

M S C U

METROPOLIS · SPECIAL · CRIMES · UNIT

2x07: "*Monster*"

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METROPOLIS : SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

2x07: "Monster"

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

DAMON MATTHEWS Jonathon Groff
VINNIE MORGAN Eddie Cahill
DR. ANTHONY PETRELLI Peter Facinelli
KING FARADAY Alex Carter
JENNIFER HAYDEN-LYNN Meghan Ory
ROY HARPER Nathaniel Buzolic
DR. WILLIAM GREAT EAGLE Lou Diamond Phillips
CHARLES GREAT EAGLE Booboo Stewart
MELISSA ERDEL Molly C. Quinn
HARRY
JOKERZ #1
ASSISTANT

SPECIAL GUEST STARS

JOHN JONES/MARTIAN MANHUNTER Phil Morris
DR. SAUL ERDEL John De Lancie

TEASER

FADE IN:

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

An array of LCD MEDICAL MONITORS. Heart rate. EEG. Blood pressure. All stable.

PAN DOWN to a far-too-pale TODD RICE, tucked up in bed. Snoring lightly, dreaming of who knows what.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)
How's he doing, Kitty?

INT. CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE MEDICAL WARD - CONTINUOUS

Through the window, MAGGIE SAWYER watches her assistant - her friend and confidante - in his restful slumber. Beside her are DAMON MATTHEWS and KITTY FAULKNER.

KITTY
He's responding to treatment.

DAMON
But what happened to him?

KITTY
I think he's suffered a delayed reaction to Black Manta's gas.

MAGGIE
But how? Todd's not Atlantean!

KITTY
No, but he does have a unique parentage. I-- I'm not sure I should say anymore.

Damon puts a supportive hand on Kitty's arm.

DAMON
It's okay. Maggie knows.

MAGGIE
You mean about Todd's parents being part of the JSA?

KITTY
Not just that, they were both known to have special abilities.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY (cont'd)

I believe they may have been meta-humans, and although Todd isn't, his DNA does contain anomalies.

MAGGIE

Anomalies? Enough for that damn gas to affect him?

KITTY

(nodding)

The good news is, the antidote we made worked. I've already arranged a transfer to MetGen. He should be on his feet in a few days.

MAGGIE

Thanks, Kitty.

KITTY

Anytime. If you'll excuse me, I have some blood-work to do.

Kitty EXITS down the corridor. Damon looks back through the window. *Worried.*

MAGGIE

He's gonna be fine, Damon. You called Jennifer?

DAMON

No putting it off this time. She's on her way back on the first bus.

(looks at watch)

Don't you have a meeting to get to?

MAGGIE

Unfortunately, yeah.

Off her annoyance...

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

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

MAGGIE (V.O.)

I have a certain detective that needs a damn good chewing out.

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

The said 'chewing out' is in full swing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY TURPIN stands, ramrod straight, the picture of professionalism, in front of an irate Maggie.

MAGGIE

Personal days are just what they say, Danny. Not an excuse to launch an unauthorized investigation. Why?

DANNY

It was something I had to do, Boss.

Sitting nearby is a RALPH DIBNY, watching, waiting. The calm to Maggie's stormy anger.

DIBNY

You think this kid's a threat?

DANNY

(shakes head)

No, not really. If he was going to do something, he's had lots of chances. He passed them by.

MAGGIE

(sighs)

Despite how you went about it, your actual investigation was good work.

DANNY

I got lucky, Boss. Juanita and Beth were both big helps.

DIBNY

So, what now? Do you think you can find Charles Great Eagle?

DANNY

I think I need to. From everything I've been told, he's a good kid. I don't want him to do anything stupid.

(beat)

I think that's what Russell would want me to do.

Off Maggie's curt nod, Danny turns on his heel and EXITS...

INT. BIOLOGY LAB, S.T.A.R. LABS - EVENING

Kitty's eyes are glued to an ADVANCED MICROSCOPE. Frowning.

She looks up at a series of MONITORS, on which are close ups of RED BLOOD CELLS and TISSUE SAMPLES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY

Weird. That can't be right, can it?

She picks up a DIGITAL DICTAPHONE. Clicks it on.

KITTY (cont'd)

Note to self. Order a more thorough and comprehensive breakdown of Rice samples.

VINNIE (O.S.)

Got caught up in work again?

Kitty turns to see EDWARD 'VINNIE' MORGAN, leaning against the open door frame. His blue eyes study her intensely. Kitty beams with affection, as he walks in and gently kisses her on the forehead.

KITTY

Is it six already? I'm sorry!

VINNIE

Don't worry about it, I love watching you work at a problem.

KITTY

Well, I'm not going to get anything more done right now. I'm starving!

VINNIE

(laughs)

Big Belly Burger awaits, then.

KITTY

Sounds great, but can we make a stop on the way?

VINNIE

Sure. Where?

Off Kitty's anxious smile...

VINNIE (PRE-LAP)

This isn't exactly what I thought you had in mind, Kitty.

INT. HALLWAY, RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Vinnie, dubious, looks around the vermin-infested, rubbish-strewn, graffiti-covered locale. *Why the hell are they here?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kitty ignores it all as she heads to one apartment in particular.

KITTY

I made a promise. I intended to keep it.

VINNIE

To who? The Rat King?

KITTY

Someone I used to work with. He lost his way, a while ago, but he's one of the most brilliant people I've met.

VINNIE

Given what they say about the fine line between genius and madness, I think I know where this guy leans.

Kitty reaches her destination - Apartment No. 47. She goes to knock on the DOOR--

--only to notice it has been busted open. The door knob is gone, smashed completely away. She carefully pushes it open.

KITTY

Saul? Are you in here?

The SMELL hits them right away. *The stink of death*. Both gag loudly, and back away. Kitty scans the room - and soon spots the BODY of an OLD MAN.

Kitty, horrified, unable to look away as we:

BLACKOUT:

END OF TEASER

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING, SUICIDE SLUMS - EVENING

Establishing shot of the building. An O.C.M.E. VAN is parked on the curb, next to a PATROL CRUISER and an UNMARKED SEDAN.

INT. ERDEL'S APARTMENT, APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

ANTHONY PETRELLI, somber and respectful, carefully examines the dead body in front of him.

PETRELLI

Some abrasions and contusions, they look perimortem. They could be from the fall.

He looks up at PATRICIA TRAYCE standing close by, a NOTEPAD in hand, scribbling away.

PETRELLI (cont'd)

But I won't know more until we get him back to the morgue.

Trayce nods. With a gesture, Petrelli has two ATTENDANTS begin prepping the body for removal.

Across the room stand a distraught KITTY, being comforted by VINNIE. With them, his own notepad ready, is DANNY TURPIN.

DANNY

So, the victim's name, is Saul Erdel?

KITTY

Yeah, Dr. Saul Erdel. We worked together for a few years when I first started out at S.T.A.R.

DANNY

That's why you came over?

KITTY

He's not been well, not really, not for several years. I try to come by when I can, but lately it's not been as often as I'd like.

Trayce joins them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE

We can do the prelim, Dr. F, but this isn't really the S.C.U.'s territory. We'll eventually have to hand it over to the closest precinct.

KITTY

Of course, I understand. It's just-- well, you were the first ones I thought to call.

DANNY

We'll take that as a compliment. Anything else we should know?

KITTY

He, uh, has a house in Park Ridge. The family home, but he hasn't lived there for a while.

TRAYCE

He chose the Slums over Park Ridge?

KITTY

Like I said, he's not been well.

TEARS welling up, Kitty buries her face into Vinnie's chest. Danny and Trayce share a look.

TRAYCE

Mr. Morgan, why don't you take Dr. Faulkner home, huh? I think we're done here for now.

VINNIE

Of course. Please call if you need anything more.

They exchange nods, before Vinnie and Kitty move off down the hallway. Danny gestures to a PATROL OFFICER, who escorts them down. They EXIT...

EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - NIGHT/DAY

The lights of the city burn bright in the night sky, as we TIME-LAPSE to the lights dimming down under the rising glare of the morning sun.

EXT. METROPOLIS GENERAL, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - MORNING

Establishing shot of the busy city hospital.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, METROPOLIS GENERAL - CONTINUOUS

TODD, awake and alert, a healthier glow in his cheeks, sits up in bed. DAMON sits next to him, their hands interlocked. Besides them, CLIPBOARD in hand, is DR. WILLIAM GREAT EAGLE.

GREAT EAGLE
You're doing really well, Mr. Rice.

TODD
Glad to hear it. When can I go home?

GREAT EAGLE
(laughs)
Well, you're not out of the woods yet. We still need to keep you for observation for another 24 hours, minimum.

Todd just rolls his eyes, letting out an *annoyed groan*.

