

# M S C U

METROPOLIS · SPECIAL · CRIMES · UNIT

2x10: "*Legacy*"

Written by

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METROPOLIS : SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

2x10: "Legacy"  
(Part 2 of 2)

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

TOBY RAINES ..... Kelly Rowan  
SUE DEARBON ..... Jodi-Lynn O'Keefe  
DAMON MATTHEWS ..... Jonathon Groff  
TOMMY JAGGER ..... Luke Macfarlane  
VIC SAGE ..... Mark Pellegrino  
ETTA CANDY ..... Lesley-Ann Brandt  
KING ..... Patrick Fabian  
QUEEN ..... Kristen Lehmen  
JACK ..... Dominic Sherwood  
TEN ..... Penelope Mitchell  
ACE ..... Cody Runnells  
DR. HELENA SANDSMARK ..... Kelli Williams  
PRINCE ORM ..... Dylan Bruce  
DR. LOUISE LINCOLN ..... Claire Coffee  
DR. STEPHEN SHIN ..... Tom T. Choi

SPECIAL GUEST STARS

KING ORIN/ARTHUR CURRY ..... Alan Ritchson  
QUEEN MERA ..... Elena Satine

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. ATLANTIS EXHIBITION, METROPOLIS MUSEUM - NIGHT

The stand-off continues. The Gemini officers and MUSEUM GUARDS flank MAGGIE, DIBNY and JAGGER. The ROYAL FLUSH GANG (KING, QUEEN, JACK, ACE & TEN) use the gagged hostages (TODD, DAMON, TOBY and SUE among them) as a shield.

KING

So, what'll it be, huh?

MAGGIE

How do we know you'll disarm them if we let you go.

KING

Guess you'll have to trust me. Not that you really have a choice here.

(coily)

Why not ask Good Guy Ralphie there?

DIBNY

(fiercely)

I knew it was you.

Driven by long-buried anger, he takes a step forward, weapon aimed straight at King.

MAGGIE

Dibny, back off. That's an order.

Dibny wavers. His sense of duty is fighting the burning rage pushing him right now.

KING

Ah, ah, that's far enough.

Maggie, her attention completely on Dibny, approaches him.

MAGGIE

Ralph, I need you to listen to me.

(beat, gently)

Put your weapon away.

KING

(bored)

You know what, this is taking too long. Here. Catch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

King throws the REMOTE CONTROL high in the air, tossing it over towards the entrance to the exhibit.

MAGGIE

Dammit, no!

SLOW-MOTION: Jagger drops his weapon, lunging across the room, hands outstretched, reaching desperately to catch it--

--only for it to SMASH APART as it hits the floor!

KING

Now!

King tosses the Trident through the air, Ace grabbing it easily, and takes off running.

Queen pulls out a RAZOR-SHARP PLAYING CARD, and with amazing accuracy, flings it an an OVERHEAD LIGHTING FIXTURE, SLICING through it's support wires. It crashes to the floor! Maggie and Dibny manage to dive out of the way just in time!

It's the distraction the Gang need. They split up, running off down access corridors connecting to the exhibit room. King and Ten head down one, Queen and Jack another, then Ace down one of his own.

Jagger stares at the shattered pieces of the remote in his hands, incredulous.

JAGGER

It's a dud!

MAGGIE

The bombs might still be real.

JAGGER

I've got experience with ordinance disposal. I'll handle this, you go get those bastards.

MAGGIE

Dibny, you--

Maggie turns to see Dibny sprinting down the corridor that King and Ten ran down. She swallows whatever angry rebuke she was about to waste on him before taking off after Queen and Jack...

INT. EAST CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Ten kneels in front of a service entrance, HACKING DEVICE already attached to it's KEY-PAD. King keeps watch beside her, GUN in hand.

TEN  
This shouldn't take long.

KING  
Just get it done, Ten.

DIBNY (O.C.)  
(yelling, furious)  
Walker! I'm not letting you get away from me again!

King raises his weapon, taking as Dibny comes around the corner, his own weapon up and aimed.

KING  
(laughs, amused)  
Oh, Ralph, my old friend. I'm glad I knew you'd be here tonight. Screwing you over is always fun!

DIBNY  
Miss, you to stop whatever you're doing. You're both under arrest.

KING  
Just keep working, Ten, there's a good girl.

It's another stand-off. Ten looks from one man to the other, swallows hard, then turns back to her work. Ignoring them as the men face each other down...

INT. WEST CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Queen and Jack run at full tilt down the corridor, the door in sight. Maggie gives chase, panting hard but keeping with them.

QUEEN  
Get to the door, I'll hold her off!

Jack nods, and carries on. Queen slow to a halt, turning and facing Maggie, arms raised. Maggie quickly aims her weapon at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE  
Nice and easy, lady.

QUEEN  
That's 'Queen', not 'lady'.

With a flick of her fingers, TWO MORE PLAYING CARDS appear in her palms. With another flick, one slices through the air straight at Maggie. She cries out in pain, dropping her gun, clutching at the BLOODY WOUND on her arm.

Queen delights in her victim's pain, taking aim again. Maggie's eyes widen with realization, diving for cover, just as Queen flings her second card! She barely avoids it, as it slams into a solid Greco-Roman bust with a hard THUNK!

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
Jeez, does every criminal have a god-damn gimmick these days?

Queen readies another card.

JACK (O.C.)  
Door's open! Let's go!

With a flick, she pockets the card, turning and speeding down the corridor to freedom, as a pissed-off Maggie picks herself up of the ground...

INT. ATLANTIS EXHIBITION, METROPOLIS MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Jagger kneels in front of TODD, freeing his hands, his gag already pulled out.

TODD  
(incredulous)  
They're all fakes? Every bomb?

JAGGER  
(nodding)  
Yeah. Cheap plastic with blinking LEDs and batteries, like the remote.  
You good to help free the others?

Todd nods, allowing Jagger to move on to free TOBY. Todd moves to the person next to him, an OLDER WOMAN (mid-40s, bookish, yet strong and independent). He pulls her gag free before staring to untie her.

WOMAN  
Thank you! Where-- where did they go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

(gently)

It's okay. You're safe. The S.C.U. is on scene, and they'll catch them all.

He offers a quick smile, moving on to the next hostage. He doesn't see her conflicted, almost ashamed look.

TODD (cont'd)

(to woman)

Are you okay to start helping--hey?!

He turns, just as the woman runs down the east corridor...

KING (PRE-LAP)

We really doing this again, Ralphie?

INT. EAST CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Dibny's jaw flexes, trying desperately to control his anger. King, though, can see just how much his words, his presence, are affecting the other man.

CLICK! The door unlocks, Ten pushing it open.

TEN

We're good to go, Boss.

WOMAN (O.C.)

Cassie?! Cassie, where are you?!

Ten spins around - even with the mask on, we can see she's floored from hearing that voice saying that name. The woman runs around the corner, stumbling to a halt as she sees the situation she's walked into.

KING

Time to leave.

DIBNY

Try to leave, and I'll shoot!

KING

(scoffs)

No, you wont.

(beat, coldly)

But I will.

With a slight turn, his aim shifts, from Dibny to the woman. Dibny's training kicks in - he turns and lunges for her, as King squeezes the trigger--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--only for Ten to fearfully cry out, and push King's arm up enough that the shot goes wild! Dibny and the woman fall to the floor in a tangled heap.

TEN  
(horrified)  
What the hell are you doing?!

SMACK! King's back-handed blow knocks her hockey mask clean off, revealing her face. She hits the floor, stunned, dazed for a moment, before she turns fear-filled eyes up at King.

KING  
(fuming)  
Don't ever do that again.

APPROACHING FOOTFALLS force him to deal with the situation at hand.

KING (cont'd)  
Go. Move!

Ten scrambles to her feet, picking up her mask, following behind King as he exits. She looks back, forlorn, regretful, before putting her mask back on, and running out the door, slamming it shut behind her. It locks with another CLICK.

Dibny gets to his feet, rushing at the door, desperately trying to get it open, until it finally sinks in. They got away. He stands there, humiliated, alone and left in their dust, as we:

BLACKOUT:

**END OF TEASER**

CONTINUED: (2)

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS MUSEUM, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - EVENING

The spotlights are still on, but no longer move. The excited energy of the night's festivities is long gone. Now, PATROL CARS and AMBULANCES line the sidewalk outside.

SHIN (PRE-LAP)  
(shell-shocked)  
Can't be happening. Can't be  
happening. Just can't...

INT. ATLANTIS EXHIBITION, METROPOLIS MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

DR. STEPHEN SHIN sits on the steps of the raised area of the exhibit that only recently housed the Trident of Neptune. A PARAMEDIC carefully tends to him, but Shin is oblivious to him, rocking back and forth, near-catatonic.

SHIN  
Career's ruined. Ruined. Never be  
trusted again. By anyone. Can't be  
happening. Can't be...

Standing nearby watching is a concerned JAGGER, standing with TODD and DAMON MATTHEWS.

JAGGER  
Poor guy. I think this broke him.

TODD  
Hopefully, once we get the Trident  
back, and put these guys away, it'll  
go some way to getting him better.

JAGGER  
(smiles)  
'When', huh? I like that optimism. I  
hope your guys do their job better  
than I did.

TODD  
Hey, hey, none of that, okay. You did  
the best you could. These guys, they  
took things up to the next level.

DAMON  
Any idea who they were?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

No, not really. But Lieutenant Dibny seemed to have a good idea, that's for damned sure.

Damon nods, then fixes a pointed glare at a confused Todd for a long moment. Then it hits him.

TODD (cont'd)

Oh. Right, of course, uh, yeah. Damon, this is Tommy, sorry, Thomas Jagger. He's an, uh...

JAGGER

(grins, quickly)  
An old friend from college. Todd's told me all about you, Damon.

DAMON

(faux-casual)  
Oh, really? He hasn't been that forthcoming with me about you.

