

# M S C U

METROPOLIS · SPECIAL · CRIMES · UNIT

2x05: "*Inject*"

Written by

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Executive Producers  
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XaleCorp Productions 2018

METROPOLIS : SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

2x05: "Inject"

CAST

CAPTAIN MAGGIE SAWYER ..... Jill Teed  
DETECTIVE DAN TURPIN ..... David Paetkau  
TODD RICE ..... Chris Lowell  
DR. BETH CHAPEL ..... Tembi Locke  
WALLY WEST ..... Fran Kranz  
LIEUTENANT RALPH DIBNY ..... Fred Weller  
DR. KITTY FAULKNER ..... Felicia Day  
DETECTIVE PATRICIA TRAYCE..... Katee Sackhoff

ALSO STARRING

JUANITA MENDOZA ..... Gina Rodriguez  
DAMON MATTHEWS ..... Jonathon Groff  
JENNIFER HAYDEN-LYNN ..... Meghan Ory  
KING FARADAY ..... Alex Carter  
ROY HARPER ..... Nathaniel Buzolic  
WHISPER A'DAIRE ..... Jaime Ray Newman  
KYLE ABBOTT ..... David Guintoli  
JOHNNY STITCHES ..... Sean Maher  
DR. DANA LASKI ..... Rose McGowan  
CHARLES GREAT EAGLE ..... Booboo Stewart  
WILLIAM GREAT EAGLE ..... Lou Diamond Phillips

SPECIAL GUEST STARS

DANIEL 'BRICK' BRICKWELL ..... Christopher Judge  
THE DEPUTY DIRECTOR ..... Bruce Boxleitner

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. 8TH PRECINCT, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the precinct.

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

The lab is darkened, illustrating the late hour, and all the various 'areas' of the facility are shut down.

All except the Audio/Visual Desk. All the small screens are active, and each one seems to be searching through a series of CRIMINAL RECORDS. On the main LARGE SCREEN is a zoomed-in still of Danny Turpin's STALKER.

Laying across the keyboard, eyes closed in slumber, one arm cushioned underneath her head as a pillow, is JUANITA MENDOZA. Her other arm hangs limply down, fingers twitching every so often, as she dreams...

...until someone abruptly shakes her by the shoulder! She JOLTS upright, eyes filled with fear!

JUANITA  
Don't eat the candy!  
(blinks, confused)  
Uh-- what?

Standing in front of her, unable to hide his widening amused smile, is DETECTIVE DANNY TURPIN.

DANNY  
Hi there, sleepyhead.

JUANITA  
(stretches, yawns)  
Oh, hi. What time is it?

DANNY  
A little after 11.  
(frowns, annoyed)  
You're were pulling another all-nighter, weren't you?

JUANITA  
(shrugs, caught)  
Not deliberately, no! I guess I just kinda dozed off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUANITA (cont'd)  
(tries to be cute)  
Oops?  
(defensive)  
Anyway, why are you here late?

DANNY  
I'm covering for Detective Cohen, he needed a favor. Besides, it's not like I have much waiting for me at an empty house at the moment.

JUANITA  
(apprehensive)  
Look, Danny, I know I agreed to keep this between us, but I've had no luck! I've been running what we have through every law enforcement database I can access.  
(beat)  
I've got *nada* to show for it. Maybe it's time we asked Wally, or Todd to--

DANNY  
(interrupts, firm)  
No. We keep the circle small.  
(beat, sighs)  
At least for now. I want to deal with this 'stalker' thing myself. I want to know why the hell this guy is following me.

JUANITA  
(bluntly)  
And what if he's dangerous?

DANNY  
That's why I convinced Suzie to stay out of town for a while longer. To keep her and Stevie out of harm's way.

JUANITA  
And what about keeping yourself out of 'harm's way', as well, huh?

DANNY  
(amused)  
She said the same thing, and I'll tell you the same thing. If he wanted to hurt me directly, he's had plenty of chances. He's playing a long game, so we have time on our side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUANITA  
 (unconvinced)  
 As long as he doesn't decide to  
 change the rules.

Danny remains silent - he doesn't have an answer. Instead, he looks back at the main screen, and the angry expression of the young man who has been haunting him...

EXT. MORPHEUS THEATER, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

An eccentricity among the mostly modern buildings of Midtown, the Morpheus Theater is something that would be at home in New York's Broadway, evocative of an older, different time.

The main entrance has a large sign above it emblazoned with the theater's name in LARGE NEON LETTERS. Underneath that, in a truly old fashioned style, smaller letters spell out "MARY POPPINS FEATURING RITA FARR".

VINNIE (O.C.)  
 So, what did you think?

We PAN DOWN as EDWARD 'VINNE' MORGAN and DR. KITTY FAULKNER exit the theater and slowly make their way down the sidewalk, arms entwined.

KITTY  
 (distracted)  
 It-- it was good.

Vinnie grins as he casually and continuously picks at the popcorn Kitty carries, which she doesn't appear to notice, her eyes glazed over with a faraway look.

VINNIE  
 Good? I thought it was wonderful. I don't think the critics were really fair to Rita's performance, were they? She's not a trained singer, but she really threw herself into those musical numbers.

KITTY  
 (not listening)  
 Yeah, I agree, I agree.

Vinnie's excited smile fades, as he looks down at his date, realization dawning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINNIE

(casually)

But still, that moment where she tore off her costume and belted out 'Viva Forever' in an Scottish accent, truly remarkable.

KITTY

Oh, definitely.

(stops, confused)

Wait, what?!

VINNIE

(laughs)

Oh, good, you're back.

KITTY

I'm sorry, I guess I'm a little elsewhere at the moment. But I did really enjoy the musical, it was just what I needed to get my mind off things.

VINNIE

(concerned)

'Things'? Such as?

Kitty, frowning and full of doubt, looks away, but Vinnie gently takes her chin and pulls her gaze back to him. After a second of staring into his deep blue eyes, she melts.

KITTY

(embarrassed, quietly)

My-- my parents are coming into town.

VINNIE

And that's bad?

KITTY

(resentful)

I don't know what it's like between you and your parents, but me and mine, well, there's a lot of baggage. We're not close, not really.

(sadly)

They never really knew how to handle having a 'genius' for a daughter.

(beat, sighs)

I haven't really spoken to them for a while.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINNIE

Hey, I'm no poster child for good parental relationships, believe me. My father, well, let's just say he's a lot to live up to.

KITTY

Do you still talk to him?

VINNIE

(uncomfortable)

He died, about a decade or so ago. Car accident.

KITTY

Oh, I'm so sorry, you've never mentioned...

VINNIE

It's not important in the here and now, it's something that happened then. I can't do anything to change that. I just carry on and do what I can to honor his memory, I guess.

He takes her hand, kissing it, before sweeping an arm around her shoulder, as they head towards a dark town-car parked nearby, a DRIVER besides it, finishing off a cigarette.

VINNIE (cont'd)

Listen, would it make things easier if I was around during their visit? Maybe that will, I don't know, take some pressure off?

KITTY

(excited)

Actually, that might work! Seeing that I have an actual boyfriend, that my life is a bit more than just working at S.T.A.R. God knows that should make my mother ecstatic!

VINNIE

(laughs, pleased)

Happy to oblige. I'm sure I can put on the old charm a little, if it helps.

They snuggle a little closer, walking past a dark alleyway. Neither notice as a LARGE, SHAMBLING FORM emerges from the shadows into the meager light from nearby streetlamps and other nearby theater facades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As they approach the town-car, the driver opens the rear passenger side door for them, with a polite nod as they climb in...

INT. TOWN-CAR - CONTINUOUS

They continue snuggling, enjoying each other's embrace as the car moves onward--

CRASH!!

--only for the vehicle to come to a grinding halt, throwing them both forward, disoriented and confused.

VINNIE

What the hell?! Michael? Michael, you okay?!

The sound of SCRAPPING METAL is heard, as is a panicked scream from the out-of-sight front driver's cab. The scream only gets louder and more terrified before it is abruptly CUT OFF mid-scream. A wet slapping sound soon breaks the silence.

KITTY

(fearful)

Vinnie?

Vinnie just looks back at her, his own eyes filled with uncertainty and fear--

--as the passenger door is RIPPED from it's hinges, and some *thing* yanks Vinnie out! He disappears into the night with a STARTLED CRY.

KITTY (cont'd)

(screams, horrified)

Vinnie!?!

From the darkness, a LARGE HAND, skin malformed, chalky and with a reddish-brown hue to it, reaches in. It grabs hold of Kitty's arm, a grip she has no way in hell of breaking.

As she SCREAMS...

BLACKOUT:

End of TEASER

CONTINUED:

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

EXT. MORPHEUS THEATER, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Vinnie's car has been WRECKED. The doors have been torn off, the roof is crumpled and twisted, and the entire front looks like it's been crushed under a huge weight!

Lying on the sidewalk is a BODY, covered by a plastic blue O.C.M.E. sheet, BLOOD smeared across it. Kneeling besides it is DR. BETH CHAPEL, clad in full crime scene gear, only her hair exposed, pulled back in a untidy ponytail.

She gently lowers the sheet down, eyes distant, as she lets out a ragged breath.

TRAYCE (O.C.)

That bad, Doc?

Beth looks up to see DETECTIVE PATRICIA TRAYCE ducking under the crime scene tape, leaving behind the small group of ONLOOKERS being kept at bay by UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

BETH

I've seen worse, but usually injuries like this are from industrial accidents or work-site equipment.

As Beth replaces her purple latex gloves, Trayce looks over the car, lets out awed whistle.

TRAYCE

Someone definitely went to town on this thing, suggests a personal reason for the attack, not just a victim of circumstance.

BETH

That 'victim' was Edward Morgan, Metropolis's current 'Golden Boy', according to the media.

TRAYCE

I know, that's why the S.C.U. was called in, apparent politically motivated crime is now in our wheelhouse, it seems.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE (cont'd)  
 (snorts, not amused)  
 If you ask me, the Mayor is just  
 trying to cover his ass. Where is Mr.  
 Morgan?

BETH  
 He's on his way to Metropolis  
 General, but the paramedics told me  
 that he wasn't seriously hurt.  
 (beat)  
 His driver wasn't as fortunate, it  
 seems.

A PATROL OFFICER (young, inexperienced and eager to please)  
 approaches, their notebook in hand.

OFFICER  
 Excuse me, Detective?

TRAYCE  
 Yeah?

