

M S C U

METROPOLIS · SPECIAL · CRIMES · UNIT

2x80: "*Fixate*"

Written by

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Executive Producers
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XaleCorp Productions 2018

METROPOLIS : SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

2x08: "Fixate"

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
SUE DEARBON Jodi Lyn O'Keefe
ANTHONY PETRELLI Peter Facinelli
GARFIELD LOGAN Connor Paolo
TOMMY JAGGER Luke Macfarlane
MARIE LOGAN Olivia Williams
RITA FARR Haley Webb
MASON ROTHWELL Mark Sheppard
KENNY LOWE Steven Yeun
ALEX EDISON Tyler Labine

SPECIAL GUEST STAR

RICK TYLER Jason Bateman

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. 8TH PRECINCT, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building. Several cruisers and station wagons out front in the short term parking zone.

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Stepping through the doorway is CAPTAIN MAGGIE SAWYER, a case folder under her arm, She looks around for a moment, before turning to the closest N.D. technician.

MAGGIE

Is Juanita around?

JUANITA (O.C.)

I'm here, I'm here, sorry! Just finishing getting changed.

Maggie and the tech turn, and both are unable to stifle their amused smiles at what they see...

JUANITA MENDOZA, dressed as 'Rey' from 'The Last Jedi', complete with a LIGHT SABER hanging from her belt, and a blow-up BB-8 under her arm. Understanding dawns on Maggie.

MAGGIE

Metro Wonder Con today?

JUANITA

(eager)

Wally and Kitty invited me, they had a spare ticket.

MAGGIE

(grins)

Wally books it off every year, you should have a lot of fun. Did he decide what he was cos-playing as?

Off Juanita's growing grin...

INT. MAIN ARENA, METRO WONDER-CON - DAY

The hall is BUSTLING WITH ACTIVITY. Attendees in all shapes, colors, costumes and sizes wander around, checking out comic displays or toy and model exhibits. It's GEEK HEAVEN...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY (O.S.)
Okay, say "Geronimo"!

In front of a full-scale mock-up of a TARDIS stands WALLY WEST - dressed as the ELEVENTH DOCTOR (complete with sonic-screwdriver and a fez!) - grinning madly as he poses for a photo.

WALLY
Best birthday present, ever!!

Snapping the picture on her phone is KITTY FAULKNER, dressed as a red batwing hoodie and black denim mini-skirt (a la 'Amy Pond' from "Doctor Who")

KITTY
That's going on my Instagram!

WALLY
Oh, be sure to tag me!

KITTY
Duh! Okay, where next?

Wally tucks the screwdriver into his inner jacket pocket, while Kitty pulls out a COMIC-CON PROGRAM from her hoodie pocket, reviewing it quickly.

KITTY (cont'd)
Okay, so Roxanne Sutton is doing a demonstration on stunt-work in science fiction films? Or there's Matt Hagen's creature feature make-up workshop?

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
(over P.A. system)
Ladies and gentlemen! The very first showing of the trailer for the new take of "*Zenya: Warrior Priestess*" will be happening in 5 minutes in Meeting Hall B!

Wally's face lights up. His gleeful look say it all.

WALLY
(bad British accent)
Come along, Pond!

He grabs Kitty hand, and pulls her through the crowd, his free hand desperately clutching the fez to his head...

INT. MEETING HALL B, METRO WONDER-CON - MOMENTS LATER

The hall is filling up fast, as people start taking seats. At the front of the hall is a raised stage, complete with a podium with microphone, and a line of seats for the panel discussion members.

On either side of the stage is a LARGE LDC MONITOR SCREEN to show the upcoming trailer. But the main draw for attention is a GIANT-SIZED SWORD hanging above the podium, like a Sword of Damocles.

Wally and Tina take a moment to take it all in, before looking around for a decent place to sit. They find a spare couple of seats a few rows from the front.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, please take your seats! This exclusive viewing of the new "Zenya" reboot teaser will begin shortly!

RAISED VOICES catch Wally's attention. He turns to look at the entrance to the meeting hall--

--where a HEAVYSET MAN (early-40s, graying hair and with a full beard), wearing a black t-shirt that states "PURE ZENYA 4 EVA!", holding a matching homemade billboard is arguing with a taller, attractive DARK-HAIRED MAN. His manner of dress and stance indicate he is event security.

Wally watches as the exchange becomes heated, until finally, the dark-haired man pushes the other man back, then grabs hold of him and steers him out of the meeting hall.

A seated Kitty, noticing Wally gaze, look around in time to catch the tail end of the confrontation.

KITTY

What was that all about?

WALLY

Probably one of those so-called "Pure Zenytes" causing problems.

KITTY

Okay, you've lost me. You're the Zenyte, remember.

WALLY

(sitting down)

There are a few fans of the show that don't think the reboot should happen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY (cont'd)

You know how it is. You get the fans that support it, and the fans that prefer the original show. Then you have hardcore fans who think anything more than the original is 'blasphemy of the words of Quio'.

KITTY

(confused)

The words of what?

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome to the stage, Kenny Lowan!

DEAFENING APPLAUSE from the crowd breaks out, as an KOREAN-AMERICAN MAN (mid-30s, casually dressed) walks out onto the raised stage at the front of the hall.

WALLY

Oh my God! Here we go!

The man, KENNY LOWAN, grins widely, waving at the audience, before standing behind the podium. He pulls a mock-worried face as he looks up at the overhead giant sword, before laughing.

KENNY

Thank you, thank you! It's brilliant to see so many people getting behind the idea of "Zenya" coming back to our T.V. screens! I knew I couldn't be the only one who felt that the tales of Zenya, her trusty companion Doyt and loyal steed Nevi deserved more thrilling adventures.

As Kenny talks, the dark-haired security man takes position down stage, out of the way of the panel, but close enough if need be.

KENNY (cont'd)

But all of this would not be possible if not for one amazing lady. Fellow Zenytes, please join me in welcoming to the stage, the original Zenya herself... Marie Logan!

The crowd ERUPTS into applause once again, along with deafening shouts of support and decrees of love (Wally and Kitty among them), as an OLDER WOMAN (mid-late 40s, dark hair) walks onto the stage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She's smartly dressed, with a practiced 'stage-smile' in place, as she briefly embraces Kenny, before waving at the fans as she takes a seat, picking up a nearby microphone.

MARIE

Thank you, everyone! Wow, what an amazing welcome.

KENNY

For an amazing lady, I think, right, everyone?

MARIE

(laughs softly)

Oh, Kenny, stop it! We're supposed to be talking about this all-new, modern "Zenya", not me!

KENNY

Yeah, very true. But that allows me to introduce someone else I know you're all very familiar with, and you'll be seeing a lot more of her very soon. A 'Zenya' for an all new generation of fans... Ms. Rita Farr!

Applause fills the room once again as RITA FARR (tall, dark-haired, early 30s), dressed decidedly more sexily than the more demure Marie, steps out onto the stage, with a winning smile at the ready.

RITA

Hey, Metropolis! Great to be back here in this amazing city!

She waves back at the audience, enjoying her moment in the spotlight for several seconds. As she basks in the cheers of the audience, Marie rolls her eyes, lip briefly twitching with disgust before her smile reappears.

She stands, and gently embraces Rita as she joins her at the seats, offering a couple of barely-there air kisses on her cheeks. The embrace is stiff and restrained - there isn't much affection in it at all.

KENNY

Rita, babe, before you get comfortable, do you want to come up here and talk to these amazing fans?

RITA

(laughs)

Sure, I'd love to!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kenny steps away from the podium, backing away from it, as Rita takes his place. She adjusts the microphone for a moment, before leaning in close.

RITA (cont'd)
(excited)
Zenya Fans Rule! Am I right?!

The audience breaks into shouts of support and cheers of "Rita! Rita!" Among them are Wally and Kitty, standing and clapping animatedly!

Wally is beaming, but as he claps, his gaze drifts upward - to the sword hanging over Rita's head..

CLOSE ON: The support wire that holds it, as the cord, CLEARLY CUT THROUGH, begins to unravel--

WALLY
(realizing)
Oh, crap!
(shouting)
The sword! The sword's coming loose!

He waves his arms, frantic, but in the jazzed-up crowd, he's just looks like another over-excited fan--

--until a LOUD METALLIC SNAP echoes like a gunshot through the meeting hall, and the sword DROPS PRECARIOUSLY, hanging askew! Cries of alarm and pointing fingers cause Rita to look upwards, smile vanishing as she realizes the danger.

The dark-haired security man, quick as lightening, bolts across the stage, crashing into a stunned Rita--

-- as the support wire SNAPS COMPLETELY, and the sword CRASHES into the podium, SMASHING BOTH APART as it drives into the stage floor!

The security man covers Rita with his own body, shielding her from the rain of debris, as audience members scream in horror.

CLOSE ON: The shredded remains of the podium and the sword, the damage done...

BLACKOUT:

END OF TEASER

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MEETING HALL B, METRO WONDER-CON - DAY

The hall is now empty of audience members. Uniformed PATROL OFFICERS keep it secure, while CSU TECHS work on the stage.

Among them is WALLY, sans tweed jacket and fez, as he sifts through the debris of the podium and sword display. With gloved fingers, he picks up the SUPPORT WIRE, examining it closely with a practiced eye.

MAGGIE

I've heard of taking your work home
with you, but to Comic-Con, Wally?