Jagger's smile dims slightly, as Todd wilts under Damon's sardonic gaze. This is not going well...

WOMAN (O.C.)

My name is Sandsmark. Dr. Helena Sandsmark. I was the curator of the Gateway City Museum of Antiquities.

Across the room, MAGGIE and DIBNY take the statement of the WOMAN - DR. HELENA SANDSMARK.

DIBNY

You know who it was, under that '10' mask, don't you?

HELENA

(nods, ashamed)  
She's my daughter. Cassie-- I mean, Cassandra. Cassandra Sandsmark.

MAGGIE

How'd she get mixed up in all this?

HELENA

(sighs)  
Cassie and I have never had the best relationship, not since her father left, years ago. She got in trouble, a lot of trouble, often, but it all went wrong when she--

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HELENA (cont'd)

(pauses, ashamed)

I was in charge of a dig in Cambodia,  
and several priceless artifacts went  
missing.

DIBNY

(disgusted)

It was Cassie, wasn't it?

(beat, coldly)

Nice parenting, Dr. Sandsmark.

Helena recoils, stung by his words. Maggie shoots Dibny a  
sidelong glare. Unimpressed with his 'bad cop' act.

HELENA

(pleads, desperate)

Look, my failings as a parent aside,  
I know Cassie doesn't realize just  
how dangerous these people are. You  
saw her try to stop that man shooting  
us, that means she can be reached.

DIBNY

She's made her choice, ma'am, and  
when we bring these bastards in, you  
can be damn sure she'll be standing  
alongside them.

Helena turns away, not wanting to let them see her tears.

MAGGIE

How did you know she were here?

HELENA

I didn't. Not for certain. I hired a  
private investigator, they managed to  
track Cassie across the country, and  
when I realized that she was in the  
same place as so many recent museum  
thefts, I put it together.

MAGGIE

So why were you at the museum?

HELENA

I heard about the exhibition, and  
realized it made a tempting target. I  
know Stephen Shin, and got myself on  
the guest list. But I certainly had  
no idea that they were going to rob  
it tonight, or who those others are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIBNY

Your daughter is a dangerous felon,  
and you didn't notify the police she  
was in town?

(beat, fuming)

We could charge you with obstruction  
of justice!

Maggie interposes herself between Dibny and Helena. Her  
stony gaze freezes Dibny in his tracks.

MAGGIE

That's *enough*, Lieutenant.

(to Helena, gently)

Please, Dr. Sandsmark, I know you  
came here with good intentions, but  
it would be best if you stayed out of  
this for now. I promise Cassie will  
be treated fairly by the law.

On Maggie's gesture, a female PATROL OFFICER joins them.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Please, just go with this officer and  
give your statement, then go back to  
your hotel. We'll call if we need any  
more information from you.

Helena nods, wiping at the few tears that escaped, as she is  
leads off. Maggie sympathetic smile vanishes, as she turns  
her ire towards her 2-in-command.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Care to fill me in on what the hell  
is going with you? You put innocent  
lives at risk, Lieutenant.

DIBNY

I was doing the job, Captain. They  
were bluffing, remember.

MAGGIE

Are you hearing yourself, Ralph? That  
doesn't excuse what you did! You know  
that's not how we deal with any kind  
of hostage situations! We had no way  
of knowing they were bluffing.

(beat, sighs)

You're no good to me, you've got too  
much baggage, and you're not willing  
to talk about it. I'm ordering you to  
back away from this case. Go home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DIBNY  
(indignant)  
You can't be--

MAGGIE  
(firmly)  
Don't make me relieve you of duty,  
Lieutenant.

Jaw muscles flexing in suppressed rage, Dibny looks around, realizing that all eyes are on him and Maggie at the moment. Taking a steadying breath, he nods tersely, before storming out. As Maggie watches him go...

EXT. DISUSED GARAGE, OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK - NIGHT

Establishing shot. Run-down, broken windows and missing fuel pumps. A perfect hiding place.

ACE (PRE-LAP)  
That was too damn close!

INT. MAIN WORK AREA, DISUSED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

ACE, still wearing his 'combat-gear' but minus his hockey mask, paces, anger coming off him in waves.

The rest of the Gang (KING, QUEEN and JACK) are seated on thread-bare and patched sofas, sipping water bottles. TEN - CASSIE - sits apart from them, her bottle clutched tightly, avoiding eye contact with everyone else.

Walker has the Trident in hand, basking in it's presence.

QUEEN  
Calm down, Derek. We got out of there  
with the prize intact.

ACE  
I don't like it. Your old 'friend',  
Malcolm, looked ready to put a bullet  
in you! You should have taken him out  
when you had the chance.

KING  
Kill a cop? That would bring too much  
extra heat.

CASSIE  
(icily, hard)  
But killing my mother wouldn't?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Babe, he wouldn't have killed her.

CASSIE

He tried to shoot her, Eric!

KING

Correction. I shot at her, Cassie. I knew Ralphie would knock her out of harm's way, anyway. When it came down to her or me.

(snidely)

Besides, it's not like you actually care about her *that* much.

Cassie stands abruptly, glaring angrily at Walker, before stalking off out of the room.

QUEEN

My, my, temperamental, isn't she. Not sure if I like that about her or not.

(to Walker)

This may be a safe house for now, but we should be ready to move quickly, though.

KING

(nodding)

I've already made the arrangements to leave this lovely city far behind, my darling.

QUEEN

Excellent. Now, pass me that Trident and stop hogging the glory all to yourself.

Walker laughs, gently passing their newest swag to his wife, who giggles girlishly as she studies it's jewels...

INT. DIBNY'S LOFT, PARK RIDGE, METROPOLIS - NIGHT

With practiced ease, and a soft hiss of air, Dibny removes the cap from a bottle of beer, and takes a long, needed pull from it. His sits, tie off, and collar loosened, holster and gun still over his shirt, stewing in his defeat.

The gentle RAP of knuckles on the door gets his attention, but he doesn't move until the second attempt. Grudgingly, he walks over and opens the door, to find SUE standing there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE  
Bad night, huh?

DIBNY  
(tired, suspicious)  
What are you doing here?

SUE  
I saw what happened tonight, Ralph.  
I'm worried about you. 'Scared' would  
be more accurate, actually.

DIBNY  
(not in the mood)  
Don't, okay? Just don't. Not tonight.

He walks away, but Sue, furious, is having none of it. She follow him in, grabbing hold and forcing him to face her.

SUE  
Hey! Don't walk away from me, Ralph!  
I'm not the bad guy here, I'm your  
girlfriend.  
(beat, sadly)  
This isn't you. You're not 'this'  
guy, the angry loner. You're acting  
like you've got the weight of the  
world on your shoulders, and you're  
not telling anyone why it's like that  
all of a sudden.

Whatever anger Dibny is feeling ebbs away as Sue stares at her with wide eyes, pleading silently. She takes his hands in hers, holds them tight.

SUE (cont'd)  
(beat, gently)  
You've saved me, so now it's my turn  
to save you. From yourself. Talk to  
me. Please?

Slowly, Dibny's nods, the fight leaving him as he surrenders to her gentle persuasion...

EXT. U.N. ANNEX BUILDING, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - MORNING

Establishing shot. A large crowd of reporters dominate the front plaza, alongside several T.V. crews. *Waiting.*

ORM (PRE-LAP)  
This is unacceptable!

INT. CONFERENCE SUITE, U.N. ANNEX BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

PRINCE ORM stands at the head of the room's briefing table, a small retinue of ATLANTEAN ROYAL GUARDS behind him. Maggie and Etta, both dressed more formally than normal, can only wait patiently as he vents his frustration.

ORM

We were assured-- no, promised, that the Trident was to be safe, but now it is in the hand of thieves?! Thieves you have had no luck in tracking?

(shakes head)

I should have known better than to believe incompetent surface-dwellers could safeguard a nation's treasure.

(glares at Maggie)

You and your Unit should be relieved of your duties.

ETTA

Prince Orm, may I respectfully remind you that you are a guest in this city and have no say in the how or why of the running of it.

MAGGIE

Besides, the S.C.U. standing down wouldn't do anyone any good, sir. Hell, it would just slow down the recovery of the Trident even more.

ORM

(dismissive)

Surely A.R.G.U.S. and Atlantean security will suffice.

MERA (O.C.)

(firm)

No.

Everyone looks around in surprise as MERA walks in, as regal and commanding as a Queen should be. The Atlantean guards immediately stand a little more at attention.

ORM

Mera, you should be at your husband's side. With your child.

MERA

The Trident of Neptune is a symbol of royal might. My place is here, Orm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ORM

Exactly why we should take control of this--

MERA

No, Orm. What kind of message would it show to those we now call allies if we do not show faith as they work to correct their mistake?

(shakes head)

No. As a symbol of trust and a united front, the S.C.U. must apprehend the thieves and recover the Trident, to show we can work together in harmony.

As Orm again finds himself relenting to Mera's decree...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

Okay, people, here's the situation.

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

Around the central layout table are the assembled team: Maggie, Todd, DANNY, TRAYCE and WALLY. With them is Jagger.

MAGGIE

Agent Candy and Queen Mera have our backs, but we dropped the ball here. We need to show we can do this.

JAGGER

Gemini Security's reputation has taken a major hit with this as well, so we'd like to offer any assistance we can in this investigation.

MAGGIE

That would be greatly appreciated, Mr. Jagger. You can start by using whatever intelligence apparatus your company has to find me any and all information about this group.

Jagger nods, moving away as he pulls out his cell phone to make the call.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Now, any good news to report?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 (off their guilty  
 looks)

Nothing? Nothing at all? Come on,  
 people, they stole a big-ass fork,  
 how could they just vanish?

WALLY  
 Museum surveillance shows them  
 leaving on motorbikes, but I've been  
 scrubbing through any CCTV footage I  
 can get my hands on near the museum,  
 but these guys are good. So far, zip.