OFFICER  
 The CSU tech has cleared the vehicle  
 for pickup and towing back to the  
 S.C.U. garage.

Trayce looks over where the mangled town-car is carefully  
 being rigged and hooked up to a waiting TOW-TRUCK.

TRAYCE  
 Good. Wally and Juanita can take it  
 apart tomorrow morning. Figure out  
 who - or what - decided Mr Morgan was  
 a good late night target.

OFFICER  
 Also, they found something that  
 suggests that Mr. Morgan wasn't alone  
 tonight.

The officer pulls out a clear EVIDENCE BAGGIE, inside which  
 is a WOMAN'S PURSE.

BETH  
 (recognizing it)  
 Oh my God...  
 (reaches for it)  
 May I?

Off Trayce's nod, the officer carefully opens the baggie,  
 allowing Beth to reach in and removes the purse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She hesitantly opens it, and rummages through for a second, before pulling out a CLIP-ON SECURITY PASS.

BETH (cont'd)  
 (whispered, fearful)  
 I bought her that purse as a present  
 for Hanukkah.

TRAYCE  
 (confused)  
 Who?

Beth slowly lifts up the pass, displaying the smiling visage of KITTY FAULKNER.

Off Trayce's dawning realization that this attack just got a lot more personal...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)  
 Okay, people, we need to move on this  
 one. Talk to me.

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

CAPTAIN MAGGIE SAWYER, arms crossed, scowl present and meaning business, stands at the CENTRAL LAYOUT TABLE, surrounded by the core team members - TRAYCE, TODD RICE, RALPH DIBNEY and a tired looking DANNY, sipping on a coffee.

TRAYCE  
 We know very little, Boss. Just that someone or some *thing* attacked Edward Morgan's town-car, killed his driver, wounded Morgan and, as it appears right now, abducted Dr. Faulkner.

TODD  
 Her cell was at the crime scene. Patrol officers called in at her apartment and at her work, she's not there.

As he talks, Todd works a TABLET in his hands, and the ARRAY OF SCREENS above the layout table come alive with an assortment of images from the crime scene - the CAR, Kitty's PURSE, the DRIVER'S BODY.

DIBNY  
 It's been, what, 8 hours, since the abduction?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Meaning our window of safe return or retrieval is dwindling. I think it's safe to assume, though, that Kitty was the intended target, the driver and Morgan were collateral damage.

DANNY

No witnesses to the abduction? In the middle of Metro Broadway?

TRAYCE

Apparently, they were attending a late performance that got out around midnight, and the car was attacked just off Broadway itself.

TODD

I've waiting on the traffic camera and CCTV footage of the nearby vicinity. Also, Wally and Juanita have been working on the wrecked car all night.

MAGGIE

Do they have anything to report on that yet? Even prelim findings?

TODD

(nods, works tablet)

Hang on, they sent me something a few minutes ago.

INT. EVIDENCE GARAGE, 8TH PRECINCT - EARLIER (FLASHBACK)

WALLY WEST, clad in SAFETY GLASSES, PURPLE LATEX GLOVES and a white baggy disposable JUMPSUIT, carefully examines the crushed hood of the town-car.

TODD (V.O.)

Wally found some kind of particulate residue on the hood itself. Might be some kind of trace evidence left behind from the attacker.

Squinting and leaning in, he uses a pair of TWEEZERS to pick up some small FLECKS OF RED/BROWN SUBSTANCE. He studies them for a moment, before carefully placing them into a waiting petri-dish.

INT. TOWN-CAR, EVIDENCE GARAGE - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Inside the car itself, her upper body leaning on the backseat cushion, while the rest of her is knelt on the floor of the garage, through the torn off doorway, is JUANITA.

Wearing the exact same ensemble as Wally, she uses a small UV PENLIGHT with a attached FILTER SCREEN to closely examine the backseat itself.

TODD (V.O.)

Juanita found some kind of organic liquid matter inside the car itself, she's working on getting it identified.

MAGGIE

(cautious)

Blood?

TODD

She doesn't want to speculate at the moment.

She quickly spots the telltale blue glow of blood through the filter, uses a Q-TIP to take a sample. She then places that into a TEST TUBE, and labels it with methodical care and practice.

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

Maggie nods, as Todd closes the cover on his tablet. Trayce leans on the main table, a grim look on her face.

TRAYCE

Okay, I'm just going to come out and say what we're all thinking.

(beat)

Was this a meta-human attack?

TODD

(defensive)

You can't assume that!

TRAYCE

(dubious)

Really? Look at that damned car, Rice. There's no way a normal person could do that!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

(angrily)

'Normal'? Nice attitude, Detective.  
 Maybe you should actually investigate  
 before jumping the gun to the  
 'freaks', huh?

TRAYCE

That's not what--

MAGGIE

(firmly)

That's enough. Both of you.

(beat)

We're all worried about Kitty, and  
 yes, it seems this attacker was  
 definitely 'enhanced', but we  
 shouldn't assume anything at the  
 moment, until the evidence tells us  
 otherwise.

Both Trayce and Todd nod stiffly, suitable chastened.

DIBNY

What if it's someone on 'starlight'?  
 We know that amps on strength levels.

MAGGIE

Put a call into Faraday and his  
 people, 'starlight' is in their  
 wheelhouse these days. Any leads they  
 might have would be appreciated. I'll  
 give her boss at S.T.A.R. a call, see  
 what he knows.

(beat)

Danny, Trayce, head to MetGen, talk  
 to Edward Morgan, see if he can give  
 us anything that might help. Todd,  
 chase up that camera footage, it may  
 show us something, *anything*, we need  
 to find an actual lead here.

She looks around the table, meets each of her staff's gazes.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Let me make it clear that we will  
 continue to assume that Kitty is  
 alive and well, and simply being held  
 for whatever reason out of the way  
 somewhere. Whoever took her has shown  
 they have no issue with getting blood  
 on their hands, but they didn't kill  
 her there and then.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE (cont'd)

In my mind, that means they want something. Do what you can to get her back safely. She's as much a part of this team as any of us.

(beat)

Get to it.

She watches them all file out, letting out a HEAVY SIGH before turning and heading into her office...

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - LATER (DAY)

Making herself a cup of tea, standing at the side counter of the large open plan kitchen/living room, is JENNIFER HAYDEN-LYNN. She's dressed casually, and as she carefully and contentedly sips her drink, she moves over to the lounge.

VREEP! VREEP!

She quickly moves over to the coffee table, and picks up the vibrating CELL PHONE laying on it, answering it.

JENNIFER

(pleased)

Hey, I'm just about to head out to meet Damon outside. You ready to go?

TODD (V.O.)

Sorry, sis. I'm gonna have to cancel.

Off Jenn's growing look of disappointment...

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

A stressed-out Todd sits at his desk, several open folders in front of him, tapping at his keyboard with his free hand, his desk phone held to his ear with the other.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

What happened? Something to do with a case?

TODD

Yeah, something like that. I can't go into details right now, but I'll fill you and Damon in later.

MAGGIE (O.C.)

Todd, we need that camera footage ASAP!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD  
 (exasperated)  
 Working on it, working on it!  
 (into phone)  
 Look, tell Damon I'm sorry, will you?  
 See you soon.

With that, he quickly hangs up, before picking up the receiver again, and quickly dialing another number...

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Defeated, Jennifer tosses the cell phone onto the couch, her shoulder slumping in resignation--

--as someone KNOCKS on the door. She heads over and opens it to find a beaming DAMON MATTHEWS, dressed in smart casual attire, ready for a day out in Metropolis. His smile soon fades when he sees Jennifer's glum expression.

DAMON  
 (sighs, resigned)  
 Let me guess. Work?

JENNIFER  
 (nodding)  
 Does it happen often?

DAMON  
 Occasionally. Comes with working for a high-demand job. I can relate, I've had to cancel on short notice a few times when trials take a weird turn.

JENNIFER  
 Looks like it's just the two of us then.  
 (beat, unsure)  
 That okay with you?

DAMON  
 (laughs)  
 Sure! It will give me a chance to tell you some of the embarrassing stories I already know about Todd!  
 (beat)  
 Come on, lunch is on me, after a generous amount of shopping.

Off Jennifer's growing smile, as she grabs her coat and heads out of the apartment...

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

Establishing shot of the busy exterior, as doctors, nurses and ambulances come and go.

VINNIE (PRE-LAP)  
 (pained, tired)  
 I-- I wish I could tell you something more.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

VINNIE MORGAN lies in his hospital bed, several angry bruises across his face, looking pale and exhausted. Danny and Trayce stand at the bedside, taking notes.

DANNY  
 If you could go over your recollections again, just to make sure we have everything.

VINNIE  
 Like I said, Detective, we felt the car jerk to a halt, my driver scream and then the door was ripped right off, and some *thing* grabbed hold of me and pulled me out of the car.

TRAYCE  
 Some '*thing*', sir?

VINNIE  
 It was dark, but we were near some street lights, I could just about make out whatever that thing was. It-- it barely looked human, it was huge!

(upset)  
 Next thing I knew I was flying through the air, and hit the floor hard. I just remember hearing Kitty scream before everything went dark.

(beat)  
 God, it sounds insane!

DANNY  
 Believe it or not, every little detail you remember will help.

VINNIE  
 But what about Kitty?! I mean, have you heard anything from her?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINNIE (cont'd)  
(off their silence)  
God, this is all my fault! However  
took her is probably using her as  
leverage or something.

TRAYCE  
Why do you say that?

VINNIE  
I've made quite a few enemies since I  
started my company, Detectives, a few  
more since I came back to Metropolis.  
But Kitty, she wouldn't hurt a fly,  
why would anyone abduct her if not  
because of me?

DANNY  
That's what we need to figure out,  
Mr. Morgan.

The door to the room opens, and DOCTOR CHARLES GREAT EAGLE  
(Native American, mid-40s, handsome with an air of serene  
calmness) enters, holding a clipboard.

GREAT EAGLE  
I'm sorry, Detectives, but I must  
insist Mr. Morgan gets his rest.  
You'll have to come back later for  
further questions.

TRAYCE  
That's alright, Doctor. I think we  
have everything we're going to get  
from him.

VINNIE  
Like I said, I wish I could remember  
more, but I just didn't see enough.  
(pleads)  
Please, just find her in time.

DANNY  
(determined)  
We'll find her, I promise.

Great Eagle ushers them out into the corridor, leaving a  
despondent Vinnie to his solitary thoughts...