He glances up to see MAGGIE and DANNY TURPIN walking up the stage steps to join him. He shrugs with feigned nonchalance.

WALLY

I think I have a healthy work/home
balance, as it happens.

(grins)

Come on, Cap! A crime on my home
turf? I had to get in on the action.

DANNY

So, this is a crime, then? Not an
accident?

WALLY

This was no accident.

He holds up the wire, pointing to the CLEAN EDGES where it has been cut through.

WALLY (cont'd)

After the Warrior Angel stunt a few
years ago, the Wonder-Con team
switched to heavy-duty grade support
wire, like the Metropolis Museum uses
for it's hanging exhibits. Someone
sliced it just enough to make it
unable to hold the full weight of
that sword prop for very long.

DANNY

I'll check surveillance. Maybe it
caught whoever sliced and diced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

I know why I'm here, but why are you guys? What makes this as SCU case?

MAGGIE

(sighs)

Apparently, our illustrious Mayor would like us to oversee the case since it pertains to a high profile Metropolis event and it's subsequent media attention.

(beat, annoyed)

Meaning we have to deal with the paparazzi and overeager tabloids as they harass overpaid actors.

DANNY

Hey, Rita Farr's an Emmy Award winner, remember? And shes tipped for an Oscar nom for her new film.

WALLY

That's why her becoming the new "Zenya" was such a big deal.

MAGGIE

(unimpressed)

I'll take your word for it.

Off Maggie's decidedly lackluster appreciation of actors...

KENNY (PRE-LAP)

This is all just so crazy, Detective!

INT. GREEN ROOM, METRO WONDER-CON - LATER

PATRICIA TRAYCE, notebook and pen in hand, stands patiently as KENNY paces a small area of the Green Room. RITA sits in overstuffed chair, drinking a steaming cup of coffee. MARIE stands by herself out of the way, using her CELL PHONE.

TRAYCE

I get you're anxious over the incident, Mr. Lowen, but if you could just stop pacing and answer my--

KENNY

'Incident'? Detective, the star of my show was almost killed earlier today? That's not an 'incident', it would have been a disaster!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA

(scoffs)

Gee, thanks, Kenny. Nice to know you care, I guess.

KENNY

(contrite)

Sorry, sorry, Rita. You know what I mean. I'm so glad you're not hurt.

TRAYCE

Mr. Lowen, please. You said that having Ms. Farr take the podium had been planned?

KENNY

(sighs)

That's right, yeah. There's been a lot of talk on the Internet about the reboot, and we wanted to have Rita say a few words about the show before we started the panel.

TRAYCE

And the security guard who tackled Ms. Farr out of the way? Why was he on stage? Was that normal?

KENNY

No, no, it's not standard procedure, but we paid for increased vigilance, just to be safe.

TRAYCE

So, he's not part of the regular security crew for this event?

KENNY

Oh, no, he is, but we asked they bring in extra bodies from that agency, that's all. It's part of our contract with Wonder-Con.

(beat)

They definitely deserve a bonus.

KNOCK, KNOCK. The door to the Green Room opens, and a PATROL OFFICER sticks his head in, cautiously.

PATROL OFFICER

Sorry to interrupt, Detective Trayce, but I have some people out here who insist on coming in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GARFIELD (O.C.)

Mom?! It's me!

MARIE

Garfield? Let him in, please, he's my son!

Trayce nods reluctantly, and the officer moves out of the way to allow GARFIELD LOGAN (from 1x10: "Resurrection") into the room. He quickly embraces Marie in relief, before pulling away.

GARFIELD

I came as soon as I saw the news.

MARIE

I'm fine, I'm fine, sweetie. I've been trying to call you! It just kept going to voicemail.

GARFIELD

My cell died during class, and I went out to grab some chow with the guys.

During their exchange, an OLDER MAN (well dressed, with a debonair, haughty manner) casually walks in. This is MASON ROTHWELL.

ROTHWELL

Kenny, what the hell is going on?!

KENNY

(balks, cowed)

Oh, uh, Mr. Rothwell, sir. Detective, this is Mason Rothwell, he's the Senior Executive Producer of the "Zenya" reboot.

TRAYCE

So... the boss, yeah?

ROTHWELL

That's exactly what I am, Detective. It's my money and influence that helped finance this venture, so I'm here to make sure we see it through.

He makes his way to join Rita, offering her a comforting hand on the shoulder.

ROTHWELL (cont'd)

Are you okay, my darling?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RITA

I'm good, Mason. Thanks to that security guy.

MARIE

(disdainfully)

We're *all* okay, Mason, thank you for answering.

MASON

(impatient)

A survivor like you, Marie? Of course you're fine.

MARIE

It's one thing to do this for a bit of extra publicity, but I didn't sign on for all this other stress.

Trayce's eyes narrow. '*Other stress*'? She casually makes a note in her book.

MASON

If that's your not-so-subtle way of trying to wriggle out of contractual obligations, think again, my dear.

Marie glares at him with undisguised loathing - if looks could kill, etc. Rita and Kenny look around, uncomfortable with the exchange. Trayce makes another casual notation.

MARIE

I'm going to get some air. Am I excused, Detective Trayce? I'd like to actually spend time with my son.

TRAYCE

We're done for now, but I might need to come ask you some more questions later on.

MARIE

You have my cell number, and my hotel room at the Hotel Metropolitan.

(beat)

Let's go, Gar.

Mother and son exit, with her giving an unfazed Mason one final glare. A moment's stiff silence before Trayce clears her throat pointedly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TRAYCE

Are relations between you and Ms. Logan always so tense?

MASON

We're both professionals, Detective. We don't have to like each other to do a job. She needs the occasional reminder who is in charge, though.

TRAYCE

(unimpressed)

Sure. Okay, then. Let's talk about an incident that was witnessed earlier. Security and a man had some kind of confrontation before the panel..?

KENNY

You mean the guy with the billboard and the t-shirt, right? His name is Edison. Alex Edison.

RITA

(unnerved)

He was here? Why didn't you tell me?

KENNY

He was sent packing, Rita, we didn't want to make you any more nervous.

MASON

(off Trayce's look)

Alex Edison was our creative consultant, I suppose you could call him. He was originally part of the crew, but I had to fire him recently. He felt the show had 'lost it's way'.

RITA

That's the polite way of saying he didn't like the new direction we were taking with the show. He blamed me for that, and he... well, he made it very clear how he felt about me.

Off Trayce as she nods, making several more notes...

INT. MAIN ARENA, METRO WONDER-CON - CONTINUOUS

Marie and Garfield navigate the masses of attendees with the ease of many years of practice, as they head to the exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARFIELD

Are you sure you're okay, Mom?

MARIE

(teasing)

I thought I was the parent here, huh?
You don't need to worry about me,
Gar.

She puts an arm around his shoulder affectionately, pulling him closer.

MARIE (cont'd)

Why don't we talk about you, kid? I want a complete and thorough update on what my brilliant soon-to-be college graduate of a son is up to in his life at the moment...

(beat)

Including how things are with the girl he called the 'love of his life', if I remember right?

GARFIELD

(mortified)

God, Mom! Don't, please!

MARIE

What? I'm your mom, it's my job to embarrass you! At least I didn't pack the baby photos to show Rachel.

GARFIELD

Maybe it's better she's out of town right now, I'd rather not have you scare her away!

MARIE

(laughs)

Sure you didn't 'suggest' she take a trip while I was around? Where's she gone?

GARFIELD

(cautious)

Not sure, just that it was something a, uh, a private tutor she's seeing thought she'd find beneficial.

(off Marie's look)

Really, that's all she told me. It's for, uh, some extra-credit study.

(beat)

How's Dad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARIE

Good, actually. Busy, as always. His latest project at Kord Industries is getting a lot of attention, so--

EDISON (O.C.)

(furious)

Traitor!

Marie and Garfield come to an abrupt stop when the HEAVYSET MAN from earlier - ALEX EDISON - plants himself in front of them.

EDISON

This is all you fault!

He thrusts a finger towards Marie, stopping short from actually touching her. Garfield takes a defensive step forward, instinctively protecting Marie. Marie, however, appears unfazed - in fact, she looks almost bored.

MARIE

(sighs, resigned)

Hello, Alex. A visit from you is just what I need right now.

GARFIELD

You know this tool?

MARIE

Unfortunately.

EDISON

They're ruining everything! How could you be on board with it all? You-- you're Zenya!

MARIE

No, Alex. I'm an *actress*, not a damn warrior priestess. I did a job over 2 decades ago, and I got paid pretty well for it. That's all. I moved on to other things.

(beat, pissed)

Maybe it's time you did the same?

Edison's eyes bulge with shock and indignation, pulling his finger back, his arms dropping to his side. *He truly cannot imagine such a concept.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EDISON
 (voice rising)
 You're a sell-out! A low-down
 blasphemer of everything good about
 the show! You're a threat to every
 thing Zenytes hold dear!

Across the arena, 2 SECURITY GUARDS note the disturbance
 happening, and make their way over.

EDISON (cont'd)
 If-- if you won't stop them, then--
 then I guess I have to! I won't let
 them ruin the memory of what Zenya
 stood for. What you stood for!

Spotting the approaching guards, Edison slowly backs away,
 before turning and moving with as much dignity and alacrity
 as he can muster. He can't resist a parting shot.