DANNY  
 They knew just where to go to avoid  
 being seen heading back to wherever  
 the hell they're hiding out.

TRAYCE  
 Uniforms over in the Slums report  
 finding four abandoned motorcycles,  
 which could be theirs. They're being  
 shipped over for forensics analysis.

MAGGIE  
 Good. Wally, take them apart, piece  
 by piece. Anything we can use to  
 track these assholes, find it.

DIBNY (O.C.)  
 (solemnly)  
 You wont find anything.

The team look around to see Dibny, looking more rested and  
 calmer then he has since he first heard that news report in  
 "Bibbo's". He stands there, contrite, holding a BULGING  
 MANILA FOLDER.

DIBNY  
 Not unless they want you to find it,  
 which means it'll be useless.

MAGGIE  
 (carefully)  
 Dibny. Good to see you.

He nods, approaches, and drops the folder in front of her.  
 She thumbs through it, shooting him a quizzical look.

DIBNY  
 This is everything I've collected on  
 the Royal Flush Gang. That's what  
 they call themselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRAYCE

Wait, what? *The Royal Flush Gang*? I thought they were an urban legend.

DIBNY

That's the way they like it.

MAGGIE

I thought the whole cards motif felt familiar to me.

(suspicious)

Extensive file. A lot of it looks pretty old. How long have you been aware of them?

DIBNY

(sighs)

12 years. Ever since I had my first run in with them.

DANNY

They've been around that long, and never been caught?

DIBNY

They've been around a lot longer than that, Danny.

MAGGIE

Why, though?

(off his look)

Come on, Dibny. I've know that look. The 'one that got away', our own personal demon. What is this to you?

Dibny looks away, wrestles with the decision to come clean, conflicted, torn about dredging through it all. Finally, he relents, squaring his shoulders. Time to face that past.

DIBNY

The 'King', the one calling the shots last night? I know him.

(beat, ashamed)

He used to be my partner.

Off the teams confusion as Dibny's finally comes clean, we:

BLACKOUT:

**END OF ACT ONE**

CONTINUED: (3)

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

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

The assembled team (plus JAGGER) are still reeling, confused by Dibny's statement.

DIBNY

His name is Malcolm Walker, and he was my partner back in Opal City, when I was a Sergeant in Patrol.

He pulls out from the folder a PERSONNEL FILE PHOTO of a younger WALKER, in uniform, smiling at the camera.

DIBNY (cont'd)

The Royal Flush Gang of the time were pulling off a series of robberies of high-end jewelry stores, and it got so bad that Walker and I were drafted in to help the detectives in charge. But no matter who many good leads we got, they were always one step ahead.

(beat, angry)

For a short while, I was the suspect of choice for being the mole.

MAGGIE

But it was Walker tipping them off?

DIBNY

(nods, sadly)

All the signs were there that he was dirty. When we, or rather I, figured it out, we were able to stop them pulling off their last job, but they managed to skip town before we arrested them.

With a ragged breath, Dibny leans heavily against the layout table, emotionally drained from finally admitting all this.

DANNY

Dammit, L.T. That's rough. I mean, a partner betraying you like that?

DIBNY

The fact I missed it all, it never sat right with me. But that I went behind his back, investigated him?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY (cont'd)

Well, you know how some cops can be about that, right, Danny?

DANNY

(scoffs)

Oh, yeah, tell me about it.

DIBNY

The only people who applauded what I did were the detectives of Internal Affairs. They offered me a job, and I promised myself that I wouldn't let any other dirty cops ruin our name.

MAGGIE

So, what can you tell us about this Royal Flush Gang?

DIBNY

They're a family of thieves. They like to think of themselves as the aristocrats of crime. They steal for the thrill of it, not the money, but that said, they live up to their name with the way they live. The family evolves, brings in new members, as older ones retire or go to jail. That's how Walker joined, he fell in love with the daughter of the then-King, and proved himself.

TODD

You would think given how brazen they were tonight, we'd have heard more about them over the years.

DIBNY

That's the thing. Their usual targets are small-risk, high-reward work, or at most, taking on low-level crime-lords, underworld gigs.

JAGGER

People who won't report a crime.

DIBNY

(nodding, sighs)

But last night? I think that was all about me. Walker said to me last night, that he knew I'd be there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

(shakes head)

Whatever their damn reasons, we need to get moving on this. Dibny, brief the entire squad on what you've got in that folder, anything we can use, I want everyone on this.

As the team gets to work...

INT. KITTY'S OFFICE, S.T.A.R. LABS - MORNING (LATER)

KITTY FAULKNER sits in her office, typing away at her computer, while occasionally consulting an open document folder next to her. With a final stab of a button, she leans back in her chair, relieved to be finished for the moment...

...until she glances at the LARGE PILE of folders in her 'In' Tray. She sags, whatever good feeling she had at a job done evaporating.

She bolts to attention, surprised when LOUISE LINCOLN calmly walks in without so much as a knock on the door.

KITTY

(perturbed)

Dr. Lincoln, uh, what--?

LINCOLN

Dr. Donovan asked me to pass on my prelim report to you, so you could begin handling it.

Lincoln hands Kitty a slim manila folder, which she takes with reluctance - another for the pile. She opens it, skims it, and lets out a relieved breath.

KITTY

Only 4 labs? I was afraid that it's be a dozen or more!

LINCOLN

I'm not totally without understanding or compassion, Dr. Faulkner.

KITTY

Sorry, sorry! Wasn't implying that.

(beat, sighs)

I gu-guess I can start talking to the team leaders tomorrow. Explain that they're going to have to do better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINCOLN

(confused)

Do better? Dr. Faulkner, I've think you've misunderstood. Of those labs, only 1 of them will continue running while under strict supervision. Dr. Donovan felt that as the person who has the most dealings with them, you're the best to choose.

KITTY

(shocked)

M-me?! He wants me to choose?

(beat, worried)

But what happens to the others?

LINCOLN

They will be re-purposed, to take on more profitable projects. Their staff will be either re-assigned or let go.

KITTY

Let go? As in 'fired'?!  
(off Lincoln's nod)

B-but you can't!

LINCOLN

It's what I was sent here to do, Dr. Faulkner. But as it happens, I wont be the one to 'fire' them.

(beat)

You will.

With that last biting remark, Lincoln turns and leaves, leaving a very rattled Kitty behind...

DIBNY (PRE-LAP)

Thank you for coming in so early, Dr. Sandsmark.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM #1, 8TH PRECINCT - MORNING (LATER)

Dibny sits opposite HELENA. Her hands rest on the table, fingers interlaced, the picture of calm and professional.

HELENA

(coolly)

I'm here because I want to find my daughter, Lieutenant. I believe we share that goal, at least.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY

(chagrin, genuine)

About last night, Doctor. I owe you an apology. I let my anger at the thieves get the better of me. I said some things I had no right to. I'm not a parent, I can't imagine what you've been through. I'm very sorry.

Helena's severe manner fades somewhat. She nods, accepting Dibny's words as they are.

HELENA

I appreciate that. I've made mistakes when it comes to Cassie. Too many of them. I need to make it right.

DIBNY

What can you tell me about how Cassie became involved with all of this?

HELENA

(sighs, shakes head)

After my divorce, I moved around a lot, taking any archaeology jobs I could. Dig-sites, curating at various museums. I never really gave Cassie a chance to settle or make friends. I think it's why she started stealing.

DIBNY

You mentioned a dig-site in Cambodia?

HELENA

It was about 2 years ago. I found out afterwards that she'd been stealing for at least two years before that.

DIBNY

How did she get mixed up with the Royal Flush Gang? The thieves from last night?

HELENA

I-- I'm not sure, really. I mean, like I said, I hired an investigator to try to find her after she ran away when we got back to the U.S. He never mentioned that she was working with anyone else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIBNY

They must have run into each other at some point. Do you remember any of the places your investigator tracked Cassie as being at?

HELENA

Of course, but she's been all over the country. They could have met anywhere.

Dibny hands her his notebook, open to a specific page.

DIBNY

Was she ever in any of these places?

Helena studies the notes for a moment, before pointing at one, turning it back around for Dibny to see.

HELENA

(confident)

This one. Happy Harbor, Rhode Island.

Off Dibny's reaction, as something clicks in his mind...

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICES, DAILY STAR - MORNING (LATER)

It's another busy news day. VIC SAGE, tired and with day-old stubble, pours himself a large cup of coffee from a freshly brewed pot in the small kitchenette. As he takes a grateful sip, he turns--

--jolting back in surprise, spilling coffee onto his shirt, at the sight of a concerned TOBY RAINES in front of him.

VIC

(breathless)

Jeez, Toby! Trying to give me a heart attack, are you?

TOBY

Have you been here all night? Again?

VIC

It's not like I have much waiting for me at home, Toby.

(beat, worried)

Besides, what are you doing here? After what happened last night..?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

I'm fine, not the first time I've been held hostage or near a bomb. I couldn't sleep much, anyway. Maggie's been at work all night too.

She walks over to her desk, Vic joining her, mopping vainly at the large coffee stain on his shirt.

TOBY (cont'd)

What are you working on? I thought you'd submitted your piece about Ridge Ferrick's press conference.

Vic avoids her gaze, busying himself on his computer.

VIC

Just a side project, I lost track of time, figured there was little point going back to my place.

TOBY

(intrigued)

Side project? Something for the blog?

VIC

Not sure at the moment. Depends how it pans out.

Toby waits for a moment, but it's clear Vic doesn't feel like sharing just yet. Shrugging it off, Toby focuses on her own computer, tapping away at her newest article...

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

The room is abuzz with activity as everyone puts focus on the Royal Flush Gang - detectives chase leads on phones, patrol officers come and go from the assignments handed out to them, and admin staff keep it running smoothly.