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Great Eagle escorts the two detectives towards the nurse's station, where several nurses in scrubs sit, working away at computers. Great Eagle picks up and passes a CLEAR PLASTIC BAGGIE filled with bloody clothes to Danny.

GREAT EAGLE

This is everything Mr. Morgan was wearing when he came in. I'm assuming you'll want them to check for trace evidence and the like?

DANNY

Thanks, Doctor. So... how is Mr. Morgan?

GREAT EAGLE

His injuries weren't minor - a hairline fracture to the ulna, minor concussion and quite a collection of cuts and bruises, but he'll be fine eventually.

(beat)

If you'll excuse me, I have rounds to get to.

With a parting nod, Great Eagle exchanges the clipboard he holds for another, then heads off down the corridor.

TRAYCE

(dubious)

'Fine eventually'?

(unimpressed)

Given what happened to the other guy, I'd say he's lucky to be alive.

DANNY

I doubt he feels that way at the moment.

(beat)

Come on, let's get these clothes back to the lab.

As they head towards the nearest elevator...

INT. DIBNY'S OFFICE, S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM, 8TH PRECINCT - DAY

Dibny sits perched on the edge of his desk, handset of his phone pressed to his ear, brow furrowed in concentration, as he writes down something on a notepad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY

Really? That name again? Thank you,  
thank you.

He hangs up, and looks up just as Maggie raps her knuckles  
on the open door.

MAGGIE

You got something?

DIBNY

Yes and no. I couldn't get hold of  
Agent Faraday, and the agent I spoke  
to at the D.E.O. just gave me the  
runaround.

MAGGIE

So much for inter-agency cooperation,  
huh?

DIBNY

I'll keep trying, but on a hunch, I  
called up the 3rd Precinct, something  
I remembered from an all-points they  
put out over a missing scientist.  
They're emailing me the full case  
report now. I have the name here.

(checks his notes)

A Dr. Dana Laski. She's a research  
scientist at a private facility  
called Olympus Labs in the Business  
District.

Maggie nods, absorbing the information, as Todd quickly  
walks up to the open doorway.

TODD

(urgent)

Juanita and Wally called up. They  
think they've figured out who  
abducted Kitty.

Maggie and Dibny share a surprised look, and heading after  
the now-departing Todd, EXIT...

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: A WIRE-FRAME DNA STRAND, on one of the COMPUTER  
SCREENS in the Forensics lab. Standing around the table that  
holds the screen and keyboard are Wally, Juanita, Maggie and  
Dibny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

This one is really screwy, Maggie!

MAGGIE

Focus, Wally. What are we looking at.

JUANITA

Basically, the building blocks of life, but not as we know it.

DIBNY

The organic fluid? It was blood?

WALLY

Yes. Kind of. Sorta. Basically, it is blood, but it's totally out of whack. The DNA in it is mutating.

MAGGIE

Mutating how?

JUANITA

We're not sure, but that dusty residue we found, it's also organic in nature, and contains DNA as well.

(beat)

It had epithelial attributes.

MAGGIE

It's *skin*?!

DIBNY

So it is a meta-human responsible? One whose DNA is physically changing them somehow? Is that even possible?

TODD

It's very possible. We still know very little about how the meta-gene works and how it effects those people it's active in.

WALLY

Like I said... Screwy! That's not even the kicker, though! On the off-chance it's someone in the database, we ran the DNA through the system.

MAGGIE

You got a match?

WALLY

Boy, did we!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He picks up a nearby COMPUTER TABLET, and shows it's screen to the assembled crowd - but unseen by the camera. They each react with stunned amazement.

MAGGIE  
(disbelief)  
You've got to be kidding me...

INT. CLOSED SUBWAY JUNCTION, UNDER METROPOLIS - LATER

The tracks are lit by sporadically placed work-lights, rubbish and graffiti are all over the place, and a cluster of rats squeak and scurry around. There is a door, marked 'STORAGE'...

INT. STORAGE ROOM, CLOSED SUBWAY JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Laying in the darkness, only a thin shaft of light from the small window illuminating her, on a threadbare mattress is KITTY FAULKNER. *Unconscious.*

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
(irritated)  
Hey, sleeping beauty! Wake up, will you!

CLANG! Kitty wakes up with a start at the loud noise. She bolts to a sitting position, looking around, eyes wide with confusion.

KITTY  
(woozily)  
Wha--?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
(exasperated, bitter)  
Finally! If you think you're sleeping through this hell, think again!

Her eyes slowly adjusting, Kitty slowly squints into the darkness. Sitting a few feet across from her, a basic metal plate in hand, is DR. DANA LASKI, just as disheveled and unkempt as Kitty herself.

KITTY  
(confused)  
Dana Laski?

LASKI  
You recognize me? I supposed I should be flattered. I'm really not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY  
 (looking around)  
 What the hell is going on? Where--

LASKI  
 (interrupting,  
 impatient)  
 --are we? No idea, but I've been here  
 for a while, and people will be  
 starting to miss me!  
 (to the door)  
 You hear me?! People will be looking!

UNKNOWN VOICE  
 (gravelly, harsh)  
 They wont find you.

Kitty looks in the direction of the door, as HEAVY FOOTSTEPS can be heard approaching before the door is unlocked and pushed open. The bright work-lights illuminate the dank room, and a silhouette of a HULKING FORM appears.

Kitty's jaw drops, her eyes widening with shock.

KITTY  
 (awed, terrified)  
 Om my dear God.

A figure, dressed in ragged, baggy clothes caked with dirt and grime, shambles in. He looks like someone genetically spliced together Quasimodo, the Thing and the Hulk! Well-muscled arms are bare, but the skin on them and his face looks *wrong*. Rough, cracked like old brickwork.

Pure white hair into dreadlocks and pulled into a ponytail stands out starkly next to his strange reddish-brown skin. But even with the changes, the face of The Figure is recognizable.

It's DANIEL BRICKWELL.

Off his cold, hard glare...

FADE TO BLACK:

**End of ACT ONE**

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. STORAGE ROOM, CLOSED SUBWAY JUNCTION - AS BEFORE

DANIEL BRICKWELL. He looks, to partially quote Lewis Carroll, "big as life" but nowhere near natural. He looms over the two scientists ensconced in the small room, glaring at them with unbridled menace.

BRICKWELL

Kitty Faulkner and Dana Laski. Your reputations precede you both.

KITTY

Our reputations?

LASKI

(impatient)

Don't you get it, Red? He wants our help to fix his 'condition'.

(snidely)

It seems our eminent host here got himself overdosed on that drug that's been going around.

KITTY

(realizing)

'Starlight'. You O.D.ed on 'starlight', and it triggered some kind of mutation.

BRICKWELL

(suspicious)

You don't seem surprised,

KITTY

I-- I've suspected something like that could occur. Kryptonite is a notorious mutagenic. If the person exposed had a strong enough meta-gene--

BRICKWELL

(interrupts, angry)

Look at me, 'Doctor'! I'm been turned into a frigging monster!

He leans in close. Kitty instinctively pulls back, but Brickwell ignores this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He clenches one hand into a fist, squeezing tight. LARGE FLAKES OF SKIN crumble off and fall to the ground. Kitty leans in, despite herself, *intrigued*.

BRICKWELL (cont'd)

This? This isn't normal. I need you two geniuses to fix this. I need you to cure me!

KITTY

(incredulous)

A cure?! You can't cure being a meta-human!

BRICKWELL

Curtis Knox did it. So can you. Hell, you've done it before, right? Eric Marsh, remember.

KITTY

That-- that was a unique situation. His condition was--

BRICKWELL

I know exactly what caused it. So come on, time to get to work.

He pulls away from them, turning away from them, heading back to the doorway, as Laski glares after him, sneering in derision.

LASKI

How do you expect us to do anything in these conditions?

Brickwell stops, and slowly turns to look over his shoulder. The knowing smirk on his face wipes the look off of hers in an instant...

INT. CLOSED SUBWAY JUNCTION, UNDER METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Both Kitty and Laski emerge, blinking hard at the brighter lighting, from the small storage room onto the subway tracks proper. Brickwell watches both women carefully.

The whole circular area has been transformed into a ramshackle but impressive LABORATORY. Tabletops with the usual array of LAB EQUIPMENT and COMPUTERS are dotted in a sensible layout. Cables run across the floor to a GENERATOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LASKI  
(reluctant)  
Impressive set up.

BRICKWELL  
You think that's good?

He picks up a HEAVY LEAD BOX with ease, and opens it's lid. Inside is an assortment of colored rocks. Red. Green. Blue. Yellow. The MANY FLAVORS OF KRYPTONITE.

BRICKWELL (cont'd)  
I may be off the grid, but I have my resources, as you can see.

Off the disbelief on both scientists faces...

DANNY (PRE-LAP)  
(disgusted)  
Brickwell's alive?

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

Around the central table, the full team (MAGGIE, DIBNY, DANNY, TRAYCE, TODD, WALLY and JUANITA) are assembled.

DANNY  
Damn. I always thought his disappearance was too good to be true.

JUANITA  
Who's Daniel Brickwell?

DIBNY  
Metropolis's premier drug kingpin for the last few years. Everyone in the department knew about him, but we've never been able to prosecute.

MAGGIE  
He's a slippery son-of-a-bitch.

TRAYCE  
I've heard of him. He started off in Star City, back in the day. Didn't he go off the radar after the whole Toyman thing?

TODD  
'Missing, presumed deceased'. That was the hope, anyway.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD (cont'd)

Metro Central Narcotics reported his organization had fractured and split without him.

MAGGIE

But instead of doing the world a favor and staying six feet under, somehow he's been turned into some kind of meta-human Goliath?

WALLY

That's about the it, Cap.

Wally manipulates the TABLET he is holding, and the MONITOR SCREENS above the central area blink on, displaying an assortment of CHEMICAL ANALYSES.

WALLY (cont'd)

We broke down the blood further. It isn't just spontaneously mutating, something triggered it. Something both Brickwell and we are very familiar with.

(beat)

Starlight.

DANNY

He was sampling his own product?

WALLY

(shrugs)

Maybe, I don't know for sure. All I do know is that his blood was saturated with the stuff, and whatever effect it had, it's still ongoing.

JUANITA

His DNA is in a constant state of mutation. He's going to keep changing, but we can't predict just how human he'll be by the end of it, or how it will affect him mentally.

DANNY

(unsympathetic)

Poetic justice, I say.

