a steep dive towards the end.

COYLE

People, come on! Look at these  
figures! These are not good! What  
are we doing wrong here?

One of the execs (a younger, Oriental woman) timidly raises a hand, and VISIBLY FLINCHES when Coyle nearly pounces on her.

COYLE (cont'd)

Yes! Sheila, what have you got?

SHEILA

(nervous)

Well, Mr. Coyle, from what we've  
been hearing back from our market  
research division, regular  
viewers are having a hard time  
with the changes we've made since  
the takeover.

COYLE

(annoyed)

We knew that going in, there'd be  
some adjustments as we changed

(MORE)

COYLE (cont'd)  
the line up, rearranged the  
schedule, but things should have  
picked up by now. What do your  
researchers say to that, huh?!

SHEILA  
Well, sir, it seems that KZXP  
have upped their own figures by  
doing the same thing, but their  
changes have been more popular  
than ours.

Coyle COLLAPSES back into his chair with another sigh,  
looking DEFEATED as he shakes his head.

COYLE  
Give it to me straight. Are we  
still paying for last year's  
little SNAFU?

Sheila visibly SWALLOWS, and nods slowly, as the rest of  
the execs exchange nervous looks.

SHEILA  
Honestly, sir, I think we're  
going to be feeling that for a  
while yet. Especially given the  
time of year, and the absence of  
the usual festive line up of  
programming.

Coyle quickly LEANS FORWARD, and points AGGRESIVELY at  
each and every exec at the table.

COYLE  
Okay! So, we need a Christmas  
boost! I want ideas from all of  
you on how we can do that.

He looks straight at Sheila, and GRINS WIDELY.

COYLE (cont'd)  
Sheila, go!

Sheila BLINKS a couple of times, looking almost DAZED,  
before she too smiles in a lazy fashion.

SHEILA  
(amused)  
Well, we could, uh...

She trails off, her eyes drooping closed for a brief  
second before suddenly GIGGLING! Surprised, she slaps a  
hand to her mouth, her eyes WIDE, as the rest of the execs  
and Coyle looked at her, CURIOUSLY.

One of the other execs, a younger man, suddenly SNORTS IN AMUSEMENT, before breaking out into a FULL LAUGH! The exec next to him, a woman, also starts to CHUCKLE as well.

Coyle, FROWNING, but still with a lazy smile, looks around the table as EVERYONE starts giggling, chuckling, chortling in one way or another, until they are all ERUPTING into full-bellied LAUGHTER!

COYLE

(confused, giggles  
occasionally)

What the-? Why are you- are you  
all- laugh- laughing?! What's so  
DAMN FUNNY?!

Coyle FINALLY joins in with the rest, his laughing the LOUDEST of the group, as they struggle to BREATHE with the massive gigglefits that have consumed each of them.

Coyle STRUGGLES to stand up, using the table to push himself up, as the execs all start to slump forward onto the table top, UNCONSCIOUS, until only Coyle is awake and laughing.

He staggers BACK into his chair, slumped and barely conscious, his eyes half closed, before finally PASSING OUT as well.

The room is SILENT and STILL for a moment, until the door opens, and in walks A MAN, dressed in a LIME-GREEN SUIT, with a certain CLOWN-LIKE quality to it, complete with matching GREEN BOWLER HAT, a red BOW-TIE, and a FAKE YELLOW FLOWER on the lapel.

His face is OBSCURED, in some kind of HI-TECH GAS MASK, only covering his nose and mouth, leaving his eyes visible, as he takes in the sight of all the unconscious executives.

He pulls off the mask, revealing the MALICIOUS GRIN underneath.

MAN

(pleased)

Whaddya know, laughter CAN be bad  
for you after all!

Off the MANIC GLEAM in his dark eyes, we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

OPEN FROM BLACK:

3 EXT. METROPOLIS INTERNATIONAL - HELL'S GATE ISLAND - DAY

The snow continues to fall softly, not enough to interfere with normal airport operations, as planes continue to taxi down runways, or come in for landings - life goes on.

4 INT. ARRIVALS - METROPOLIS INTERNATIONAL - CONTINUOUS

It's the usual holiday bustle in the busy airport, as people either say their goodbyes or happily reunite with loved ones.

FOCUS ON: A young woman (pretty, medium height, long light brown hair tied back in a pony tail), dressed casually and comfortably, pulling a suitcase behind her and with a carry on bag hanging off her shoulder.

FRONING ever so slightly, she looks around, a little concerned.

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
(excited)  
Jamie! Over here!

JAMIE SAWYER, turning towards the sound of her own name, breaks into a BIG HAPPY GRIN:

JAMIE'S P.O.V.: A practically BOUNCING MAGGIE SAWYER, standing next to a more calm but still smiling TOBY RAINES both wave.

Jamie, with a quick burst of speed, makes her way over to the waiting women, and is soon enveloped in a THREE-WAY HUG.

JAMIE  
Hey, Mom! Hey, Toby!

MAGGIE  
(thrilled)  
Good God, I've missed you, honey!  
I'm so glad to have you over for  
Christmas.

TOBY  
We both are, sweetie.

They finally BREAK APART, and the two grown ups quickly relieve the younger woman of her luggage, as they start to walk away.

JAMIE

Are you kidding? I'm way excited to see what Christmas is like in Metropolis!

MAGGIE

(laughs)

It isn't that different from Star City, you know, honey. Sure, we have to occasional excitement, but we handle it.

JAMIE

(unconvinced)

You would say that, you LIVE here all the time! You're used to it! I mean, I know you catch a lot of the bad guys, but you get to work with people like Booster Gold and Superman!

MAGGIE

(offput)

Well, I wouldn't say I 'work' with them, Jamie.

JAMIE

You know what I mean, Mom. SUPER heroes!

TOBY

Star City has Green Arrow, remember?

JAMIE

(uncertain)

Yeah, maybe, but it's not the same, he's just a guy with a thing for bows and arrows. Besides, Oliver Queen hasn't been the same since he moved back from Gotham.

MAGGIE

Well, I for one and hoping for a quiet and uneventful Christmas, this is my first one with the both of you, and I intend to enjoy every--

*RING!! RING!!*

Letting out an ANNOYED BREATH between clenched teeth, and closing her eyes for a moment, she reaches into her jacket, and pulls out her CELL-PHONE.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
I jinxed myself, didn't I?

TOBY  
You really should know better by  
now, babe.

With a shake of her head, she looks down at the screen, which displays "ONE NEW MESSAGE!". She presses the 'READ' icon, and the main text appears: "SITCH @ WGBS HQ. REAL WEIRD".

MAGGIE  
(curious)  
Something's up at the Galaxy  
Broadcasting studios, something  
'weird', apparently.

TOBY  
Hence why they're calling in the  
S.C.U.?

MAGGIE  
(annoyed)  
One can only assume. Damn it! I  
told them I was taking the  
afternoon off!

JAMIE  
It's okay, you should go, I know  
how you like the 'weird' cases  
the best.

Maggie looks at her daughter, SURPRISED.

MAGGIE  
(concerned)  
Are you sure, hun? My guys can  
handle this if need be.

JAMIE  
It's fine, Mom, go catch some bad  
guys, we'll see you later  
tonight.

MAGGIE  
Okay, if you're sure. Want me to  
drive you guys home first?

Toby SHAKES her head, as she takes the smaller bag of  
Jamie's from Maggie.

TOBY  
It's the other way across town,  
don't worry, we'll get a cab  
home. Go on, get out of here.



TODD

It's probably going to be busy,  
with the late lunch rush.

BETH

It's warm, that's all I care  
about right now.

Ever the gentleman, Todd opens the door for Beth, and they both quickly step in.

6 INT. BIBBO'S - MAIN BAR - CONTINUOUS

As they enter the establishment, both Beth and Todd FREEZE in their tracks, their excited smiles GONE, replaced by CONFUSED STARES.

"Bibbo's" is not only DEVOID of any type of Christmas decoration, but it is also completely EMPTY, not a soul in sight except for the lonely figure of BO 'BIBBO' BIBBOWSKI.

Bibbo is standing on his side of the bar, leaning against the surface, absently wiping it with a cloth, looking MISERABLE. But when he hears the chime of the door as it closes, he QUICKLY LOOKS UP, with a gleam of EAGERNESS.

BIBBO

Hey, Toddy Boy! Dr. Chapel, good to see you too. You two look like you need some coffee, huh? Coming right up!

As he moves over to the coffee pot behind the bar, Todd and Beth share a WORRIED LOOK, before approaching slowly, and taking a stool each.

TODD

Bibbo, what happened?

BIBBO

(confused)  
Whaddya mean?

TODD

This place is normally bustling at lunch time! All the off duty or retired cops that normally come here, where are they?

BIBBO

Ah, see, well, the thing is, I'm not exactly known for my festive cheer, so usually, my regulars, well, they tend to find somewhere else to go this time of year.

As he brings over to steaming mugs of coffee, Bibbo gives them an EMBARRASSED smile.

BETH  
Why is that?

BIBBO  
Let's just say that, me and, uh,  
'Christmas', we don't see eye-to  
eye.

BETH  
Is that why there aren't any  
decorations inside?

Bibbo NODS, becoming a little more EMPHATIC as he continues speaking.

BIBBO  
(aggressive)  
Yeah, see, all that tinsel, the  
bells, the huge tree, all that  
crap, that's not really  
Christmas, is it? It's just some  
corporate 'idea' of what  
Christmas is, in order to make us  
spend bucketloads of money each  
year!

Both Beth and Todd REACT to the vehemence in Bibbo's rant, UNSURE of how to react, as he continues.

BIBBO (cont'd)  
If you ask me, we've forgotten  
what Christmas is supposed to be  
about, and let ourselves get  
caught up in this corporate image  
and keep spending money, which  
only makes this false idea more  
valid!

He let's out an ANGRY SIGH, before shaking his head, and forcing a SMILE, as he picks up a couple of menus and tosses them down in front of each of them.

BIBBO (cont'd)  
Just give us a whistle when you  
want to order, okay.