Dibny stands at the layout table, looking up at one of the overhead screens, on which is a MUG-SHOT of a moody, younger CASSIE. He nods in greeting as Maggie joins him, noticing the screen for herself.

MAGGIE

Cassis Sandmark's juvie record?

DIBNY

(nods)

Turns out Cassie has a knack for electronics.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY (cont'd)

She pulled a few low-level break-ins at museums her mom worked or visited with her.

MAGGIE

Is that what passes for acting out these days? Jeez, I think I got lucky with Jamie sticking to minor bouts of shop-lifting.

(off his look)

Don't ask.

DIBNY

From what Dr. Sandsmark told me, Cassie's practically been raised in museums. She'd know the security they'd use like the back of her hand.

Maggie studies him for a long moment. Sensing his concern.

MAGGIE

You're worried about her? Why?

Off Dibny's considering his response...

INT. DISUSED GARAGE, OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK - DAY

CASSIE stands by a rusting car hulk, sipping coffee.

DIBNY (V.O.)

Have the Gang genuinely accepted her, or are they just using her? If so, how much danger is she in right now?

She barely acknowledges JACK as he approaches, an easy grin in place.

JACK

You okay, babe? You weren't at breakfast.

CASSIE

Needed some space.

Jack sidles up, slipping his arms around Cassie's waist.

JACK

You're not still mad with my dad, are you? He was bluffing, I swear!

Cassie pulls away, swiftly turning him, furious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

I didn't know that at the time, Eric!  
Hell, I still don't entirely believe  
him right now! I thought we didn't  
hurt people!

Jack's patience runs out. The 'perfect boyfriend' facade cracks just enough, his smile replaced with a snarl.

JACK

You don't get it, do you?! We didn't  
ask you to come with us, you made  
that choice all by yourself! It isn't  
all fun and games, but this is our  
life! So don't act oh-so-high and  
mighty now that the chips are down!

Cassie reels back, his words stinging. Jack noices, hands lifting in surrender. Easy smile back in place.

JACK (cont'd)

Hey, hey, I'm sorry. That was harsh.

(sighs)

Look, we're both tired, it was a hell  
of a crazy night, and none of us got  
much sleep last night.

CASSIE

Yeah, I guess. I'm sorry too, I just,  
I mean, I know my mom and I didn't  
get on that well, but she's still...

JACK

I get it, babe. Really.

He leans in for a kiss but for whatever reason, Cassie turns away. Instead, Jack gives her a soft peck on the cheek, then leaves her alone once again...

INT. ADMIN OFFICE, DISUSED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

QUEEN sits on the dusty desk, pushed into a corner, idly sharpening her PLAYING CARDS. She looks up as Jack, face stony and serious, walks in, studies him for a moment.

QUEEN

(amused)

I heard your little tiff. Is it all  
getting too much for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

God, I admit, she's gorgeous, and her way with security systems has been good for business, but I didn't sign up to be "Mr. Perfect" when we helped keep her out of trouble back in Happy Harbor.

QUEEN

(beat, sighs)

Seeing her mother, under threat, it's made her question things, hasn't it?

JACK

(nods)

Definitely. I don't think she's cut out to be a part of this family.

QUEEN

(snorts in derision)

I could have told you that from the start, but your father said he 'saw something' in her.

(disgusted)

Probably just liked the look of her. Like father, like son, eh?

JACK

So..? What do we do?

QUEEN

Just keep playing the part. But when it comes time to leave, we may have to cut away any loose ends.

JACK

(impressed)

Cold, Mom. I like it.

Off Queen's calculating smile, we PULL BACK...

INT. DISUSED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

...through the cracked and broken window of the office, where Cassie is standing against the wall, fighting back tears. She heard everything.

Off her horrified realization, we:

BLACKOUT:

**END OF ACT TWO**

CONTINUED:

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**EXT. 8TH PRECINCT, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - AFTERNOON**

Establishing shot.

WALLY (PRE-LAP)  
I got bubkes, Boss.

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

A disappointed WALLY stands at the central layout table with MAGGIE and DIBNY. He hands them one of two manila folders he holds, before leaning heavily on the table.

WALLY  
Juanita and I went over those bikes with a fine tooth comb, but there's nothing on them to connect them to the Royal Flush Gang.

MAGGIE  
(frustrated)  
It was a long shot, I guess, but it would have been nice to have some kind of lead by now.

WALLY  
Well, it's not really a lead, per se, but I do have something else. You know I hate giving bad news unless I have something good to balance it.

DIBNY  
What have you got, Wally?

WALLY  
Actually, it's thanks to you, L.T.

He opens the second folder, and pulls out a PHOTOGRAPH. It's a CCTV STILL, blurry, but recognizable as KING.

MAGGIE  
(impressed)  
Where'd you get this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

I used facial recognition on CCTV from the private terminal at Metro International. Only used by the insanely wealthy regular flyers.

DIBNY

Like I said, they like to live in style.

WALLY

Most definitely. Unfortunately, they had a hire car waiting to take them to whatever 4-star spider-hole awaits them, and the address on the rental form is a P.O. Box in New York.

MAGGIE

(realizing)

Wait, did you get images of the rest of the Gang?

Wally grins as he lays out more photos, one of each member, including CASSIE, onto the table.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

This is good work, Wally. Now we know how's hiding under each mask. Make sure everyone gets copies of these, and send out to every precinct in the city.

(confident)

We're gonna get these bastards.

She proudly pats Wally on the back, before heading into her office, leaving Wally and Dibny to carry on working...

EXT. BRISTOL HOTEL, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - AFTERNOON

Establishing shot. One of the smaller hotels of the city. Clean, simple, relatively inexpensive. A favorite of visiting business-people in the know.

INT. HELENA'S HOTEL ROOM, BRISTOL HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

HELENA SANDSMARK sits on the small sofa in the cozily styled room, legs curled up beneath her. She wipes away tears, as she looks at a tablet she is holding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELENA'S P.O.V.: A PHOTO-SLIDESHOW is running. Times past of a younger Helena and Cassie, laughing at and enjoying life around the world.

VREEP, VREEP! She absently answers her vibrating cell phone, putting it to her ear.

HELENA  
This is Helena Sandsmark.

CASSIE (OVER PHONE)  
(voice trembling)  
Mom? It's me.

Helena's entire manner shifts. She bolts upright, dropping the tablet as she gasps in relief.

HELENA  
Cassie?! Oh my God! Where are you?!

INT. STORE ROOM, DISUSED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

CASSIE, nervously paces in the small room that's filled with detritus of a failed business. One arm wrapped tight around herself defensively, she almost succumbs to a flood of tears at the sound of her mother's worried voice.

CASSIE  
(shaky, scared)  
Mom? I'm so, so sorry! For all of it!  
I-- I really messed up!

INTER-CUT BETWEEN CASSIE AND HELENA:

HELENA  
(calmly, assuring)  
Hey, hey, it's okay, baby.

CASSIE  
(panicked)  
No! No, you don't get it, Mom! I-- I think you're in danger. I heard them talking, you're not safe. You have to get away from the city.

HELENA  
I'm not leaving without you, Cassie!  
I need to make things right with you.

CASSIE  
Don't worry about me, I can take care of myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELENA

Wh-what will you do?

Cassie ceases her pacing, looking back anxiously at the door to the garage. Her self-assured confidence wavers, as it sinks in how screwed she is.

CASSIE

(falters)

I... I don't know yet, but I'll come up with something.

She looks around, her wandering gaze falling onto the secure cases that are positioned in a corner.

HELENA (OVER PHONE)

Please, Cassie. Let me help. We-- we should go to the police.

CASSIE

(derisive)

No. No way, I'm a wanted criminal, Mom. They'll lock me up as soon as they lay a hand on me!

She walks over and opens up the top case, gazing shrewdly at the GAUNTLETS OF ATLAS that sit in it.

CASSIE (cont'd)

I need leverage. Something that will stop them coming after me. After us.

Cassie smiles, an idea forming...

INT. MAIN WORK AREA, DISUSED GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie emerges from the store room onto the main floor. The thin jacket she is wearing is now zipped up, and the sleeves pulled down to her wrists. She tugs at one self-consciously, as she looks furtively around.

She freezes as ACE noisily closes the shutter-door of the separate area of the main floor. He's clad in welding gear, face obscured by a heavy visor until he removes it.

CASSIE

What you up to?

ACE

Just a pet project I'm tinkering with whenever we're back in Metropolis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE  
What kind of project?

ACE  
Never you mind, little girl. You'll  
find out when I'm good and ready.

He heads over to where the TRIDENT OF NEPTUNE rests in a large case, currently on 'display' for them to admire. He hefts it casually, impressed with it's weight and feel.

ACE (cont'd)  
Nice score to end our current streak.  
Think I might take a break from all  
this, head to Vegas, have some fun.  
(beat, smarmy)  
Care to join me, darling?

He laughs at Cassie's eye roll and disgusted sneer at his 'suggestion', before tossing the Trident back into the case and heading up the stairs to the next level.

Cassie watches as he disappears from view, her sneer fading as she realizes she finally alone. She studies the Trident for a long moment, considering her next actions carefully.

She closes and locks the case quickly, hefting it with care as she pulls out a worn baseball cap from her jacket pocket that she dons before she turns and EXITS...

INT. DIBNY'S OFFICE, S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM - AFTERNOON (LATER)

Dibny sits at his desk, working at his computer, as the desk phone RINGS. He distractedly presses the 'SPEAKER' button.

DIBNY  
Dibny, Special Crimes.

HELENA (OVER PHONE)  
Lieutenant, it's Dr. Sandsmark.

DIBNY  
Something I can do for you, Doctor?

INTER-CUT BETWEEN HELENA AND DIBNY:

Helena paces her hotel room anxiously, running her hands through her hair, worried sick.