DAMON
Hey, quit complaining and enjoy your time off for once.

BETH (O.C.)
Todd doesn't really do 'time off'.

Standing at the door way is BETH CHAPEL. Smiling, she walks in, and rubs Todd affectionately on the shoulder.

BETH
He picked that up from Maggie.

TODD
No need to gang up on the invalid. It's nice of you to visit, though.

BETH
Actually, I need to see your doctor.

Todd blinks in surprise. Looks at Great Eagle, who meets Beth's steely gaze with a stoic one of his own...

GREAT EAGLE (PRE-LAP)
I can guess why you're here, Beth.

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS GENERAL - MOMENTS LATER

Great Eagle is at the nurses' station, ostensibly reading patient charts. Beth is beside him, arms crossed. She's in no mood to be given the run-around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH

Don't shut me out, William. You're my friend, let me help. Talk to me.

GREAT EAGLE

(sags, defeated)

You won't take no for an answer will you?

(off her head shake)

Russell may not have been born my brother, but we swore a pact that went deeper than blood.

BETH

He was close to Charlie?

GREAT EAGLE

Russell was the closest thing to a role model Charlie had growing up. You know what it's like for kids out on the reservations? Most of the time, they end up in gangs, bad situations. Russell made sure Charlie wasn't one of them.

BETH

He's the reason Charlie wanted to be a police officer?

GREAT EAGLE

He got into Ivy University's criminal justice program, I couldn't have been prouder, but I probably didn't show it very well.

(beat, regretful)

I've never been the best father in the world. But things got *difficult* after I admitted I didn't want him joining Metropolis P.D. I just, I didn't want him in the line of fire.

BETH

There's no shame in that.

GREAT EAGLE

Charlie didn't see it that way, and that was why we stopped talking.

(scoffs)

I should have done better by him. You know the only reason I found out he'd dropped out of college was because I realized I wasn't being charged for his tuition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETH
What about his mom?

GREAT EAGLE
She and I, not the nicest divorce. We barely talk, not since she moved over to Central City.
(beat)
I-- I just wish I could to better by them, both.

Beth reaches out, offering comfort and support.

BETH
I think I have an idea how you could start, if you're up for it.
(off his look)
Let's track down Charlie, together.

GREAT EAGLE
Don't you think I've tried? He doesn't want to be found. I got lucky the one time I caught up to him, and he went to ground afterwards. I wouldn't know where to start.

BETH
(coyly)
I just might...

Off Great Eagle's confusion...

EXT. D.E.O. FIELD OFFICE, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the unassuming building among the familiar more well known surroundings.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)
I really don't appreciate being summoned, Faraday. I've got a lot of things on my plate right now.

INT. AGENT BULL-PEN, D.E.O. FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

KING FARADAY, with a casual smirk, guides Maggie through the warren of small cubicles that form the bull-pen.

FARADAY
Sorry about that, but there's someone in my office who wanted a meeting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

And they didn't come straight to me
because *why*?

FARADAY

Partly protocol...

He opens the door to his office, allowing the irate Maggie
to enter first--

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

-- where she comes to a halt, as a grinning Faraday closes
the door behind them.

FARADAY

...partly just for the fun of it.

Sitting on the edge of the desk is JOHN JONES!

JOHN JONES

Hello, Sawyer. Long time.

MAGGIE

John?!

They claps hands warmly. Old war buddies reunited.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

My God, it's been, what 2, 3 years
since we last saw each other? Last I
heard you'd taken early retirement?

JOHN JONES

Something like that. Truth was, I
only moved to Metropolis to look out
for the son of an old friend. Once I
realized I wasn't needed anymore, I
decided to try something new.

MAGGIE

You're working for the D.E.O. now?

JOHN JONES

Actually, I'm a special investigator
with Domestic Security. I liaise with
the D.E.O. and the local law when
necessary.

FARADAY

John and I have worked quite a few
cases together before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

This isn't a social call, is it?

JOHN JONES

No, Sawyer. I need your help. A case I'm working, a missing persons.

Off Maggie, intrigued despite her better judgment...

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

DANNY and TRAYCE are at their desks, going over reports.

TRAYCE

Petrelli confirmed cause of death to be a heart attack.

DANNY

Then I guess we should let the Examiner's office close it up?

MAGGIE (O.C.)

Danny, Trayce, you got a sec?

Danny does a double take as Maggie and John Jones approach.

MAGGIE

John Jones, this are my two senior detectives, Danny Turpin and Patricia Trayce.

TRAYCE

(stands, offers hand)
Good to meet you.

MAGGIE

John is attached to the DDS, but we used to work together back before I took over the S.C.U.

JOHN JONES

Back during my simple days of being a homicide detective.

(turns to Danny)

Good to see you again, Mr. Turpin.

MAGGIE

That's right, I forgot. You two, uh, already know each other.

Danny slowly stands and takes John's offered hand. He gives it a perfunctory shake before releasing it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

(stiff, uncomfortable)

Yeah. Yeah, we do. It's been a long while.

JOHN JONES

I was glad to hear you stayed with the Metro P.D., and that you finally made detective.

DANNY

Sure. Yeah, about time, I suppose.

MAGGIE

(sensing the tension)

Okay, well, we should let you get back to work.

(spots Dibny)

Ralph. You got a minute?

She heads over to DIBNY, as John and Danny stand in awkward silence for a moment, before he nods and walks away.

TRAYCE

What the hell was that all about?

DANNY

Long story, don't wanna talk about it, okay, so leave it. Let's just get on with our damn case.

Trayce lifts her hands in mock surrender. They get back to their paperwork.

We join Dibny, Maggie and John as they talk.

DIBNY

Don't worry, Maggie. I'll hold down the fort for you, so you get to be a 'real cop' for a while.

MAGGIE

Appreciate it, Ralph. It'll be nice to do some proper police work for a change.

JOHN JONES

I need some help, might as well take the best while it's on offer.

DIBNY

(laughs)

So, who is this missing person?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN JONES

Someone I used to know back when I was with the MPD. A scientist, Dr. Saul Erdel.

TRAYCE (O.S.)

Did you say Erdel?!

All eyes turn to Trayce and Danny. The look they exchange says it all. John's friendly mien crumples in realization...

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

John sits on the couch, despondent. He takes the offered cup of strong coffee from Maggie without a word. He stares into it's dark surface as she sits down next to him.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry, John.

John pulls out a wallet, flips it open. Inside is a small PHOTOGRAPH. It's of John, an OLDER MAN (white, gray hair, a fatherly smile) that was recognize as the dead man from earlier.

With them is a RED-HEADED GIRL (17, innocent, full of life).

JOHN JONES

When I came to the city, before I joined the Metropolis P.D., I did some, well, let's call it private security work, for Virgil Swann.

MAGGIE

The astronomer? I met him once.

JOHN JONES

Amazing man, truly brilliant and he had such a passion for the stars. That's how I met Erdel. He wasn't the easiest person to work along side, but somehow we became friends.

MAGGIE

Who's the girl?

JOHN JONES

His daughter, Melissa. She-- she died, just after we took this photo. Car accident. It broke Saul. He was never the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

What aren't you telling me, John?

JOHN JONES

You always could read me far too well. Saul contacted me a few weeks ago, said that he'd gotten involved in something.

MAGGIE

Something bad?

JOHN JONES

He didn't go into details, he just told me he was in over his head with some dangerous people.

MAGGIE

You don't think his death was as simple as it look, do you?

JOHN JONES

All I do know is, I owe it to him to dig a little deeper into it.

He looks down at the photograph again. He gently strokes the image of Melissa's face...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS, SUICIDE SLUMS - EARLY EVENING

Twilight is slowly setting in. A YOUNG WOMAN, hair pushed under a baseball cap, dressed in ragged, worn clothing, back to the camera, walks into frame. Her gait is quick, frantic as she heads down the street.

The reason for her fast pace becomes evident as a GROUP OF JOKERZ (all young men, varied ethnicity) pursue her. They're laughing, toying with her. *Enjoying the hunt.*

They speed up, as she unwisely heads down a darkened alley, moving in for the kill...

EXT. ALLEYWAY, SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

The young woman *trips*, falls to the ground, hard. She lets out a soft cry of pain. Her baseball cap comes loose--

-- allowing LONG RED HAIR to fall free. She flips onto her back, allowing us to see her finally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's slightly older but recognizable from the photo - it's a very much alive MELISSA ERDEL!

The gang chasing her step into one of the limited pools of light cast from nearby windows. The *white face paint* and *bright red lips* mark them as Jokerz.

MELISSA
Please, don't do this!

As the laughing Jokerz ignore her pleas and advance...