EDISON (cont'd)
 It's all going to end horribly, Marie
 Logan! You'd best get clear before it
 all blows up in your faces! Mark my
 words! Zenya Forever!

He moves into the crowd, pushing his way past people before
 disappearing from view. Marie's bravado fades ever so
 slightly, as Garfield puts a hand on her arm. She offers him
 an attempt at a smile, but Edison's words haunt her...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREE CLINIC, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

INT. RECEPTION AREA, FREE CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

SUE DEARBON sits at the reception desk, going over some
 papers, while ANTONY PETRELLI talks briefly with a patient
 before they depart, him opening the door for them. With no
 one else waiting, he seats himself on the desk.

SUE
 (not looking up)
 I've told you not to do that.

PETRELLI
 Can't think of a better reason to do
 it, then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sue rolls her eyes, but she's smiling as she looks up from her work.

SOFT LAUGHTER causes them to look over as BETH CHAPEL exits the administrator's office, accompanied by RICK TYLER.

RICK

I wish my meetings about financing the clinic were always this much fun. Nothing against Marcus, but he's not nearly as enjoyable company as you.

BETH

Well, I think I'll keep that to myself for now. But I was happy to fill in.

The chemistry and magnetism between the two of them is as clear as day. Sue and Petrelli share a conspiratorial look, neither hiding their amused smiles as Rick and Beth approach them, oblivious.

BETH (cont'd)

Actually, why don't you join me tonight? At Bibbo's, by the docks?

RICK

(excited)
Yeah, sure, I'd love too!

BETH

Wonderful! It's a friend's birthday, we're holding a private party, you can be my plus-1.

RICK

(smile dims somewhat)
A party? Uh, sure, yeah. That sounds like fun.

BETH

Aim for around 8 or so. It should be in full swing by then.

RICK

(desperately casual)
I--, uh, I'm looking forward to it.
(beat, dejected)
I should go. A company to run and all that, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

With a hang-dog expression, Rick nods at Sue and Petrelli before making his exit. Beth's own smile fades slightly, unsure as to why Rick's demeanor changed.

PETRELLI

(cooly)

So... good meting, huh?

BETH

(distracted)

Huh? Oh, yeah, it was. Rick's plans will truly allow us to set up more programs that will really make a difference.

SUE

(affectionately)

Oh, sweetie... you really don't have a clue, do you?

(off her look)

Rick Tyler 'likes' you!

BETH

(stunned)

What? No! Come on, Sue, this isn't high school!

(beat, unsure)

You really think?

SUE

(playfully)

Uh-huh. And you like him!

BETH

Oh, please! We have a professional relationship. We work together!

PETRELLI

No, no. We work together. You and Mr. Tyler-- sorry, I mean *Rick* -- you're undressing each other with your eyes.

Beth is mortified. Sue can't help but laugh, as Petrelli gives a little knowing smile.

BETH

Did I just ask him out on a date?

PETRELLI

Pretty much. I mean, as first dates go, Wally's birthday party might not be the best starting point, but it will be fun, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BETH
(realizing)
Oh God. What have I done?

SUE
Don't worry! I'm come around at 7 or
so, help you pick out the right 'not-
a-date-date' outfit from your meager
wardrobe offerings.

BETH
Thanks. I think?

Sue simply smiles, but they all look around as the door opens and RALPH DIBNY walks in. He notices that he's the sudden subject of all their attention.

DIBNY
Am I interrupting something?

SUE
(pleased)
Actually, your timing is perfect, as
always.

Grabbing her purse and jacket, Sue heads around the desk to greet Dibny with a quick hug and a kiss on the lips.

DIBNY
You ready to go?

PETRELLI
Go where?

SUE
We're meeting an old college friend
whose in town for the weekend. I'm
sure I can leave you two to handle
anyone else who comes in today.

PETRELLI
We'll be fine. Go enjoy yourself.

With a final wave, Dibny and Sue leave. Petrelli picks up another clipboard of papers, and flicks through them, wandering away. Beth sinks against the desk, caught up in her own thoughts...

RITA (PRE-LAP)
I'm so happy you two could make it!

INT. GREEN ROOM, METRO WONDER-CON - LATER

The room is empty until the door opens and in walks Rita, arm in arm with Sue, as Dibny trails behind them.

SUE

(laughs)

And miss the chance to see my superstar actress former roommate? Not a chance!

RITA

I wouldn't go that far!

SUE

Oh, please! Modesty does not become you! Enjoy your success. Revel in it!

RITA

Okay, okay, fine! Yeah, I'm doing pretty well at the moment. But you know how fickle Hollywood is, right?

SUE

That's my point! Enjoy it while it lasts.

Dibny, feeling a little left out, for the moment, idly scans the spacious Green Room. He spots a LARGE PACKAGE sitting on the nearby table. Wandering over, he briefly examines it - it has a label: "TO MS. RITA FARR".

DIBNY

Uh, excuse me, Ms. Farr..?

RITA

Oh, please, it's Rita! You know what they say about 'any friend', right?

She notices the package, and the label with her name. Her smile fades.

RITA (cont'd)

That-- that wasn't here when earlier.

SUE

Maybe one of the security guards dropped it off?

RITA

(doubtful)

Yeah, maybe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She timidly pulls off the string securing the lid, before carefully, almost reluctantly, removing it - before jumping back and letting out a FRIGHTENED SHRIEK!

Sue rushes to her side. Dibny quickly looks into the box - to see a LARGE DEAD RAT laying prone inside on a bed of shredded paper.

As Sue tries to calm a distressed Rita, she locks eyes with a stoic Dibny, who is already dialing his cell as we:

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GREEN ROOM, METRO WONDER-CON - DAY

TRAYCE stands in front of a seated RITA and SUE. Rita sits sipping a drink, as Sue provides needed emotional support. Across the room, standing by the fallen box and the DEAD RAT are DANNY and DIBNY, watching as a CSU TECH bags it all.

TRAYCE

And no one else was in the Green Room when you left to go meet Lt. Dibny and Ms. Dearbon?

RITA

(nodding)

Yeah, yeah, uh, I was alone. Marie had left with her son, and Kenny and Mason left just after you, Detective.

TRAYCE

You were gone how long?

RITA

About 10 minutes, I think? I went to the ladies room to freshen up, then met Sue and Ralph at the security cordon.

Trayce nods, making a notation. Dibny watches for a moment, before turning away, to speak softly to Danny.

DIBNY

Security was pretty lax around the cordon. At the right moment, anyone could have just walk in and dropped off their present.

DANNY

I'll check back in with them, see if they have any surveillance of the corridor leading to the Green Room. If they do, at least we have a narrow time frame to see who came and went.

Everyone looks around as the door bursts open, and a panicked KENNY runs in, rushing to Rita's side, ignoring everyone else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNY

Rita! God, I just heard! You're okay?

RITA

I'm fine, Kenny, a little freaked.

KENNY

I'm so sorry! I-- I thought increased security would mean this wouldn't happen again!

TRAYCE

(sharply)

Excuse me? What do you mean 'again'?

Kenny and Rita exchange a look - busted! Now the focus of everyone's attention, they face down an assortment of looks. Confusion from Sue, annoyance from Trayce and curiosity from Dibny and Danny.

SUE

Rita, if there's more to this, you need to let them now.

Rita sighs, resigned. Nods in acquiescence.

RITA

It started a few months ago, pretty much a day after it was announced I had signed on for the "Zenya" reboot.

KENNY

We've been keeping it quiet, because we thought if we let the media get wind of it, it would just encourage more crazies.

DANNY

What started?

KENNY

Let's just call them 'incidents' for now, okay?

RITA

Hate mail, online trolling on my Twitter and Instagram accounts. Packages sent to my home and work addresses.

SUE

(disgusted)

It sounds vile!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RITA

It's not fun, but come on, working in this industry, people love to tear you down. You learn to ignore it.

DIBNY

Was it just you getting targeted?

RITA

(shakes head)

No, Marie's been getting some of it as well. But I'm the new girl, 'the usurper', that's what one asshole called me.

KENNY

"Zenya" fans are a passionate, crazy lot. That's what the studio banked on at first, to draw them in, but this isn't exactly what they had in mind!

TRAYCE

Instead, it drew out all the crazies, huh? Does your Mr. Rothwell know?

RITA

(snarky)

Of course, but he just told us that it would fade with time, after the idea of the reboot took hold and became popular.

(unimpressed)

So far, not seeing that happen.

TRAYCE

Any other present like this one?

RITA

No, no this was the first time I've ever been sent a dead animal.

(shudders)

I hate rats! They creep me out.

Both Kenny and Sue offer Rita comfort, while the S.C.U. detectives huddle to confer...

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - DAY

Trayce, DANNY and MAGGIE stand with JUANITA and WALLY by the CENTRAL TABLE. One two specimen trays lay the contents of the PACKAGE - one is covered in colorful shredded papers, the other, the reassembled remains of an ACTION FIGURE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE

Shouldn't you two be at Wonder-Con?

WALLY

And miss out on this case? You're joking, right?

JUANITA

This is definitely more exciting, that's for sure.

WALLY

Besides, it not everyday you get to work a case with a major celebrity!

DANNY

Uh, didn't you meet Aquaman a few weeks ago?

WALLY

(scoffs)

So totally not the same thing!

(to Juanita)

Am I right?

Juanita nods with eager understanding. Maggie tries to stifle a smile by clearing her throat.