HELENA  
I need your help. I think Cassie's  
made another reckless mistake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Dibny frowns at the phone, curious...

KING (PRE-LAP)  
Gone?! What the bloody hell do you  
mean, it's 'gone'?!

INT. MAIN WORK AREA, DISUSED GARAGE - AFTERNOON

A fuming KING glares at the empty space where the Trident once sat. QUEEN (holding a TABLET) and JACK stand behind him, allowing him a moment to rage.

KING  
Where the hell did it go?!

QUEEN  
(impatient)  
Isn't it obvious? That little blonde  
whore took it!

ACE (O.C.)  
That's not all she took.

They look over as Ace exits the store room, grim-faced.

ACE  
The gauntlets are gone too. She must  
have been wearing them when I saw her  
earlier.  
(impressed)  
Clever girl.

QUEEN  
(furious)  
Don't compliment that little bitch!  
Dammit! This is a disaster!

KING  
Calm down, my love. Sure, our latest  
collection won't be complete, but no-  
one knows that besides us.

QUEEN  
I refuse to let that little bitch get  
the better of this family. I don't  
care about loosing the damn baubles,  
what I care about is her destroying  
our reputation. If word ever got out,  
it'd ruin our family has worked for.

KING  
Okay, what do you suggest?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN

Simple. We'll do what we do best. We stole it once, we'll do it again.

JACK

How, though, Mom? I mean, we don't know where she'll go.

Queen and Ace share a conspiratorial look King spots.

KING

What are you two hiding?

QUEEN

You know me, dear. I always like to keep an eye on things.

She turns the tablet around, which is cued up to play CCTV FOOTAGE of the garage. On it is Cassie, talking into her phone, holding the closed Trident case in hand.

CASSIE (ON VIDEO)

Mom. I'm leaving now. Yeah, yeah, Outlook Park, got it. Be there soon, I promise.

Queen pauses the playback, tossing the tablet down.

ACE

I think it's time we show people just how much trouble the Royal Flush Gang can bring, huh?

He leads them all to the SHUTTER, which he unlocks and with effort, pushes open. We don't see what is inside, but we do see King and Jack react with stunned amazement.

JACK

What are...?

ACE

Something that should up our game in a changing world. Gotta keep up with the times, your mother tells me.

QUEEN

I've been putting my dear brother's engineering skills to good use. Its cost was high, but I think you'll agree that it's worth it.

King takes Queen's hand and kisses it gently, awed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KING

You are truly a Queen, my love.

Queen takes a moment to bask in his admiration before she gets back down to the business at hand.

QUEEN

Time to suit up, boys.

As one, they step forward...

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

Dibny stands with the assembled TEAM, explaining. On the overhead screens are EVIDENCE PHOTOS of the Gauntlets.

DIBNY

These are the items Dr. Sandsmark believes Cassie has 'appropriated', along with the Trident.

TRAYCE

You really think she can be convinced to hand them over?

DIBNY

She's just a kid who got caught up in something a hell of a lot bigger and more dangerous than she realized. The real win here for us will be bringing in the Royal Flush Gang.

MAGGIE

Danny, Trayce, bring her in, but only arrest her if she leaves you no other option. I'd rather she be willing to cooperate with us.

DANNY

You got it, Boss.

Maggie watches with concern as the two partners head out. TODD notices, laying a supportive hand on her arm.

TODD

They'll be okay. How much trouble can a 21-year-old girl be?

MAGGIE

(unconvinced)

Said by a guy who has no concept of raising a teenage daughter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 (hisses, frustrated)  
 I just feel like we shouldn't be so quick to underestimate these guys. They're good enough to stay off the radar for this long.

As Maggie nurses her growing worry...

EXT. OUTLOOK PARK PLAZA, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - EARLY EVENING

Helena nervously paces by the ORNATE FOUNTAIN that dominates the entry foyer of one of the city's smaller parks. She's on edge, looking over her shoulder, jumping at every sound and shadow.

HELENA  
 (to herself)  
 Come on, Cassie. Where are you?!

She looks up at the sound of FOOTSTEPS, smiling in relief as Cassie approaches. They stand uncomfortably for several long seconds, unsure who should speak or move first.

CASSIE  
 (awkward)  
 Hey, Mom.

HELENA  
 (choking up)  
 Oh, baby. I-- I've missed you so, so much.

With tears in her eyes, she slowly, carefully steps towards her daughter, reaching out with an embrace. Cassie, stoic resolve cracking fast, lip trembling, runs into her mother's arms, squeezing her tightly.

CASSIE  
 (crying)  
 I've made a mess out of everything!

HELENA  
 Hey, hey, it's okay, it's okay.

Cassie pulls back, wiping away her tears, focusing on the matter at hand.

CASSIE  
 Look, we need to get out of town as fast as we can.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE (cont'd)

I can make us enough cash to get far away from here when I find a fence for the things I managed to grab before I ditched the Gang. I know a guy in Star City who--

HELENA

(shaking head)

Cassie, stop. Please, just stop!

(sighs, ashamed)

I didn't come here alone.

Cassie's eyes narrow in suspicion as she backs away, looking around warily. She glares at Helena in disbelief as Danny and Trayce step forward from where they've been waiting in the shadows out of sight.

CASSIE

(incredulous)

You called the cops?! Mom, I trusted you! How could you do this to me?!

HELENA

(desperate)

I did it for you, Cassie, don't you get it?! I have spent every day for the last 2 years wondering where the hell you were! This was the only way to make sure you're safe!

CASSIE

By getting thrown in jail?! Yeah, that will really help, won't it!

HELENA

(loosing patience)

You think your idea was any better? To do what? Selling things you steal, go on the run? Cassie, I'm too old and stubborn to spend the rest of my life looking over my shoulder, always wondering when someone might find us.

Helena slowly approaches her daughter, laying her hands on Cassie's shoulders, staring deep into her eyes. The anger of the younger Sandstorm ebbs away as she sees reason.

HELENA (cont'd)

(gently)

I don't want that life for either of us. We don't deserve that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASSIE  
(wavering)  
So... what do we do?

DANNY  
You can help us, Miss Sandsmark.

TRAYCE  
You're small fry. We want the Gang.  
Where'd you stashed the goods?

CASSIE  
Someplace safe. That's all you get  
until we're out of harm's way.

DANNY  
(nods)  
Fair enough. Our Captain will figure  
out a deal. But you have to let us  
know where the Royal Flush Gang is.

QUEEN (O.C.)  
Right here.

BOOM! The ground EXPLODES with force enough to send everyone flying. Danny and Trayce scramble for their SERVICE WEAPONS as they look around for the threat, stunned to see--

TRAYCE  
You gotta be kidding me..?

--as the ROYAL FLUSH GANG arrive in style on GIANT FLOATING PLAYING CARDS! But this is not the Gang of old. Gone are the hockey-masks and bomber jackets. Now, each of them wears a black/white form-fitting suit, with individualized twists.

Both KING and QUEEN wear 'crowns' with RED VISORS that cover their eyes. King carries a sword on his hip, while Queen holds a large scepter. Each weapon sparks with ELECTRICITY.

JACK's outfit is topped with a open black leather half-jacket stopping just below his upper chest. Matching black gauntlets on each wrist hold SAI. He wears an EYE LASER that is still glowing an ominous red from it's discharge.

ACE's impressive physique in further enhanced by his stark white armored suit, with a large 'Spade' symbol emblazoned on his chest, a smaller one over his right eye.

KING  
You want us? Here we are!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Without hesitation, he BLASTS at them with his sword! Danny and Trayce convulse, screaming out in agony as every nerve burns. Cassie pushes herself up, running forward.

CASSIE  
(horrified)  
Stop! Leave them alone!

Both detectives sag in relief as the onslaught ends, gasping for breath. King leisurely aims his weapon towards Cassie instead. Helena instinctively moves to shield her daughter.

HELENA  
Stay the hell away from my daughter!

KING  
Your daughter's been a naughty girl,  
Dr. Sandsmark.

Cassie pushes past Helena, facing King down for herself.

CASSIE  
Anything happens to me, 'King', then  
you'll never find the Trident.

KING  
Who said we're here for just you?

Before either of them can react, Queen's scepter FIRES! Both women cry out as they're enveloped by electricity as they fall to the ground, twitching.

Both Ace and Jack swoop down, carelessly picking up both of the unconscious women, before lifting off again.

A barely-conscious Danny manages to muster enough strength to lift his head up as the Royal Flush Gang ascends into the dark night sky.

Watching as they fade into the lights of the city, Danny's eyes flicker as consciousness leaves him as we:

BLACKOUT:

**END OF ACT THREE**

CONTINUED: (4)

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

EXT. DISUSED GARAGE, OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

KING  
 (victorious, laughs)  
 That... that was incredible!

INT. MAIN WORK AREA, DISUSED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Royal Flush Gang (minus QUEEN) are enjoying the sweet taste of victory, still in their new super-suits, but with the head-pieces removed.

KING grins from ear to ear as he inspects his now-inactive SWORD. JACK, seated on his hovering PLAYING CARD, twirls his EYE LASER with his fingers - until ACE snatches it back.

ACE  
 The damn thing's not a toy, junior!

JACK  
 No kidding, Uncle D. Did you see the damage it did?

KING  
 Don't get cocky, Eric. These suits, these weapons, they're tools. We shouldn't be too dependent on them.

ACE  
 I didn't build them to go to waste, Malcolm. We don't have to play safe anymore. We can do anything we want!

Ace clenches his fists several times, the WHIR OF SERVO MOTORS audible every time.

ACE (cont'd)  
 Hell, I'll take on the Man of Steel.

HELENA (O.C.)  
 He would wipe the floor with you.

Reston sneers at a bound HELENA, seated by the car hulk, hands clasped tightly in her lap. She glares at him in return, eyes burning with anger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELENA

You won't get away with any of this.