EXT. STREETS, SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

A FEMININE WAIL fills the air, that morphs into a FERAL GROWL. The laughing of the Jokerz is replaced by confused shouts, that then change into panicked cries.

The sound of FLESH TEARING, BONES CRACKING, WET SLAPS and blood-curdling SCREAMS, overlain with a BEASTLY ROAR echo down the alley, before all goes blissfully, eerily silent.

A FIGURE stumbles from the dark - one of the JOKERZ. He's covered in blood, not all his own. Eyes wide in terror brought on by some unseen horror.

He leans against the wall, breathing hard.

JOKERZ #1
(weakly, desperate)
Help! Somebody help me! Please!

SOMETHING GRABS HIM! Pulls him back into the shadows.

As his final scream cuts through the night...

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT ONE

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS, SUICIDE SLUMS - EVENING

CRIME SCENE TAPE blocks off the alleyway entrance. Several ATTENDANTS are hefting BODY BAGS into a nearby O.C.M.E VAN.

PETRELLI ducks under the tape, He pulls off gloves, wiping sweat from his face. He's pale - whatever he's just seen, it's gruesome. He quickly lights up a CIGARETTE. Takes a long, needed drag from it.

He forces a friendly smile as DANNY and TRAYCE approach.

PETRELLI

Twice in one day, Detectives? One of you got a crush on little ol' me?

TRAYCE

(notes the cigarette)
That bad, Tony?

PETRELLI

Oh, yeah. Multiple victims, all of them suffering severe lacerations. Something almost tore them apart.

DANNY

Feels oddly familiar. Let's hope it not another super-strong zombie.

PETRELLI

Another what?!
(shakes head)
No, wait, I don't want to know.

PULL BACK to the POLICE BARRIER, blocking off the crowd of onlookers across the street.

One of them, someone in dirty, ragged clothing is watching. A hood hides the features until they look up, revealing a familiar face - CHARLES GREAT EAGLE. *Danny's stalker.*

Off the flames of anger in his dark eyes...

EXT. MALONE AVENUE HOMELESS SHELTER, SUICIDE SLUMS - LATER

Establishing shot of the older style building. It's had some work done since we last saw it (1x08: "CYBER").

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's name is now in BLOCK LETTERS on the facade. A SIGN also hangs declaring "ALL WELCOME".

BETH (PRE-LAP)
Thanks for agreeing to meet.

INT. MAIN EATING HALL, HOMELESS SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

ROY HARPER, healthy, happy with his lot in life, stands with BETH and GREAT EAGLE.

ROY
Happy to help.

GREAT EAGLE
How do you two know each other.

BETH
The free clinics and the shelters do a lot of work together and Roy's one of the regular volunteers here.
(beat, teasing)
When he's not playing undercover cop.

ROY
It was fun while it lasted. I'm tired of waiting for what comes next, so I figured I'd help out here.

Beth hands Roy a CELL PHONE, on which is a YEARBOOK PHOTO of Charles Great Eagle.

ROY (cont'd)
Oh yeah, I know him. Angry kid.
'Buds'. He was in a few days ago.

GREAT EAGLE
'Buds'?

ROY
The guys all call him that, he always wears earbud headphones. He's kinda been adopted by the older regulars. They look out for one other here.

BETH
Can you tell us anything about him?

ROY
He's been coming on and off for the last few months, or so.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY (cont'd)

I've only seen him a few times, but I do remember one thing.

GREAT EAGLE

What?

ROY

He didn't really engage with anyone. Sure, he'll sit with the guys, but doesn't really say much. Just listens to this radio he's always carrying.

GREAT EAGLE

A radio? Little black thing? Old and beat up looking?

ROY

Yeah, that's it. It always sounds like he's listening to talk radio, not music.

GREAT EAGLE

(to Beth)

Russell gave him it. It's an old mobile police scanner they built together. That's how he's been turning up at crime scenes.

ROY

Crime scenes? There's more going on here than you're telling me, right?
(off their looks)
I can't help you properly if you don't level with me, okay?

As Beth and Great Eagle exchange a look...

INT. ERDEL'S APARTMENT, RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

MAGGIE and JOHN JONES conduct a thorough search of the one-room apartment. They leave no stone unturned, as it were.

MAGGIE

So according to the financials I ran, Erdel was renting this place, but he also owned property in Park Ridge.

JOHN JONES

Too many painful memories, after Melissa died.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John approaches a wall covered with PAPERS, SCRIBBLED NOTES and EQUATIONS.

JOHN JONES (cont'd)

It looks like he was working on some kind of scientific formulas, but I can't make any sense of it.

He pulls out his CELL PHONE and starts snapping pictures. Maggie examines the front door's SMASHED LOCK.

MAGGIE

Clearly forced entry. But kinda looks like overkill. Like someone is over-selling the effort.

Silence. John is staring forlornly at a FRAME PHOTOGRAPH on a shelf. A family - Erdel, Melissa, an *older woman*. Happy.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

John? You okay?

JOHN JONES

Sorry, Sawyer. Just caught up in some painful memories of my own.

MAGGIE

Why don't you tell me a little more about how him?

JOHN JONES

Saul was a cynic, a very dry sense of humor. It was one of the things I like best about him. After Melissa died, he threw himself into his work. He started at S.T.A.R. Labs, as head of their Mars Exploratory Program.

MAGGIE

This was after Martian Manhunter came out in the open as a hero, right? I remember having to deal with a few crazies from the "We Love Our Martians Brothers" groups.

Finished with the door, Maggie moves to an upturned coffee table, checking underneath. She doesn't see John failing to hide a smile.

JOHN JONES

Yeah, it was an interesting time. First the "Planet In The Sky", then finding out Martians were very real.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

Not to mention very dead. Why they spend all that money sending probes and satellites to a lifeless world, I don't know.

Maggie doesn't notice the flash of grief in John's eyes at her blunt comment. He replaces the photograph, continuing to examine other objects on the shelf.

JOHN JONES

We still continued to talk. Not often, but when we could. Then his wife died. Dottie, she'd never really gotten over Melissa dying. She just faded away. A 'broken heart', doctors called it.

MAGGIE

I can understand her pain. If anything happened to Jamie... So, Erdel just shut the world out?

JOHN JONES

Exactly. I hadn't heard from him in several years, then out of the blue, I get a panicky voicemail. The rest you know.

He picks up a RUSSIAN NESTING DOLL. It's worn, faded and chipped in places. It rattles conspicuously. With a twist, John opens it, and upturns it. A USB FLASH DRIVE falls into his palm.

JOHN JONES (cont'd)

This is interesting.

MAGGIE

So is this.

She waves several RECEIPTS she's found under the table.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Looks like Erdel was using a private car company to get around town.

JOHN JONES

To where?

MAGGIE

(pulls out cell phone)
Let's find out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As her fingers dial out a number...

INT. RECEPTION LOBBY, METROPOLIS GENERAL - EVENING

DING! The ELEVATOR opens, and an exhausted DAMON steps out, yawning widely.

JENNIFER (O.C.)

Damon!

A harried JENNIFER HAYDEN-LYNN rushes up to Damon.

JENNIFER

I'm so, so sorry! I got here as fast as I could!

DAMON

Whoa, whoa! Relax, okay, everything's fine. He's being kept for observation but he'll be home this time tomorrow.

JENNIFER

Really? Oh, that's fantastic.

(lowers voice)

I-- I was worried, you know, you'd ask me to do what I did before.

She pulls out a BOTTLE OF WATER, and takes a needed swig. Damon studies her curiously.

DAMON

What do you mean? You mean heal him?

JENNIFER

See, that's the thing I had to explain to Todd. I'm not a healer, not really. I just 'supercharged' Todd's natural healing process.

She casually tosses the now-empty bottle into a trash can.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Can I go see him?

DAMON

Yeah, sure. He's on the fifth floor.

JENNIFER

You go home, get some sleep, you look exhausted. I'll see you tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Damon nods, offering a casual smile. Jennifer returns it, then heads over to the elevator. Damon watches her enter, offering a quick wave as the door shuts.

His smile *vanishes*. He reaches into the trash can, and gingerly pulls out the EMPTY BOTTLE.

As he scrutinizes it...

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY, OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK - NIGHT

The place looks deserted. The headlights of Maggie's CROWN VICTORIA casts brief illumination on the building and the METAL FENCE around the site.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

According to the car company's records, this is where Erdel was taken. They'd been taxiing him here for a while.

Both Maggie and John use FLASHLIGHTS, as they exit the car and approach the MAIN GATE.

MAGGIE

The last receipt was dated a week before the estimated time of death.

JOHN JONES

Any idea what this place is?

MAGGIE

No, but I know someone who can find out.

Off her smile...