MAGGIE

Anyway, speaking of the case? You know, the reason we're all here?

WALLY

Oh! Right, sure, of course.

(points to evidence)

Pretty interesting, actually. The paper is what is left of a "Zenya: Warrior Priestess" comic, one of a run they did during the final season.

JUANITA

Issue #8, in fact. You can usually find people selling them on eBay for hundreds of dollars.

DANNY

So someone was willing to destroy something they spent a fair chunk of change on, just to send a message?

WALLY

Pretty strong message. Especially given what else was in the box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE
The action figure?

WALLY
A very rare, limited edition figure,
a true collector's item. A season 2
variant of Zenya herself. Very hard
to come by today, even for a serious
collector.

Trayce leans in, using a nearby pair of tweezers to examine
the pieces carefully.

TRAYCE
Looks like some kind of saw was used?

JUANITA
A hand saw, most likely.

DANNY
So we can get a tool mark match?

WALLY
(nodding, smug)
Sure, but I can go one better.

He moves to the nearest FREE-STANDING MONITOR, turning the
screen so everyone can see. He pulls up a INTERNET BROWSER,
which is currently open on the "ZENYA FAN SOURCE WIKI".

MAGGIE
(reading, unimpressed)
"Zenya Fan Source Wiki"?

WALLY
It's an online community and resource
for fans. Run by an 'Alex Edison'.

MAGGIE
There's that name again.

WALLY
That's not all. Turns out Alex is
pretty fastidious with documenting
his personal finds, and helping
others with their own.

He clicks a link, and a page loads up - on it are pictures
of a variety of ACTION FIGURES. Next to them each are dozens
of SERIAL NUMBERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALLY (cont'd)

This is a registry of sorts. The serial numbers of every figure made, with the corresponding year. It allows you to figure just how old, and how rare that figure is. If it's an original run or a re-release.

MAGGIE

How does that help?

WALLY

Because dear old Alex also like to brag which ones he owns.

(beat)

The figure in the box? It's one of his personal collection.

As the three detectives absorb this new information...

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

The double doors push open as Maggie, Trayce and Danny make their way inside.

TRAYCE

I'll start running down Edison. See if I can find out where he's staying.

Trayce heads to her desk, while TODD RICE comes up to Danny and Maggie.

TODD

There's a Mason Rothwell waiting for you in the Conference Room, Danny.

They all look further down the Squad Room, where ROTHWELL is visible through the shutters of the Conference Room window sitting calmly at the table.

DANNY

Thanks, Todd.

(to Maggie)

You feel like joining me on this one?

MAGGIE

Sure, be with you in a minute.

Danny nods and head down the Squad Room, as Maggie fixes Todd with a determine look. He balks quickly under her gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

What?

MAGGIE

You tell me. You've been a little off the last few days. Are you sure you should be back at work? That gas did a number on you.

TODD

(waves it off)

I'm fine, Maggie. Really.

(off her look)

Look, okay, yeah, I've not been sleeping well the last few days, but that's all.

(smiles)

I swear, really.

MAGGIE

Okay. If you're sure.

He nods. Maggie isn't really buying what he's selling, but is willing to give him the benefit of the doubt for now. She heads off to the Conference Room herself - she doesn't notice Todd's smile crumble. *Conflicted...*

ROTHWELL

Yes, it's true. I knew about the 'incidents', as Kenny called them.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie and Danny sit at the table with Rothwell - this is a friendly meeting, not an interrogation.

MAGGIE

Have you done anything about them?

ROTHWELL

(casually)

I hired a private investigator to look into it, yes. A security consultant was also hired to keep an eye on things.

(beat, shrugs)

Apparently they aren't doing a very good job.

DANNY

You don't seem particularly bothered by it all, Mr. Rothwell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROTHWELL

Naturally, I'm concerned about the safety of my star and my fellow E.P. But honestly, I'm happy for all the free publicity this project can get.

MAGGIE

Rita Farr could have been killed today, Mr. Rothwell. It was sheer luck she wasn't.

ROTHWELL

(defensive)

If I'd realized that whoever is sending these packages was capable of doing serious harm, I would have made sure security was even tighter.

(beat, curious)

So, can I assume you're thinking that it's all related? The packages and what happened at Wonder-Con?

DANNY

For now, yeah. We're treating it all as a long-term series of attacks, that has no escalated.

ROTHWELL

(concerned)

I see.

Maggie studies Rothwell for a long moment. Something isn't sitting right with her.

MAGGIE

Can you tell us about your working relationship with Alex Edison?

ROTHWELL

Alex? Why?

DANNY

Alex Edison has come up several times during our investigation as well. He's also repeatedly made threats and caused trouble since you fired him.

ROTHWELL

(shocked)

I-- I can't believe he'd actually do something like what happened with that prop. I mean, he always seemed to be all talk, all bluster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As Rothwell seemingly reels from this information, Maggie and Danny exchange a shared look of doubt...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARADISE HOTEL, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building. *It's still a dive.*

TRAYCE (PRE-LAP)

The manager says Edison's checked into room 17, but he's not here at the moment.

INT. CORRIDOR, PARADISE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Dibny and Trayce make their way down the corridor, heading for Room 17 with determined purpose. Many of the doors have chipped paint, and the wallpaper is stained and peeling. This is not the most luxurious of accommodations.

DIBNY

If he is, you think he'll give us trouble?

TRAYCE

(confident)

Pretty sure we can take him if need be, L.T.

(beat)

Room 17, 12 o'clock.

They approach the door. The number '1' hangs upside down next to the '7'. A worn 'DO NOT DISTURB' sign limply flops from the doorknob--

-- and the door is SLIGHTLY AJAR.

Clocking it, Dibny and Trayce exchange a silent look. They carefully approach, each taking one side of the door-frame. *Listening.* Sounds of movement, of drawers being opened, closed again in a hurry. Furniture being moved about.

Someone is inside.

The two S.C.U. officers quickly pull out their SERVICE WEAPONS, cocking them with practiced motion. Trayce meets Dibny's eyes. He nods.

TRAYCE (cont'd)

Metropolis P.D.!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a loud *CLUNK* as something is abruptly dropped to the floor. A *MUTTERED CURSE* before a rushing of steps.

With a swift kick, Dibny kicks the door open, moving in first, weapon up and aimed, followed by Trayce, sweeping the room in seconds.

DIBNY
Hold it right there!

Their aim finds their target - a MAN, clad in form-fitting black outfit, already half out of the window, onto the building's fire escape. Facing away from the detectives, they slowly raise their arms in surrender.

Dibny carefully approaches, his weapon never wavering from the man's head, while Trayce surveys the room. It's been trashed. Someone was looking for something.

TRAYCE
Room's clear, L.T.

DIBNY
(to intruder)
Back into the room, please.

The man carefully climbs back in, not turning around to face Dibny until his feet are firmly planted on the floor--

-- to reveal it's the SECURITY GUARD from Wonder-Con! Rita's savior. He stands there, arms still in the air.

SECURITY GUARD
This, uh, this isn't what you think
it is. Really.

Off his sheepish 'aw shucks' smile...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

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

TRAYCE and DANNY stand at their desk, looking at the screen of a COMPUTER TABLET Danny holds. Whatever they are looking at has their interest hooked completely. They don't notice MAGGIE joining them until she pointedly clears her throat.

MAGGIE

Interesting read, Detectives?

DANNY

You could say that, Boss.

MAGGIE

Something to do with the perp sitting stewing in Interview #2 under guard? The security guard from Wonder-Con?

TRAYCE

Yeah, the one who saved Rita Farr from death by giant prop sword. Maybe it was part of some long-term plan?

MAGGIE

Some kind of gas-lighting thing? Mess with her mind? So, who is he?

TRAYCE

We put his prints through the system, and got a hit.

DANNY

Boy, did we get a hit.

Danny hands the tablet to Maggie, who studies it. Eyebrows raising in mild disbelief as she reads. TODD, carrying some folders, approaches.

MAGGIE

(reading)

'Former Special Forces'? Interesting. Discharged on medical grounds three year ago. Nothing on his most recent employment history, though. Name's Thomas Jagger?

(beat, curious)

Why does that name sound familiar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD
 (stunned)
 T-- Thomas Jagger?

Todd suddenly grabs the tablet from a surprised Maggie, staring at it in pure, amazed disbelief.

MAGGIE
 Hey! What the hell..?
 (beat, realizing)
 Wait. What's wrong? Do you know this guy, Todd?

Todd tears his gaze away from the screen, at the expectant looks of his colleagues and friends...

TODD (PRE-LAP)
 I can't wrap my brain around this.

INT. INTERVIEW #1 OBSERVATION ROOM, 8TH PRECINCT - LATER

Todd and Maggie stand by the one-way mirror, looking into the Interview Room, where THOMAS JAGGER, hands on the table, fingers interlaced, sits calmly. Not a care in the world.

Todd studies him, conflicted, remembering times past.

TODD
 Out of the blue, after years, he turns up now?

MAGGIE
 So, this is Tommy from college? The one that got away?

TODD
 (nods)
 More like I pushed away.
 (sighs)
 At least you already know about what my life was like back then.

MAGGIE
 (snorts, amused)
 Your sordid past, yeah, I remember. I thought I knew that name.

TODD
 I can't believe he joined the Army. Special Forces? The Tommy I knew was notoriously anti-establishment!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

People change, Todd. Hell, you were on the verge of becoming a black-hat hacktivist when we first met.