JACK

Shouldn't the hostage be, you know, like, quiet? Scared for her life?

HELENA

(laughs, defiant)

Scared?! Of you people?! I've faced down militia and federales in some of the most dangerous countries in the world! You've got a long way to go before you're on that level.

Ace abruptly stands, marching towards Helena, leering at her with a menacing gaze.

ACE

(furious)

Shut the hell up, lady, alright?!

HELENA

Where's my daughter?

ACE

She's having it made clear what's at stake right now.

His sneer gets the message across. Helena glares back with pure hatred, but pulls back, the fight going out of her...

CASSIE (PRE-LAP)

What the hell do you want from me?

INT. ADMIN OFFICE, DISUSED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

CASSIE sits in a rickety chair, her wrists bound too. QUEEN sits on the desk's edge, idly playing with one of her razor-edged playing cards. Studies the defiant younger woman.

QUEEN

We can start with the items you stole from us. I want them back in my hands by midnight. If you refuse, then...

She makes a point of looking out the small window at Helena. Cassie quickly gets the insinuation.

CASSIE

No! No, I'll do it, I'll give them back, just please, don't hurt her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN

(sinister)

No promises, darling.

(coldly)

We took you in, put a roof over your head and showed you just how much fun this life could be, and you spat in our faces.

(beat)

I have every right to make you suffer for that. I'm just getting started.

Off Cassie's growing hopelessness...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

If I wasn't seeing it, I wouldn't believe it.

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

CLOSE ON: A MONITOR SCREEN above the layout table, showing NEWS FOOTAGE of the Royal Flush Gang as they soar through the sky.

MAGGIE, DIBNY, TODD and WALLY watch the screen with DANNY and TRAYCE, the latter both looking a little worse for wear from their run-in with the Gang.

DANNY

I was there, Boss, and believe me, I still can't wrap my head around it.

WALLY

(awed)

So cool... you know, for evil super-villains, I guess.

TODD

You sure you're okay? You look awful.

TRAYCE

(smiles)

Gee, thanks, Rice. Love you too.

DANNY

We're fine, Todd. Paramedics let us go, cleared us for duty.

MAGGIE

Yeah, well, once all this crap is done, you're both going in for a full check-up. That's an order, got it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE  
 (mock-salutes)  
 Yes, ma'am.

Maggie rolls her eyes, smiling slightly. Todd works the TABLET he is holding, and the news feed is replaced with a MAP OF METROPOLIS. RED DOTS pick out a path across the city.

TODD  
 Wally and I went through the various social media posts and were able to break down a flight plan, of sorts.

Wally points to one in the area marked 'MIDTOWN'.

WALLY  
 So, this is where Danny and Trayce had their tussle with the Flushers.

MAGGIE  
 (unconvinced)  
 "Flushers"? Really?

WALLY  
 What? Saying "Royal Flush Gang" all the time takes too long. Anyway, the end point has the last sighting of them somewhere in the Old City area of Queensland Park.

MAGGIE  
 Still a big area to cover, but it's a start, at least.

She uncrosses her arms, stepping away from the layout table.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 (addressing the room)  
 Okay, everyone, listen up. What we need to focus on is that there are two civilians at stake now. Forget all about the Trident, the so-called super-suits, fancy gadgets. These jerks are just like all the others we put away. So, chase up C.I.'s, talk to uniforms around the city. They're flying around on god-damned playing cards, they wont be hard to find.

Everyone moves off to do their jobs. Maggie watches them work with pride, turning to look a Dibny approaches her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIBNY

I don't think we should underestimate them, Captain.

MAGGIE

(sighs, nods)

Yeah, I agree. I think it's time I swallow my pride and ask for some help.

Off Dibny's quizzical look...

KITTY (PRE-LAP)

Good to see you out of that tank, your Highness.

INT. MEDICAL WARD, S.T.A.R. LABS - NIGHT (LATER)

ARTHUR CURRY lays in bed, on the mend. Next to him is MERA. He smiles in response to KITTY's comment, as she stands at the end of the bed, looking over readouts of his vitals.

ARTHUR

You and me both, Dr. Faulkner.

MERA

(thankful)

You have done both our peoples a great service, Doctor. You have an open invitation to visit our kingdom.

KITTY

(awed)

Wow. Really? That's amazing. Thank you.

Grinning gleefully, she EXITS, giving the loving couple some alone time. Mera squeezes Arthur's hand tightly, kissing him on the cheek, before stroking his hair.

MERA

I was afraid I had lost you.

ARTHUR

I'm not going anywhere for a long while, my love.

(beat, sighs)

But right now, we have other things to deal with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERA

(nodding)

The Trident. It's loss will be a huge blow to the morale of our people, not to mention it could undermine faith in your ability to govern if you are seen to no longer have access to the wisdom of previous rulers.

Arthur nods slowly, resigned - but then JOLTS FORWARD, eyes wide as a *light-bulb* goes off in his head.

ARTHUR

'The wisdom of previous rulers'  
That's it!

The status monitors start BEEPING as Arthur abruptly pulls off the various sensors. Mera looks at him with confusion. *What the hell is he doing?*

ARTHUR (cont'd)

Get me some pants, we need to talk to Captain Sawyer.

He quickly hustles out of bed as fast as he can...

INT. S.C.U. BREAK ROOM, 8TH PRECINCT - NIGHT (LATER)

THOMAS JAGGER pours himself a coffee, which he immediately regrets after taking a sip. He starts adding plenty of sugar as Todd walks in, offering a slight smile.

TODD

How did things go with your bosses?

JAGGER

As well as I expected. I still have a job at least.

TODD

Hey, it wasn't anyone's fault, okay. Everyone did their best. Sometimes it's not enough.

JAGGER

I know you can't win every battle. It's the first thing we learn in the military. It's just--

(sighs, shakes head)

I can't help but feel like I'm going to let down my dad's legacy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAGGER (cont'd)

(off Todd's look)

I know, it's silly. I mean, he's been dead for years, and I can barely even remember much about him.

(shrugs)

Turns out everything I thought I knew was all a carefully crafted lie that kept his real work secret.

TODD

If anyone gets how that feels, it's me, remember?

JAGGER

I'm not angry, don't get me wrong. I've been on the other side of that secrecy now, I understand the need for it. But sometimes I wonder if I'm good enough to honor his memory.

TODD

Believe me, I get the whole 'family legacy' thing. It's not all sunshine and rainbows.

JAGGER

(confused)

What's that supposed to mean?

TODD

(ashamed)

Just that sometimes I wonder if I was better off not knowing so many of the things I do now.

JAGGER

(shakes head)

Look, I know they say 'ignorance is bliss', but you remember how much time we spent looking for answers?

Jagger puts his hand on Todd's, supportive.

JAGGER (cont'd)

(smiles)

Now, we both have them, and we're better people for it. Give or take a few bumps in the road.

Todd slowly smiles. Nods with acceptance...

ARTHUR (PRE-LAP)

I know how to find the Trident.

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

Arthur, dressed in a black S.T.A.R. Labs sweater and gray sweatpants, stands with Mera and Maggie.

ARTHUR

Mera told me everything.

(shakes head)

If I'd been awake, I'd have told you sooner.

MAGGIE

Told me what?

ARTHUR

The Trident, the blue gemstones along the hilt. They're called Atlantite, a mineral that's all around Atlantis, but unheard of on the surface world.

MERA

(realizing)

Of course! I should have thought of that sooner!

ARTHUR

It has a unique energy signature if you know how to look for it. Part mystical, part telepathic. It's why the legend claims that it holds the wisdom of ages - it actually does.

MERA

Memories of previous rulers pass down from one to the next, helping guide and inform the current ruler.

MAGGIE

(unconvinced)

That sounds great in theory, but I don't know how we'd actually go about looking for that.

ETTA (O.C.)

I think I can help with that.

They all turn to see ETTA CANDY striding in, dressed in an A.R.G.U.S. TACTICAL UNIFORM. She's packing some serious heat with twin Sig Sauers in hip holsters, and *eskrima* bastons tucked into thigh-high boots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ETTA

I'll have an A.R.G.U.S. satellite redeployed and made available for you to use for this. Thanks to our work with the Martian Manhunter, they can search for that signature easily.

MAGGIE

Glad you could join the party, Candy.

ETTA

(grins, confident)

My team is prepped and ready for when you say the word.

Off Maggie's growing confidence that this case has finally turned a corner...

EXT. BACK ALLEY, STREETS, QUEENSLAND PARK - NIGHT (LATER)

Cassie, hair hidden by a worn baseball cap, strides down the alley with purpose. In front of a DUMPSTER, she gets down on hands and knees, shrugging off her jacket before rummaging under the Dumpster desperately--

--until she hits pay-dirt. With a final tug, she pulls out the CARRY CASE, unlocking it quickly, and checking inside. Closing it with a satisfied nod, she pokes back under the Dumpster, and pulls out a TORN PLASTIC BAG.

From that, she pulls out the GAUNTLETS OF ATLAS. Grimacing at the state of the bag, she makes a quick decision - sliding on both vambraces with ease--

--which then GLOWS with a *faint, ethereal light* for a brief moment. Cassie stares down in pure wonder. *What was that?*

She shudders for a moment, before pulling on her jacket again, picking up the case, and heading out of the alley.

DIBNY (PRE-LAP)

Target spotted.

INT. DIBNY'S SEDAN, STREETS, QUEENSLAND PARK - CONTINUOUS

Dibny and Trayce sit inside the darkened interior. They watch with eagle eyes as Cassie heads down the sidewalk.

DIBNY

She's on the move. Heading further into Old City.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD (OVER RADIO)  
Understood. We'll track from here.

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - SOME TIME LATER

Todd stands with Wally, watching the center screen as a RED DOT slowly moves across a map of Metropolis, zoomed in to the area labeled "OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK".

TRAYCE (OVER RADIO)  
She's in no great hurry.