MAGGIE

(pointedly)

That aside, Detective Turpin, he has at least two hostages. Dr. Faulkner and Dr. Laski.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
You find out much at Olympus Labs?

TRAYCE  
(shakes head)  
Turns out Dr. Laski is a workaholic,  
and isn't much of a team player. Even  
her assistants barely know anything  
about her.

DIBNY  
What about the abduction itself?

TRAYCE  
Apparently, no one witnessed it, and  
the security footage they had was  
taken, including all copies.

MAGGIE  
By who? The 3rd Precinct?

DANNY  
(smirks)  
Not quite, Boss. It turns out we're  
not the only ones asking questions.

As Maggie scowls in *dawning realization*...

INT. FARADAY'S OFFICE, D.E.O. FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A well-appointed, not overly large, but still comfortable  
office space. Not very many personal touches. At the desk,  
straight out of government supply, is KING FARADAY.

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
(heard through door)  
Is he in there?

SECRETARY (O.S.)  
(off-guard)  
Uh, he-- wait, you can't just--

MAGGIE  
(not in the mood)  
Like hell I can't.

Faraday, resigned to what's coming, plants a congenial smile  
on his face as a pissed-off Maggie storms in.

FARADAY  
(pleasant)  
Good day to you, Captain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Save it, Faraday. Dana Laski. Olympus Labs. Daniel Brickwell. Ring any bells?

Faraday barely reacts, aside from a slightly raised eyebrow.

FARADAY

(impressed)

You seem all caught up.

Maggie crosses the small distance between them, hands pressing on his desk, as she leans in close.

MAGGIE

(firmly)

Start talking.

With a exasperated sigh, the D.E.O. Special Agent-in-Charge leans back into his chair, arms crossed...

INT. BIG BELLY BURGER, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - AFTERNOON

The fast-food restaurant isn't too busy, dealing with the mid-afternoon, post lunch-time crowd. Employees in the brightly colored uniforms are either serving customers or cleaning tables.

At one of those tables are JENNIFER and DAMON, each with a half-eaten meal of burger and fries in front of them. The table is surrounded by nearly a dozen shopping bags - it's been a productive (and expensive) afternoon.

Damon takes a large bite of his burger, and chews happily. Jennifer watches with an amused smile, sipping her cola.

DAMON

(content)

God lord, I needed that!

JENNIFER

There's something about having a Big Belly Burger that makes everything right with the world, isn't there?

DAMON

Yes! Exactly!

They share a laugh, before slipping into a comfortable silence for a moment. Damon surveys the amount of shopping they accomplished.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAMON (cont'd)  
Maybe we shouldn't have bought so much. You'll probably have to buy yourself a new suitcase to pack it all to when you go back home.

Jennifer's smile falters for a brief moment, before she recovers, looking away. Damon notices, a small frown creasing his brow for a second.

DAMON (cont'd)  
So... why don't you tell me about life in Midway City?

JENNIFER  
(off-guard)  
What do you mean?

DAMON  
I've spent this afternoon talking all about me and Todd. I should hold back the embarrassing stories. I'd love to hear about you.

JENNIFER  
(uncomfortable)  
Well, there's really not much to it. Midway City is no Metropolis.

DAMON  
(pushing)  
Come on, tell me a little more about Jennifer Hayden-Lynn. What are your parents like, where do you work, any boyfriends Todd should be worried about?

JENNIFER  
(snaps, defensive)  
This is starting to sound like a cross-examination, Damon.

DAMON  
(taken aback)  
What? No, that's not what--

He stops, as Jennifer abruptly stands, her chair scrapping against the floor as she does.

JENNIFER  
(interrupting, angry)  
What? Was all this just to get me to lower my guard, let something slip?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAMON

(aghast)

No, not at all! I was just curious, I swear!

Jennifer starts to respond, but notices the assorted curious or annoyed LOOKS of the assorted customers and staff around the restaurant. Whatever anger she's feeling dissipates instantly.

JENNIFER

(embarrassed, quiet)

I-- I'm sorry. I should go.

Eyes glistening with tears, Jennifer grabs at her bags and makes her way out with all due alacrity. Damon, blinking in stunned and confused silence, watches her departing form...

INT. CLOSED SUBWAY JUNCTION, UNDERNEATH METROPOLIS - LATER

Under the harsh glare of the work-lights, Kitty prepares a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE, standing at one of the lab stations. Next to her is Laski, watching her with some trepidation. Both look haggard and worn-out, covered in grime, *exhausted*.

Sitting on a stool that looks like it's likely to collapse under his weight is Brickwell. One of his arms is on the table, a length of plastic tied around it.

KITTY

The samples you provided have badly degraded. We need some fresh blood.

BRICKWELL

Just get on with it.

(beat, coldly)

And don't try anything funny.

Kitty, unseen by Brickwell, swallows hard, trying to keep calm and not give into the fear coursing through her. He watches like a hawk as she turns and slowly lowers the needle towards his arm.

She stops, the needle millimeters from his skin. She's frowning. Gently, she flicks her nail against his skin. Her frown *deepens*.

BRICKWELL (cont'd)

(suspicious)

Something wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY  
 (deep in thought)  
 Your skin. It's hardening.

BRICKWELL  
 (sardonic)  
 Yeah, I'd noticed.

KITTY  
 The thing is, I don't think we're  
 going to find a vein to draw a  
 sample.

BRICKWELL  
 (resigned)  
 Fine.

He reaches across the table and picks up a razor-sharp SCALPEL. Barely hesitating, he then *thrusts* it into his other hand! Grimacing, he drags it down, and ORANGE-RED BLOOD begins to pour from the wound.

KITTY  
 (appalled)  
 Oh my God!

Calmly, Brickwell pulls the scalpel loose, and casually tosses it onto the table. He then holds out his bleeding hand, squeezed into a fist, allowing blood to drip into a small sample dish.

BRICKWELL  
 (irritated)  
 That enough?

LASKI  
 (impressed)  
 More than enough, yes.

Brickwell opens his fist, and picks up a nearby rag, and uses it to staunch the blood flow. Kitty, concerned for him as she would be any one, picks up some gauze and starts tearing off some strips.

KITTY  
 We need to tend to that wound, it  
 could get infected. You may have even  
 damaged the muscles in your hand!

BRICKWELL  
 (rolls eyes)  
 Easy, Doc. Save your compassion for  
 someone who needs it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRICKWELL (cont'd)

(opens hand)

Look.

Kitty stares, mouth agape as the wound SLOWLY BUT STEADILY HEALS. Within seconds, the wound is gone, and the skin has returned to a roughened state.

LASKI

(stunned, awed)

Your cellular regeneration rate has increased exponentially! Amazing.

(incredulous)

And you want to go back to being *normal*? You're stronger, more powerful! Why go back to being 'ordinary'?!

BRICKWELL

(incensed)

Because I want my life back! I don't want to be hiding in the dark, or end up being someone's specimen!

LASKI

But don't you see? The meta-human phenomenon, it finally gives humanity the potential to move forward in leaps and bounds! We're no longer dependent in the long process of evolution.

KITTY

(askance)

We're a long way from that, Doctor! We've barely finished mapping the human genome. Understanding the meta-gene is going to take a lot of research and study.

LASKI

Maybe, but once we understand its effects, we can learn to replicate them, technologically. Perhaps even augment those with the gene already present.

KITTY

(appalled)

And what about those people whose meta-gene has robbed them of a normal life? We should be helping those people accept what's happening, not forcing them to change even further!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LASKI  
(dismissive)  
Then they don't deserve this gift.

BRICKWELL  
(impatient)  
Enough already! I brought you both here to find me a cure, not debate the philosophy of one.

He abruptly stands, and grabs a large and heavy-looking trench-coat that barely fits him as he pulls it on.

LASKI  
Going somewhere?

BRICKWELL  
My guys should have those extra supplies you asked for ready by now.

KITTY  
(scared but defiant)  
What-- what makes you think we won't try and escape if you leave?

BRICKWELL  
(menacing)  
Because I found you both once. I can easily do it again. But next time, I won't be as nice about it.  
(taunting)  
Have fun.

With a twisted, dark laugh deep in his throat, Brickwell walks away from the work-lights, disappearing into the darkness. He leaves two very concerned scientists behind...

EXT. 8TH PRECINCT, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - AFTERNOON (LATER)

Establishing shot of the building.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)  
Intergang?! What the hell does this have to do with Intergang?!

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

The team are sat around the table. Faraday stands at one end, Maggie sat down next to him. On the MONITOR SCREENS above the table are an array of images. Brickwell's MUG SHOT. SURVEILLANCE IMAGES of LASKI and WHISPER A'DAIRE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY

Two reasons. One was that Brickwell was originally identified as a key player in what we believe to be Intergang's attempt to secure a foothold in the criminal underworld of Metropolis. Second is that we believe Olympus Labs is actually a front for Intergang. Agents have been keeping Laski under surveillance for the past few months.

MAGGIE

What does this have to do with Kitty's abduction?

FARADAY

Olympus fronts itself as a general scientific research company, but Laski's particular specialty is gene re-sequencing. She's a major advocate of using technology to push human evolution further forward.

TODD

(realizing)

And Kitty is one of the major authorities on the meta-gene and how it also directs evolution.

DIBNY

The two leading experts on genetics, genetic manipulation and the meta-gene in the city? It can't be a coincidence.

FARADAY

Agreed. Our theorists think he wants them to find a way to cure him.

TRAYCE

But what does this have to do with Intergang? Besides Laski's involvement.

FARADAY

My superiors believe, and I agree, that Brickwell's abduction of Laski wasn't just for the sake of convenience. He's vindictive, but not prone to rash moves. He chose Laski because of her ties to Intergang.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY

And Kitty?

FARADAY

(shrugs)

My guess is that Laski can't do whatever he wants of her on her own, and he took Dr. Faulkner as extra insurance.

MAGGIE

(coldly)

You knew about Brickwell, didn't you?

FARADAY

(sighs)

We knew he'd survived an apparent assassination attempt by Intergang, and that something had happened to him, something to do with starlight.

(beat)

But we didn't know he'd been transformed until we saw the footage from Olympus's parking garage.

MAGGIE

(understanding)

So taking Laski is also Brickwell's way of sticking it to Intergang.

(stands, snaps)

Damn it, Faraday, you should have told us all this!

FARADAY

(glares, impatient)

Why? What difference would it have made? It wouldn't have made a slight iota of difference in the long run!