INT. LIVING ROOM, WALLY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A CELL PHONE vibrates, and the "Game of Thrones" Theme Song starts to play. The image of a stoic Maggie appears on the screen, along with the label "DA BOSS!"

WALLY WEST quickly answers the phone. He's wearing Superman-inspired PJs, with a toothbrush in his mouth.

WALLY

(mumbling)

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTER-CUT BETWEEN MAGGIE AND WALLY:

MAGGIE

I need a favor, Wally. You near your computer?

WALLY

(removes toothbrush)

Uh, sure, give me a sec.

He grabs his LAPTOP off the coffee table, and opens it up. He sits down on his couch, resting the laptop on his knees.

WALLY (cont'd)

What do you need, Cap?

MAGGIE

I'm over on 4th and Hudson, in Old City. Some kind of storage facility. Think you can find out who owns it?

WALLY

Puh-leese. Can Superman fly? Hold on, shouldn't take long.

JOHN JONES

Sawyer, look at this.

Maggie joins him at the gate. He lifts up the LOCK AND CHAIN holding the gates closed.

JOHN JONES (cont'd)

The fence may be old, the site may look derelict, but this is new, and not the cheap variety either.

MAGGIE

Someone doesn't want visitors.

WALLY

Huh, weird.

MAGGIE

You got something?

WALLY

Several somethings, yeah. I've found out who owns the building, but it's a shell company. It traces back to another, then another.

MAGGIE

Someone's hiding their tracks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALLY

Pretty well, too. Give me a few more minutes to figure out how far back this goes.

MAGGIE

Take your time, I ain't going anywhere.

While Maggie is turned away, John grips the lock tightly. His eyes GLOW RED for a second--

SNAP! The lock BREAKS. The chain falls limp. He quickly opens the gates.

JOHN JONES

Sawyer, we're in.

MAGGIE

What? How did--?

JOHN JONES

Guess it wasn't as new as it looked.

WALLY

Oh, dang. Got something, Cap.

MAGGIE

Judging from your tone, it isn't good news? Hang on, I'm putting you on speaker phone.

She lowers the cell, presses the screen. Wally's voice bursts from it.

WALLY (V.O.)

Remember Olympus Labs? It looks like this is some kind of off the books site of theirs.

MAGGIE

Olympus? This just gets better and better.

(off John's look)

Faraday told me they're a possible front for Intergang.

JOHN JONES

Intergang, huh? I read about them in some old DDS files.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGGIE

There was a time Morgan Edge pretty much ran this city. Back when I was still in patrol, he was the monster in the shadows. Before the actual monsters started appearing. Like hell will I let this city end up like that again.

Wally, fingers dancing over his keyboard, squints at his screen.

WALLY

Got something more. Sending it to you now. Building schematics. Turns out the site has some kind of underground bunker or something.

Maggie's cell BEEPS.

MAGGIE

Thanks, Wally. Sorry if I interrupted your binging of "America's Next Top Model". Good night.

WALLY

How did--? Why--? Yes, Boss. Night.

He hangs up, tosses the phone onto the couch. He closes his laptop, staring ahead in silence for a moment. He then picks up the remote and turns on the (off-screen) television.

As the voice of Tyra Banks complimenting another wannabe starlet fills the room, Wally beams with guilty pleasure...

END INTER-CUT.

Maggie, smiling, works her phone's touch screen.

MAGGIE

Looks like there's an access door on the east side of the building. That should lead us to the closest access to the bunker.

Off John's determined nod, as the two of them head into the darkness...

INT. UPPER LEVEL, STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

CLICK! The door opens, revealing a kneeling Maggie, holding some LOCK-PICKING TOOLS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Good to know I can still do that.

She heads in, followed closely by John. Using her flashlight to illuminate their path, they inch forward. Slow.

JOHN JONES

You're a woman of many skill, Sawyer.

ANGLE ON CELL PHONE as Maggie checks the SCHEMATIC Wally emailed on the display.

MAGGIE

There's a stairwell just up ahead, it leads down into the bunker--

She stops. Sniffs the air. Grimaces.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

You smell that?

John follows suit, grim-faced as he nods. They advance forward...

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER, STORAGE FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

A SET OF DOUBLE DOORS push open as Maggie and John enter, their flashlights unnecessary in the bright overhead lights that illuminate the cavernous room.

Even with the smell having warned them, the sight in front of them takes their breath away.

It's a MASSACRE. Something out of one of the "Saw" films. BLOOD covers the floor and walls, scattered remains of both people and equipment across the whole of the room.

Some of those people wear what were once WHITE LAB COATS, others are clad in the BLACK UNIFORM of private security.

Off Maggie and John's revulsion at this grisly sight...

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT TWO

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER, STORAGE FACILITY - THE NEXT DAY

PAN ACROSS a line of BODY BAGS. The orderly arrangement is a stark contrast against the chaos of the rest of the bunker.

CSU TECHS gather up evidence, biological and technological. MORGUE ATTENDANTS carefully move more body bags in line with the others.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

Over a dozen victims. All killed the same way, massive sharp-force trauma.

BETH and PETRELLI, both clad head to toe in blood-smeared coveralls, stand together, supervising. Grim-faced at the level of carnage...

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - MORNING

WALLY stands at one of the smaller examination tables. In front of him is an assortment of BROKEN COMPUTER EQUIPMENT.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

CSU recovered a horde of computers that they've sent to Wally to see what he can recover, but he's not hopeful.

Wally stares despondently. He's got a long day ahead of him...

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

MAGGIE stands with DIBNY, TRAYCE, DANNY and JOHN JONES around the central layout table.

MAGGIE

Petrelli's examination of the bodies suggests that whoever - or whatever - killed everyone in that bunker also ripped through that gang of Jokerz in the Slums the other night.

TRAYCE

So our cases just became one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Related, at least. Faraday and his people will handle the Olympus Labs side of the investigation, we're to focus on the Erdel side.

TRAYCE

(to Jones)

You said Dr. Erdel contacted you because he'd gotten in over his head with something. Could it be whatever happened in that bunker?

JOHN JONES

(shakes head)

The T.O.D. rules that out. Saul was already dead before it happened.

DANNY

Are we absolutely sure Erdel's death wasn't on purpose.

DIBNY

Tox screens came back negative, but I can have the labs run it again. There are plenty of drugs that don't show up on the initial tests.

MAGGIE

Or maybe they used one that won't show up since it had already broken down inside the blood long before the tests were run.

(to Danny)

You thinking it's more related then Erdel doing some kind of work for whatever was going on down there?

DANNY

Maybe. It's a theory, but it does seem all rather coincidental. What if whoever was running the show wanted Erdel silenced, but then something happened.

MAGGIE

Here's hoping Wally finds answers in any of that equipment. We need to know what they were doing down there.

(beat, sighs)

Okay, let's get back at it. Reexamine everything from the top, see if we can get a handle on this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Off their determined looks...

INT. BIOLOGY LAB, S.T.A.R. LABS - MORNING (LATER)

CLOSE UP on a SCHEMATIC of a DNA STRAND.

DAMON

I really appreciate you doing this,
Kitty.

PULL BACK to reveal KITTY and DAMON staring at the screen
the strand is displayed on.

KITTY

Todd's my friend, Damon. I'm not a
100% happy about doing this behind
his back, but I understand why you're
concerned, though. But are you ready
in case you're proved right.

DAMON

I'll deal with that when I have to.

BEEP! The screen image changes. Another DNA strand appears
underneath the existing one. LINES appear connecting the two
strands together in several places.

KITTY

Well, that's it. It's confirmed.
Jennifer is Todd's sister.

Damon visibly *deflates in relief*. A wide grin spreads across
his face.

KITTY (cont'd)

So... now what?

Damon's smile fade as he considers just what the answer to
that question is...

EXT. MALONE AVENUE HOMELESS SHELTER, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

INT. MAIN EATING HALL, HOMELESS SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

ROY smiles as he dishes out breakfast to the patrons. He's
chatting amiably with them as they pass - until he looks up
to see a familiar face walking in. Charles Great Eagle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They lock eyes for a moment, as Roy serves him, before the stony Charles walks away, taking a seat on an empty table.

With a quiet word to one of the other volunteers, Roy steps away. He fishes out his CELL PHONE, and starts typing...

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

Petrelli is laid out on the couch, reading a "Warrior Angel" comic book. He barely acknowledges Beth's entrance as she walks in, a large BANKER'S BOX in hand.

BETH

This is everything that we recovered from Dr. Erdel's body. Did Lt. Dibny say why they wanted it?

PETRELLI

(still reading comic)
Something about looking at things with fresh eyes.

He yawns loudly. Closing his eyes, he lets the comic fall onto his face.

PETRELLI (cont'd)

God, I want to sleep, but my brain is too wired!