TODD

(derisive)

I was an cocky idiot with too much time on my hands, angry at the world. You talked me around, got me out of my dark head-space.

They watch as the Interview Room door opens, and Danny and Trayce step in, ready to begin questioning.

TODD (cont'd)

How the hell did he end up working security at Wonder-Con?

MAGGIE

Let's just see what he has to say for now. Get some answers to why he's involved in all this mess.

Danny takes a seat, while Trayce leans casually against the wall behind Jagger.

DANNY

(over room speaker)

So, Mr. Jagger, you've had your phone call, had some time to think about things?

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

DANNY

Would you care to explain again just why you were going through the hotel room?

JAGGER

My job, Detective.

DANNY

'Job'? You're a security guard. More then likely you were checking up on your co-conspirator.

JAGGER

(appalled)

Me and Edison? No way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE

Really? I mean, as someone working at Wonder-Con, you were in a prime place to drop off the latest package Ms. Farr received.

JAGGER

Did Mr. Rothwell explain that he'd hired a private investigator?

TRAYCE

He did. He also said something about a security consultant as well.

JAGGER

(nods)

That would be me. Both of them. Gemini Security assigned me.

DANNY

Gemini Security? I've heard of them. They're only a couple of agreements away from being military contractors.

JAGGER

The organization does what it can where it can. Mr. Rothwell hired us to see to the safety of his stars.

(beat)

I apologize for not saying anything earlier. I needed clearance from my superior first.

TRAYCE

(realizing)

Which was what you did with your phone call.

JAGGER

I couldn't break my cover. Discretion is what Mr. Rothwell paid for. My job was simple enough. Monitor and keep Ms. Farr safe from up close during the Con.

DANNY

So, an undercover bodyguard.

JAGGER

(nods)

I was also doing some preliminary investigating into who's responsible. Edison is high on a very short list.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAGGER (cont'd)

(sighs)

After what happened today, I decided to finally find some proof. Figured his hotel room was as good a place as any to look.

TRAYCE

How'd you find him?

JAGGER

(grins)

Same as you, I imagine. Wasn't hard to track him down.

Danny and Trayce confer silently, as Jagger leans back, far too confident for the person on the wrong side of the table...

EXT. TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS, BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

RICK (PRE-LAP)

(surprised, pleased)

Beth! What can I do for you?

INT. RICK'S OFFICE, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

RICK ushers a nervous BETH into the swanky, well-appointed office, just the right side of stylish for the C.E.O. of a small-but-growing big-city business.

BETH

I'm sorry to come by like this.

RICK

It's fine, really. What brings you up this end of the city?

BETH

Actually, it's about tonight. I mean, I know I probably surprised you with the invite and I wanted to make sure you didn't say yes because I asked in front of other people?

RICK

What? No! No, I'm looking forward to it. I mean, I already at least know Sue, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH

Rick, I'm giving you a 'Get Out Of Jail Free', here. Seriously, it's okay, if you don't want to come.

RICK

Why? Do you not want me to come now?

Beth takes a moment to collect herself, walking away from him, before turning back. Conflicted. Uncertain of things.

BETH

Did you think I was asking you out on a date? Did you want me to ask you on a date?

RICK

I-- I'd be lying if I said I wasn't hoping that. A little, anyway.

(beat, rushed)

I've really enjoyed the time we've been spending together, even if it's all been in the context of business meetings.

(beat, hopeful)

So, yeah, I would like to spend some time with you, away from the office, or the clinic. I mean, if you'd like that, too? But, if you don't, then I understand, and maybe Franklin should start coming to the--

BETH

(gently)

Rick, it's okay.

She goes up to him. Close. Takes his hands in hers, fixes her steady gaze on him. Beaming up at him with a huge smile.

BETH (cont'd)

I think I'd like that. Very much. Until I heard you say it, I hadn't realized I feel exactly the same about seeing you.

Her smile fading, Beth looks away, ashamed. Embarrassed.

BETH (cont'd)

It's... it's been a while since I last had a relationship. One that really meant something.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETH (cont'd)
 (beat, softly)
 All I ask is that you please be patient with me. That we figure this out slowly.

RICK
 (gently)
 Hey, that's fine by me. I'm in no rush here.

He raises her hand to his lips, and tenderly kisses her knuckles.

RICK (cont'd)
 I happen to think you're worth the wait.

They stand there. In the glow of a new-born understanding between them...

INT. GREEN ROOM, METRO WONDER-CON - DAY

MARIE walks in, but stops abruptly. Eyes narrow in suspicion at what she sees.

RITA stands by one of the tables. An OVERNIGHT TRAVEL BAG sits on it. Next to it, a PLASTIC FOLDER lays open, filled with papers.

MARIE
 What the hell is this?

RITA
 I was thinking the same thing.

She snatches the folder up, and leafs through it's contents.

RITA (cont'd)
 These are some pretty nasty letters. Emails, mostly, some hand-written. Even some photos of presents like the one I got today.

MARIE
 You went through my things?!

RITA
 No! One of the stewards knocked your bag over, I helped him tidy it up, and found this.
 (beat, furious)
 Why didn't you tell me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIE

What hell kind of difference would that have made?!

RITA

Lots! I wouldn't have felt so alone in all this!

MARIE

I couldn't tell you! I couldn't because--

(stops, sighs)

It wasn't me I was trying to keep out of it all.

RITA

(realizing)

You were trying to protect Garfield.

Marie nods, slowly closes the distance between them both.

RITA (cont'd)

Is that why you've been so desperate to get Mason to let you out of your commitments to the publicity run?

MARIE

Not just the run. I want out of my contract completely. I documented everything so I could use that to maybe leverage my way out, but he says that without me, the studio won't go forward.

(beat)

I can't do "Zeny" anymore. What we did before, it was fun at first, but by the time we finished, I was ready to move on to whatever new project came next. It just never happened.

RITA

Is it so bad being remembered for "Zeny"?

MARIE

It's not exactly Oscar material. Don't get me wrong, I love the fans, you know, the ones that embrace what the show was really about. I can handle the odd crackpot that gets a little too invested. But it wasn't what I spent years training for, to be known forever as.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RITA
 (incredulous)
 You're kidding, right?
 (off Marie's look)
 You know, I've never told you this,
 mostly because I thought you hated
 me, but you were a huge inspiration
 to me when I was a kid.

MARIE
 (stunned)
 Rita, I--

RITA
 No, no, let me finish. I saw you on
 stage, during a class trip, on your
 final run of "*Death and the Maiden*".
 That was when I knew that I wanted to
 be an actress - I wanted to be you.
 (beat)
 That's why I lobbied so hard to be
 the new Zenya. Why I was so happy to
 be working with you.

MARIE
 (ashamed)
 And I've been acting like a world-
 class bitch since we first met. I'm
 so sorry, Rita.
 (beat)
 I've been so angry, bitter, because
 I've been scared, and I took it all
 out on you, and that's not fair.

She takes the folder from Rita, idly flicking through it's
 contents herself.

MARIE (cont'd)
 I've been letting you shoulder all
 this on your own, made you think it
 was a personal attack against you.
 Kenny thought I should have come
 clean a long time ago.

The two women sit in silence, no longer rivals, perhaps on
 the path to a new friendship...

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

Todd sits on the couch, leaning forward, resting his chin on
 his hands, deep in thought. Maggie walks in carrying two
 cups of steaming precinct coffee, offering him one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

So, you think he's being on the level with us?

TODD

I want to.

MAGGIE

But..?

TODD

I haven't seen him in over ten years, Maggie. Who knows how much he's changed. But I don't believe he's a 'bad guy', at least not enough of one to go around stalking and threatening a celebrity.

(beat)

How long are you going to keep him down in Holding?

MAGGIE

For as long as we can. First we actually need to get hold of Gemini Security to confirm his employment, but that's harder than it sounds. They like to stay off-the-grid for the most part. But whatever way you look at it, he's interfering with the investigation.

TODD

Do you think I should--?

RING! Maggie stands, quickly answering her desk phone.

MAGGIE

Sawyer.

(beat, listens)

They are? Okay, I'll be right down.

She hangs up, turning back to Todd, tapping the phone with her finger as she considers what she was just told. Todd shoots her a quizzical look.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Mr. Jagger's attorney just arrived.

(beat)

He brought someone else with him too.

Todd quickly follows Maggie out of the office...

INT. HOLDING AREA, 8TH PRECINCT - LATER

Maggie finishes reading some papers the attorney hands her, then hands them to Dibny. Standing in front of them is a smug-looking ROTHWELL, and a older man in a suit, with a briefcase - the aforementioned ATTORNEY.

MAGGIE

This confirms Mr. Jagger's story.
Although, I'm not sure what you're
doing here, Mr. Rothwell?

ROTHWELL

Protecting my investment, Captain.

With a nod from Maggie, an OFFICER unlocks the cell door, allowing Jagger to walk out.

MAGGIE

Anyway, since the motel has decline
to press B&E charges, Mr. Jagger is
free to go.

ROTHWELL

So, can he get back to doing his job?

MAGGIE

If you mean, keeping Ms. Farr safe,
yes. But when it comes to anything to
do with the investigation, he is to
stay out of the way.

(to Jagger, pointed)
Understood?

JAGGER

Understood.

Dibny passes Jagger a large PLASTIC EVIDENCE BAG - his belongings, then a clipboard, so he can sign for them. After passing it back, Jagger follows Rothwell and the attorney out of the holding area.

Maggie watches them leave, steely-gazed...

INT. CORRIDOR, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Jagger, Rothwell and the attorney head down the corridor. Jagger, his head down as he checks his items, isn't paying attention until--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD (O.C.)
(nervously)
Tommy?

Jagger slows down, turning to see Todd, standing just behind him, up against the wall, wringing his hands anxiously. Eyes wide, Jagger takes a step forward, a big smile forming.

JAGGER
Hey, stranger.
(to Rothwell)
I'll see you outside in a minute.

Rothwell, agitated but too polite to say anything, merely nods stiffly, before he and the attorney make their exit.

JAGGER (cont'd)
You're looking good, Todd. I heard you worked with the police. Wasn't sure if I'd run into you.

TODD
(biting)
Really? Because I had no idea you worked for a private security firm, or that you'd even been in the Army.

JAGGER
(smile fades)
I, uh, I guess we have a lot to catch up on. I mean, if you want to?

TODD
Maybe. I don't know, there's a lot going on right now.

JAGGER
I'm at the Hotel Metropolitan, with the guests for Wonder-Con. Room 208.

He backs away, smiling softly, before turning around. Todd watches him go, torn. Jagger stops at the door, half-way out, looking back over his shoulder.

JAGGER (cont'd)
It's really good to see you, Todd.

He EXITS, leaving a very confused Todd behind...

FADE TO:

EXT. HOBBS BAY DINER, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

Establishing shot. A 50s-style diner, that has seen better days. Think "Pop's Chock-lit Shop" but with none of it's quaint charm...

TRAYCE (PRE-LAP)
This is everything

INT. HOBBS BAY DINER, SUICIDE SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

It's practically deserted, with an interior that matches the exterior with a run-down, patchwork look.

Sat in a window-side corner booth are Danny and Trayce. Across from them is Marie and a very agitated KENNY.

Between them is Marie's FOLDER OF ABUSE. Trayce takes it, starts reading it.

MARIE
Yeah. Every email, letter, photos of 'gifts' I was sent. All of it.

DANNY
You did the right thing calling us about this. This'll help a lot. We might find commonalities between writing styles, language used. Could positively I.D. this creep.

MARIE
So it might not be Alex Edison?

TRAYCE
He's our strongest lead, but we can't assume anything.

She looks up, offering what she hopes is a supportive smile, but her eyes drift to Kenny. Noting how skittish he is. The sweat beading on his brow.

TRAYCE (cont'd)
You okay, Mr. Lowen?

KENNY
(swallows, nervy)
What? Me? Yeah, I'm fine.

TRAYCE
Really? You look scared to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNY
 (voice rising)
 Wha--? No! No, I'm not scared!

He sees that all eyes are on him, on the verge of panic. Something inside him snaps.

KENNY (cont'd)
 It wasn't my idea! I swear!

DANNY
 What wasn't?

KENNY
 He promised it wouldn't go this far!

MARIE
 Kenny, what the hell are you walking about?

KENNY
 He's insane, I mean, he has to be, after what he did with the sword?

Realization dawns on Marie. She immediately pulls back, betrayed to the core.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

Marie and Kenny are visible through the diner window, as the barrel of a SNIPER RIFLE slides into view. Locks into place.

THROUGH CROSS-HAIRS, a blurry image coalesces into Marie's appalled expression...

... as a black-gloved finger moves to the trigger, gently resting on it for a brief second before SQUEEZING--

AS A SHOT RINGS OUT, we:

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT THREE

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

ON BLACK:

People scream in panic, as GUNFIRE is exchanged...

DANNY (PRE-LAP)
Everyone get down! Take cover!

FADE IN:

INT. HOBBS BAY DINER, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

TRAYCE, using the booth as cover, angle around it, WEAPON AIMED UPWARDS, squeezing the trigger as she returns fire.

TRAYCE
One shooter. Rooftop across the street.

DANNY, ducking low, helps MARIE to drag the bleeding KENNY out of the way. Kenny, clutching the ragged BULLET HOLE in his chest, gasps for breath. He doesn't have long left.

Trayce quickly pulls back, out of the line of fire. Another round zings past, smacking into the other side of the booth.

DANNY
Trayce? You good?

TRAYCE
Never better, Turpin! How about you?

Danny looks down at the fading Kenny - his breaths ragged, skin deathly pale, eyes blank. Marie desperately applies pressure to the wound, hands soaked red with blood.

MARIE
Oh, God, Kenny! Please-- please don't die!

KENNY
(barely a whisper)
Marie-- I-- I'm so...

The light fades from his eyes, his head limping falling to the side, as he breathes his last. DEAD.

Marie looks to Danny, tears streaming down her face. He briefly feels for a pulse. Gets nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIE
(horrified)
Th-- this can't be happening...

Gently, Danny closes Kenny's eyelids...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOBBS BAY DINER, SUICIDE SLUMS - LATER

PETRELLI squats next to Kenny's body, now in a BODY BAG. He makes a final notation on his clipboard, before nodding to the O.C.M.E. ATTENDANT, who zips up the bag, before they lift and place the body onto a waiting gurney.

As the attendant slowly wheels the gurney away, he looks over at Danny and Trayce, who stand next a sitting, shell-shocked Marie.

PETRELLI
We're done here. C.S.U. can move in.

With a nod of thanks, Trayce waves for the waiting team of techs to come in. As the split up and fan around the diner, MAGGIE walks in. Danny and Trayce move to meet her, away from Marie.

MAGGIE
You two okay?

DANNY
We're good, Boss. So's Ms. Logan.

TRAYCE
Mr. Lowen wasn't as lucky. Took a sniper round straight to the chest.

DANNY
Before it all hit the fan, though, it looked like he was about to spill his guts.

TRAYCE
Yeah, from what he said, it looks like he was involved, at least a little, in what's been going on.

MAGGIE
Todd's already started digging a little deeper into him. You think Edison could be our sniper?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE

I don't know, I mean, nothing in our background check showed he owned a gun or firearm qualifications.

With a thumb over the shoulder, Trayce points to the diner's main counter, where the SNIPER RIFLE lays, being checked by one of the C.S.U. techs.

TRAYCE (cont'd)

We did find his nest on the rooftop, with the rifle and lots of ammo left behind. There was also blood too.

MAGGIE

Your shots hit home? Nice work.

TRAYCE

(shrugs)

I winged him, that's all. But it's enough for us to run a DNA check.

DANNY

We followed the blood trail to the ground floor, looks like a getaway car was parked in the back alley, out of sight, but there was a CCTV camera across the way. I already called Todd to see about getting the footage.

Off Maggie's satisfied nod at her peoples work...

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

TODD sits at the desk under the array of screens in the TECH AREA, DIBNY besides him. His fingers flash over the keyboard with skill.

TODD

Shouldn't be too hard to look into Kenny Lowen's financials. Anything hinky, I'll let you know.

DIBNY

And the alley footage?

TODD

Wally has it on his system already, and has his guys scrubbing it. You know, Wally told me a little bit more about all the fuss surrounding this "Zenya" reboot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY

What kind of fuss?

TODD

Seems our esteemed Mr. Rothwell is in dire need of a sure-fire hit. There's talk of quite a few scandals that they've paid to keep quiet. He's in a hell of a load of debt, too.

DIBNY

Wouldn't that point to him not being involved, then? Why would he ruin his own show, especially if he needs it to be a success?

TODD

This is Hollywood we're talking about, Lieutenant. You can't apply real-world logic to it.

DING! The elevator opens, and KITTY (still in her Amy Pond cosplay) walks out, looking around for a moment before spotting Todd and Dibny.

KITTY

Hey, guys.

Dibny smiles in welcome. Todd, though, react a little differently. In fact, he looks downright embarrassed.

DIBNY

Dr. Faulkner, this is a pleasant surprise. What can we do for you?

KITTY

Uh, actually I was hoping to speak to Todd. In private, if I can?

TODD

(stiffly)

I'm busy.

DIBNY

(surprised at tone)

I think you can spare a minute, Mr. Rice.

Todd, jaw tensing a little, nods reluctantly. He and Kitty move towards the elevators, out of ear-shot. Dibny watches for a moment, before heading towards his office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TODD
This is not a good time, Kitty.

KITTY
(disappointed)
When is, Todd? I mean, you've been ignoring my calls. You missed your appointment.

TODD
(fuming)
Because I don't want to be poked and prodded anymore!

KITTY
That's not fair. I thought we agreed figuring this out was for the best?

TODD
(sighs, frustrated)
I know, I know. But, all the tests aren't going to change what we know.

KITTY
Have you told anyone yet? Damon?
(beat)
Jennifer?

Todd turns away, *ashamed*. Kitty puts a hand on his shoulder, supportive.

KITTY (cont'd)
You don't need to handle this alone, Todd. Isn't that what you're always telling the kids at the Foundation?

She recoils slightly, as he angrily shrugs her hand away.

TODD
(defensive)
Maybe I'm not very good at taking my own advice.

KITTY
(sighs)
Keeping things like this to yourself is never a good idea, Todd. It just works against you in the long run.

DING! They step back as the second elevator opens up, and THOMAS JAGGER walks out. He pulls up short seeing them standing there. Todd looks at him in surprise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TODD
Tommy? What are you--?

JAGGER
(urgent)
I heard about the shooting. I need to
tell you something.
(beat)
There's something you need to know
about Alex Edison.

As Todd slowly nods, seeing how insistent Jagger is...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)
Edison's a shooting pro?

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

Maggie sits on the edge of her desk, pondering this new information, as Dibny and Todd stand, waiting.

MAGGIE
How did we not know this ourselves?

TODD
According to Tommy, Edison grew up on
a ranch in Southern Texas. He's been
hunting all kinds since he was a kid.

DIBNY
But there are no actual firearms
awards or certification to his name,
so there wasn't anyway of finding
this out without talking to people
who knew him way back when. He's not
even registered to a gun club or the
N.R.A.

MAGGIE
(impressed despite
herself)
Gotta hand it to Gemini Security,
they really know how to dig into a
person's background.

TODD
The kicker is, though, that Rothwell
did know. He is a member of a gun
club, and told Tommy he was surprised
how good Edison was when he took him
there during the early days of their
work together.

EXT. MET U. CAMPUS, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY/INTERCUT

Exiting the main building is GARFIELD, laughing silently, at something one of his buddies as just quipped.

DIBNY (V.O.)
Something Mr. Rothwell neglected to tell us.

He walks past a OLDER MODEL PICK-UP TRUCK, not noticing as it's window is wound down, and someone watches him.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Yeah. Instead he painted Edison as a crackpot, not a credible threat.

Even with sunglasses and a baseball cap, we recognize it's ALEX EDISON...

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

TAP, TAP! Danny pops his head in through the open door.

DANNY
Wally's got something to show us in the lab, Boss.

Off Maggie's nod of acknowledgment...

JUANITA (PRE-LAP)
Blood match confirms the shooter was Alex Edison.

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER

WALLY sits at the large AUDIO/VISUAL AREA, on the central screen of which is black/white SECURITY FOOTAGE, currently on 'pause'. It shows THE SAME PICK-UP, license plate clear.

Standing behind him is the gang - Maggie, Dibny, Danny, Trayce and JUANITA.

WALLY
We already ran the license plate, it's a rental, and guess who signed it out in their own name?

MAGGIE
Danny, Trayce, it's time you brought Mr. Edison in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY
 (wags finger)
 Ah, ah! Not yet. Watch and learn!

With a click of the mouse, Wally start the footage. Everyone watches as it plays (without sound) for several seconds--

--before Edison, dressed in black, clutching his shoulder, shuffles into frame! He claw at the driver-side door with their free hand, finally getting it open, and climbing in.

WALLY (cont'd)
 (excited)
 Here it comes...

Inside, Edison sits for a few moments, gathering himself, fighting the pain of Trayce's bullet, before he picks something off the dashboard - a CELL PHONE.

As Edison dials, then starts angrily talking to whoever is on the other end, Wally freezes the playback.

DIBNY
 Any idea who he called?

WALLY
 Working on it. Shouldn't take long.

TRAYCE
 How about we find wherever the hell this trigger-happy uberfan is, and haul his ass into Holding? Maybe he'll give us some answers when he realizes just how screwed he is?

MAGGIE
 Get to it, you two.

With a shared look of determination, Danny and Trayce head out of the lab...

EXT. HOTEL METROPOLITAN, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot. Modern, Classy. Big. Not the most expensive place to stay in town, but one of the top 10...

INT. MARIE'S SUITE, HOTEL METROPOLITAN - CONTINUOUS

Marie, having changed out of blood-soaked clothing, sits sipping a hot coffee on a large sofa, it's style reflecting the casual opulence of the suite itself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE (O.C.)
Here, this will give that coffee some
extra kick.

SUE sidles up, and pours in some dark liquid from a small
HIP FLASK. Marie lifts an eyebrow, curious.

SUE
Bourbon. Dear old Dad has a fondness,
and I developed a taste myself.

Marie takes a cautious sip, recoils in surprise, but her
eyes regain some light.

SUE (cont'd)
(knowingly)
Good, huh?

She moves over to where RITA sits, and offers her the same.
She politely declines with a firm shake of the head.

RITA
I remember too many nights back as a
freshman in college of you providing
one too many nightcaps.

SUE
What can I say? I was a corrupting
influence.

The two old friends share a laugh, as Sue lowers herself
into another chair. They sit in silence for a moment.

MARIE
Thank you both. For this. I-- I don't
think I to be alone right now.

RITA
(genuine)
I'm glad you called.

SUE
The company of good friends is always
a soothing balm.

MARIE
Well, here's to us becoming that.

They raise their glasses high. A toast...

KNOCK, KNOCK!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GARFIELD (O.C.)

(edgy)

Mom, it's me!

Marie entire manner shift, beaming with delight, quickly standing and moving to the door. She quickly unlatches it, and opens it to see Garfield standing there, shuffling with nervous energy.

MARIE

Honey, I'm so happy to see--

GARFIELD

(panicked)

Mom, don't! He's got a gun!

EDISON (O.C.)

Shut up!

Marie backs away in horror as the slim barrel of a GUN is pushed against Garfield's left temple, and EDISON steps out of hiding against the wall.

Rita and Sue are on their feet in seconds, panicked and scared, as Edison pushes Garfield into the room.

EDISON

(manic)

Nobody move! I just want to-- to talk, that's all!

Off him closing the door, we:

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. MARIE'S SUITE, HOTEL METROPOLITAN - DAY

ALEX EDISON paces. One hand grips his GUN tightly, the other runs through his hair, pulling and twisting at it.

EDISON
(muttering)
This is all wrong, all wrong, wrong.
Wasn't supposed to be like this. All
his fault, of course it is.

Sat very still on the nearby chairs and couch are RITA, MARIE, SUE and GARFIELD. They're all terrified, but trying not to give in to it.

Rita and Marie exchange looks. There's an understanding between them. Marie slowly stands.

GARFIELD
Mom, what are you--?

MARIE
Alex. Please, this isn't you.

Edison spins on her, gun coming up. *Aiming right at her.*

EDISON
(desperate)
It's not my fault!

MARIE
(soothing)
I know it isn't.

She takes a slow step forward, hands held palms up, doing what she can to appear no threat. As she does, Rita gently nudges Sue, who looks at her, askance. With her eyes, Rita indicates for Sue to look down behind her--

--to where Rita's CELL PHONE pokes out of the back pocket of her pants.

MARIE (cont'd)
I can help, if you let me.

EDISON
(quivering)
No-- no-one can help me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sue's eyes go wide. She chances a quick look back Edison - whose attention is all on Marie, *his hero*. He backs away, the gun lowering to the floor, his eyes bugging out, on the verge of an all-out panic attack...

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Edison's MUG SHOT, slightly younger, a little more hirsute and fuller-faced, is up on one of the LARGE MONITOR SCREENS above the CENTRAL LAYOUT TABLE. Stood around the table are MAGGIE, DIBNY and TODD.

TODD

We hit pay dirt.

Using the REMOTE, Todd activates another monitor. A DRIVER'S LICENSE PHOTO of KENNY LOWEN appears.

MAGGIE

You found a connection between them?

DIBNY

It seems both Lowen and Edison have both received large payments from an off-shore account.

TODD

(off Maggie's look)

I haven't found whose account yet, but give me a few hours, I will.

MAGGIE

I have my suspicions.

VRING! Dibny, caught by surprise, quickly fishes out his ringing CELL PHONE.

DIBNY

Sorry, sorry.

He looks at the CALLER I.D., which reads 'UNKNOWN NUMBER', and presses the 'ANSWER' icon, putting it to his ear.

DIBNY (cont'd)

This is Dibny.

After a few seconds, his entire manner *shifts*. Alert.

DIBNY (cont'd)

Boss, you need to hear this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He holds the phone out in front of him. Puts it ON SPEAKER.

EDISON (OVER PHONE)
I've committed to this course. I know
what I have to do.

MARIE (OVER PHONE)
What do you have to do, Alex? Are you
really going to hurt all for of us?
Are you going to hurt my son? Rita?
Her friend from college?

Dibny's eyes lock onto Maggie's, dread hitting him hard as
it hits him Sue's in danger...

INT. MARIE'S SUITE, HOTEL METROPOLITAN - CONTINUOUS

Edison's lower lip trembles.

EDISON
I-- I don't want to! But you left me
no choice now!

MARIE
There is always a choice, Alex. Isn't
that what Zenya always taught?

Fury fills Edison's eyes. He raises the gun again, but Marie
barely flinches.

EDISON
No! No, you don't get to say that!

Garfield, unable to hold back any longer, pounces from his
seat.

GARFIELD
Get away from her!

MARIE
Gar, no!

Marie, doing what any mother would do, throws herself in
front of her son, as the gun barrel swings toward him...

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

The entire room is now listening with held breath to what is
playing out over the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIE (OVER PHONE)

Alex, it's okay. Please, just don't aim that thing at my son. He-- he's doing what Doyt would do for Zenya.

EDISON (OVER PHONE)

You don't get to talk about her! You gave up that right a long time ago!

MARIE (OVER PHONE)

I may have stopped playing her, but I never forgot what she stood for.

MAGGIE

(shaking head)

She won't be able to buy much more time with him.

(to Todd)

You got Jagger's contact details?

TODD

Yeah. Why?

MAGGIE

We'll never get to the Metropolitan in time. Danny and Trayce are looking for Edison in the wrong end of the city. He could help.

Todd considers her words for a long moment. Conflicted. Finally he nods, and quickly heads to his desk. Maggie pulls out her own cell phone, searching through her contacts...

JAGGER (PRE-LAP)

I'm in the elevator now.

INT. CORRIDOR, HOTEL METROPOLITAN - DAY

DING! The elevator doors open on the empty corridor, JAGGER stepping out carefully, quietly. With light steps, GUN held tightly in one hand, CELL PHONE in the other as he talks with Todd.

TODD (OVER PHONE)

Our team will be there in 10 minutes, God willing.

(beat, uncomfortable)

Hey, don't go being a hero, okay.

JAGGER

(touched)

Good to know you still care.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAGGER (cont'd)
 (beat, serious)
 No promises, though. It's kinda my
 job right--.

BANG! The GUNSHOT echoes through down the corridor, Jagger instinctively ducking.

JAGGER (cont'd)
 Shot fired! I'm going in!

Without waiting for the reply, he hangs up and pockets the cell, taking a moment to collect himself, shifting into a harder, colder mien, before surging forward...

INT. MARIE'S SUITE, HOTEL METROPOLITAN - MOMENTS LATER

CRASH! Jagger kicks the door in, quickly sweeping the room as he enters. He halts, staring in disbelief at what he is seeing, as soft, yet heartfelt sobs are heard--

--as Edison, on his knees, gun forgotten about on the floor a few feet away, buries his head into the welcoming embrace of Marie. She strokes his hair gently, affectionately.

MARIE
 (soothing)
 It's okay, Alex. It's okay.

Edison's sobs continues, and he holds tightly onto his hero, as Rita, Sue and Garfield look on...

DANNY (PRE-LAP)
 What the hell happened?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARIE'S SUITE, HOTEL METROPOLITAN - LATER

Edison, hands in RESTRAINTS, allows himself to be escorted out of the room. His eyes are empty, barely noticing what is going on around him. The lights are on, but no-one's home.

DANNY and TRAYCE have joined the others already in the room. Marie stands with Garfield, both needing the reassurance of close contact with the other.

MARIE
 What I do best, Detective. I played
 my role as best I could.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE

She was amazing! They both were! If I could, I would put you both up for a Golden Globe, maybe even an Oscar!

RITA

What? I didn't do anything.

SUE

Are you kidding? It was like you and Marie read each others minds! Come on, getting me to call Ralph while she distracted him? Brilliant!

RITA

I was kinda hoping you'd call 911, but I'm just glad he answered.

GARFIELD

I still don't get why he gave up.

MARIE

Sweetie, I've known Alex for years, I know how he thinks. He's never been able to separate me from Zenya - to him, we're one and the same. So, I reminded him of all the things she stood for, of how she lived, the rules she adhered to.

TRAYCE

Well, whatever you did, I think you broke him a little.

MARIE

He's a very ill man, but if he's the one that killed Kenny, then I'm not sorry for what I had to do.

(beat, sighs)

Has anyone called Mason? I'm sure he'll want to spin this somehow for the media attention.

RITA

I tried. It went straight to voice mail.

MARIE

(unimpressed)

Where the hell is he now?

Trayce and Danny exchange a knowing look. Sue spots it, and looks at them quizzically...

INT. HOLDING AREA, 8TH PRECINCT - DAY

ROTHWELL is lead into a cell - the same one that Jagger was in only hours earlier - by two UNIFORMED OFFICERS. The door closes with a dull CLANG, quickly locked, as he looks around in despair at his surroundings...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)
Uniforms picked him up trying to board a flight back to L.A. from Metropolis International.

EXT. BIBBO'S TAVERN, METROPOLIS MIDTOWN DOCKS - DAY

Establishing shot. A new lick of paint has done the faded exterior wonders. On the door hangs a HAND-WRITTEN SIGN: "CLOSED FOR PRIVATE PARTY"...

INT. MAIN BAR, BIBBO'S TAVERN - DAY (LATER)

WALLY, wearing a COLORFUL CARDBOARD PARTY HAT, stands with Marie and Rita, both wearing genuine smiles, as BETH snaps a quick picture for him.

Maggie stands at the bar with Sue and Dibny, who hold each other in a casual embrace, watching the grinning birthday boy enjoying a moment with his heroes.

SUE
(incredulous)
So that creep was behind it all?

DIBNY
Our industrious Mr. Rice discovered that the off-shore account that paid Edison and Lowell was an undeclared account of Rothwell's.

SUE
An I.R.S. dodge, I assume?

MAGGIE
(nodding)
Turns out Rothwell is flat out broke. That account is pretty much the last of his money. The rest covered up various scandals and gambling debts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE

(derisive)

Ugh. That old excuse, huh? But how does killing Marie or Rita work in his benefit? Without them there's no show, right? So no payday.

MAGGIE

Wrong. In his contract stipulations, Rothwell negotiated himself a tidy little sum if the project fails for whatever reason during production. Like it's star dying or quitting.

DIBNY

He didn't want to kill Rita, just scare her enough to leave, because the studio was adamant about having her star in it. No Rita, no show.

SUE

What about Kenny Lowen?

MAGGIE

He got in over his head, Rothwell admitted that he'd been blackmailing Lowen over a drug charge - would have ended his career if it had come out. Rothwell paid for it to go away. But after what happened at Wonder-Con, and how close Rita came to actually being hurt, he got spooked.

SUE

And Edison? How did that guy get involved in it all?

MAGGIE

Rothwell realized how easy it was to manipulate him, talked him into going off his meds. It made him the perfect patsy, and pushed him towards going after Lowen when he was worried he was going to come clean on it all. He just wanted him scared, but Edison was too far gone by this point.

SUE

It makes me feel sorry for Edison, even after he waved a gun at me.

Dibny pulls Sue in just a little bit closer. Protective. Maggie watches them, hiding her smile by sipping her beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wally grins like a kid in a candy store as he stands with one of his boyhood heroes.

WALLY

I can't believe you two came to my party! It officially makes this the best birthday ever!

MARIE

It was nice of Sue to invite us both. After everything, it's nice to be acting a little 'normal' for once.

BETH

Give it time, you'll realize that term doesn't really apply to life in the Big Apricot very often.

RITA

Or anywhere, to be fair. Not these days, at least.

Beth nods, rather absently, as she looks towards the DOOR, frowning just enough that Wally notices.

WALLY

You okay, Dr. B?

BETH

(nods, forces a smile)

Fine, fine.

(beat, clears throat)

So, if you don't mind me asking, what do you two have planned next?

RITA

Now that "Zenya" has officially bit the dust? Actually, it means I can go to Africa to shoot a film role I had to turn down before. After that, I guess we'll see.

MARIE

Well, if you ever happen to be near Qurac, you have an open invite to join me at Logan Animal Sanctuary.

WALLY

I read about that! You helped set it up after filming the "Zenya" finale over there, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARIE

It's always been a passion project of mine, but lately I haven't had the time to visit. Now I'm making the time, once I do the run of talk-show interviews and appearance my agent arranged.

BETH

Couldn't you just say "No", after everything that you've been through?

MARIE

These interviews I want to do. I think I'm finally ready to admit that I'm done with acting, with Hollywood.

RITA

You're retiring?

MARIE

It's time. If I'm bowing out, I'm doing it on my terms and reminding people just how hard it can be for older women to maintain their careers in this industry, and what we're put through because of it.

RITA

(proudly)

Now that is the Marie Logan I loved as a kid.

(off her amused look)

You know what I mean.

As they speak, the DOOR OPENS, and RICK walks in, not-so-casually looking around for a moment until he catches Beth's attention. Her face lights up on seeing him. He tips a quick nod, returning her smile with a beaming one of his own.

BETH

Well then, a toast. To young girls all over the world being inspired by women like us, doing what we can to show them that they can do or be anything they want.

WALLY

(loudly)

Amen, sister!

The four of them tap their glasses together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Across the room, sitting at a booth, are Todd and Jagger.

JAGGER

I'm just thankful my bosses at Gemini aren't too mad about us being used as part of some long gas-lighting con. Not exactly the best way the company can establish itself in Metropolis.

TODD

(surprised, pleased)
So, you'll be staying in the city?

JAGGER

For a while, yeah. As of tomorrow, I've been assigned to our new branch.
(teasing)
Should give us some time to catch up, huh?

TODD

(grins)
I'd like that, Tommy. I have plenty of stories I can tell you.
(beat, teasing)
So, private security?

JAGGER

(laughs)
Among other things, yeah. It's a good job, decent dental plan, too.

TODD

Well, however you got into it, I'm just glad you didn't have to shoot anyone today.

JAGGER

(serious)
If it's what the job needs, Todd, sometimes it happens. I'm not the same guy I was in college.
(softer)
Neither are you, either. It looks to me like you finally found what you were after.

Todd looks away for a moment, unsure how to respond. Jagger notices, becomes concerned.

JAGGER (cont'd)

Hey, you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Todd takes a breath, collects himself. Kitty's words are resounding in his head. Nods, resolute.

TODD

I'm good. And you're right. I have found what I - what we - spent so long looking for. Way back when.

Jagger frowns, then it hits him. He knows exactly what Todd is talking about.

JAGGER

You found your biological parents?

TODD

And then some. We have some catching up to do.

Off Jagger's eagerness, all ears as Todd starts his story, we...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF EPISODE