(takes a breath, calmer)

Look, all I care about right now is finding Kitty.

(beat, genuine)

You and your team aren't the only ones who care about her.

Maggie just glares at him. Dibny slowly stands, and approaches.

DIBNY

What do you propose we do? Do your people have any idea where Brickwell is holing up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Off of Faraday's familiar grin slowly returning...

EXT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION, SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

Establishing shot of the stairway down to the platform and station proper, as run down and decrepit as the interior. A dark navy-blue unmarked DELIVERY VAN is parked close, doors open, exposing boxes of equipment inside...

FARADAY (V.O.)  
Actually, I have that under control.

INT. TICKET AREA, ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

This area of the station is just as vandalized and smashed up as the rest of it. Several sleeping bags lay around the filth-encrusted floor, but their occupants are long gone.

In the dim light coming from the street level entrance, four young men of varying ethnicity carry down supplies from the van. All of them dress in a very 'street' style - an array of hoodies, loosely belted pants and baseball caps.

From the shadows leading down to platform level, Brickwell shambles out and heads their way. One of the men, a young WHITE MAN with a conspicuous SCAR across his cheek, approaches and silently starts conferring with him.

One of the other men is wearing a familiar SCRUFFY & WORN RED HOODIE, it's hood pulled up, hiding his face, until he slowly turns around. It's a face we recognize, albeit a little more scruffier and disheveled than we last saw him.

FARADAY (V.O.)  
(proudly)  
I've got an inside man.

It's ROY HARPER!! Off his focused glint of his deep brown eyes...

CUT TO BLACK:

End of ACT TWO

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

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

A furious DANNY gets in the face of FARADAY, thrusting a finger into the older man's chest.

DANNY

(incensed)

Are you outta your goddamned mind?!  
You sent in a recovering addict into  
an undercover assignment inside a  
drug cartel?!

FARADAY

(calmly)

Mr. Harper knew exactly what we were  
asking of him, Detective.

DANNY

(disgusted)

Like hell! He worked damn hard to get  
himself out of that life, and you've  
sent him right back in without a  
second thought.

MAGGIE puts a hand on Danny's shoulder, pulling him back in  
an attempt to calm him down slightly.

MAGGIE

That's enough, Danny.

Danny releases an angry breath, but backs off, slumping back  
into his seat, seething silently. Maggie's expression  
hardens as she glares at Faraday.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Danny does have a point, Faraday. Why  
Roy Harper?

FARADAY

We needed someone who knew players in  
the city's drug underworld. Mr.  
Harper has that knowledge, thanks to  
his previous role in it. Isn't that  
why you used him last year? I just  
took the next step.

TRAYCE

So how 'inside' is your guy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY

He's managed to work his way into the good graces of one of Brickwell's lieutenants.

DIBNY

I thought Intergang absorbed all his resources when he went off the grid?

FARADAY

Most of them, but a few are still loyal to him. His need for lackeys is what allowed us to get Harper in.

MAGGIE

Wally, Juanita, if Brickwell  
You say you know where he is?

FARADAY

Not exactly. I'm waiting for Harper to contact me with the location once it's confirmed.

MAGGIE

Juanita, Wally, if Brickwell is trying to find some kind of cure, what kind of equipment would he need?

JUANITA

Too many things to name. Fixing degrading DNA is no easy task. He'd also need some place to store the equipment, power for it, and relative privacy.

WALLY

(shaking head)

Besides, his DNA is so way out of whack, I'm not even sure Kitty could do anything for him.

Off Maggie's growing concern...

INT. CLOSED SUBWAY JUNCTION, UNDERNEATH METROPOLIS - LATER

KITTY is sat one of the tables, staring into an advanced MICROSCOPE hooked up to a LAPTOP. At another table is LASKI, holding a TEST TUBE filled with a gold-hued liquid. Carefully, she adds two drops of Brickwell's BLOOD into it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (V.O.)

Let's hope Brickwell doesn't realize that. If he does, Kitty's expendable.

The chemicals REACT, the liquid begins to FIZZ and BUBBLE. Laski's hopeful expression crumbles. This isn't what she hoped. In a fit of anger, she hurls the test tube across the platform, where it shatters upon impact.

LASKI

(disappointed)

Dammit!

KITTY

(resigned)

I knew it wouldn't work.

LASKI

(annoyed)

Then why didn't you say anything?

(sighs)

We've already dismissed most of our options because of the physicality of Brickwell's change. Using the serum you used on Eric Marsh seemed like our only viable option!

KITTY

(frustrated)

What's happening to our 'patient' isn't a simple case of mutagenic poisoning!

LASKI

(curious)

You're saying that his condition isn't because of an overdose of kryptonite?

KITTY

(indicates laptop)

I'm saying it was a catalyst, and this sample proves it.

On the screen is an assortment of SCIENTIFIC DATA - it's all gibberish to the layman, but to these two, it makes perfect sense. Laski approaches, leaning in to study it, frowning.

LASKI

(realizing)

His meta-gene is active. You think the kryptonite switched it on, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KITTY

(nodding)

Rather forcibly too. That explains why he's not adapting to it as easily as other metahumans. His body isn't coping with the stress of the change. That serum was designed to negate the mineral's effects in the bloodstream. Using it here might purge the blood of it's continuing effect, but it wouldn't revert the physical changes.

LASKI

(understanding)

Because they're actually the result of his meta-gene kicking in.

Laski starts pacing across the platform, as Kitty stretches out and massages her neck, fighting a yawn as she does.

LASKI (cont'd)

(inspired)

What if we do it anyway?

KITTY

(not following)

Do what?

LASKI

Make the serum, at least a version of it.

KITTY

(tired)

I told you, it wont--

LASKI

(impatient)

Yes, yes, I know! But he doesn't!

(off Kitty's blank look)

He provided us with kryptonite, so he's obviously aware of the serum, and it's use before. What if we knock up something that looks like what he's expecting, but actually it's a harmless mixture, laced with say, a narcotic or a sedative?

KITTY

(clueless)

You wanna drug him? Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LASKI

(disbelief)

To escape, you moron! Honestly, you're supposed to be one of the brightest scientific minds of our generation!

KITTY

(embarrassed)

Look, sorry if I'm just trying to get my brain around being abducted again! Seriously, once was enough for me!

(beat)

Besides, you said people would come looking for you. Given how he grabbed me, the police are probably already on it.

LASKI

Look, I'm not willing to simply 'wait around' for rescue.

KITTY

You heard what he said earlier. Besides, we have no idea where we are.

LASKI

That's why we give him a massive dose and run for it. Get as far away from here as we can.

(taunts)

Besides, are you really willing to play up to the 'helpless damsel' he obviously thinks we both are?

Off Kitty nervously biting her lip...

INT. TICKET AREA, ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

The number of people has doubled, as supplies are carried down the stairs and piled in various places. ROY is still present, helping with the work, while surreptitiously watching the goings-on between Brickwell and his lackeys.

BRICKWELL

This everything I asked for?

LACKEY #1

(nervously)

Most of it, Boss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRICKWELL

(impatient)

Dammit, Richie, I need everything I asked for. I don't care how much it costs, get me everything on the list!

LACKEY #1

I'm working on it, Boss, I swear!

Roy, after checking his work isn't being watched, reaches into a pocket, and pulls out a SMALL DEVICE - a GPS LOCATOR.

He turns it on - a small RED L.E.D. flashes once, before he places it inside the bag he's holding, then deposits it in a pile of supplies.

BRICKWELL

What about that other job?

LACKEY #2

Uh, see, Brick, the thing is, that, uh--

BRICKWELL

Say your peace, Kenny.

LACKEY #2

Some of us have been talking, and we're not totally on board with what you wanna--

With inhuman speed, Brickwell grabs the younger man by his jacket and pulls him in close.

BRICKWELL

(incensed)

Not 'on board'?! Whisper frigging A'Daire is the reason I look like this! Her and her damn Intergang have taken everything away from me. I was on the verge of running this city, and now look at me! Hiding out with the rats and the roaches.

He thrusts the younger man into the wall behind him. His head hits the wall with a SICKENING THUD!

BRICKWELL (cont'd)

I won't rest until I see her on her knees in front of me, begging for her miserable life before I put a bullet between her eyes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He lets go of the man, his now-limp body sagging to the floor, leaving a vivid thick streak of BLOOD on the wall. Lackey #1 kneels down and feels for a pulse. He looks up, eyes wide.

LACKEY #1  
(horrified)  
Y-- you killed him!

All activity around the ticket level has stopped as the assembled gang-bangers look on in shock. Brick turns to look at them with impatient disgust.

BRICKWELL  
(shouting)  
What are you all looking at?! Get back to work, all of you!

With alacrity, the gang-bangers jump to it. Brick remains still, looking down at the fresh corpse with disdain for a moment.

BRICKWELL (cont'd)  
(waves at it,  
dismissive)  
Richie, get rid of this loser. Jay,  
Leroy, help me get all this crap down  
to the lab.

Two of the youths nod in acknowledgment, and start to pick up several bags. Roy quickly hands his back to one of them, before making himself look busy with other supplies. He watches as all three head down to the lower level...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)  
We've got a location.

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

The assembled core team (Maggie, Danny, DIBNY, TRAYCE, TODD & WALLY) are stood around the central layout table. Faraday stands with them.

On the overhead screens is a TOPOGRAPHIC MAP of Metropolis. A RED DOT is blinking in the area marked 'Southside'.

TODD  
It looks like Brickwell is using an old, abandoned subway station in Suicide Slums as a staging ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

That's where Kitty is being held?

FARADAY

(shakes head)

It's just a staging platform. Harper was under orders to slip the GPS locator we gave him into the supplies he's been gathering. That will lead us to where Kitty is being held.

(beat)

It's on the move. Underground.

MAGGIE

Two teams. Ralph, Trayce, assemble a tactical team. You're going to head to that subway station. We can finish Brickwell's operation in one strike.

(to Danny)

You and I will locate wherever the hell he's holding Kitty and Laski.

(dripping sarcasm)

Faraday has kindly allowed us to join his team.

TRAYCE

(teasing)

Looks like you're getting all the fun, Turpin.

FARADAY

Nothing personal, Detective Trayce. They've had training for these kind of tactical scenarios. I know both of them can hold you own alongside my own agents in a metahuman situation.