As ONE, Beth and Todd SLOWLY NOD, watching carefully as Bibbo walks away, his SHOULDERS SLUMPED, FEET SHUFFLING as he does, before they share a "What the hell" look between them, as we:

CUT TO:

7 EXT. WGBS STUDIOS - CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - AFTERNOON

Several MPD PATROL CARS, alongside one unmarked car and a FORENSICS TEAM VAN, are parked outside the building, alongside two AMBULANCES, as Maggie's sedan pulls up and comes to a stop.

As she steps out, she looks around and takes note of what she sees: inside the ambulances, are people wearing OXYGEN MASKS, trying to get their breathing under control, while others give statements to uniformed officers.

With a FROWN, Maggie closes the door of the sedan and makes her way in to the studio itself.

8 INT. WGBS RECEPTION FOYER - WGBS STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

A large RECEPTION DESK fills the foyer but it is currently busy, as a uniformed PARAMEDIC tends to the young woman seated behind it, using another oxygen mask to help her with her breathing while taking her blood pressure.

Across the foyer, stand DETECTIVE DANNY TURPIN and SERGEANT RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS, each holding out a small pad and pen, as they talk to a woozy looking JOSHUA COYLE, who leans against a wall, knees slight bent.

As Maggie walks in, Danny looks up, and gives her a QUICK NOD of WELCOME, before leaving Ten Clouds to the interview, and heading over to meet her.

DANNY

Hey, Boss. It looks like some kind of attack, for lack of a better word.

MAGGIE

What do you mean?

DANNY

The perp gassed the entire building, but no one is missing, nothing is stolen, and what property damage there was is quickly fixable.

MAGGIE

Hence all the oxygen masks? What kind of gas was used?

DANNY

Not sure, the CSU guys already found the canisters plugged directly into the A.C. system, but whatever it was, it wasn't anything too serious, a few

(MORE)

DANNY (cont'd)  
 people needed a little bit more  
 attention to get their breathing  
 back under control, is all.

MAGGIE  
 What property damage was there?

Danny STIFLES A GRIN, unsuccessfully, earning a RAISED  
 EYEBROW from Maggie.

DANNY  
 Sorry, Boss. It's just that, uh,  
 well, someone trashed the  
 surveillance hard drive. They,  
 uh, they poured a litre of  
*Gatorade* over it.

MAGGIE  
 (caught off guard)  
 Gatorade? You're kidding, right?

DANNY  
 Nuh-uh, lime flavour. The CSUs  
 bagged and tagged it to send to  
 Wally just to see if he can  
 recover anything from it.

MAGGIE  
 Okay, anything else?

DANNY  
 Yeah, it seems this perp fancies  
 himself a comedian or something.

Off Maggie's CONFUSION, we:

CUT TO:

9 INT. BOARD ROOM - WGBS STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

Danny leads Maggie into the now-empty room, only for her  
 to stop DEAD in her tracks, tilting her head with a  
 QUIZZICAL EXPRESSION.

PULL BACK to reveal a large, brightly coloured BALLOON  
 BOUQUET sitting on the middle of the conference table.

MAGGIE  
 What the hell?

DANNY  
 Like I said, Boss. Check out the  
 message on the wall.

He points to the far wall, which Maggie quickl turns her  
 attention to, taking a few steps forward, FROWNING.

MAGGIE'S P.O.V.: Across the MONITOR SCREEN, someone has SPRAY-PAINTED the words "MERRY XMAS ASSHOLES!", and underneath that, they have tagged it as "THE PRANKSTER".

MAGGIE  
The 'Prankster'?

DANNY  
Apparently, yeah.

MAGGIE  
(sighs, unimpressed)  
Great, just what this country  
needs - another crazy-ass clown.

CLOSE ON the monitor screen and the message scrawled over it as we:

CUT TO:

10 EXT. BIBBO'S - BACK ALLEY - AFTERNOON (LATER)

With a heavy CREAK of effort, the back door to "Bibbo's" opens, and Bibbo himself, carrying a large GARBAGE CAN with some effort, steps out.

BIBBO  
(under his breath, annoyed)  
Damn stupid holidays, no trash  
pick up this week, this place is  
gonna stink!

He grabs hold of the trash bag, and EASES IT OUT as quickly but as gently as possible, ties it closed, and drags it over to the DUMPSTER, before heaving it onto his shoulder, ready to THROW IT --

-- only to suddenly JUMP BACKWARDS in SHOCK, dropping the garbage back in the process!

BIBBO  
Holy--!

Cautiously, carefully, he steps forward, and peers into the Dumpster, as we hear a SOFT GROAN.

BIBBO'S P.O.V.: Inside the dumpster, looking in a bad state, half-buried by rubbish, lies none other than SANTA CLAUS!

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

11 EXT. BIBBO'S - MIDTOWN DOCKS - AFTERNOON (LATER)

Establishing shot of the building.

BETH

(pre-lap)

I think he's going to be okay.

12 INT. BIBBO'S - MAIN BAR - CONTINUOUS

At one of the booths, sits SANTA CLAUS, or rather, an older gentleman, around his mid-50s, very rough and tumble looking, with longish unkempt salt-and-pepper hair and matching beard, dressed in a dirty Santa suit that's seen better days.

He HUNGRILY devours the sandwich that sits on a plate in front of him, and messily sips from a cup of coffee and we can see an assortment of aging bruises to his face, and a band-aid over his left eyebrow.

Standing by the bar, keeping watch on him, are BIBBO, BETH and TODD, all looking at him with some concern.

TODD

Who is he?

BIBBO

Name's Jonah, he's one of the regular homeless in the docks area. I sometimes give him a free breakfast if he's spent the night nearby before I open up.

BETH

Well, I gave him a once over, it looks like he's been in a fight or something. Nothing major that I can see, no obvious signs of internal damage from his responses either. But we really should call an ambulance for him, to be safe.

JONAH

No! No hospitals!

They all turn, SURPRISED, as Jonah WOOZILY tries to stand, but Bibbo quickly moves forward, and presses him back into the booth.

BIBBO

Easy, easy, buddy. Yeah, no hospitals we got it, it's fine.

Jonah, SEEMINGLY CALMED by Bibbo's words, nods and remains seated, turning back to his meal. Beth fixes a CURIOUS STARE on the returning Bibbo, and he quickly cracks under her gaze, SIGHING.

BIBBO

It's, uh, it's a long story.

TODD

Well, him being homeless might explain why he didn't have any I.D. on him.

BIBBO

That's probably more due to the fact that he doesn't actually know who he is.

BETH

Wait, you said his name was Jonah, didn't you?

BIBBO

No, that was just a name he took to using. From what he told me once, he doesn't remember anything of his life from before 8 years ago.

TODD

He's amnesiac? That sucks.

Beth looks back at 'Santa', a look of UNDERSTANDING dawning across her face.

BETH

There was evidence of significant head trauma, albeit old and healed, that could explain the memory loss. We should still take him to MetGen, I have friends there, if you're worried about insurance problems?

BIBBO

No, that's not it, there's something about hospitals, they freak him out, he doesn't know why, just that he can't go near one without a panic attack.

BETH

Well, what should we do?

Todd, FROWNING, looks back at Jonah for a moment, before breaking into a GRIN.

CLOSE ON: The coffee cup, which is now liberally labelled with Jonah's grimy fingerprints as he puts it back down and takes another bite of his almost-finished sandwich.

TODD (O.S.)

We put our resources to good use.

Off the dirt-streaked mug, we:

FADE TO:

13

INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - LATER

OPEN ON: The same mug, now in a clear plastic EVIDENCE BAG, sitting on the main equipment table before a hand reaches into frame and picks it up.

PULL BACK as WALLY WEST, wearing a BRIGHT-RED-AND-GREEN FESTIVE SWEATER, scrutinizes the mug, a little UNSURE LOOKING.

WALLY

Sooooo, basically, you want me to run Santa's fingerprints?

TODD, standing next to the table, SHAKES HIS HEAD, a little EMBARRASSED at Wally's summation.

TODD

No! Well, actually, yeah, I guess. Look, like I said, this guy has no idea who he really is, so maybe we can pull off a little Christmas miracle and find out for him, huh?

WALLY

I guess that's okay.

Todd SLAPS Wally SUPPORTIVELY on the shoulder, before turning to head out.

TODD

Thanks, Wally. Give me a call when you find something, okay?

Wally NODS, before putting the mug back down, and pulling on some GLOVES.

WALLY  
 But what if he doesn't like who  
 he really is?

Todd turns back around from the open door, half out of it  
 as he replies.

TODD  
 (unconvinced)  
 He's a homeless guy dressing in a  
 dirty Santa suit, Wally, how much  
 worse could it get?

Wally SHRUGS, and as Todd walks out, we:

CUT TO:

14 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - AFTERNOON  
 Establishing shot of the building.

15 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS  
 Watching the snow fall out the window, JAMIE SAWYER, sits  
 on the window ledge, legs pulled up to her chest, leaning  
 against the glass, with a certain SADNESS about her.

At the dining table across the apartment, near the  
 breakfast bar and kitchen, TOBY RAINES sits, a pair of  
 EYEGLASSES resting on her nose, a laptop open and on in  
 front of her, her fingers TYPING RAPIDLY.

TOBY  
 (distracted)  
 I just have to finish this piece,  
 and send it to my editor, then we  
 can head back into town if you  
 want?

JAMIE  
 (uninterested)  
 Yeah, sounds cool.

The TONE used gets Toby's attention, and she STOPS typing  
 and looks up, CONCERNED.

TOBY  
 Hey, you okay, Jamie?

JAMIE  
 (disappointed)  
 I'm fine, whatever.

Letting out a soft SIGH, Toby closes the laptop and makes  
 her way over to where Jamie is sitting, positioning  
 herself next to the young girl, all her attention on her.

TOBY

Hey, this is me you're taking to, remember. What's up? Wishing your Mom was here?

Jamie continues staring out the window, but her bottom lip quivers ever so slightly before she replies.