BETH

(smiling)
Why don't you take a break? Run these belongings over to the 8th Precinct. Get some air, some fresh coffee--?

VREEP! Putting the box down, Beth pulls her CELL PHONE from her lab coat pocket.

CLOSE UP: A TEXT MESSAGE - "He's here. Now."

PETRELLI

Anything good?

Silence. He pulls the comic off, curious. Beth chews her lip, nervously. Conflicted. Petrelli sits up, concerned.

PETRELLI (cont'd)

Apparently not.

BETH

Something's come up. I have to--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETRELLI
 (nods, gestures)
 Go somewhere. I got you covered.

BETH
 (smiles)
 You're really not as bad as you try
 to let on, are you, Antony Petrelli?

She EXITS, not seeing as Petrelli's easy smile falters. He reaches under his shirt, and pulls out a small gold CRUCIFIX hanging on a necklace. He kisses it softly.

PETRELLI
 (softly)
 From your mouth to God's ears.

As he sinks back onto the couch, a world of untold pain and hurt shining in his eyes...

INT. MAIN EATING HALL, HOMELESS SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Roy, putting his D.E.O. crash course to good use, keeps an eye on Charles, as he continues serving.

BING! He quickly pulls out his cell phone - a reply from Beth: "On way. Keep him there if u can. No heroics!"

With a sly grin, Roy pockets his cell, returning to his work as he piles scrambled eggs onto someone's plate.

The recipient - MELISSA ERDEL - offers a shy smile, before walking away, leaving Roy to his work...

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

Establishing shot of the building.

ERDEL (V.O.)
 I think I'm being followed. No, no, I
know I'm being followed!

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON LARGE SCREEN MONITOR, as a video clip of DR. SAUL ERDEL talking to the camera plays out. He's unkempt, gaunt and bedraggled. His eyes dart about, seeing enemies in every shadow. Whatever hold on sanity he has is tenuous at best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERDEL (ON MONITOR)

It's them! I know it is! They-- they don't trust me anymore! I-- I thought this was just going to be some simple translating, not-- not this!

Erdel rubs his face, panicked, stressed beyond his limits. He looks into the camera he's addressing, desperation coming from him in waves as he FREEZES--

PULL BACK to reveal Wally, Dibny and Trayce all watching the screen intently.

TRAYCE

What the hell did we just watch.

DIBNY

The mental breakdown of Saul Erdel, I think. You found all these on that thumb drive, Wally?

WALLY

They start off innocently enough. Erdel was cataloging all his work on some kind of project he'd been hired on to. He talks about his translation of Martian cuniform on an 'artifact'. His word, not mine.

DIBNY

Any idea--

WALLY

What it is? Maybe. Let me bring up the final video.

Wally works the mouse, closing down the clip, then loading up another.

WALLY (cont'd)

Here's where things get really weird.

He presses "PLAY". Erdel looks even worse then he did before, but there's a serenity to him. Like all is right with his world now.

ERDEL (ON MONITOR)

I know what I have to do now. It's so simple. I have to save her. It's the only rational thing to do. She's just so... so beautiful, so innocent!

Dibny and Trayce share a look. *What is he talking about?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERDEL (ON MONITOR) (cont'd)
I refuse to let these bastards get a
hold of her. They don't deserve her!

ASSISTANT (ON MONITOR)
Excuse me, Dr. Erdel?

The perspective shifts, wobbles, as the camera is jostled,
then everything spins sideways as it falls over.

The bunker can clearly be seen, as can some kind of LARGE
ORGANIC-LOOKING CYLINDRICAL CONTAINER - bigger than a
person, judging from several lab-coated workers besides it.
The image CUTS TO BLACK as the video ends.

TRAYCE
What was *that*?

WALLY
My guess is that it's the artifact,
but it's never confirmed. I'm already
putting the footage through enhancer
programs, but it'll be a while to
clean and render it.

DIBNY
Good work, Wally. Anything else?

WALLY
Just one final tidbit.

He walks over to another lab table, and picks up a fancy
looking TRANQUILIZER RIFLE.

WALLY (cont'd)
This is what we found on those dead
guards. They all carried them. Not to
mention some heavy-duty tasers.

He puts the rifle down, and picks up a TRANQ DART.

WALLY (cont'd)
It was loaded with ketamine. It's an
animal tranquilizer. Very high doses,
too.

TRAYCE
What the hell were they keeping alive
down there?

Off her very poignant question...

INT. MAIN EATING HALL, HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

CHARLES picks at his meal, not hungry. His ever-present earphones hang loose around his neck.

WILLIAM (O.C.)

Charlie?!

Charles [CHARLIE] looks up to see WILLIAM standing over him. He jumps to his feet, taken completely by surprise. He looks past to see Beth and Roy nearby, keeping a respectful distance.

CHARLIE

What the hell are you doing here?

WILLIAM

(chokes, emotional)

I-- I want you to come home, son.
Please. I need you to come back.

CHARLIE

(backing away)

I told you last time, I can't! I need
to see this through.

WILLIAM

See *what* through? What are you going
to do to Detective Turpin?

Charlie turns away, ready to bolt. William grabs his arm, pulling him back. *Big mistake*. Charlie furiously rips his arm out of his father's hold. He faces him, rage unleashed.

CHARLIE

Don't you get it? I can't just let
this go! I need answers, I need to
understand what happened!

WILLIAM

Russell died, Charlie. No matter what
you think you need to understand, it
won't bring him back.

HARRY (O.C.)

There a problem here?

William glares at the intruding form of HARRY. A well-built man, he's got the air of a leader, someone who takes charge. He's dressed in old, well-worn army fatigues - he's a vet. The limp he has just adds more character.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
You okay, Buds?

CHARLIE
Yeah, this guy won't take no for an answer.

WILLIAM
(stepping forward)
Charlie, please, just--

HARRY
Hey, you heard the kid, leave him alone!

Harry steps in front of William. Blocking his way.

WILLIAM
This is nothing to do with you.
Please, let me just--

HARRY
I said, back off!

Harry PUSHES William back, *hard*. The force sends William sprawling to the floor, stunned. Roy and Beth quickly move to intercede.

ROY
Whoa, Harry, easy!

BETH
(kneels, to William)
You okay?

WILLIAM
Where's Charlie?

Beth looks up and around, quickly realizing. *Charlie's gone.*

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE, HOMELESS SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Charlie bursts out of the door, pulling his hood up. He starts walking down the side alley and to freedom--

DANNY (O.C.)
Going somewhere, kid?

Charlie spins round to find DANNY leaning against the wall. His arms are crossed, and his jacket is pushed aside enough to reveal his SERVICE WEAPON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He notices Charlie eyeing it nervously. He glances down at it, then adjusts position so that it disappears under the jacket. He approaches, trying to be as casual as possible.

DANNY

I think you and I are overdue for a talk, huh?

Charlie just glares at him. *If looks could kill...*

Danny, undaunted, simply takes him by the arm, and pushes him forward. This time, Charlie relents.

EXT. ERDEL FAMILY HOME, PARK RIDGE, METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot. This is the upper-middle-class area of the city's outskirts. The house, once grand, has faded with age and some neglect, the garden overgrown.

JOHN JONES (PRE-LAP)

This brings back a lot of memories.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ERDEL FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

John sadly surveys the room. It's dusty, long abandoned and forgotten. One wall is covered in FRAMED PHOTOS, depicting Melissa Erdel throughout her short life. Maggie joins him, placing a hand on his shoulder in comfort.

MAGGIE

You okay? We can go if you want?

JOHN JONES

(shakes head)

No. Coming here was a good idea. This was Saul's home for a long time, we might be something useful.

MAGGIE

Any idea where to start?

JOHN JONES

I'll take upstairs. You take the basement, Saul was a hoarder, he used it for storage.

John indicates a door close by, as he heads up the staircase. With a sigh, Maggie heads towards it...

INT. BASEMENT, ERDEL FAMILY HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Light streams down from the open door, as Maggie makes her way down. Most of the basement is shrouded by darkness, but where the light hits reveals the messy state of the room.

Maggie picks up a well-worn PHOTO ALBUM, slowly flicking through it to reveal more family pictures. Fast-food wrappers and drinks litter the floor. She kicks at one.

MAGGIE

Someone's made themselves at home.

RAGGED BREATHING catches her attention - she spins round, reflexively pulling her weapon free, aim rock steady as she scans the basement for signs of life.

A SHAPE in the farthest corner from the light *moves*.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Metropolis P.D.! Show yourself!

The breathing shifts into a LOW GROWL, as the figure starts to GROW and SHIFT. TWO RED EYES stare out from the dark - they look straight at Maggie!

MAGGIE (cont'd)

What the hell--?