TRAYCE

(shrugs)

Doesn't bother me. I'd rather mess with some lowly henchmen than what you'll be dealing with, judging from what he did to that car.

DANNY

(exasperated)

Gee, thanks, Trayce. Nice to know you care.

Trayce GRINS, alongside a playful wink...

INT. CLOSED SUBWAY JUNCTION, UNDER METROPOLIS - LATER

Brickwell is seated back on the stool, watching as Laski slowly and carefully fills a SYRINGE with a pale-yellow liquid. Kitty watches with nervous anticipation.

BRICKWELL  
(impressed)  
You work fast.

LASKI  
(deadpan)  
Amazing how having your life  
threatened can motive a person.

BRICKWELL  
(snickers, darkly)  
Funny lady. Just get on with it.  
(to Kitty)  
What's wrong with you?

KITTY  
(off Laski's glare)  
What? No, no. I'm just concerned  
we're moving too fast.

BRICKWELL  
(defiant)  
I've been stuck like this for eight  
months, Doc. If this will cure me, I  
ain't waiting any longer.  
(realizing)  
Wait a sec, you couldn't take my  
blood before, how are you gonna  
inject me now?

LASKI  
(venomous)  
Like this!

She forcefully STABS the syringe into Brickwell's waiting arm, pushing down the plunger as Brickwell cries out in surprise and pain. He jumps to his feet, knocking the stool backwards as he yanks the syringe free. He glares at Laski.

BRICKWELL  
What the hell?!

He blinks, once. Twice. He grabs at the table, looking confused as a wave of dizziness overtakes him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRICKWELL (cont'd)  
 (slurring, slow)  
 Wha-- what did you-- you do to...

His knees buckle, and falling backwards, he hits the platform hard, with a mighty CRASH! Both Laski and Kitty stare at his prone form in stunned amazement.

LASKI  
 Well. That worked.

She starts searching the table for something, as Kitty kneels down beside the prone Brickwell.

KITTY  
 How much did you give him?!

LASKI  
 Enough to knock out the proverbial elephant. Let's go!

KITTY  
 (frantic)  
 Where?!

LASKI  
 (impatient)  
 Anywhere! Come on!

She grabs hold of a FLASHLIGHT on the table, Without a second look, Laski bolts onto the track, and soon disappears into the closest tunnel. After a moment's indecisiveness, Kitty charges after her, chasing the beam of light...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS, UNDERNEATH METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

The flashlight's bright beam cut's through the shadows like a knife, adding to the meager emergency lighting that still works. Laski and Kitty quickly make their way through the tunnel, panting hard as they run for their lives.

KITTY  
 (frantic)  
 Do you have any idea where you're going?!

LASKI  
 (irritated)  
 Logically, if we head down the tunnel long enough, we'll end up a station. We can then get to the surface and figure out our next move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They keep running, until finally Kitty has to stop for breath. She bends over double, pulling in deep breaths

KITTY  
(between breaths)  
I so need to get out of the lab more.

LASKI  
(frustrated)  
You're slowing us down. We have no idea how long the sedative will affect Brickwell.

KITTY  
I'm doing the best I can. I'm sorry, okay?

LASKI  
(coldly)  
So am I.

A *glint of metal* blurs past. Kitty SCREAMS in anguish as Laski rams a SCALPEL she had hidden up her sleeve into the back of Kitty's left leg. She crumples to the floor in a heap, clutching the wound, as blood pours from it.

LASKI (cont'd)  
(disappointed)  
Your death will be a huge blow to the advancement of science.

KITTY  
(in tears)  
W-- Why?

LASKI  
Better one of us escape than neither, and I'd rather it be me. By slowing you do, I slow him down, and give myself enough of a head start.

BRICKWELL (O.C.)  
(menacingly cold)  
Not long enough.

Laski whirls in place, the beam of the flashlight illuminating the glowering form of Brickwell behind her. She drops the flashlight, and it land's on the tracks with a dull THUD.

He lunges forward, grabbing hold of Laski around the throat, lifting her enough of the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Her feet dangling beneath her as she squirms and fights vainly in his grasp. She struggles for breath as he pulls her in close, nose to nose.

BRICKWELL

(disgusted)

Now I see why A'Daire has you on her payroll. Just another bitch looking out for number one.

LASKI

(choking)

Y-you still n-need me!

BRICKWELL

You know what I hate more than being a freak?

(beat)

Disloyalty.

Laski's eyes widen in horror, continues to struggle as Brickwell's grip continues to tighten until--

SNAP!! Laski immediately goes limp. With casual disdain, Brick drops her body to floor. Kitty, white as a sheet, cannot tear her eyes away from Laski's empty stare.

KITTY

A-are you going to do the same to me?

With a grim smile, Brickwell kneels down, bringing himself face to face with Kitty. There is a malicious glint in his dark eyes.

BRICKWELL

No, Dr. Faulkner. I have something very different in mind for you.

Off of Kitty's growing fear for her life...

CUT TO BLACK:

**End of ACT THREE**

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. EQUIPMENT AREA, D.E.O. FIELD OFFICE

Assorted D.E.O. AGENTS, in all-black TACTICAL ASSAULT GEAR, prepare themselves mentally for the upcoming mission. They check their weapons and supplies with precision care and little fanfare.

Standing nearby are FARADAY, MAGGIE and DANNY. They too each wear TACTICAL VESTS, and check their ammunition silently and efficiently. The atmosphere is electric with an anticipation for the coming battle.

As they finish with the 'lock and load' routine, they exchange meaningful looks. No need words need be said. They know what the other is thinking because they're thinking the same thing. The bond of *combat veterans*.

They don FIELD JACKETS over their vests, then check their holsters one final time. As one, they head for the door, and EXIT...

VINNIE (PRE-LAP)

I want to thank everyone whose  
expressed concern for my well-being.

EXT. METROPOLIS HEIGHTS, BUSINESS DISTRICT - EARLY EVENING

Standing outside the ground level of the still under-repair building, on a hastily built podium covered in an array of microphones, is a bruised VINNIE MORGAN. His arm is in a sling, but otherwise he looks his usual impeccable self.

VINNIE

As you can see, I'm well on the way  
to recovery, thanks to the doctors  
and nurses at Metropolis General.

A large crowd of PRESS OFFICIALS stand close by, and various TV CAMERAS are aimed in Vinnie's direction, recording and transmitting the scene to the citizens of the city.

VINNIE (cont'd)

However, the person responsible for  
what happened is still out there. Not  
only that, but he's taken someone  
very dear to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As we pull back from Vinnie and into the crowd...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WHISPER'S OFFICE, H.S.C. INTERNATIONAL - EARLY EVENING

The press conference plays out on the large WALL-MOUNTED FLAT-SCREEN TELEVISION. Watching from a chaise lounge from the large floor-to-ceiling windows, is WHISPER A'DAIRE, sipping a glass of something pricey and exotic.

VINNIE

(on television)

I'm confident that the efforts of this city's Special Crimes Unit will bring her back safely.

REPORTER (O.C.)

(on television)

Mr. Morgan, is it true that it was Dr. Kitty Faulkner of S.T.A.R. Labs that's been abducted?

VINNIE

(clearly distressed)

Yes. Yes, I can confirm that.

REPORTER (O.C.)

And just what is your relationship with Dr. Faulkner.

VINNIE

We've developed a partnership between our organizations, to benefit the city if I'm lucky enough to become Mayor.

REPORTER (O.C.)

There are rumors that you've developed more of a *personal* relationship. How do you answer that?

As Whisper lounges as only a vixen like her can, she wears a mysterious, knowing smirk on her lips. She looks like the proverbial cat that ate the proverbial canary. She's enjoying Vinnie's obvious discomfort at that question.

VINNIE

(clears throat)

She's a dear friend, and a boon to this city's work at the frontier of science and medicine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Unable to hide her satisfaction at his squirming, Whisper uses the REMOTE in her hand to turn off the television.

WHISPER

(coyly)

I think she's more than a 'dear friend', Mr. Morgan.

BUZZ!

She turns at the sound of her door announcer. Only pausing long enough to adjust her position into one just a little bit more sultry and inviting, she places the glass on a nearby table.

WHISPER (cont'd)

Come in, gentlemen.

The door opens to admit two men who on the surface look similar, but are total polar opposites in reality. KYLE ABBOTT, Whisper's right-hand man, and JOHNNY STITCHES, her personal assassin and underworld connection.

WHISPER (cont'd)

You have news, I take it?

KYLE

Our informant came through.

WHISPER

I should hope so.

(amused, shakes head)

Honest, did Daniel really think he could put together a 'crew' without us having some influence on it?

JOHNNY

There's a problem. Apparently, the S.C.U. has teamed up with the D.E.O. to take Brickwell down.

WHISPER

(considering)

That may save us the trouble of having to deal with it ourselves, at least in some part. I'm sure we can arrange 'accidents' for his men who end up in jail. But I want you to personally deal with Daniel.

KYLE

Our research team analyzed the blood sample he left behind at Olympus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Johnny pulls out a small RECTANGULAR CASE from his suit jacket, and hands it to Whisper. She opens to find a LARGE HYPODERMIC SYRINGE inside, filled with an eerie green/black liquid.

WHISPER

(pleased)

Excellent work. I assume you are both up for the assignment?

The two men share a conspiratorial look, each wearing a smile, cold smile. Whisper watches their silent exchange with amusement until--

RING, RING! All eyes turn to the phone on Whisper's grand-looking desk. She cocks an eyebrow at Kyle, the closest to it. Without hesitation, he fetches the phone set for her, Johnny watching his behavior a snide, condescending look.

WHISPER (cont'd)

(answering phone)

This is A'Daire.

(listens)

Yes, I've been expecting your call. My men are about to deal with the problem.

(listens, coolly)

I think that can be arranged. I'll have it seen to straight away.

She hangs up, and sits up straighter, as Johnny and Kyle give her a curious look.

WHISPER (cont'd)

I have an extra job I'd like you to take care of.

Off her knowing, secretive smile...

EXT. REAR CAR LOTS, 8TH PRECINCT - EARLY EVENING

TRAYCE leans against an unmarked police sedan. Her normal attire is accompanied by a KEVLAR VEST, marked with "SCU" in bold white letters. She takes a long pull on a CIGARETTE, enjoying the sensation.

The SLAM of a door catches her off-guard, as she snaps her head around to see DIBNY heading her way, adjusting his own VEST into a more comfortable position. As he joins her, he looks at her in surprise as she extinguishes the used butt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY

I didn't know you smoked.