WALLY  
Maybe the Gang is holed up close by?

DIBNY (OVER RADIO)  
Pursuing on foot.

MAGGIE (OVER RADIO)  
Keep your distance, Dibny. We need to get a lay of the land first.

Todd and Wally exchange a look of worry...

CASSIE (PRE-LAP)  
Here it is, take the damn thing!

INT. MAIN WORK AREA, DISUSED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The carry case skids across the floor, coming to a stop at King's feet. Cassie fidgets nervously, as Jack stands guard over Helena, a sai dagger to her throat.

KING  
With 20 minutes to spare. Good girl.

King kneels, opens the case, inspecting the Trident. Nods

KING (cont'd)  
What about the other goods?

Cassie unzips her jacket, pulling back her sleeves, showing the GAUNTLETS for King to see. He nods with approval, as Cassie looks around, cautious.

CASSIE  
Where are Donna and Derek?

As King smiles with malice...

EXT. DISUSED GARAGE, OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK - CONTINUOUS

Dibny and Trayce skulk around outside, moving as stealthily as possible, weapons drawn and ready.

TRAYCE

Gotta say, not loving this plan,  
Lieutenant.

DIBNY

You could've said "No", Trayce.

TRAYCE

(grins)

Not my style to back down from a  
fight, really. Something we--

THWACK! Trayce drops to the ground, like the proverbial sack of potatoes, *unconscious*. Ace stands over her, a pistol in hand that he just to cold-cock her.

Dibny spins around, gun up and ready, aimed directly at Ace.

DIBNY

Hold it right there!

QUEEN (O.C.)

Ah, Ralphie, you haven't changed.

Dibny watches wearily as Queen appears from the shadows, flanking Ace, her TASER-SCEPTER in hand. She ignites it and holds it's emitter perilously close to Trayce's prone form.

She fixes Dibny with a cold stare, unspoken threat clear. Dibny's shoulders sag in defeat, before he limply lets his weapon fall from his grasp.

As he raises his arms in surrender we:

BLACKOUT:

**END OF ACT FOUR**

CONTINUED:

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

INT. MAIN WORK AREA, DISUSED GARAGE - NIGHT

A bruised and sweaty DIBNY reels as KING's fist lands in a solid punch. The older man stands back, surveying his work, grinning in sadistic pleasure.

Observing with interest behind him are QUEEN, JACK and ACE, while TRAYCE, hands bound by cable ties, watches helplessly. Next to her are a horrified CASSIE and HELENA.

King's grin vanishes in an instant as Dibny locks eyes with him. Smiling around blood-stained teeth.

DIBNY

That all you got, Malcolm? I'd say  
you hit like a girl, but that would  
be an insult to women all over.

SLAM! King's blow knocks Dibny to the floor. Followed by a swift kick to the stomach. Dibny cries out, coughs, spitting blood... then manages a LAUGH. King stares, incredulous.

KING

What the hell are you laughing at?  
Don't you get it?! You lost! Again!  
We'll be gone long before your guys  
get here

He lashes out with another hard kick, to the ribs this time.

HELENA

Stop it! Please, that's enough!

King wheels on Helena, furious enough that veins stand out in his forehead.

KING

It's never enough! This guy ruined my  
life!

Queen's eyes narrow, unimpressed with his declaration. King is focused on Helena, doesn't notice her icy glare. Trayce sneers in open disgust.

TRAYCE

It make you feel good, big guy? You  
whaling on someone who can't fight  
back, huh? Make you a real man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She doesn't flinch as Jack pressed his SAI to her throat.

JACK  
Don't talk to my dad like that, lady.

TRAYCE  
Kid, wannabes like you ain't anything  
I've not seen before.

QUEEN  
(irritated)  
Enough of this. We should have been  
gone five minutes ago.

She grabs a GUN from a desk, forcing it into King's hand.

QUEEN (cont'd)  
Get this done. Finish it.

King looks down at the weapon in his hand for a long moment, considers it, feels it's heft. Cocks it. Aims directly for the center of Dibny's head. Looks down on him coldly.

KING  
So long, Ralphie.

His finger begins to squeeze the trigger--

--until the sound of POLICE SIRENS cuts through the air!

EXT. DISUSED GARAGE, OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK - CONTINUOUS

Outside, POLICE CRUISERS park up, and empty out their armed occupants, taking positions, weapons ready. Six A.R.G.U.S. AGENTS pile out of their transport van, ETTA alongside them.

Commanding it all as she climbs out of her sedan is MAGGIE. Dressed in TACTICAL GEAR, she starts bellowing orders, voice steely. DANNY stands with her.

MAGGIE  
Everyone knows their jobs! Get to it,  
people!

INT. MAIN WORK AREA, DISUSED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Gang's surprise and panic is palpable. Ace lunges for a LAPTOP on the desk, staring at it's screen in shock.

ACE  
What the hell..?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN

How the hell did we not see them  
coming on the security cameras?

Ace turns the screen around. On it a MULTIPLE VIDEO FEEDS,  
showing exterior views. There's no sign of anyone there.

ACE

The footage has been looped! How'd  
they get through my damn firewall?!

The Gang all turn, as Dibny laughs mirthlessly.

DIBNY

(weak, ragged)

Amateurs. You should have taken our  
cell phones when you grabbed us.  
Turns out our tech guys are a lot  
smarter than yours.

TRAYCE

Don't you get it, assholes? We're  
just the opening act. That outside?  
That's the grand finale.

Queen screams in fury. Spins on Cassie.

QUEEN

This is all your fault!

She grabs her SCEPTER, charges it to full power, and AIMS AT  
CASSIE! Without a single moment of hesitation, she fires!

SLOW MOTION: The blast lances towards a terrified Cassie,  
who instinctively flinches away, raising her arms in front  
of her face. They take the full brunt of the charge--

-- FWASH! Only for the blast to REBOUND back! It strikes the  
emitter of the scepter, EXPLODING with enough force to fling  
Queen, King and Ace to the floor, dazed and disoriented...

EXT. DISUSED GARAGE, OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK - CONTINUOUS

The assembled team all REACT to the FLASH OF LIGHT they just  
saw. Maggie pulls out her service weapon. Meets Etta's gaze.  
Nods.

MAGGIE

Go, go, go!

With Danny at her back, Maggie moves forward with purpose...

INT. MAIN WORK AREA, DISUSED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

All eyes are on an unharmed Cassie. Her own gaze transfixed on the glowing GAUNTLETS on her arms, her jacket sleeves shredded and smoking from the blast.

HELENA  
(whispered, awed)  
The Gauntlets of Atlas...

JACK  
Mom?!

Anxious, Jack moves forward, taking his eyes off Trayce - which is just what she's been waiting for.

A kick to the back of his legs topples Jack with a surprised cry. Followed by clubbing him with a two-handed punch, sending him to the ground, semi-conscious.

DIBNY  
(to Trayce)  
Grab them and get out of here!  
(off her look)  
That's an order, Detective. Go!

Trayce nods in acknowledgment, but she's not happy about it. She helps Cassie pull the exhausted Helena up before leading them away.

As a woozy King gets up, he finds himself facing down a *very pissed-off* Dibny. A mutual hatred burns in their eyes as they slowly circle each other.

KING  
(stunned)  
You-- you ruined everything!

DIBNY  
You did that all by yourself. You and your 'family'.

KING  
I've beat you before, Dibny. I'll do it again just as easily.

DIBNY  
Not tonight. Tonight, this ends with you going where you belong.

Fists raised and ready, Dibny takes a fighting stance. With a bellow of rage, King lunges forward on the offensive...

EXT. DISUSED GARAGE, OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK - CONTINUOUS

Etta and the A.R.G.U.S. team run up the fire escape, boots clanging loudly with each boot-fall.

A team of S.C.U. detectives and officers get ready to use a HYDRAULIC SPREADER on the main door.

Maggie leads Danny to a secondary service door. Two patrol officers carrying a heavy BATTERING RAM join them. Maggie silently gives them the 'Go' signal--

--until it opens to allow Trayce, Cassie and Helena to exit onto the sidewalk. Trayce shoots her surprised colleagues a cocky grin.

TRAYCE

Hey guys. You miss me?

DANNY

(grinning)

Why? You been somewhere, partner?

MAGGIE

Fall back. Let's get these people out of the line of fire.

INT. MAIN WORK AREA, DISUSED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dibny and King continue to fight. King's moves are sloppy, uncoordinated. Dibny blocks him each time, but is on the defensive. King's fury-driven onslaught doesn't allow him any chance to land any blows of his own.

A groggy Ace climbs to his feet, pulling Queen up as well.

ACE

We gotta get outta here now!

QUEEN

Grab Eric and let's go!

ACE

What about Malcolm?

Queen sneers over to where King is beginning to flag, having spent all his energy too soon in the fight, finally allowing Dibny to get his fair share of shots in.

QUEEN

(disgusted)

We're done here. Move!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ace shrugs carelessly. Not bothered at all. He grabs hold of the groaning Eric, hefting his weight then follows Queen as she strides out of the main work area.

A jab from Dibny causes King to stumble. He stares in dismay as his family abandon him. His face falls. Heartbroken.

KING  
(appalled)  
They-- they left me?!

DIBNY  
Guess they saw you didn't exactly  
draw a winning hand this time, huh?

SNICK! A LONG BLADE, secreted under his sleeve, slides into King's hand. He spins, slashing furiously at Dibny's torso. He hisses in pain, gingerly touching the GASH across his chest, fingers coming away wet with blood.

KING  
(bellowing, enraged)  
I'll kill you!

He lunges at Dibny again--

-- only to run right into Dibny's SOLID RIGHT HOOK, which sends him reeling back, dropping the knife. He sways for a moment, then crashes to the floor. Out cold.

Off Dibny letting out a ragged, relieved breath...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DISUSED GARAGE, OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK - NIGHT/LATER

Helena sits inside an AMBULANCE, wrapped in a blanket along with Cassie. Mother and daughter. Arm in arm.

Dibny sits on the fender, grimacing as the PARAMEDIC treats assorted cuts and bruises. He stands as Maggie approaches. Together they watch as a hand-cuffed, defeated, King is pushed into the back of a patrol car.

MAGGIE  
How are you feeling?

DIBNY  
I'm not sure yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He watches, almost sadly, as King is driven away, before looking back to Helena and Cassie. The curator locks eyes with the detective, and mouths a silent 'thank you'.

Off Dibny's nod of acknowledgment...

MERA (PRE-LAP)  
You have done us a great service,  
Captain Sawyer.

EXT. OLD METROPOLIS DOCKYARDS, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

MERA and ARTHUR stand with Maggie and Dibny and a detachment of ATLANTEAN ROYAL GUARDSMEN. Two guards hold the open CARRY CASE, as Arthur reverently reaches in and takes the TRIDENT from it.

ARTHUR  
It feels good to hold this again.  
Thank you for getting it back.

MAGGIE  
It's the job, your Majesty.  
(off his amused look)  
Sorry, A.C.

He places the Trident back in the case. Closes it up. One of the guards takes hold of it, then retreats with his fellow into position behind the Royal Couple.

ARTHUR  
So, what happens now?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, S.C.U. SQUAD ROOM - DAY/MONTAGE

Cassie and Helena sit at the long table with Maggie, Dibny and DAMON. The atmosphere is tense. Cassie wears HAND-CUFFS.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Cassie'll be charged for her part in  
the crimes she was involved in, but  
she turned state's evidence, helped  
get a lot of missing artifacts back.  
I think she'll get a good deal out of  
it. Probation, probably.

Helena takes her daughter's hand. Squeezes tight in support and comfort. Cassie smiles. Accepting whatever comes next...

INT. HOLDING AREA, 8TH PRECINCT - DAY/MONTAGE

King, stripped of his suit, wearing whatever clothes were available (ratty, dated t-shirt and sweatpants) sits alone in his HOLDING CELL.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

And Walker?

DIBNY (V.O.)

He's looking at a long time behind bars. Could be he takes the fall for all of it if we don't get the rest of the Gang.

As King stares out from behind bars with dead eyes...

INT. STOLEN CAR, JUST OUTSIDE METROPOLIS - DAY/MONTAGE

The remaining members of the Gang ride in silence through the night. Dressed in mismatched street clothes stolen from who-knows-where, just like the car they're in.

Ace is at the wheel, staring ahead, but still checking the rear-view mirror a little too often. Scared of who might be coming after them. Queen tries (and fails) to get some sleep while Jack holds an ice pack to his head in the back seat.

MERA (V.O.)

They escaped?

MAGGIE (V.O.)

Uh-huh. But with the iPad that Cassie took, we were able to access a full list of bank accounts and routing numbers. We've frozen their assets. They've got nothing. They won't get very far.

EXT. OLD METROPOLIS DOCKYARDS, SUICIDE SLUMS - AS BEFORE

ARTHUR

What about the gauntlets the girl was wearing? I'm guessing no one realized they had magical powers?

MAGGIE

Yeah, go figure. Dr. Sandsmark did say she's studied legends about them holding great power, but no-one really believed it until now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERA

(awed)

The Gauntlets of Atlas? I've heard of them. Legend has it they belonged to the Amazons, that Queen Hippolyta wore them. They enhanced her power because she sought to free them from slavery.

(considers)

This Ms. Sandmark must be quite the fighter if they chose her.

MAGGIE

'Chose her'?

MERA

According to the stories I was told, only someone who fights with love in their heart can wield their power.

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

Maggie slowly and carefully places the GAUNTLETS into a small CARRY CASE. Maggie closes the case. The A.R.G.U.S. LOGO is stamped on it.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

Whatever the reason, I gave them over to someone who knows how to handle things like this.

She gives the case to a waiting Etta Candy. They exchanged nods and smiles. Shake hands...

EXT. OLD METROPOLIS DOCKYARDS, SUICIDE SLUMS - AS BEFORE

DIBNY

So, what's next for you?

ARTHUR

Time to go home, for now. But now that Atlantis is part of the U.N., it's going to be involved more in world affairs.

MERA

We have further talks scheduled with the Secretary-General and your own President to discuss the construction and opening of embassies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Husband and wife exchange a telling look. Maggie frowns.  
*What are they up to?*

MERA (cont'd)

We have also outlined a plan to build several cultural contact centers. A place everyday people can learn more about what life in Atlantis is like. Where our peoples can interact with each other without fear or worry.

Arthur grins, looking out at the abandoned and expansive dockyard facility.

ARTHUR

It'll take some doing, but I think this place will be a good start.

MAGGIE

(getting it)  
Here? The Old Dockyards?

ARTHUR

Your Mayor Berkowitz took to the idea straight away. Turns out the city still owns the property, but hasn't had the budget to do anything with it. So, we convinced him to let us take it off their hands and do some good work here.

Off Maggie and Dibuny taking another look at the Dockyards. Imagining the possibilities...

DAMON (PRE-LAP)

So, about last night..?

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

Damon and Todd stand by his desk. Todd chuckles in response to Damon's careful query.

TODD

You mean the whole hostage thing or meeting my ex?

DAMON

Either works, really. Why didn't you tell me about him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

(pauses, unsure)

Yeah, I'm sorry about that. I know it was probably a little weird.

DAMON

(smiles)

I'm not the jealous sort, Todd.

(beat, laughs)

Okay, maybe a little. But we all have exes, it's completely normal.

TODD

(teasingly)

Does that mean I'll hear about some of yours soon?

DAMON

I think I'll plead the Fifth on that one, for now, anyway. I can't spill all my secrets to you yet.

Todd's own smile falters for a brief moment, squirming for a moment under Damon's curious but gentle gaze.

DAMON (cont'd)

(softly)

Hey, I know something's been eating at you for a while now. Whatever it is, you know you can talk to me, right?

Todd lets out a strained breath. Nods with acceptance. He takes Damon's hands, looking him in the eye.

TODD

Why don't you come over tomorrow?

(coyly)

We'll have a little dinner, a little romance, maybe?

Off Damon's growing grin...

INT. KITTY'S OFFICE, S.T.A.R. LABS - EVENING (LATER)

Kitty and BETH CHAPEL are packing several BANKER'S BOXES with files and personal possession. Finishing up, Kitty slips off her lab coat, folds it neatly and lays it on the table. Smiles gently. Oddly content.

Beth studies her friend, worried.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH  
You sure about this, Kitty?

KITTY  
(nods, confident)  
More so with every second.

She surveys the office. The walls are bare, where once they hung various pictures and diplomas. Takes it all in.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

DONOVAN (O.S.)  
Kitty? You in there?

Kitty's smile falters. She knows what's coming. No turning back now.

KITTY  
Come on in, Dabny.

DABNY DONOVAN walks in, accompanied by LOUISE LINCOLN. Dabny holds a printed document, waving it in the air.

DONOVAN  
What the hell is this? You're resigning, effective immediately?!

KITTY  
(nods)  
Pretty much, yeah.

LINCOLN  
Dr. Faulkner, if this is some kind of protest move regarding the changes I spoke of..?

KITTY  
I wont lie, it's part of the reason. But the truth is, I'm not happy here any more.

She takes off her I.D. BADGE, hands it to Donovan.

KITTY (cont'd)  
I'm a scientist, that's what I want to spend my time doing. I don't think I can do that here. Not the way I want to do it.

Donovan forlornly nods. He can see there is no changing her mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DONOVAN

Good luck, Kitty. I hope you find what you're looking for.

Kitty beams at him. Sure in her decision. She picks up a box. Beth takes the cue, follows with the other one.

She and Beth EXIT. Lincoln, eyebrow cocked, waits a moment.

LINCOLN

Dr. Donovan, you know this doesn't affect my purpose here.

DONOVAN

(waves her off)

Can we not talk about that right now?

(sighs, resigned)

Just, give me some time.

She nods, acceding. Watches him walk away, her eyes flinty. Pulls out a CELL PHONE, dials a pre-set number. Waits.

LINCOLN

It's me. It's done.

She hangs up. A thin icy smile forming...

KING (PRE-LAP)

Come to gloat, Ralphie?

INT. HOLDING AREA, 8TH PRECINCT - EVENING (LATER)

King approaches the front of his cell, where Dibny stands, stoic, staring in at him.

KING

Look at you, cock of the walk. Think you've won, huh?

(grins)

We both know that out of the two of us, I'm the one that did something with his life, huh? Made something of myself. Lived a life of luxury. What do you have? Nothing.

(grin fades, off

Dibny's silence)

Say something, goddamn it! Don't just stand there giving me this freaking silent treatment!

Without a word of reply, Dibny turns on his heel and walks away. King watches, stunned. Angry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING (cont'd)  
 Hey?! Hey!! Don't walk away from me!  
 Say something, you asshole!  
 (screams)  
 This isn't over, Ralphie! This isn't  
 over!!

Dibny carries on walking, standing tall. A weight lifted. A burden finally laid to rest...

INT. RECEPTION FOYER, 8TH PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER

SUE fidgets in her seat. Waiting. She stands, anxious, as Dibny enters from the corridor. He sees her. Smiles.

DIBNY  
 Hey, you.

SUE  
 Hey, yourself.

She studies his bruised face. Gently examines his busted lip. Grimaces.

SUE (cont'd)  
 You look awful.

DIBNY  
 Yeah, I know. But I feel great. Let me buy you a cup of coffee? Somewhere not here?

SUE  
 (smiling)  
 I'd like that. I'd like that a lot.

Hand in hand, they EXIT, as we:

BLACKOUT:

**END OF ACT FIVE**

**END OF EPISODE**