Her confusion morphs into disbelieving horror as a HULKING WHITE FIGURE, something from a nightmare, lumbers into view.

As the MONSTER lunges forward with a ROAR...

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT THREE

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. ERDEL FAMILY HOME, PARK RIDGE, METROPOLIS - DAY

The quiet atmosphere of the suburbs is destroyed as GUNSHOTS echo down the empty street. MUZZLE FLASHES can be seen through the Erdel's home basement windows...

INT. BASEMENT, ERDEL FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE unloads her service weapon into the Monster. It reels under the impact, ugly wounds appearing in it's torso - only to heal and vanish within seconds!

It lashes out, striking Maggie hard across the face, sending her flying! She hits the floor, grunting in pain. Weapon still in hand, she aims, pulls the trigger - CLICK! *Empty.*

Maggie looks at the useless lump of metal in her hand. Realization hits her. *This is how she's going to die.*

As the Monster roars, once again advancing, it's RAZOR-SHARP TALON flexing in anticipation of the kill, Maggie braces for the coming death blow--

--only for a GHOSTLY GREEN FORM to drop in front of her, solidifying into the MARTIAN MANHUNTER! Maggie stares up at the superhero in utter disbelief.

He intercepts the Monster's charge forward - the two behemoths wrestle and struggle with each other, equally matched.

The Monster bellows furiously, the Manhunter matching it with a furious cry of his own. He grabs the head of his assailant--

--only to convulse and scream in agonizing pain! He lets go, stumbling back, dazed. The Monster seems likewise affected for a long moment--

--before it's talons slash into the Manhunter's gut. THICK RED BLOOD flows as the wounded Martian falling to his knees.

Blood dripping with it's claws, the Monster growls as it backs away - before it jumps up and PHASES through the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie stares in open confusion at everything she just saw. The anguished moan of the wounded Martian Manhunter laying supine on the floor snaps her out of it.

She's at his side in seconds. Using a nearby shirt she grabs from the floor, she desperately tries to keep pressure on the wound. She is soon soaked in his blood.

MAGGIE

Hey, hey, stay with me, okay?! I am not having a superhero die on me, got it?

MARTIAN MANHUNTER

(coughs wetly, laughs painfully)

You have the worst bedside manner.

MAGGIE

Be thankful I took a first aid course a while back. There wasn't a "Martian 101" class, but I'll do what I can.

MARTIAN MANHUNTER

Like I said, a woman of many skills, Sawyer.

Maggie looks at him in confusion, which gives way to outright shock as the Manhunter SLOWLY MORPHS into John Jones before her eyes. He smiles grimly up at her.

JOHN JONES

Surprise.

(weak, fading fast)

Call Faraday, he'll know what to do.

As his consciousness ebbs away, a frantic Maggie pulls out her cell phone and starts dialing...

INT. BIBBO'S TAVERN - AFTERNOON

CHARLIE sits in a booth, arms crossed, completely on the defensive, as DANNY places a soft drink in front of him. He casually sips his own drink as he slides in opposite.

Charlie avoids eye contact, instead sneering at the locale.

CHARLIE

Why'd you bring me to this dive?

DANNY

Because I thought we needed to talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

You could have just arrested me,
thrown me in lock-up.

DANNY

I don't wanna do that, Charlie. If I
do that, then any chance of you being
a police officer goes out the window.

Charlie looks up, the hardness in his gaze softening for a
moment - before his shields go back up, the wall around his
emotions slamming back down.

DANNY (cont'd)

I get it, you know. Your anger at the
world. It took someone from both of
us that we miss a hell of a lot.

CHARLIE

Don't pretend like we have anything
in common.

DANNY

I think we do. More then you know. My
old man, he didn't want me to be a
cop, not in the slightest. But in the
end, he realized it's where I belong.

Charlie quickly wipes away the tears that are forming in his
eyes, looking away again, desperate to maintain his facade.

DANNY (cont'd)

You know, Russell loved this place.
It was him who brought me here that
first time. I think he'd like I'd
brought you here now.

With new respect, Charlie looks around again, drinking in
the details. He notices the wall next to the bar, near the
entrance. A series of FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS decorate it. Danny
follows his gaze, smiling softly.

DANNY (cont'd)

(standing)

There's something I wanna show you.

He makes his way over to the picture wall. Curiosity gets
the better of Charlie - he follows.

Many of them are POLICE ACADEMY GRADUATION PHOTOS, while
some are CANDIDS. It's a MEMORIAL WALL OF HONOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The picture dead center is RUSSELL TEN CLOUDS - the same picture that hangs in memory in the S.C.U. Bullpen.

DANNY (cont'd)
You're not the only one who misses
him, kid.

Charlie, resolve strained to breaking point, *snaps*. He LASHES OUT, knocking the picture of Ten Clouds clean off. It hits the floor, the glass *smashing!*

CHARLIE
(screaming)
Why did he do it?! Why did he leave
me?!

Charlie crumples to the floor, tears flowing freely, rage spent, anguish and pain pouring from him in angry sobs.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
(choked, emotional)
All this time, I thought I was angry
at my Dad, that I hated you, because
I thought if I blames someone else,
it wouldn't hurt so much.

DANNY
(soothing)
But you're not. You're angry at him,
at Russell.

CHARLIE
How could he go and die? Didn't he
realize how much I needed him? He was
the one person in my life who got me.
Not like my Dad. All I ever was to
him was a disappointment.

Danny, catching something off-screen, looks up briefly. He smiles softly at the sight of WILLIAM and BETH coming in through the back room.

DANNY
Don't be so hard on your old man,
kid. I've talked to him, he's hurting
just as much as you are. Give him
time, you can't blame a father for
wanting his child to be safe. Just
like mine did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHARLIE

(broken)

But how do I know if he'll ever forgive me? I-- I've said some horrible things to him.

WILLIAM (O.C.)

Oh, Charlie...

Charlie looks around to see William approaching. He kneels beside his son, resting a hand on his shoulder. Offering the unwavering support and comfort of a father.

WILLIAM

I have never been disappointed in you. In fact, I could never be prouder to call you my son.

Fresh tears stream down Charlie's face, but these are tears of joy, of relief. Father and son embrace tightly, *bond on the way to being restored.*

As Danny moves over to join a tearful, smiling Beth...

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - AFTERNOON

WALLY sits on the steps up to his office, staring out into the lab despondently. He looks over as Dibny, holding a BANKER'S BOX, walks in.

WALLY

If that's evidence of any kind, you'd better give it to someone who can actually do the job they're paid for.

DIBNY

Whoa, what's with the pity party?

Wally gestures forlornly at the lab table that holds the Olympus Labs broken computers.

WALLY

I'm a complete and total failure, Lieutenant. I tried, I really, really did! But they're just too damaged to get anything from.

DIBNY

Hey, you told us that from the get go, remember? It wasn't like you promised us a miracle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He slightly shakes the box before putting it on a nearby work table.

WALLY
What's that?

DIBNY
Erdel's personal effects. I thought we should take a gander.

Wally shuffles his way over, curious despite himself, as Dibny starts pulling items out - clothing, some keys, a old-style wristwatch.

DIBNY (cont'd)
Huh, that's weird.

He pulls out a PAIR OF DOG TAGS, with a RED CROSS on them.

DIBNY (cont'd)
Some kind of medical alert tag?

WALLY
Erdel wasn't allergic to anything.

Wally abruptly pulls the tags from Dibny's grip, studying them intently. He beams with restored pride as he slowly manipulates one of the tags, folding it to out to reveal a USB PORT.

WALLY (cont'd)
Another thumb drive.

DIBNY
He wore it to keep it hidden. See if there's anything on it.

WALLY
Way ahead of you!

Wally quickly plugs it into the nearest computer terminal. On the SCREEN, a FILE FOLDER opens up. There is just one file - a VIDEO CLIP, labeled as 'For John'.

As Wally and Dibny lean in, fascinated...

INT. MEDICAL SECTION, D.E.O. FIELD OFFICE - EVENING

A shirtless JOHN JONES, the injuries he sustained from the fight mostly healed, lays on an examination bed. His lower torso is wrapped in some kind of SOPHISTICATED BANDAGES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN JONES

It's a White Martian. I'm sure of it.

Standing at his besides are MAGGIE and FARADAY. Maggie is doing what she can to mask her anger, but she's curious despite herself. Faraday merely listens.

JOHN JONES (cont'd)

The Martians were made of two distinct races. The Green, like myself, and the White.

MAGGIE

I'm guessing from what we saw earlier, they're not the friendliest of people.

JOHN JONES

No exactly, no. In fact, the White Martians were essentially our warrior caste. Green Martians were the thinkers, philosophers and healers. Until the Wars, when the Whites decided it was better they ruled over us, then the rest of the galaxy.