TRAYCE

Helps calm the nerves. Besides, I only indulge when I'm out of the house. I won't smoke around Luis.

DIBNY

(smiling, genuine)

He's a great kid.

TRAYCE

(proud)

Yeah, he really is. Adopting him is the best decision I ever made.

(sighs)

I sometimes wonder if I'm doing right by him, though. Considering how he lost his dad.

DIBNY

(understanding)

Hey, if you want, I can call the Captain and--

TRAYCE

(interrupts, firm)

No way. This is the job. He's young, but he gets it. He saw how much I hated the desk job I had back in Chicago.

(amused)

He was the one who convinced me to apply for the opening in the S.C.U.

DIBNY

(impressed)

No kidding! Remind me to thank him.

TRAYCE

(takes a breath)

Come on. Let's go kick some bad guy ass.

DIBNY

With pleasure.

Dibny heads around to the driver's side, as Trayce opens the passenger side door.

DIBNY (cont'd)

Hey, Trayce.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIBNY (cont'd)  
(off her look)  
I got your back tonight.

Wearing a small smile, she nods in acknowledgment, and they both climb into the sedan, ready to face what's coming...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS, UNDERNEATH METROPOLIS - LATER

The tunnels are as dark and dank as the rest of what we've seen so far. There is a loud METALLIC CLANK, and a shaft of light extends down from above.

From a now open MANHOLE COVER drop down several D.E.O. agents, Faraday, Maggie and Danny. Each of them wear NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES to help see in the limited lighting, and have EARBUDS in place to keep in contact.

Faraday pulls out a small HAND-HELD LCD DISPLAY DEVICE. On it is a close-up schematic of the tunnel system, and the glowing RED DOT of the GPS locator.

FARADAY  
(indicating direction)  
This way. Come on.

They start walking, following the curve of the tunnel.

MAGGIE  
(keying mouthpiece)  
Team 1 in position. We're about 10 minutes from the location of the GPS tracker. Team 2, status.

DIBNY (OVER RADIO)  
We're outside the subway station.  
Moving in now.

As the tactical team slowly advances through the dark...

INT. TICKET AREA, ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Slowly making their way down the stairway, keeping to the shadows, WEAPONS DRAWN, is the six-member S.C.U. ASSAULT TEAM. Dibny and Trayce have the lead, as they keep a wary eye out for possible targets.

Near the closest pile of boxes of supplies are ROY and another generic hoodie-wearing LACKEY. They appear otherwise alone. Dibny quickly aims his service weapon at them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY  
Special Crimes Unit, freeze!

The two men look up, eyes wide like a deer in headlights. The lackey draws his own gun, but moving quickly, Roy easily disarms him then clamps him in a SLEEPER HOLD! Within seconds, the lackey collapses in Roy's arms.

Several of the team move forward to secure the lackey and check the perimeter on Dibny's signal. Roy holsters his appropriated weapon, and steps forward, hands raised in surrender.

TRAYCE  
(impressive)  
Nice move. You must be Harper?

ROY  
(lowers arms)  
That's me. Just a little something  
the D.E.O. crash course taught me.

DIBNY  
How many more are there?

ROY  
A half dozen. They're moving some of  
the supplies down to wherever it is  
Brickwell's set up his lab. They'll  
be back any minute--

LACKEY #1 (O.S.)  
What the hell--?

The three look around in surprise to see LACKEY #1 standing at the top of the broken escalator, glaring with hatred.

LACKEY #2  
Shit! It's the PoPo!

He draws a GUN and fires! Bullets, thankfully aimed badly, are fired wildly, as a dozen lackeys emerge from the dark, wading into the fight. The S.C.U. officers and Roy dive for cover behind support pillars and piles of equipment...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS, UNDERNEATH METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

The ricochets of the gun battle echoes down the tunnel, pulling Maggie and her squad up short.

DIBNY (OVER RADIO)  
We've engaged Brickwell's men!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE  
(concerned)  
Do you need back-up?

INT. TICKET AREA, ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Dibny, pinned down behind a pile of supplies, with Roy, flinches as bullets fly overhead.

DIBNY  
Negative. We can handle this. Just  
get Kitty and get out.

Wiping sweat from his brow, he looks across at Trayce, who is sheltered behind a support column. She meets his gaze with a stony, yet determined one of her own, and nods, before taking several quick return shots of her own...

INT. CLOSED SUBWAY JUNCTION, UNDER METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

The echoes of the ongoing gunfight can be heard in the distance. Brickwell and Kitty both turn in the direction of the sounds - Brickwell's presents a concerned countenance whereas Kitty's beams with a surge of hope.

BRICKWELL  
What the hell's going on up there?

KYLE (O.C.)  
(menacing)  
That's the least of your worries.

Surprised, Brickwell and Kitty look toward one of the darkened tunnels leading into the junction. From the inky black, dressed to render himself practically invisible while shrouded by shadow, step *Kyle Abbott*.

BRICKWELL  
(disgusted)  
Well, well. A'Daire's boy-toy.

KYLE  
(growls)  
I'm going to enjoy this.

CLOSE ON: Kyle slowly *SHIFTS* - his *EYES* glow *yellow and feral*, his *CANINES* *elongate and sharpen*. His raises his arms, as his nails grow black and become *CLAWS*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY  
(whispers in horror)  
Oh my God...

Brickwell, a snide smirk on his lips, steps forward. He isn't afraid one bit.

BRICKWELL  
(defiant)  
Bring it!

Kyle HOWLS, and as the two men LUNGE AT EACH OTHER...

CUT TO BLACK:

**End of ACT FOUR**

CONTINUED: (2)

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

INT. CLOSED SUBWAY JUNCTION, UNDER METROPOLIS - AS BEFORE

The two men continue to fight. BRICKWELL has pure size and strength on his side, but KYLE's moves are animal fury personified, yet also swift and cunning. it's like something out of a Greek myth being played out in front of us.

KITTY watches in wide-eyed disbelief, but spin at the sound of someone COUGHING behind her. A figure stands in the shadows, leaning against the wall.

JOHNNY

(disdainful)

He does love to toy with his prey.

She gasps and recoils instinctively as JOHNNY STITCHES, dressed like Kyle, looking almost bored, steps into the light.

KITTY

(staring aghast)

Wh--who are you?

JOHNNY

(teasingly)

It's not polite to stare, Doc, but I can't say I blame you.

(laughs, a little  
manic)

It take's some getting used to, huh?

KITTY

(hopeful)

Are-- are you with the police?

She cringes as Johnny's grin widens even further, backing up as far as she can go as he closes the distance between them.

A pained cry turns their attention to the fight, as Kyle lands a series of vicious blows with his razor-sharp claws that have ripped BLOODY GASHES into Brickwell's chest.

JOHNNY

(to Kyle)

Quit stalling! End this.

GNASHING his fangs at Johnny, Kyle pulls out the SYRINGE from earlier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With fluid motion, he evades Brickwell's vein attempts to strike him, his wound weakening him, before SLAMMING the needle home.

The effect is instantaneous! Brickwell SCREAMS in agony, his eyes turn bloodshot, and his VEINS *bulge and pulsate!*

INT. TICKET AREA, ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

The S.C.U. TACTICAL TEAM is still under assault. They've managed to even the odds somewhat - several of Brickwell's men lay dead on the ground, with bloody bullet wounds.

TRAYCE returns fire, as DIBNY, bleeding from a shoulder wound of his own, hisses in pain. His weapon lays forgotten close by. ROY, hands pressed against the wound and covered in blood, desperately tries to stop the bleeding.

DIBNY  
(teeth gritted)  
It's not that bad, really.

ROY  
Just shut up and let me help.

He risks a momentary peek, then grabs at a nearby container, and with one hand, opens it, pulling out some gauze.

DIBNY  
Handy. You okay?

ROY  
You're the one shot, remember?  
(nervous)  
I'm just really hoping not to get killed. Kinda liking my life at the minute.  
(beat)  
Present moment not included.

Dibny cracks a pained smile, which quickly vanishes as another barrage of bullets impacts the boxes they're hiding behind. A determined look descends on Roy's handsome face, as he put Dibny's hands against the gauze and wound.

ROY (cont'd)  
Just keep pressure on that.

He picks up Dibny's weapon. With casual ease, he ejects the cartridge, checks it, reinserts and COCKS the gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY  
 (surprised)  
 What are you--?

Roy suddenly stands, and with unnerving skill, AIMS AND FIRE at the four remaining lackeys without hesitation. Each bullet hits home - nonlethal wounds take them all out of play. It's over in seconds. Like River Tam in "Firefly".

Silence, broken only by the painful whispers coming from the lackeys.

TRAYCE  
 (total disbelief)  
 No. Freaking. Way!

Roy lets out the breath he's been holding since he stood up. He drops the gun to the floor, clearly disgusted. Helping Dibny to his feet, he looks around at the stunned amazement on everyone's faces. His face grows crimson.

TRAYCE (cont'd)  
 (awed)  
 That something else you picked up?

ROY  
 (embarrassed)  
 Years of archery practice and hunting with my uncle.

Trayce just shakes her head in amazement, as Dibny put his good hand on Roy's shoulder, grinning from ear to ear...

INT. CLOSED SUBWAY JUNCTION, UNDER METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Kitty kneels down beside the now-collapsed Brickwell, as he convulses slightly, twitching and whimpering at the pain as his body convulses.

His skin ripples as the muscles and veins contorts and warps more than should be possible. Blood seeps from wounds as his skin tears in a multitude of places from the strain.

KITTY  
 (horrified)  
 What did you do to him?!

Grinning widely, sweat glistening on his brow, Kyle slowly approaches. Johnny meanders over to stand with him, pulling Kitty out of the way. She doesn't resist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

Any last words?

Despite everything he's enduring, there's still fight left in Brickwell. He spits at Kyle's boots. *Defiant to the last.*

BRICKWELL

See you in hell.

(snorts, derisive)

Pussy.

Eyes gleaming with feral intensity, Kyle strikes the KILLING BLOW, claws ripping into Brickwell's throat! Kitty gasps, and turns away, eyes closed tight, pale as a sheet, as Brickwell's gurgles a final wet gasp. Dead.

She slowly opens them after a moment to collect herself. She watches with trepidation as Johnny carefully pulls out a SYRINGE of his own from a pocket. He then casually tosses away the needle's cover.

KITTY

(fear escalating)

What's that?!