JAMIE

I get that Mom's busy, I do, really. I'm the daughter of a cop, I know what that means.

TOBY

'But...?'

JAMIE

Sometimes it feels like she uses her job to avoid facing up to the fact that I'm growing up.

TOBY

What do you mean?

Jamie ABRUPTLY turns from the window, and we see the GLINT of TEARS in her eyes.

JAMIE

(angrily)

I'm going to college soon, and I know I want to go to Met U, but every time I try to bring it up, Mom changes the subject. I feel like maybe-- like maybe she doesn't want me to live in the same city as her!

Toby REELS back in surprise at both what Jamie is saying and the INTENSITY of it, before SHAKING HER HEAD.

TOBY

I don't believe that, not for one second. Your Mom, all she's ever wanted is to spend more time with you. Leaving you with your father after the divorce, it was never about not wanting you, but what was best for you.

JAMIE

(confused)

What do you mean?

TOBY

Star City, yeah, it has it's problems, but compared to Metropolis, it's a whole new

(MORE)

TOBY (cont'd)  
 level of reality. Everyday  
 something happens in this city  
 that surprises me, and changes to  
 rules of life as we know it. Your  
 mom just want's you safe.

JAMIE  
 But that's the whole reason I  
**want** to come here for school!  
 Sure, I could apply to schools  
 across the other side of the  
 country if getting away from Star  
 was what it was all about.

She looks out of the window again, and in the reflection,  
 we can see a glimpse of several ICONIC BUILDINGS,  
 including the Daily Planet and LexCorp.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
 But Met U, I think it's the best  
 fit for me, and Metropolis, they  
 call it the 'City of Tomorrow'  
 for a reason, and I want, no, I  
**need** to be a part of that.

Toby SMILES SOFTLY, and gently takes Jamie's hand,  
 surprising the young woman, who looks at her, CURIOUS.

TOBY  
 Then you have to tell her that.  
 She loves you, and she'll  
 understand your reasons. Getting  
 to spend more time with you, that  
 will just be the icing on the  
 cake for her.

Jamie finally RELAXES and returns Toby's smile with a  
 dazzling one of her own, before nodding.

Satisfied, Toby STANDS, and moves to the table, grabbing  
 her keys and handbag.

TOBY (cont'd)  
 Right, what do you say to some  
 quick last minute shopping and a  
 Big Belly Burger, on me?

Jamie's smile grows into an EXCITED GRIN, as we:

FADE TO:

16

INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - AFTERNOON

FOCUS ON: A CG SCHEMATIC of a gas canister, which rotates on one of Wally's large MONITOR SCREENS, before a smaller screen pops up, containing a written chemical formula.

WALLY, still dressed in his bright sweater, but now topped off with a SANTA-STYLE HAT, complete with blinking lights on the white rim, turns his stool around to face the gathered group of DANNY, MAGGIE and TEN CLOUDS, each of whom is trying NOT to grin at Wally's sartorial choices.

WALLY

Nitrous oxide, a.k.a-

MAGGIE

(disbelieving)

Laughing gas? How did that knock out an entire building of people? I thought it just numbed you.

WALLY

There was also an anesthetic mixed into it, pretty smart stuff actually, balancing the levels.

TEN CLOUDS

It explains why some people needed oxygen more than others, depending on how badly the nitrous affected them.

DANNY

So this 'Prankster', he wanted them laughing before passing out? Why? Some kind of sick joke?

MAGGIE

I think it's all some kind of joke to him, whoever he is.

Wally quickly THRUSTS his hand high into the air, practically BOUNCING in his stool with eagerness.

WALLY

I have good news! Well, kinda, anyway!

Maggie just shoots him a LOOK, which quickly deflates him, as he turns back to his screens, and taps at one of the keyboards.

WALLY

The Gatorade he poured on the hard drive, it did a pretty bad number on the whole system, but I managed to pull a few seconds of footage from it.

He POINTS to the far left monitor, which pops up a VIDEO PLAYER, which shows STATIC for a moment, before it clarifies into a black/white video of a door labeled "A.C. ACCESS, AUTHORIZED PERSONAL ONLY".

WALLY (cont'd)  
Here, take a look.

He hits the spacebar and the footage starts moving, occasionally flashes of static popping up, the image going in and out of focus, as the door opens, and outsteps THE MAN FROM THE TEASER, in his clown-like outfit, bowler hat and bow-tie, his face concealed by his gas-mask.

He closes the door, adjusts his tie and lapels for a moment, before looking up and DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA!

His eyes GLEAM with that same MANIA as before, as he tilts his head and doffs his bowler before walking out of shot.

MAGGIE  
Whoa, cocky son-of-a-bitch.

TEN CLOUDS  
Can you I.D. him from that, kid?

Wally, FROWNING, shakes his head, as his hands fly over the keyboard - on the screen, the footage rewinds, and freezes at the moment the man looks up, as a green highlight is applied to his obscured features.

WALLY  
(unsure, conflicted)  
Honestly, I doubt it, but I'll give it a go. There's something familiar about that outfit though. Who knows, maybe we'll have some Christmas luck on our side?

MAGGIE  
Print me out a still of that image, Wally.

Wally NODS, tapping away again, as the printer next to the computer station begins to WHIR AWAY, while Maggie turns back to Danny and Ten Clouds.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
Head back to the television studio with that printout, take it to Joshua Coyle, or any of the others, see if they can give us an I.D.

TEN CLOUDS

You think this 'Prankster', he has it in personally for someone there?

MAGGIE

This much effort he's gone to, it's definately personal, yeah. If we figure out the 'why', that could lead us to 'who'.

Off Danny's NOD of UNDERSTANDING, we:

CUT TO:

17 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE LEVEL - WGBS STUDIOS - LATER

JOSHUA COYLE, reading over a clipboard, quickly signs it, before handing it to a member of staff who disappears as quickly as possible, and turning his attention to the waiting DANNY and TEN CLOUDS.

COYLE

So your thinking is that this was some kind of personal attack on the station, not a random act of terrorism?

DANNY

That's exactly what we're thinking, sir, so again, we'd like you to compile a list of possible enemies or people who might hold a grudge.

Coyle LAUGHS, and shakes his head, giving them a DUBIOUS look.

COYLE

I run the biggest television studio of the city, gentlemen, remember? WGBS is a subsidy of Galaxy Communications, which in itself is a major media giant.

He turns and starts to walk away down the corridor, forcing Danny and Ten Clouds to follow.

COYLE (cont'd)

In the past three years, we've absorbed several of the smaller independent stations, revitalised their market share. But it's come at a cost of cancellations and downsizing, so I imagine that list would be quite big.

He stops at a door, marked "JOSHUA COYLE, C.E.O."

TEN CLOUDS

(annoyed)

So, you're a pretty unpopular  
fella, then, huh? Pissed off any  
clowns lately?

Coyle turns back to them, a SLY SMILE across his face.

COYLE

Most probably, but keeping track  
of all of everyone, that would be  
a full time job in itself.

He opens the door, and turns into his office, but his  
SMILE VANISHES instantly when he sees something  
off-screen.

COYLE'S P.O.V.: A large, square shape, wrapped in GARISH  
CHRISTMAS WRAPPING PAPER, sits squarely on the large  
wooden desk that dominates the office.

Coyle, not so cocky now, takes a NERVOUS step back out of  
the office, allowing both Danny and Ten Clouds to enter  
first. They approach the desk CAREFULLY, treading lightly,  
as they both inspect the wrapped box.

TEN CLOUDS

Looks harmless enough.

DANNY

Yeah, I've heard that one before.  
Remember Winslow Schott?

TEN CLOUDS

Good point.

SLOWLY, GENTLY, Ten Clouds lays his fingertips on the edge  
of the box's lid, and CAREFULLY starts to lift it up--

*BANG!!*

Both Danny and Ten Clouds JUMP BACK as the lid FLIES into  
the air, and SOMETHING LEAPS OUT!

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)

Sweet--!

Free of it's constraints, a JACK-IN-THE-BOX swings back  
and forth on it's spring - on it's front is a PHOTO  
CUT-OUT of a familiar, MANIC-LOOKING FACE.

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)

This guy is starting to piss me  
off!

He quickly turns the box around to face Coyle, who is still hanging back by the doorway.

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)  
You recognize this creep?

Coyle takes a cautious step in, FROWNING, before his eyes WIDEN, and he nods slowly.

COYLE  
(realizing)  
That's Loomis. Oswald Loomis.

Off the rocking image of the CRAZY-EYED FACE, we:

FADE TO:

18 INT. BASEMENT - LAST LAUGH JOKE SHOP - LATER

CLOSE ON: OSWALD LOOMIS, in the flesh, the picture of concentration, as he pulls on some MAGNIFYING GOGGLES, and leans in close to a small panel of CIRCUITRY.

PULL BACK to reveal the varied array of technological nik-naks that litter a large workspace, as Loomis works away, maneuvering some tweezers over the circuitboard.

Finishing for the moment, Loomis LOOKS UP, SATISFIED, before standing and STRETCHING OUT, walking to the CORK NOTICEBOARD on the wall.

LOOMIS  
First, Coyle, then onto you,  
deary.

He ANGRILY pulls down a picture, but we don't see what it is, as he contemplates it.

LOOMIS  
You wrote some nasty things about  
me, my dear, so now, it's time  
for payback, Prankster-style!

He takes out a pin, and SLAMS it into the picture, dead center, GRINNING MADLY.

LOOMIS'S P.O.V.: The picture is of none other than TOBY RAINES!

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

19 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of the building.

20 INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: The large MONITOR SCREENS, one of which displays a MUG SHOT of a tired, unkempt OSWALD LOOMIS, holding a booking number, with a list of charges underneath. The other screens show images of him in his GREEN SUIT, with a HAPPY GRIN on his face.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Oswald Loomis, a.k.a. "Loony  
Uncle Ozzie".

PULL BACK to reveal that MAGGIE, DANNY, WALLY and TEN CLOUDS are standing looking at the screens.

Wally SHAKES HIS HEAD, a big SMILE on his face.