(choked)

Eventually, there was no-one left. Except me. Or so I thought.

FARADAY

The team I sent out the area around Erdel's house. They couldn't find a trace of the White Martian. It's in the wind. Do we know how it even got to Earth?

JOHN JONES

My guess is that it crash landed a long time ago, and whoever is behind Olympus Labs recovered it, and found it on-board. Martian ships are organic in nature, and can put their crew into suspended animation.

MAGGIE

Something tells me it woke up and didn't take kindly to being poked and prodded.

FARADAY

What happened to you during the fight? Sawyer said you had some kind of fit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN JONES

I got hit by some kind of psychic backlash, I guess you could call it. I could feel the White's rage, fury. It was operating on pure instinct.

FARADAY

Anything more good news?

JOHN JONES

I caught flashes of memory, people being ripped apart. Whatever it's true personality, it's buried under the overriding survival instinct.

MAGGIE

I think we just found our Slums Ripper. Don't think we'll be pressing charges in that case any time soon.

FARADAY

Still, if it's gone feral, I would've expected more bodies. Also, why limit itself to the Slums? I need to make a few calls. Excuse me.

Faraday exits, as John sits up slowly on the examination bed he's on, gingerly touching his abdomen. He hisses in pain.

MAGGIE

You're looking pretty good for a guy who just had a hole ripped through his stomach.

John patiently waits as Maggie works her anger out of her system. He knows he deserves this.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Guess that whole Martian thing comes in handy, huh?

JOHN JONES

It has it's moments.

She offers him a D.E.O. t-shirt, which, with some effort, he pulls on. She observes him in a heavy silence that hangs between them, tensely.

JOHN JONES (cont'd)

So. Now you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGGIE

I convinced Faraday to give me the cliff notes while you were in that pressure tank to help heal.

(sighs)

I wish I could say I'm not surprised. I mean, I've always felt there were things you were keeping to yourself, for as long as we've known each other. But honestly, suspecting you were a superhero was not on my list.

JOHN JONES

I'm sorry I--

MAGGIE

(waves it off)

Hey, stop, okay. I get it, really. The whole 'secret identity' thing, not to mention back in the day, I was hardly the most appreciative of the work you and yours were doing.

(smiles)

Although I guess this does explain why you turned my offer to join the S.C.U. down all those years ago.

John LAUGHS, wincing in pain, holding his stomach carefully. They both look around as an amused FARADAY walks back in.

FARADAY

Lieutenant Dibny and Mr. West are in my office. They have something urgent they need to talk to you about.

Off Maggie's curiosity...

WALLY (PRE-LAP)

This is beyond freaky, Cap!

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

Maggie, standing across from Dibny and Wally, simply waits as Wally talks a mile a minute, all nervous excitement.

WALLY

I mean, sure, knowing that aliens exist is one thing, but actually seeing them is another!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY (cont'd)
 Sure, I mean, I've met Superboy and the Martian Manhunter, but they're superheroes, not aliens. Well, yeah, they're aliens too, I guess, but I don't--

DIBNY
 Wally, for goodness sake, just show her the video.

Wally quickly pulls a TABLET out of his shoulder bag, and starts working the screen.

WALLY
 (embarrassed)
 Right, sorry, of course, I mean, that's why we're here right?

MAGGIE
 What are you two up to?

DIBNY
 Believe me, Captain, this makes much better show than tell.

Wally finally hands the device to the intrigued Maggie.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: A VIDEO CLIP loads up. SAUL ERDEL appears.

ERDEL (ON MONITOR)
 Hello, old friend. Not to be totally melodramatic, but if you're watching this, then I am most likely dead.

As Maggie watched, a message from beyond the grave...

INT. MEDICAL SECTION, D.E.O. FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

John, grimacing from the effort, slowly pulls on his double-strapped gun holster over his t-shirt.

The LIGHTS FLICKER. John freezes. He turns around slowly - his dark eyes GLOW RED. He's sensing something.

Through the wall behind John, the GHOSTLY FORM OF THE WHITE MARTIAN emerges! John snaps back round, as the White Martian leaps at him, howling a vicious bestial cry...

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

CONTINUED:

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. AGENT BULL-PEN, D.E.O. FIELD OFFICE - AFTERNOON

ALARMS blast through the work area. D.E.O AGENTS move with purpose, reporting to action stations. MAGGIE, WALLY and DIBNY emerge amid it all, as a KEVLAR-CLAD FARADAY walks in.

FARADAY

Everyone suit up, weapons free, you know the drill.

MAGGIE

Faraday, what the hell?

FARADAY

We're in lock-down, no-one in or out.

DIBNY

Do we know how many?

FARADAY

(shakes head)

All we know is someone set off the panic alarm in the medical wing.

MAGGIE

Medical? That's where John is.

Realization hits her hard - she takes off running.

FARADAY

Sawyer?! What are you--?

MAGGIE

It's her! She's come for John!

FARADAY

"Her"? Who "her"?

Maggie's already out of the door, as Faraday, Wally and Dibny finally follow.

INT. MEDICAL SECTION, D.E.O. FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CRACK!! The WHITE MARTIAN hits the wall, leaving a large impact crater behind as it falls to its knees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN JONES, in full MARTIAN MANHUNTER form, stumbles back, the fight taking its toll. Around him, the medical division is in shambles. He gathers himself, as the White Martian slowly gets back up - it's just as exhausted as him.

It lunges for him again, but John PHASES - the White Martian passes right through him, crashing into an examination bed, pitching it over.

It rolls to it's feet, and rushes for John again. It drives him into the wall, it's maw dripping with saliva as it gnashes it's vicious-looking teeth at John's throat. John grabs hold, barely keeping it away--

--only to convulse, as he is hit by another PSYCHIC BARRAGE. This time we see what he sees:

SERIES OF SHOTS (THE MARTIAN WAR)

- J'ONN J'ONZZ fires a ALIEN WEAPON, grim-faced.
- Walking through a FIELD OF MARTIAN DEAD, Green and White.
- Silently screaming in despair as he cradles the bodies of his BELOVED WIFE AND DAUGHTER.
- Facing a MAN in WHITE ROBES, the symbol of the HOUSE OF EL in black on his back.

Driven by buried emotions now brought back with frightening clarity, John roars with all his might. With supreme effort, he pushes the White Martian away, then lays punch after punch into it, until it finally collapses.

Breathing heavy, John stares down at it's insensate form, hatred burning in his eyes. He spots an I.V. STAND, snapped in two, close by. Its jagged edge calling like a siren song.

He picks it up, hefting it's weight, before holding it aloft, aiming it straight at the White Martian's chest.

JOHN JONES

This is for my family!

He starts to plunge the makeshift spear down--

--only for a pair of hand to grab hold of his, *stopping him!*

He finds MAGGIE stood next to him, pushing against him with all the strength she can muster. A backwards glance informs him that WALLY, DIBNY and FARADAY are nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE
(straining)
I can't let you do that, John.

John pulls away, but does not move, as Maggie faces him down.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
I won't let you kill someone in cold blood.

JOHN JONES
'Cold blood'? This thing is a killer, not just those Jokerz, but who knows how many innocent Green Martians! It deserves to die, and I'm going to be the one to--

MAGGIE
(shouting)
Dammit, John! It's a little girl!

John stares at her in open disbelief. Maggie waves over Wally, who quickly passes her his TABLET. She starts the video and holds it toward John.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: The video starts, as SAUL ERDEL, haggard, exhausted and pale, addresses the camera.

ERDEL (ON MONITOR)
Hello, old friend. Not to be totally melodramatic, but if you're watching this, then I am most likely dead. If that is the case, then I must ask you take over from me in guarding something that is truly precious.

The camera WOBLES as Erdel adjusts it's position. It shows the interior of his Slums residence, but it's main focus is the PALE-SKINNED ALIEN CHILD that sits crossed legged on the floor, playing with TOYS!

ERDEL (ON MONITOR) (cont'd)
Her name is M'Gann, and like you, she is the last survivor of her people. Her parents sent her into space to spare her from the war that ravaged your world, but her ship crashed to Earth, where she spent so many years asleep. Until they found her.

The camera shifts back to Erdel, looking even more tired than he did a moment ago, but someone he beams with pride.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERDEL (ON MONITOR) (cont'd)
 She's incredible, John. Somehow, even
 while she slept in her cryogenic pod,
 her mind reached out to mine. She
 knows everything about me, and I her.
 M'Gann, dear?

The camera again shifts to the child - M'GANN - who looks
 up, inquisitive.

ERDEL (ON MONITOR) (cont'd)
 Show your Uncle John what you've been
 learning.

She nods, and stares intently at her toys - which slowly
 begin to LEVITATE.