JOHNNY

Sorry, Doc. Can't have you telling anyone what you've seen here.

Kitty BOLTS, but Johnny's too fast for her! He grabs her, pulls her in close. She struggles, but cries out in anguish as he JABS the needle into her neck! Within second, her eyes flutter closed, and she collapses into her arms.

Johnny holds her for a moment, enjoying the feel of her unconscious, helpless form in his arms. He even breathes in the scent of her hair, as he lays her gently on the ground.

KYLE

We need to move. I can hear people heading this way.

Johnny gently strokes Kitty's cheek, then stands, and joining Kyle, walks out of the junction into the waiting darkness of the tunnel they emerged from...

FADE TO:

EXT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION, SUICIDE SLUMS - EVENING

Several PATROL CARS, AMBULANCES and a PRISONER TRANSPORT VAN are parked at the curb by the entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paramedics tend to the wounded, including Dibny, sitting on the open rear door of one. His arm is now in a SLING.

Kitty, prone and dazed, lies in a stretcher as it's lifted up the steps by two PARAMEDICS. As they move towards one of the waiting ambulances, FARADAY steps up to her. She offers him a weak smile and a thumbs up. As he returns the smile...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

We did good work, people.

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

The entire team (including Faraday and JUANITA) surround the layout table. But instead of evidence folders, instead there are CHAMPAGNE GLASSES for everyone.

Everyone watches as Danny struggles with a BOTTLE, trying vainly to wrestle the cork into submission. Finally, Trayce snatches the bottle out of his hand, and gives it a solid twist - the cork fires out at speed!

TRAYCE

What would you do without me, huh?

DANNY

(deadpan)

Somehow I'd survive.

Everyone laughs. The atmosphere is goodhearted and lively, as Trayce gives Danny a playful wink then starts pouring out the bubbly liquid into the waiting glasses.

As everyone partakes and talks among themselves, Danny moves off to the side, and sips his drink while gazing at a framed picture on the wall. RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS, in service uniform, stare back. The picture catches his eyes' mischievous glint.

MAGGIE (O.C.)

He'd be proud of what we did today.

Danny turns and offers a soft melancholic smile as Maggie walks up to him, looking up at the picture herself.

DANNY

(sadly)

Yeah. Wish he could have seen it though. All he ever wanted was to see Brickwell taken down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

I'm nowhere near religious... but I'd like to think he knows.

DANNY

Amen to that, Boss.

Their glasses CLINK in a private, silent toast to their fallen friend...

INT. LIVING/KITCHEN AREA, TODD'S APARTMENT - EVENING (LATER)

DAMON is pacing across the living room, frantically looking at his phone, his face a mask of disappointment when he sees it's clear of both messages and calls.

The RATTLE OF KEYS gets his attention, and he looks up, face full of hope as the door opens. That hope vanishes instantly when he sees Todd walk in.

TODD

(tiredly)

Hey, babe. You won't believe--

(off Damon's look)

What's wrong?

DAMON

(panicked)

Has Jennifer been to see you today?

TODD

(confused)

Why are you--? What's happened?

DAMON

(words spill out fast)

We went out for burgers, and it was all going well, then I let my big mouth get the better of me, and next thing I know, she's gone.

TODD

(stunned)

Whoa, slow down! 'Gone' where?!

DAMON

(defensive)

I don't know! She bit my head off, said I was interrogating her! I swear I wasn't! She got all embarrassed and ran off before I could stop her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD  
Did you try calling her cell?

Damon shakes his head in reply. Todd stresses over the problem for a few seconds, shaking his head in disbelief.

TODD (cont'd)  
Okay, look, she has nowhere else to go, she'll be back eventually.  
(beat, desperate)  
She has too, right?

DAMON  
Maybe you should call her? She might just be embarrassed with me.

TODD  
(biting)  
Or too worried you'll 'interrogate' her again.

Off Damon's hurt expression, as Todd turns away, pulling out his cell phone and scrolling through the screen--

--but stops as the DOOR OPENS, and Jennifer, holding a BOTTLE OF WINE, walks in. She beams happily.

JENNIFER  
(pleased as punch)  
Guess who just got a job!  
(off looks)  
What? What's wrong?

DAMON  
(astounded)  
Where have you been?! I've been trying to reach you for hours!

Realization hits Jennifer like a physical blow. She frantically pulls out her own cell phone, cringing.

JENNIFER  
Crap. My phone died. I'm so sorry!

TODD  
(confused)  
Back up a second. A job?!

JENNIFER  
At the coffee shop at the end of the block. I've been there since lunch. They were looking for help, and it all just kinda happened really fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAMON

What about your job in Midway City?

Jennifer sighs, shrugging off her jacket, and hanging it up, taking a moment to compose her thoughts.

JENNIFER

Listen, I need to tell you both the truth. I didn't come to Metropolis just to spend time with you. Midway City and me, we're done. My boss at my dead-end job was a total dick, so I quit, and my roommate just moved out so I couldn't afford the rent.

(beat)

I came to Metropolis because I hoped my luck would change here.

TODD

Why didn't you say anything?

JENNIFER

We're just getting to know each other, Todd. I didn't want to dump my sorry excuse for a life on you all in one go. I just wanted to enjoy being your sister for a little while.

DAMON

(understanding)

That's why you got so defensive.

JENNIFER

(ashamed)

I'm really sorry I snapped like that. I just didn't want you to realize I'm such a screw-up. I'm nowhere near as you two to figuring out what I want to do with my life.

TODD

(proudly)

Staying in Metropolis is a good start. Landing a job, even better.

(smiles warmly)

Come on, let's crack open that wine and celebrate.

He wraps an arm around her shoulders and leads her into the small kitchen area. As they search for a bottle opener and glasses, Damon watches, a mixture of uncertainty and doubt furrowing his brow...

INT. WHISPER'S OFFICE, H.S.C. INTERNATIONAL - LATER

WHISPER stands at her window, staring out at the illuminated city that spans as far as the eye can see.

WHISPER

You're sure Dr. Faulkner won't recall anything?

She turns to face Kyle and Johnny standing at ease behind her. Johnny shakes his head. Kyle is the picture of stoic professionalism. Johnny, on the other hand, looks sullen.

JOHNNY

The nerds tell me that the drug I used on her will obscure her memory of most of the day. She'll remember being abducted, but that's about it.

WHISPER

Excellent. I like having you two boys as my secret weapons.

(off Johnny's look)

Aw, you're disappointed you didn't get to play with Miss Kitty? Perhaps another day, hmm?

JOHNNY

(perking up)

I'll hold you to that.

He smiles, a sadistic twisted excuse of one, before turning and walking out. Kyle rolls his eyes, disgusted, watching as he EXITS, before turning back to Whisper.

KYLE

What about Dr. Laski?

WHISPER

(unconcerned)

Her death is a loss, but we were due to begin the next phase soon. Now it will be just a little bit sooner than originally planned.

She moves over to her desk, and picks up a MANILA FOLDER, passing it to Kyle. His blue eyes scans through whatever document is inside, *impressed*.

WHISPER (cont'd)

I already have a candidate in mind.

Off her satisfied look...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUANITA (PRE-LAP)  
I'm sorry to disturb you at home.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DANNY'S HOUSE - EVENING (LATER)

A sweaty Danny, dressed in gym clothes and wearing BOXING GLOVES, leads a nervous Juanita into the room. He waves her concern, as he removes the gloves with practiced motions.

DANNY  
Don't worry about it. I've just been venting my frustration out on the bag.

Juanita pulls out a TABLET from her bag.

JUANITA  
I've still not had any luck with identifying our mystery man. Whoever he is, he's completely off the grid.

DANNY  
So basically, I'm being stalked by a ghost? Great.

JUANITA  
I did find this though.

She hands Danny the tablet. He looks at the screen, curious.

JUANITA (cont'd)  
(excited)  
This is surveillance from an ATM near one of the crime scenes your guy turned up at. I used CCTV to track his movements from the scene.

ANGLE ON SCREEN: DANNY'S STALKER, the young Native American man, walks into the ATM's view - only to be stopped, as SOMEONE grabs hold of his arm, and pulls him back. He starts arguing silently with the person, currently off-camera.

JUANITA (cont'd)  
(off Danny's look)  
Just keep watching

The argument lasts no longer than a minute, before the young man stabs at the mysterious person with his finger before turning and running off-screen. The scene is empty for a moment until the person steps into screen--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (O.C.)  
 (astounded)  
 You gotta be freaking kidding me!

--revealing CHARLES GREAT EAGLE, the MetGen doctor who was treating Vinnie Morgan!

Off Danny's look of complete bewilderment...

INT. CORRIDOR, TODD'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (LATER)

Jennifer gently closes the door, doing her utmost not to make any noise. She then looks at her cellphone, conflicted for a moment. She scrolls through the contacts until she finds one - labeled "HOME OFFICE".

She lets out a ragged breath, considering her options.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
 I take it things are going well?

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, D.E.O. HQ - NIGHT

Inside a standard-size office filled with government issue furniture and decor, stands the DEPUTY DIRECTOR. He's late 60s, with silver-hued hair, but has an air of vitality and dedication. Smartly dressed, even despite the late hour.

JENNIFER  
 (over speaker, calm)  
 Very well. It's all going according to plan.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
 (pleased)  
 As I knew it would. Todd's always wanted to reconnect with his family.  
 (beat, softly)  
 I know you don't enjoy lying to him, Jennifer.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JENNIFER AND THE DEPUTY DIRECTOR:

Jennifer's face twists with disdain at his words.

JENNIFER  
 (resentful)  
 I really don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

It's necessary, and for his own good,  
and yours. He's not ready for the  
truth, yet.

(deliberate beat)

Understood?

JENNIFER

(coldly)

Yes. *Sir.*

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

(firmly)

Just keep your brother safe. That's  
all that matters.

(softer)

I'm glad you're bonding.

JENNIFER

(sadly)

He's a great guy. You should be  
really proud of your son.

(sighs)

Night, Dad. I love you.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

I love you too, Jennie.

The Deputy Director moves to his desk, and ends the call on his end as well. As he presses the button, we see a VERDANT GREEN RING on his extended index finger. Shaped like an old-style lantern...

A *GREEN LANTERN.*

As ALAN SCOTT looks out of his office window, the well-known sights of the National Mall (Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial) bright against the night sky, we:

CUT TO BLACK:

**END OF ACT FIVE****END OF EPISODE**