WALLY

I knew that suit looked familiar!  
"The Loony Uncle Ozzie Show!", I  
used to watch it every Saturday  
morning!

Danny gives him a LOOK.

DANNY

I though that was a kid's show?

WALLY

(defiant)  
What's your point?

MAGGIE

Anyway, despite a degree in  
electronic engineering, Loomis  
was pretty much the iconic  
children's television presenter  
of Metropolis, for over a decade,  
starting with WMET-TV before it  
was bought out and absorbed into  
WGBS. But then, he started  
talking about how great the work  
of a certain Winslow Schott was.

DANNY

I was getting a weird Toyman vibe  
off this case.

TEN CLOUDS

Makes sense, Schott was all about toys, Loomis is all about jokes and gags, they'd have plenty of common ground.

MAGGIE

Trouble was, his interest in Toyman lead him into some bad investments, and he started gambling to make end meet, eventually embezzling from a charity he's set up for underprivileged kids.

WALLY

(disappointed)

Yeah, it was horrible when that came out. Of course, it didn't come out until after he was fired over what happened on his final Christmas Special.

Danny uses the CONTROL REMOTE to scroll down Loomis's charge sheet, FROWNING.

DANNY

It says here, he actually made an exploding whoopee cushion, it gave some poor guy a cracked skull from the force!

TEN CLOUDS

Jeez, no wonder the show got taken off the air.

MAGGIE

Yeah, a decision made by one Mr. Joshua Coyle, they even paid Loomis a 6 figure severance fee to get him out of his contract early.

DANNY

Although a report was filed, no actual formal charges were made over that incident. But we've got quite a few drunk and disorderlies under his name. Seems retirement didn't go down so well with him.

MAGGIE

But when news of the embezzlement came out, about 8 months ago, he pretty much disappeared, and seems to have gone off the grid.

DANNY  
Meaning we can't find him?

WALLY  
(confident)  
Oh, we can find him, it just  
might take a while.

MAGGIE  
In the meantime, we're not  
without leads.

She takes the remote from Danny, and with a click, the screen displaying Loomis's charge sheet ZOOMZ into the area marked "PERSONAL DETAILS", highlighting a section in green.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
He may have been off grid for 8  
months, but there is a property  
listed under the name of his  
father. The "Last Laff" joke and  
gags shop, over on 7th and Main.  
Danny, Russell, go take a look.

Danny and Ten Clouds quickly move to their desks and grab their jackets.

DANNY  
On it, Boss.

As they walk out, they exchange a quick nod of welcome with TODD RICE, as he walks in, jacket and hair dappled with fresh snow.

TODD  
Anything fun going on here?

MAGGIE  
Chaos, crime and Christmas  
hijinx, the usual. You? How's  
your day off?

TODD  
Surprisingly eventful.

MAGGIE  
Aren't they all?

With a SMALL SMILE, Maggie heads into her office, as Wally picks up a FOLDER from Todd's desk, and hands it to him.

TODD  
You got something for me?

WALLY  
 (unsure)  
 Oh, yeah, definately 'something',  
 alright, but I'm not sure you're  
 gonna like it.

With a CURIOUS FROWN, Todd flicks through the folder, and quickly REACTS with shock to what he reads.

TODD  
 You're sure?

WALLY  
 Sorry, bro, I triple-checked it,  
 but fingerprints don't lie.

Off Todd's CONFUSION, we:

FADE TO:

21 INT. BIBBO'S - OFFICE AREA - AFTERNOON

In the sparsely decorated, but cosy looking office, 'Santa', or JONAH, stands in front of a mirror, FROWNING as he looks at his reflection.

Gone is the Santa-suit, instead, he is wearing a worn-looking denim shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and faded jeans. As he finishes buttoning the shirt up, and covering the last of several areas of SCAR TISSUE, there is a knock at the door.

BIBBO (O.S.)  
 You decent?

JONAH  
 As I'll ever be, I guess.

The door opens, and Bibbo walks in, carrying a STEAMING cup of coffee, which he quickly offers to the appreciative Jonah.

JONAH  
 Cheers, Bibbo, I will pay you  
 back for all this, you know.

BIBBO  
 Hey, it's Christmas, it's a time  
 of goodwill to all men, remember.  
 These are on the house.

JONAH  
 Nah, I don't like being anybody's  
 charity case. I'll square this,  
 honest. Same as I need to  
 apologise to your friends, for  
 biting their heads off.

BIBBO

Jonah, man, you got jumped and knocked six ways from Sunday, let's just worry about making sure you're okay, first.

JONAH

Hell, I've been through worse than that, lousy punks just took me by surprise. Tossing me that Dumpster, that was plain embarrassing.

Taking a sip of his coffee, he sits down on a nearby sofa, while Bibbo takes a seat by his messy, unorganized desk, turning it to face a contemplative Jonah.

BIBBO

So, you remember what happened?

JONAH

Nah, not much, I mean, I know they were some kids dressed in clown masks, like that freak who went after Gotham last year.

BIBBO

Jokerz, yeah, they're getting to be a real problem around here lately. Listen, speaking of, uh, 'problems', I wanted to talk to you about-

JONAH

(interuppting, annoyed)  
I told you, Bib, I ain't going to any damn hospital!

BIBBO

(sighs)  
Okay, I get that you don't like them, Jonah, but seriously?

Jonah ABRUPTLY STANDS, and walks away from Bibbo, expression TORN, CONFLICTED.

JONAH

You know the first thing I can clearly remember? Waking up in a bed in some strange room, hooked up to all these damn computer things, I had more wires coming out of me than a television set! I just grabbed a bag that was next to the bed, and ran, and never looked back.

BIBBO

And the Santa suit?

JONAH

It was in the bag, it must have meant something to me in my old life, I just wish I knew what.

BIBBO

So, it's the only thing you have to connect you to the past?

JONAH

Just that, and this.

He reaches into the back pocket of his jeans, and pulls out a small, crumpled PHOTO, offering it to Bibbo, who takes it gently.

While clearly old and faded, the photo shows a younger version of JONAH, standing near the water, a young girl in his arms, both of them SMILING WIDELY. He turns it around, and faded writing is visible "Me and Izzie, Hobb's Bay, Metropolis, 90"

BIBBO

This was taken in Hobb's Bay?  
You're from Metropolis?

JONAH

I don't know for sure, but I've stood where that photo was taken hundreds of times since I got to the city, to see if I could jog any memories loose, but got nothing.

Bibbo gives him the photo back, and Jonah gingerly folds it again, and places in the breast pocket of his shirt, before sitting back down.

JONAH (cont'd)

Don't you have Christmas plans of your own, Bib?

BIBBO

Nah, me and Christmas, we don't get on so much.

JONAH

Because of what happened with your old partner?

Bibbo REACTS, surprised at the comment, sitting up straighter.

BIBBO  
How'd you hear about that?

JONAH  
Hey, I'm not a cop, but I hear things, I mean, I've known you for a good few years now, right?

BIBBO  
(sighs)  
Yeah, I guess. It's just that, you know, I used to love Christmas, all the effort and the camaraderie. Me and Allan, we'd seen a lot together, but for him to die, because of a stupid riot outside a department store that got out of control on Christmas Eve?

He turns and picks up a FRAMED PHOTO on his desk, of himself in PATROL UNIFORM, next to a dark-haired man of similar age and height, both GRINNING at the camera.

BIBBO (cont'd)  
It kinda ruined the festive season for me. Now, whenever I see all that crap around town, I just can't help but think we've forgotten the true meaning of what Christmas is.

JONAH  
Goodwill to all men, peace on earth, etc, etc?

Bibbo simply NODS, as he respectfully puts the photo back down, unable to look away. Jonah picks up the Santa hat laying on the floor, and gives a quick brush down.

JONAH  
You know, I may not ever find out my past, but I do know, I love that Santa suit, and when I get to wear it, it's my happiest time of year.

He stands, and lays a COMFORTING HAND on Bibbo's shoulder.

JONAH (cont'd)  
So maybe it's time you made some new memories for Christmas, instead of letting the past dictate what you do, huh?

Bibbo SLOWLY NODS, a soft smile forming on his lips.

*BUZZ!! BUZZ!!*

Bibbo quickly pulls out his vibrating CELL PHONE, on which displays "TODD CALLING...", and stands up, CURIOUS.

BIBBO  
Sorry, I gotta take this.

Jonah NODS as Bibbo presses the "ANSWER" button, and moves out of the office into the bar.

BIBBO (PRE-LAP)  
(stunned)  
You did what?!

22 INT. BIBBO'S - MAIN BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bibbo paces near the bar, SHOCKED at what he is hearing, CELL PHONE pressed to his ear, running a hand over his bald head.

BIBBO  
I can't believe you didn't tell  
me what you were going to do!

23 INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - INTERCUT

Todd sits at his desk, the FOLDER from earlier open in front of him, holding his own CELL to his ear.

TODD  
Hey, with all these resources,  
why couldn't we pull off a little  
Christmas miracle? Look, the  
point is, it's done, and we know  
who Jonah really is. So the  
question is, what do we do now?

BIBBO  
We have to tell him, we can't  
hold this back from him, it  
wouldn't be right.

JONAH (O.S.)  
Tell who what?

Bibbo SPINS around, STARTLED, to see Jonah, holding his bag, emerging from the office, and VISIBLY GULPS.

BIBBO  
Do me a favour, get back here as  
fast as you can, okay?

TODD  
On my way.

Bibbo hangs up, and shoots a NERVOUS SMILE at the CURIOUS Jonah, as we:

CUT TO:

24 EXT. LAST LAUGH JOKE SHOP - DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of the building, which is rather run-down, the displays in the windows covered in dust, and a large 'CLOSED' sign hanging on the inside of the door.

25 INT. BACK AREA - LAST LAUGH JOKE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

*CLICK!*

The back door swings open into the shop, revealing a crouching TEN CLOUDS, lock-pick tools still in hand, and an IMPRESSED DANNY standing behind him.

DANNY

Advantages of a misspent youth?

TEN CLOUDS

Something like that, yeah. Come on, let's take a look.

They step in and each pull out a FLASHLIGHT, bringing some needed illumination to the dark interior. The beams of light move around the room, showing dusty, dirty workbenches, and various objects in states of disassembly.

DANNY

Looks abandoned, pretty much.

TEN CLOUDS

Definitely in need of a cleaner.

They continue their looking around, until Danny's flashlight lands across another DOOR. He approaches, and tests the handle, OPENING IT, and peering down.

DANNY

Hey, Sarge, over here, I got something.

26 INT. BASEMENT - LAST LAUGH JOKE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

TEN CLOUDS and DANNY make their way down the small set of stairs, into the basement proper, casting their flashlights around as they look around. Finding a light switch, Danny flicks it, LIGHTING up the whole room.

DANNY

(whistles)

Whoa, motherload.

The basement is filled with more workbenches, these clean, tidy and organised, several WHITEBOARDS and BLACKBOARDS are arranged in a kind of formation around one central work area, all displaying SCHEMATICS and DRAWINGS, rough works and tinkering.

TEN CLOUDS

This definately looks like a base of operations to me.

DANNY

Oh, yeah. We've got everything that an insane comedian with a penchant for pranks could ever need down here.

TEN CLOUDS

(amused)

'Penchant for pranks'? Really?

Danny just shots him a LOOK as he goes over some of the papers left on the desk, before NOTICING a METAL TRUNK on the floor near one of the boards.

Kneeling down beside it, with some effort, he LIFTS it open, and a SOFT GREEN GLOW illuminates his face.

DANNY

Oh, shit.

Ten Clouds, standing near the wall, looking over some more papers, turns and FROWNS, turning his own flashlight towards Danny.

TEN CLOUDS

What is that?

DANNY

Meteor rock, a.k.a 'kryptonite'. The same stuff that Toyman liked to work into his explosives, it gave them a lot of extra bang for your buck.

Danny INSPECTS the trunk itself closely.

DANNY

This damn thing is heavy, must be lined with lead, keeps the low-level radiation this stuff puts out at bay.

TEN CLOUDS

I'm calling the Captain, if Loomis is *that* inspired by Schott's act, who knows what he's up to next.

He pulls out his cell phone and taps out a number, before holding it to his ear.

27 INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

WALLY sits at Todd's desk, working the computer, TEETH GRITTED in pure frustration, as Maggie stands over his shoulder.

WALLY

How on Earth does Todd get any work done using a computer *this* slow?!

MAGGIE

(deadpan)

He manages, somehow.

VREEP! VREEP!

Maggie quickly pulls the vibrating CELL from her jacket pocket.

MAGGIE

Just let me know when you find anything else on Loomis.

Wally NODS CURTLY, as Maggie takes a couple of steps away as she answers the cell.

MAGGIE

Yeah, Russell, what you got?

TEN CLOUDS

A whole load of scary with a side order to freaky. Turns out Loomis's fascination with all things Toyman includes his jonesing for meteor rock.

As he talks, he turns his flashlight forward, where the beam illuminated the CORKBOARD on the wall, and a whole myriad of photos of COYLE going about his every day business.

TEN CLOUDS

Not to mention, it looks like he's been stalking Coyle for a while, planning out his moves.

MAGGIE

Great. Just Coyle, or anyone else?

28 INT. BASEMENT - LAST LAUGH JOKE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Ten Clouds FROWNS, as he moves the flashlight beam across the board a little more.

TEN CLOUDS

Hang on, let me have a look here.

He scans the photos, before his eyes go wide as he spots something.

TEN CLOUDS (cont'd)

Oh, damn.

29 INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie REACTS, FROWNING.

MAGGIE

(worried)

What do you see?

WALLY

(excited)

I got something! From the log of old stories on the Inquisitor webpage.

She turns to Wally, cell still held to her ear, as Wally turns the monitor around to allow her to see what he found - an article for the "Metropolis Inquisitor".

The headline reads "T.V. JOKESTER ARRESTED PUNCH DRUNK", and a photo shows a clearly INEBRIATED LOOMIS being handcuffed by some uniformed officers.

WALLY

Ohh, she didn't pull any punches with this, did she? Ouch.

MAGGIE

Who wrote the damn thing, Wally?

WALLY

Huh, never heard of her, someone called Dana Jenkins.

Maggie's EYES WIDEN, SHOCKED, she nearly drops the cell, as she quickly moves to the screen, and takes a closer look herself.

WALLY (cont'd)

(surprised)

Hey, do you know who that is?

MAGGIE  
 (scared)  
 It's Toby. Dana Jenkins **is** Toby!

Off Maggie's GROWING CONCERN, we:

CUT TO:

30 INT. METROPOLIS MALL - DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

The usual CHRISTMAS BUSTLE continues as people move to and fro between shops, laden with SHOPPING BAGS filled with last minute presents.

Emerging from a JEWELERY SHOP, giggling like school girls, are TOBY and JAMIE, each carrying a couple of bags of their own.

They make their way across the plaza, heading to the food court, we PULL BACK to see a DARK FIGURE hanging back behind them.

31 INT. FOOD COURT - METROPOLIS MALL - LATER

Outside "Big Belly Burger", sitting at a small metal table, finishing their food, sit Toby and Jamie, both looking full of food, but happy.

HIDDEN behind a large SUPPORT PILLAR, OSWALD LOOMIS watches, his eyes narrowed, wearing reading glasses and a dark brown trenchcoat, all buttoned up.

His UNFLINCHING GAZE is unsettling as he watches the two women eat and talk, before Toby stands up, wiping her mouth with a napkin.

TOBY  
 Okay, I'm going to quickly pop to the ladies room, then we can head home, okay? The walk will do us some good.

JAMIE  
 Sounds good to me, I'll just finish my fries, and then I'll meet you outside?

Toby NODS and SMILES, before taking her handbag and walking off, as Jamie digs into her fries, hunting for any remaining, not noticing as LOOMIS breaks away from the pillar, and follows Toby off-screen.

32 INT. RESTROOM CORRIDOR - METROPOLIS MALL - MOMENTS LATER

As a toilet can be heard flushing, the door to the Ladies Restroom swings open, and TOBY steps out, giving her hair a quick flick and adjusting her handbag as she starts down the corridor.

After passing a door marked "SERVICE ENTRANCE", she comes up to another SUPPORT PILLAR --

-- from behind which, OSWALD LOOMIS suddenly JUMPS out from behind, wearing his usual MANIC GRIN, his trenchcoat open, and a hand holding the FAKE FLOWER on his lapel forward!

LOOMIS  
Tag! You're it!

Toby INSTINCTIVELY jumps back, but it's TOO LATE - the flower shoot out a CONCENTRATED STREAM OF VAPOUR, that hits Toby square in the face.

TOBY  
(shocked)  
What the--?

She coughs VIOLENTLY for several seconds, before her eyes roll back into her head, and she FAINTS dead away into the waiting arms of LOOMIS.

Off her unconscious face, we:

FADE TO:

33 INT. PRANKSTER'S STUDIO - OLD WMET BUILDING - LATER

BLINKING, and with a soft groan TOBY awakens, lifting her head to look around, but in the bleak darkness, there isn't much to be seen.

TOBY  
(nervous)  
Hello? Is anyone there?

LOOMIS (O.S.)  
Hello, Ms. Raines.

TOBY  
(defiant)  
Who-- who's that?!

*CLICK!*

BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT fills the room, forcing Toby to close her eyes for a moment, before opening them and looking around again, her mouth AGAPE.

The place looks like a LIVING ROOM from somebody's house, but decorated in a LOUD, CARTOONISH style, all bright colours and blocky furniture, but everything looks a little faded, and is covered in dust.

Looking down, Toby STRUGGLES for a moment, as she realise she is TIED to the chair she is in, before looking to her left, and GASPING - next to her, also ties to a chair, is an unconscious JOSHUA COYLE!

From behind the bright lights, STEPS LOOMIS, glad in his lime-green suit, matching bowler hat and red bow tie, GRINNING MADLY.

LOOMIS

I used to go by Oswald Loomis,  
but now, you can just call me,  
the Prankster.

Off his wide eyes, GLEAMING with MANIA, we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

34 EXT. OLD WMET BUILDING - PARK RIDGE - EVENING

Establishing shot of the old TV station building, looking word-down, boarded up, and it's antennae farm looking antiquated.

35 INT. PRANKSTER'S STUDIO - OLD WMET BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

LOOMIS, still grinning, leans in CLOSE to Toby, who wears an ANGRY GLARE, keeping her fear hidden from her abductor.

TOBY

What do you think you're doing?

LOOMIS

Every comedian needs an audience, Ms. Raines, and who better to be mine than the two people who destroyed my career!

TOBY

You did that yourself, all I did was tell the truth about it, about you!

LOOMIS

You don't know what you're talking about!

TOBY

Don't I? Your gambling, the embezzling, the drinking! You were a hero to kids for years, an idol for your charity work, but you ruined it yourself! You're no comedian, you're a fraud!

Her LOUD VOICE, resonating around the studio, causes COYLE to begin to stir, his eyes flickering before finally opening WIDE with FEAR.

COYLE

Oh, God! Loomis?! What the hell have you done?!

LOOMIS'S grin returns FULL FORCE, as he turns to face the quivering Coyle.

LOOMIS

What I needed to do, Coyle, to get the last laugh.

As Toby and Coyle shared a WORRIED look, we:

CUT TO:

36 INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE - S.C.U. BULLPEN - EVENING

Sitting at Maggie's desk, arms wrapped around her, looking both WORRIED and GUILTY, is JAMIE SAWYER, chewing at her nails, as MAGGIE quickly walks in.

MAGGIE

Hey, there you are!

Jamie LEAPS out of her seat and HUGS for mother for dear life, knocking Maggie back a step!

JAMIE

I'm so sorry! I thought she was right behind me!

MAGGIE

(soothing)

Hey, this isn't your fault! I'm just glad he didn't feel brave enough to take the both of you.

Slowly, they break apart, and as Jamie settles back into her seat, Maggie perches on the edge of her desk.

JAMIE

Why does this 'Prankster' want Toby anyway?

MAGGIE

He's got it in for anyone who he feels is responsible for the end of his career, and Toby, she wrote a pretty scathing article about him, as a freelance piece for the Inquisitor. That was why it was under a pen name, and we didn't realise until it was too late.

Jamie nods, but her eyes GLISTEN with tears, so Maggie leans in, and puts a comforting hand on her arm.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Hey, listen, no way in hell am I gonna let something happen to her, okay. Not to mention, Toby is as strong as they come, this 'Prankster' doesn't know what he's in for, she'll be fine.

Jamie offers a SMALL SMILE, nodding again, as there is a SOFT KNOCK on the door. They both look up and around to see an APOLOGETIC WALLY standing there.

WALLY

Sorry to interrupt, but Dr.  
Faulkner is here, like you asked.

Maggie nods, stands, and gives her daughter a quick kiss on the head, before exiting, leaving Jamie alone with her thoughts.

37 INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - MOMENT LATER

Maggie stands with DANNY, WALLY and DR. KITTY FAULKNER, the latter holding onto a small TWO-WHEEL TROLLEY, on which the METAL CASE from Loomis's shop rests.

MAGGIE

Technically, it's evidence, but the way I figure it, S.T.A.R. Labs can secure this stash of meteor rock for us better than we can.

KITTY

Definitely, that's why I'm glad we made this arrangement, keeping meteor rock off the streets is only a good--

She STOPS, as around them, the overhead lights FLICKER, and the readouts and displays on the MONITOR SCREENS dissolve into STATIC.

MAGGIE

What the hell?

Wally quickly moves to the dedicated computer station attached to the monitors, and begins tapping away, FROWNING.

WALLY

Something is hacking through the firewall, some kind of transmission is being routed into our dedicated network.

The static on the screens continues to flicker before finally giving way to a FACE that appears on each of the three screens - LOOMIS, grinning as MADLY as ever!

LOOMIS

Good evening, Captain Sawyer!

Maggie FROWNS, gritting her teeth slightly, as she face up to Sawyer, her arms crossed.

MAGGIE

Oswald Loomis. What do you want?

LOOMIS

Hmm, you mean for Christmas?  
Peace on earth, goodwill to all  
men, yadda, yadda, yadda. Nah,  
actually, that's way boring!

He moves OUT OF CAMERA SHOT, revealing the duct-taped, tied-up forms of TOBY and COYLE just behind him, both futilely squirming in their seats.

Maggie's JAW TENSES, and her arms drop to her sides, as she takes a step closer.

MAGGIE

Cut to it, Loomis. You've got my attention.

LOOMIS (O.S.)

I hope so, but see, I don't really want any interference from you people, so I'm afraid I've had to create a little diversion.

The VIEW WOBBLER, as the camera is shifted in its position, turning away from Toby and Coyle, to look at something ELSE: A LARGE SILVER/GREY DEVICE, the center of which, glows a familiar SICKLY GREEN!

Kitty GASPS, before looking EMBARRASSED as everyone looks at her.

LOOMIS

Meet my latest gag! I've built a few of these beauties, and placed them at random locations throughout Metropolis, and it's up to you and your motly crew to find and deactivate them all, before midnight!

As Loomis talks, Maggie turns to the shocked Kitty, and leans in close.

MAGGIE

(low voice)

What is it? Some kind of bomb?

KITTY

(fearful)

Worse. It's an EMP generator. If those go off, it will destroy anything electronic within the blast radius!

LOOMIS  
 (angrily)  
 Hey, stop it, you'll spoil the  
 punch line!

MAGGIE  
 Damn it, Loomis, this isn't some  
 kind of joke!

LOOMIS  
 Wrong, Sawyer, it's the biggest  
 joke of the year!

With a sizzle of static burst, Loomis vanishes, and the  
 screens go DARK, as the overhead lights finally STABILIZE  
 and come back to full power.

MAGGIE  
 Wally, can you trace him?

WALLY  
 I tried, but he bounced his  
 signal from server to server,  
 halfway across the world and back  
 again! I might still be able to  
 follow the breadcrumbs back, but  
 it will take a while.

MAGGIE  
 Do it, it's the only lead we have  
 right now.

She looks at her watch before turning to Danny and Ten  
 Clouds, FOCUSED.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 Danny, call the Bomb Squad, we've  
 got 5 hours to find, secure and  
 deactivate an unknown amount of  
 bombs. Russ, call in everyone and  
 SWAT too, we need them with crowd  
 control.

As they nod, and head for the desks, Maggie finally turns  
 to Kitty, who continues to stare at the dead screens,  
 before moving closer to her, and leaning in.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 That green glow, was it what I  
 think it was?

KITTY  
 (nodding)  
 Yes, and judging from the amount  
 I just saw, if all of them are  
 enhanced by meteor-rock, then the  
 blast effect will be multiplied  
 ten-fold, at least.

Maggie's EYED WIDEN IN SHOCK, as we:

CUT TO:

38 EXT. BIBBO'S - METROPOLIS DOCKS - EVENING

Establishing shot of the building.

TODD (PRE-LAP)

Your name is Claude Santini.

39 INT. BIBBO'S - MAIN BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sitting at one of the booths, are TODD, BIBBO and JONAH. Todd and Bibbo sit opposite Jonah, his large backpack beside him, the red file Wally gave Todd in front of him, his eyes FIXED on it, as Todd talks.

TODD

You're a Gunnery Sergeant in the United States Marine Corps, and you've been missing for close to ten years.

JONAH

(subdued)

It says here I, I, uh, was 'wounded in action'?

TODD

The scars on the back of your head, you were on a tour in Iraq, when you got caught in an IED explosion that destroyed your Humvee, and caused significant cranial trauma.

BIBBO

That's why you can't remember anything from before, you took a big blow to the head.

JONAH

But, how'd I end up in Metropolis?

TODD

Records show that you were shipped back to the US for medical attention, and were in a coma for several weeks, after surgery. Then one day, when a nurse came to check on, they found you'd vanished.

JONAH

The room I remember, it was a hospital room?

TODD

Which explains your reticence about going into them. The Air Force doctor believed that you'd regained consciousness, but in a confused, possible delusional state, and your training kicked in, and you fled thinking you were in enemy territory.

JONAH

And they never looked for me?

BIBBO

They did, for three years, but given that fact you didn't know who you were, you didn't do anything that drew attention to the person they were looking for.

Jonah CLOSES the file, SHAKING HIS HEAD, looking uncomfortable.

JONAH

This is a lot to take in, why didn't you tell me you were doing this?

TODD

(embarrassed)

That's my fault, I didn't want to get anyones hopes up, that's all. But now we know, I mean, there's more in there, about your career, your family-

JONAH

(angrily)

Whoa, stop!

Todd and Bibbo share a WORRIED look, as Jonah STANDS and paces, looking STRESSED, before letting out a breath.

JONAH (cont'd)

Could, uh, you just give me a minute to myself?

BIBBO

Sure. No problem.

Bibbo slides out of the booth, Todd following, and they both head over to the bar, as Jonah looks down at the file, and picks it up again, but doesn't open it.

BIBBO (cont'd)  
Think we did the right thing?

TODD  
We had to tell him, Bibbo.

BIBBO  
I know, but it's a lot to take in  
after ten years of not knowing a  
thing. What now?

TODD  
We could call someone at Andrews  
Airfield Base, or maybe I can  
talk to Kitty Faulkner at  
S.T.A.R. Labs, they have a  
military liaison for their  
Department of Defense work, they  
might know the proper procedure  
for a case like this.

As Bibbo nods--

*SLAM!*

Both men jump at the sound of the door slamming, and look  
around, to find the bar DESERTED - Jonah is nowhere in  
sight.

TODD (cont'd)  
What the--? Did he go out for  
some air?

They quickly approach the booth, and see that the red  
file, closed and abandoned, lies on the table. REALIZATION  
dawns on Bibbo, when he notices what is missing - Jonah's  
BAG.

BIBBO  
(sighs)  
He's gone.

As Bibbo SADLY shakes his head, we:

CUT TO:

40 INT. PRANKSTER'S STUDIO - OLD WMET BUILDING - EVENING

TOBY, mouth still secured with tape, WATCHES as LOOMIS  
wanders around the old set, occasionally running his hand  
across one surface or another, while COYLE continues in  
his struggles, fidgetting constantly.

LOOMIS  
(melancholy)  
There's no point trying, Coyle, I  
(MORE)

LOOMIS (cont'd)  
 know how to tie someone up  
 properly, you know.

Coyle WHIMPERS, defeated, before his shoulder slump, and he finally sits still. Loomis turns and GRINS at him, until he sees the DEFIANCE in Toby's eyes.

CURIOUS, he approaches, and crouches in front of her.

LOOMIS (cont'd)  
 I gotta say, you surprise me, Ms.  
 Raines, you're a very level  
 headed woman.

Toby simply COCKS an eyebrow, and after a moment of REALIZATION, Loomis leans in and pulls the tape off, causing Toby to WINCE every so slightly, as she wiggles her mouth slightly.

TOBY  
 You think this is the first time  
 I've been kidnapped? I've exposed  
 my fair share of criminals and  
 corruption, you don't scare me,  
 Loomis.

LOOMIS  
 I never wanted to scare people, I  
 wanted to make them laugh!

TOBY  
 So what do you call all this?!

LOOMIS  
 Times change, and so did I.

He stands and walks away, but with the tape gone, Toby doesn't press up.

TOBY  
 So, what? You got a couple of bad  
 breaks, and so, you're gonna take  
 it out on the whole city?!

LOOMIS  
 They deserve it!

TOBY  
 Why?

LOOMIS  
 Because, I slaved for years  
 entertaining good for nothing  
 brats, spoiled little kids, but I  
 loved it! I make a few mistakes,  
 and suddenly, all the years I

(MORE)

LOOMIS (cont'd)  
made people laugh are forgotten  
in an instant, and I'm out on my  
ear! Well, now, I'm gonna show  
everyone just who I am now,  
thanks to them!

TOBY  
(disappointed)  
But bombs, Loomis? All across the  
city, you'll kill hundred, if not  
thousands of people.

LOOMIS  
Ah, see that's the beauty of my  
EMP generator, no concussive  
explosive force, just the pulse  
effect to knock out electronics!

TOBY  
Still, even if you've got bombs  
all over the place, the police,  
they'll stop you, they've got the  
Bomb Squad and S.T.A.R. Labs to  
help...

She TRAILS OFF, FROWNING, at the HUGE GRIN that is slowly  
lighting up Loomis's manic expression. She looks to the  
EMP GENERATOR that sits across from her, which has cable  
snaking from it, up into an access panel the wall.

TOBY  
(realizing)  
Oh God. There's only ONE bomb,  
isn't there. You lied!

He LAUGHS, and clapping his hands together, jumps  
EXCITEDLY.

LOOMIS  
Don't you see?! Having everyone  
blunder all throughout the city  
looking a load of bombs that  
don't exists? That's the biggest  
joke of all!

Off his MANIC LAUGHTER, we

SMASHCUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

41 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - S.T.A.R. LABS - EVENING

Standing at a large bank of computer monitors, is KITTY FAULKNER, concentrating as she types furiously at a central keyboard. her brow FURROWED as she works.

Overhead, is a LARGE DISPLAY SCREEN, which shows a SATELLITE IMAGE of METROPOLIS. Across the screen moves a SMALL GREEN INDICATOR, next to which is the word "SCANNING".

MAGGIE (V.OV)

Dr. Faulkner is currently using her access to the Queen Industries satellite array to scan the city for large quantities of meteor rock, to help us pinpoint the exact locations of the bombs Loomis has planted.

42 INT. S.C.U. BULLPEN - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie, now wearing her BULLETPROOF VEST, stands in front of the assembled S.C.U. division, each of whom is also clad in their own vests, including DANNY and TEN CLOUDS.

MAGGIE

This will help us send the Bom Squad to the relevant sites, and not have them running around on a wild goose chase, or splitting our effectiveness.

She SIGHS, and looks around the room at every officer for a moment.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

In case any of you haven't watched any science fiction television in the last decade or so, an EMP, or electromagnetic pulse, will destroy any electronic devices in their blast range. So instead of property damage, we're looking at anything with electronics being unable to function. There are ways to shield from the effects, but not city-wide, on this scale.

She notices the worried looks, and the startled murmurs from some of those people assembled.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Loomis isn't demanding anything to prevent this, so once we've figured out his location, we're going to move in hard and fast, the ESU team are already standing by for us. Be ready, all of you, to move out soon.

With a NOD, she dismisses them, and they split apart, moving to desks, as she moves over to WALLY, who sits at the computer station for the overheard monitors, Danny quickly joining her.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

You getting anything, Wally?

With an IRRITATED SIGH, Wally shakes his head.

WALLY

Sorry, Boss, the signal was just way too bounced around to properly track.

Maggie BOWS her head, DISAPPOINTED, but gives Wally a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

MAGGIE

Thanks for trying, anyway.

DANNY

What about the video itself? I mean, was there anything in it we could use to figure out where he is?

Wally looks up at Danny, STARTLED, blinking silently for a moment, before SLAPPING his forehead with his palm!

WALLY

Hello, Wally! Duh! Of course, why didn't I think of that?!

He quickly pulls up the video footage on a screen, as Danny GRINS at a SMILING Maggie. The footage rewinds, to the moment that Loomis moves the camera around, from Toby to the EMP generator.

He quickly FREEZE it, and stands up, LEANING IN CLOSE, with a FROWN of CONCENTRATION.

WALLY

Huh.

DANNY

"Huh"? What's "Huh"?

WALLY

It's kinda dusty, but it looks a lot like the set of the "Loony Uncle Ozzie" house.

He sits back down, and taps a few more keys, making the image LIGHTEN, before ZOOMING in at a piece of wall.

WALLY

Yeah, I recognize that wall!

DANNY

So, he's at WGBS?!

WALLY

No, they don't have the sets there anymore, they got knocked down when they cancelled the show.

Wally's eyes go WIDE, and he jumps up EXCITEDLY!

WALLY

He's at the old WMET-TV studio! Over in Park Ridge, of course!

MAGGIE

Whoa, are you sure?

WALLY

Yeah, when WMET got absorbed by WGBS, they moved the filming over to the new studio, but instead of moving the existing set, they rebuilt it, because they didn't think the old set pieces would survive a move.

MAGGIE

(incredulous)  
How do you know all that?

WALLY

Duh, it was all over the "Loony Uncle Ozzie" fan message boards and forums.

His GRIN fades at the amused looks Maggie and Danny have, and he crosses his arms, DEFENSIVE.

WALLY (cont'd)

What? You're not a member?

Maggie shakes her head with a SOFT SMILE, before ruffling Wally's hair affectionately.

MAGGIE

Think you can pull me up some  
schematics of that place?

Wally's GRIN quickly returns as he nods, and begins tapping away at the keyboard again, as Maggie turn to the rest of the bull-pen.

MAGGIE

Okay, people, gather around,  
we've got a location!

As everyone moves back over, we:

CUT TO:

43 EXT. HOBBS BAY - SUICIDE SLUMS - EVENING

Sitting on the pebbly shore, watching as the evening tide laps ever closer, is JONAH. He stares intently at the picture of a younger version of himself, and the young girl, OBLIVIOUS.

BIBBO (O.S.)

I figured you'd be here.

Jonah CLOSES HIS EYES for a moment, before letting out a RELIEVED SIGH, as BIBBO sits down next to him.

JONAH

Yeah, I kinda figured you'd be  
the one to find me, Bib.

BIBBO

So, inevitable question, why'd  
you run?

JONAH

I-- I guess I just panicked, I  
mean, you all seemed to decide  
that finding out who I really am  
was the best thing for me, but--

BIBBO

But, what?

JONAH

I'm not so sure, Bib. I mean, I  
ran away from that life,  
remember.

BIBBO

You were suffering from head  
trauma-related amnesia and you'd  
just woke from a coma, of course  
you were confused. That's a  
given.

JONAH

Still, I've been AWOL from the Air Force for what, close to ten years? They won't take kindly to that.

BIBBO

I think you'll have extenuating circumstances, in this case. Besides, don't you want to finally find out about her.

Bibbo indicates the girl in the picture, as Jonah looks at it, SADLY.

JONAH

But what if I never remember who I really am? Could I do that to her, to any family I might have?

BIBBO

Why don't you let them decide that? Maybe it's time to stop living with 'what if' and focus on 'what is', huh?

Jonah takes one final look at the picture, before NODDING, and FOLDING it up and placing it in his pocket, as we:

FADE TO:

44 EXT. OLD WMET BUILDING - PARK RIDGE - EVENING

It's silent for a moment, before the screech of TIRES becomes heard, as half a dozen cars, and on BLACK VAN, marked "E.S.U." pull up, HARD.

MAGGIE emerges from her sedan, tossing a look over her shoulder, to see DANNY and TEN CLOUDS climbing out from their own, as other detectives, and the uniformed E.S.U. members move into a pre-determined position.

*VREEP! VREEP!*

With a FRUTRATED BREATH, Maggie digs her CELL PHONE out of her trouser pocket, quickly answering it.

MAGGIE

Sawyer.

45 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - S.T.A.R. LABS - INTERCUT

Kitty, holding her own cell to her ear, keeps her eyes on the screen in front of her, FROWNING.

KITTY

Captain, it's Dr. Faulkner, I think I've managed to locate eight locations of significant meteor rock signatures all together.

MAGGIE

Eight? That's not nearly as bad as it could have been. Great work, Doctor.

KITTY

Wait, there's something else. Seven of those are like Loomis said, dotted throughout the city, in residential areas, major thoroughfares, but there's one, the largest concentration, that makes no sense.

46 EXT. OLD WMET BUILDING - PARK RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Maggie's eyes WIDEN with a sense of REALIZATION, as she looks up at the building proper.

MAGGIE

Let me guess. Park Ridge, the old WMET-TV building.

Slowly, she hangs up her cell, as we:

CUT TO:

47 INT. PRANKSTER'S STUDIO - OLD WMET BUILDING - LATER

Under the harsh glare of the STUDIO LIGHTS, a blindfolded TOBY RAINES struggles and squirms with her bonds, but can't budge them, despite her efforts.

She looks up, SURPRISED, as a door opens with a loud CLANG! After a moment, a hand reaches out and pulls off the blindfold!

The FEAR in Toby's eyes turns to SHEER RELIEF at the sight of Maggie Sawyer standing over her, and behind her, Danny Turpin, sidearm drawn, just like Maggie, giving the room a VISUAL SWEEP.

Maggie quickly KNEELS at Toby's feet, and pulls of the duct tape over her mouth, Toby so happy to see her, she doesn't even wince. She ceases her struggling, as Maggie pulls out a army knife and starts slicing through the bonds.

TOBY

Am I glad to see you!

MAGGIE

You okay? You're not hurt?

TOBY

No, I'm good, what about Jamie?

MAGGIE

She's fine, she's at Central, worried about you, naturally, just like I was.

They share a LOVING look, as a PANICKED, STIFLED CRY pulls their attention over to JOSHUA COYLE, likewise as tied up and blindfolded as Toby was, squirming futilely. Maggie FROWNS, annoyed.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Joshua Coyle, right? Relax, I'll get to you in a second.

DANNY (O.S.)

Uh, Boss?

She looks over her shoulder, as Danny cautiously backs up from the EMP GENERATOR, her frown fading, as she looks it over.

MAGGIE

Damn, that's big.

TOBY

Maggie, that's the only bomb, he lied about that the rest!

DANNY

What?! But we found meteor rock all over the city.

MAGGIE

(realizing)

Damn it, they're decoys, to keep us busy.

TOBY

He's hooked that thing into the antennae farm, it'll broadcast the EMP wave throughout the city.

With a final slice, Toby is freed from her chair, and both she and Maggie approach the generator, CAREFULLY.

DANNY

Should we call the Bomb Squad  
over here?

MAGGIE

It'll take too long for them to  
get here, damn, I should have  
thought of this, we saw the damn  
thing on the video!

SLOWLY, she approaches the generator, and kneels beside it, opening an access panel, and SWALLOWING at the sight of the various wires and circuits. She turns back to Danny, resigned.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Damn. Danny, get Coyle loose, and  
get out of here. Get everyone  
else clear of the building.

As Danny nods, and pulls out his own knife and starts cutting the shaking Coyle loose, Toby gives Maggie an incredulous look.

TOBY

You're staying?

MAGGIE

It's not like a regular bomb,  
it's not going to explode, just  
release the pulse.

TOBY

You don't know that! It was built  
by a madman!

MAGGIE

Look, Toby, someone's gotta try  
to disarm it.

TOBY

(determined)  
Then, I'm staying too.

MAGGIE

(frustrated)  
Toby-

TOBY

(not budging)  
Either yell at me, or disarm that  
thing, your choice.

With a gesture of surrender, Maggie turns back to the bomb, SOFTLY SMILING to herself, before carefully touching some of the wires and circuits, examing them.

MAGGIE

Definately not anything like my  
bomb disposal instructor ever  
showed us. Maybe, if I-

She FREEZES, as a RED LIGHT suddenly flashes, and a DIGITAL COUNTDOWN appears on a small LCD screen: "00:05"

It begins to COUNT DOWN!

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Oh, shit!

Jumping to her feet, she LUNGES towards a SHOCKED Toby, and knocks them both to the floor, and Danny moves to shield Coyle, just as the countdown hits ZERO!

**BANG!**

A shower of CONFETTI and SEQUINS EXPLODE from the casing, raining down harmlessly on those in the room, as they each look up and around in SURPRISE.

WOMAN (PRE-LAP)

So, how did you fake the  
kryptonite in the generator?

48 INT. LUXURY LIMOSENE - PASSENGER AREA - EVENING

Sitting back, near the window to the driver's section, completely relaxed, holding a glass of champagne, wearing a PLEASED SMILE, OSWALD LOOMIS basks in his victory.

LOOMIS

Oh, it was real enough at first,  
but then I switched out the real  
rocks for some crystal quartz I  
had ready, and used a few green  
LEDS to maintain the illusion.  
Pretty nifty, huh?

He takes a SWIG of the drink, before picking up a box besides him, opening it to show the GREEN METEOR ROCKS inside.

LOOMIS (cont'd)

I appreciate the investment you  
made in me for this little  
'audition', so I figured, I'd  
return what I could, since the  
police will confiscate the rest.

He extended the box forward, and a pair of delicate, pale hands, with blood red, finely manicured nails, reaches out to take it. They pull the box back, to reveal WHISPER A'DAIRE, smiling from the far seat.

WHISPER

Oh, Mr. Loomis, this was more than an audition, believe me. You had the police busy throughout the entire city, giving my people time to acquire something we've been after for a while. The loss of a few pounds of meteor rock is an acceptable loss.

LOOMIS

May I ask what?

WHISPER

Let's just say it's something that will make my own personal Christmas wish come true.

She SMILES, full of CUNNING and SATISFACTION, as we:

FADE TO:

49 INT. BIBBO'S - MAIN BAR - AFTERNOON (MONTAGE)

The bar is now COVERED in Christmas decorations, paper snowmen and angels dangling from the ceiling, and a HUGE TREE decorated within an inch of it's life!

Bibbo, dressed in a FESTIVE JUMPER of his own, and a tissue-paper crown, GRINS at the huge table of food he's set, including a MASSIVE TURKEY!

BIBBO (V.O.)

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
when all through the house, not a  
creature was stirring, not even a  
mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the  
chimney with care, in hopes that  
St. Nicholas soon would be there;

He turns, as the door opens, and in streams EVERYONE! Maggie, Toby, Jamie, Danny, his wife Suzie and their son, Todd, Beth, Kitty and Ten Clouds all arrive, bearing Christmas presents aplenty as they greet each other.

FADE TO:

50 INT. BIBBO'S - MAIN BAR - LATER (MONTAGE)

Maggie, drink in hand, leans against the bar, SMILING at the sight of everyone together, especially as Toby and Jamie exchange gifts with each other, laughing and grinning.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

The children were nestled all  
snug in their beds;  
While visions of sugar-plums  
danced in their heads;  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I  
in my cap, had just settled our  
brains for a long winter's nap,

She raises her glass to Danny, who responds in kind, before heading over to join them.

FADE TO:

51 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING (MONTAGE)

Danny, snuggled up on the couch with SUZIE TURPIN, both watch and laugh as STEVIE eagerly attacks his own presents, wrapping paper going flying across the room, without a care!

DANNY

When out on the lawn there arose  
such a clatter, I sprang from my  
bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a  
flash, tore open the shutters and  
threw up the sash.

As Stevie pulls out a LARGE TOY POLICE CAR, Suzie gives her husband a quick affectionate KISS on the cheek, before heading out of the room, while Danny slides off the sofa to help Stevie with his unwrapping.

FADE TO:

52 INT. BIBBO'S - MAIN BAR - AFTERNOON (MONTAGE)

BETH, smiling widely, clinks her wine glass with Toby, before taking a sip, and LAUGHING, as Wally offers her a CHRISTMAS CRACKER.

BETH

The moon on the breast of the  
new-fallen snow, gave a lustre of  
midday to objects below, when  
what to my wondering eyes did  
appear, but a miniature sleigh

(MORE)

BETH (cont'd)  
 and eight tiny rein-deer, with a  
 little old driver so lively and  
 quick, I knew in a moment he must  
 be St. Nick.

Together, they pull it apart, both laughing as it  
 explodes, before Wally quickly GRABS the BRIGHT GREEN  
 tissue-paper hat that just fell onto the table, and PROUDLY  
 places it on his own head, GRINNING.

WALLY  
 More rapid than eagles his  
 coursers they came, and he  
 whistled, and shouted, and called  
 them by name: "Now, Dasher! now,  
 Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!  
 On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner  
 and Blixen! To the top of the  
 porch! To the top of the wall!  
 Now dash away! dash away! dash  
 away all!"

FADE TO:

53 INT. BIBBO'S - MAIN BAR - LATER (MONTAGE)

KITTY stands next to a small table, on which sits a  
 MENORAH, the traditional candle lit during HANNUKAH. She  
 takes the center candle, the only one lit, and uses it to  
 light all EIGHT others, before returning it to its place.

KITTY  
 As leaves that before the wild  
 hurricane fly, when they meet  
 with an obstacle, mount to the  
 sky; So up to the housetop the  
 coursers they flew with the  
 sleigh full of toys, and St.  
 Nicholas too - and then, in a  
 twinkling, I heard on the roof  
 the prancing and pawing of each  
 little hoof.

TODD, standing next to her, holding a STEAMING CUP in each  
 hand, SMILES before offering her one, which she GRATEFULLY  
 accepts, tapping it against his with a soft CLINK!

TODD  
 As I drew in my head, and was  
 turning around, down the chimney  
 St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
 He was dressed all in fur, from  
 his head to his foot, and his  
 clothes were all tarnished with  
 ashes and soot; a bundle of toys

(MORE)

TODD (cont'd)  
 he had flung on his back, and he  
 looked like a pedler just opening  
 his pack.

FADE TO:

54 INT. BIBBO'S - MAIN BAR - LATER (MONTAGE)

Standing by the bar, watching everyone either eat, talk, or laugh, Bibbo SMILES, happy to have some NEW Christmas memories, as Ten Clouds comes up next to him, and PATS him on the shoulder with a GRIN, before casually toasting with their BEERS.

TEN CLOUDS

His eyes--how they twinkled! his  
 dimples, how merry! His cheeks  
 were like roses, his nose like a  
 cherry! His droll little mouth  
 was drawn up like a bow, and the  
 beard on his chin was as white as  
 the snow; the stump of a pipe he  
 held tight in his teeth, and the  
 smoke, it encircled his head like  
 a wreath; he had a broad face and  
 a little round belly that shook  
 when he laughed, like a bowl full  
 of jelly.

FADE TO:

55 EXT. HSC INTERNATIONAL - MIDTOWN - EVENING (MONTAGE)

Establishing shot of the building, a MODERN, TALL building, with "HSC INTERNATIONAL" visible on the top floors. with a soft covering of the still falling snow.

56 INT. LABORATORY - HSC INTERNATIONAL - CONTINUOUS (MONTAGE)

FOUR large, thin metal CONTAINERS, looking almost like UPRIGHT COFFINS stand in the center of a darkly lit room, in a circle of light, as someone in a LAB COAT approaches--

-- it's OSWALD LOOMIS, grinning EXCITEDLY, as if all his Christmases have come at once.

LOOMIS

He was chubby and plump, a right  
 jolly old elf, and I laughed when  
 I saw him, in spite of myself;  
 A wink of his eye and a twist of  
 his head soon gave me to know I  
 had nothing to dread;

FADE TO:

57 INT. OFFICE - HSC INTERNATIONAL - CONTINUOUS (MONTAGE)

Inside her well appointed office, WHISPER A'DAIRE sits at her desk, watching something on her COMPUTER SCREEN with a smile.

WHISPER'S P.O.V.: Loomis, in his lab, moves towards the nearest container, and starts to unlock and open it.

WHISPER (V.O.)

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, and filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk, and laying his finger aside of his nose, and giving a nod, up the chimney he rose; He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, and away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

She sits back in her chair, watching, her hands steepled, as we:

FADE OUT:

58 EXT. METROPOLIS - EVENING

We pass across the various buildings of the city, across LEXCORP, the DAILY PLANET and the ruined remains of the first WATCHTOWER.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

But I heard him exclaim, as he drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

As snow continues to fall across the city, we:

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM THE CAST AND CREW OF "M:SCU"!