ERDEL (ON MONITOR) (cont'd)
 I think one day she could be even
 more powerful than you, old friend.
 She could learn so much from you.
 Keep practicing, M'Gann. I'll just
 get you some lunch.

The camera adjusts once more, back to Erdel, as he walks
 away into another room. His pride is chased away by sadness
 and fear.

ERDEL (ON MONITOR) (cont'd)
 They're coming for her, John, I know
 it! I'm not going to be able to
 protect her, but you can. If I'm
 gone, then it's up to you. You're all
 each other has of your home-world.
 Please, I know you're angry about
 what the Whites did to your people,
 but don't blame her, she's innocent!

Maggie reaches over and PAUSES the video, leaving it on the
 frozen image of a desperate Erdel.

The broken I.V. stand drops from John's grasp, hitting the
 floor with a dull *thud*. He's totally overwhelmed by what
 he's just watched. He slowly MORPHS into his human form.

WALLY
 (awed)
 No. Freaking. Way.

MAGGIE
 Erdel recorded that the day he died.
 We think that Olympus sent a team,
 drugged him to induce heart failure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALLY

They drugged her, too. Really heavy doses of ketamine. Nasty stuff.

JOHN JONES

The trauma of all that... It could be what made it-- made her, I mean, go feral. A kind of survival instinct.

He kneels, and gently lays his hand on the unconscious White Martian's head. Eyes closed, concentrating. His palm GLOWS.

JOHN JONES (cont'd)

I can feel her. She's hiding in a far corner of her mind. The personality I sensed before. I think I can... yes!

The ethereal light from his palm fades, and he pulls back, as the White Martian begins to SHIFT and MORPH, shrinking into a smaller, lithe form, dressed in ragged clothing. Long red hair frames a familiar face - MELISSA ERDEL!

'Melissa' (M'GANN) gently wakes, blinking in surprise and fear at everything around her. John, palms up in surrender, attempts to allay her worries.

JOHN JONES (cont'd)

(in Martian)

<Hello, M'Gann. My name is J'onnn. I'm a friend of Saul's. Are you alright?>

M'GANN

(in Martian, sobbing)

<I remember. I-- I remember it all. All those people. What have I done?!>

John pulls the weeping girl into his comforting embrace. He offers her soothing words of comfort in their native tongue, as everyone else simply watches...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDICAL SECTION, D.E.O. FIELD OFFICE - LATER

M'Gann, in her adopted human form, slumbers on one of the beds. Several ATTENDANTS and AGENTS diligently clear up the debris and knocked-down equipment from the earlier fight.

John stands off away from it all, quietly watching the young girl as she sleeps. He faces Maggie as she joins him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Faraday sure likes confidentiality.
He's had Wally and Ralph sign about a
half dozen waivers!

(off his look)

Don't worry, John. Your secret is
safe with all of us, I promise.

(looks at M'Gann)

How is she?

JOHN JONES

She's dealing as well as she can. She
let me read her memories. You were
right about a team being sent for
her. She saw it all, what they did to
Saul, before they took her.

MAGGIE

Poor kid.

JOHN JONES

They pushed her to the limit in that
so-called lab we found. It caused her
natural predatory survival instincts
to surface.

MAGGIE

(gestures to M'Gann)

But why look like that?

JOHN JONES

Martians are shape-shifters, Maggie.
Form is fluid to us, our true form is
considered private. The drugs addled
her memory, her sense of self. That's
why she became Melissa Erdel. That
was the clearest image in her mind
because of her bond with Saul.

MAGGIE

(understanding)

So she ended up in the Slums, and was
attacked by Jokerz, triggering the
survival instinct again. Kind of like
a case of "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde".

JOHN JONES

(nodding)

Pretty much. The more she began to
remember, the more confused she got.
That's what lead her to the family
home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

Where we stumbled in, scaring the crap out of her, causing another shift.

JOHN JONES

Only this time, because of her fight with me, our telepathy linked us. It caused her to become trapped in the feral state, and search me out.

MAGGIE

So... what now?

JOHN JONES

The D.E.O. will deal with the clean-up on your cases. Since Olympus ties into Intergang, they feel that--

MAGGIE

No, no. I mean, what happens with you and her?

John looks away, considering his response.

JOHN JONES

Do you miss being in the field?

MAGGIE

I still go out when it counts. I refuse to stay behind a desk when my people are out risking life and limb. But I get that my career has evolved.

JOHN JONES

Not just your career. You've changed. You've lost a lot of the anger that drove you before. Life's been good to you, Maggie.

MAGGIE

I've been lucky, John. I met Toby, put together a team I trust and rely on. Hell, my daughter is planning on going to school here. Why?

JOHN JONES

I lost everything during the Wars. I threw myself into my work, but I was alone when I came to Earth. I've met truly amazing people since then, and found my place with them. But there's always been something missing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN JONES (cont'd)
It might be good to be a father
again - well, at least an uncle.

MAGGIE
(realizing, sadly)
You're leaving again, aren't you?

JOHN JONES
There's an institute, a school, Ted
Kord helped set up with some of the
JSAers that came out of hiding. I
think it would be good for M'Gann to
go there. She'll need guidance only I
can give her. I think that's where I
need to be.

MAGGIE
Barring world-saving emergencies?

JOHN JONES
(laughs)
As and when necessary, yes.

MAGGIE
(offers her hand)
It's been an honor and privilege
working alongside you, John Jones.

As John takes her hand, two veterans standing together for
what could be the final time...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BIBBO'S TAVERN, METROPOLIS DOCKS - THE NEXT DAY

Establishing shot. The sunlight gleams brightly off clear
blue water.

TRAYCE (PRE-LAP)
You look like you need one of these.

INT. BIBBO'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Depositing a cold bottle of beer down on the table, TRAYCE
slides into a booth opposite DANNY. He takes a grateful
swig, before noticing the scrutiny she has him under.

DANNY
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE

I hear you had a pretty interesting day as well.

DANNY

Actually, yeah. I think we can say that my 'stalker' issue is well and truly dealt with.

TRAYCE

So everything is all good?

DANNY

Charlie's getting there. He lost his mentor, William lost a brother, they've got a lot of healing to do, but they're on their way. Dr. Foster helped, she referred them to a family counselor she works with sometimes.

TRAYCE

Glad to hear it.

(glares at him)

But the next time you go off and try and deal with something like this on your own, I will kick your ass. Got it, *partner*?

Danny grins widely. He raises his beer, and after a moment, Trayce smirks, and raises her own. As they toast...

INT. DAMON'S OFFICE, METROPOLIS COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

DAMON, carrying an armload of paperwork, walks into his office - only to halt abruptly at the sight of JENNIFER sitting at his desk. She looks rather too comfortable there.

DAMON

Uh, hey. What are you...?

JENNIFER

You checked up on me, huh?

Damon stares at her, a deer caught in headlights. He has the decency to look guilty. He watches warily as Jennifer approaches him.

DAMON

How did you--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

Find out? You're not the only one who has friends in the right places. They let me know my juvie file had been looked into.

DAMON

Okay, so I checked you out. I'd do it again in a heartbeat, as well. You have a problem with that?

JENNIFER

(smiles)

Actually, I'm pretty impressed. It's good to know Todd has someone in his life that can make the hard decisions to protect him.

DAMON

Wait. You're not mad?

JENNIFER

I'm not thrilled, but I understand and respect why you did it.

(sighs)

Look, we both know I didn't exactly have a picture perfect past, compared to you or Todd. I made mistakes, but I got given the chance to sort my life out and I took it.

(sincere)

Finding out the truth of my family, that was what pushed me to be a better person. All I ask is that you judge me on what I do in the present, and leave my past where it belongs. Okay?

Damon slowly nods, convinced by her heartfelt plea.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Good. Oh, but just so you know, the first couple of rounds of drinks when we go out to celebrate Todd's release from the hospital is on you.

She grins, and slaps the stunned but amused Damon playfully on the arm, leaving him behind.

He doesn't see her easy grin collapse under the true depth of guilt she's been masking like a pro until that moment...

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, METROPOLIS GENERAL - DAY (LATER)

TODD, sitting up in bed, looks bored out of his skull as he randomly channel surfs on his overhanging television. After a moment, he turns it off, and tosses the remote on the bedside table.

He looks up in genuine relief as KITTY walks in.

TODD

Oh thank God, an actual person! I've been going stir-crazy since Jenn left.

(confused)

Wait, aren't visiting hours over?

KITTY

I had a good reason. We need to talk.

TODD

That doesn't sound good.

KITTY

That depends, really. I just think it is best you hear it from me.

TODD

Kitty, you're starting to scare me.

Kitty remains silent. Her look says it all.

OFF Todd's look of cold dread, we...

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE