

# M S C U

METROPOLIS · SPECIAL · CRIMES · UNIT

2x12: "*Shriek*"

Written by

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METROPOLIS : SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

2x12: "Shriek"

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  
JUANITA MENDOZA ..... Gina Rodriguez  
MADAME XANADU ..... Indira Varma  
EDWARD 'VINNIE' MORGAN ..... Eddie Cahill  
WHISPER A'DAIRE ..... Jaime Ray Newman  
JENNIFER HAYDEN-LYNN ..... Meghan Ory  
CAITLIN BYRNE ..... Sarah Bolger  
GARRETT SMYTHE ..... Liam Cunningham  
THOMAS SMYTHE ..... Colin O'Donoghue  
BRADFORD SACKETT ..... French Stewart  
DAENA .....  
GIL .....

SPECIAL GUEST STAR

RICK TYLER ..... Jason Bateman  
FRANK BERKOWITZ ..... Anthony Michael Hall

and

LOIS LANE ..... Erica Durance  
ALAN SCOTT ..... Bruce Boxleitner

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

OPEN ON A TOMBSTONE. The inscription reads "CHARLES VICTOR SAGE, 1965-2016". Under that is the epitaph "He Wanted Us To Question Everything."

A somber TOBY RAINES stands before it. She lays a lovely bouquet of flowers on the freshly filled in grave.

She reaches back, taking the hand of MAGGIE SAWYER, standing behind her.

TOBY

Thanks for coming, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Least I could do for him, babe. Vic was a great guy. Surprised there wasn't more of a turnout.

TOBY

Vic didn't know that many people. I'm guessing the ones that did come were either people from his building, or fans of the website.

(chokes)

They didn't really know him. Not like we did.

Toby wipes away the tears in her eyes. Takes a steadying breath. Faces her girlfriend.

TOBY (cont'd)

I can make my own way back. I know you have that meeting with Berkowitz in half-an-hour.

MAGGIE

(concerned)

Are you sure? I don't mind running you back home, or to the Star, if you want to get back to work?

TOBY

I'm fine, sweetie. I-- I just need a few minutes. Alone.

Maggie nods gently. Understanding. She gives Toby a quick

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squeeze on the shoulder, supportive. Comforting. A quick kiss on the cheek, then she walks away.

Toby gently rests a hand on the tombstone.

TOBY (cont'd)

The police ruled it an accident. A gas explosion.

(scoffs)

I don't buy that for a second, Vic. I heard you, something was wrong, you--

(stumbles, tearful)

You knew, didn't you?

(takes a breath)

I promise, Vic. I'm going to figure out who did this to you.

LOIS (O.C.)

Correction.

Toby SPINS AROUND - to find LOIS LANE standing behind her. Her arms crossed, anger in her eyes.

LOIS

We are going to figure this one out. Together.

OFF Toby's surprise giving way to annoyance...

EXT. HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building, the neon 'DISCOVER YOUR FUTURE!' sign blinking for attention...

XANADU

So, Ms. Byrne, let us see what the spirits say about you future, hmm?

INT. READING AREA, HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES - CONTINUOUS

MADAME XANADU is in full 'fortune teller' get-up, complete with fake accent. She sits with her customer, an attractive Irish woman, CAITLIN BYRNE (late-20s, guarded, a classic beauty).

Caitlin shuffles in her seat, nervous. *Too* nervous, really. Xanadu eyes her briefly, before continuing with her act. She waves her hands dramatically around her crystal ball.

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CONTINUED:

XANADU

Voices from beyond the veil. What does the future hold for she who seeks answers?

CAITLIN

(freaked)

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea. I mean, me mam would hate that I've even come into your shop.

XANADU

You should not leave now we have begun, my dear. The spirits would take great offense.

(pauses)

Come. Lay your hands on the ball, it will guide the spirits to us.

Scared, Caitlin slowly, cautiously reaches for the ball. Her trembling fingers are almost touching it--

CAITLIN

I'm sorry. I just can't!

--she BOLTS for the doorway, fighting through the gossamer drapes that cover it...

INT. FRONT PARLOR, HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES - CONTINUOUS

DAENA, Xanadu's new assistant (African-American, early-20s, perky and bubbly) looks up as Caitlin RUNS out and heads for the door.

DAENA

(confused)

Excuse me, miss? Is everything okay?

CAITLIN

I'm sorry. This was a mistake. Please tell her--

She bumps into a display table, knocking some books over. Stumbles back.

CAITLIN (cont'd)

I have to get out of here.

She's out of the door, running down the street. Xanadu walks out, pulling off her headscarf, her hair tousled. She's not impressed, to say the least.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU

Well, that was a waste of time.

DAENA

At least she paid up-front, though?

XANADU

Hmm, I suppose. Got a weird vibe off her though. Something... dark.

DAENA

Shall I make you some tea? You've got a little time before your next client comes in for their reading.

XANADU

(nods)

Yes, that would be lovely, darling.  
Darjeeling, I think I'm in the mood--

She stops. Spots something on the floor. A SCARF. Xanadu reaches down to pick it up.

XANADU (cont'd)

She must have dropped--

She GASPS. Snaps her head upwards. Her eyes have gone WHITE.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Caitlin screaming as ROBED ATTACKERS swarm her...
- An OLDER IRISH MAN (mid-50s, rugged, battle-worn, dark eyes that tell of many sins)...
- CAITLIN prone on a stone floor. Candles mark the points of a PENTAGRAM marked out in chalk...
- A DECAYED FACE. Eyes glow BLUE. SILVER BANSHEE screams...

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

Xanadu comes back to herself, eyes returning to normal. Breathless from what she's just seen.

DAENA

Madame? What did you just see?

OFF Xanadu's confusion and fear, unsure how to answer, we:

BLACKOUT:

**END OF TEASER**

CONTINUED: (2)

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

INT. MO'S CAFE, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

The mid-morning breakfast rush is coming to an end. LOIS and TOBY occupy a corner booth out of the way.

TOBY

I hear the rumors, Lois.

(off her look)

You've been gone off the grid for a while now. Word is that it's because you're digging deep into Lex Luthor's second foray into politics?

LOIS

(shrugs)

He may not remember, but Lex and I have a complicated history. So when I hear that he's thinking about making a run at being our next president, I didn't take too kindly to it.

TOBY

Can't be any worse than the guy we currently have.

LOIS

(snarky)

By the way, congrats on that shiny new Excalibur award you got. It seems standards have lowered, huh?

TOBY

Don't bitch, I won that award fair and square. Besides, you already have what, a whole shelf full of them?

LOIS

Look, let's cut the small talk and get right to the real story here. We both know that Vic didn't die in some random accident.

She retrieves an ENVELOPE, already torn open, from her bag. From it, she pulls out an OFFICIAL LOOKING DOCUMENT.

LOIS (cont'd)

A letter from Drake, King and Associates. I know you got one too.

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CONTINUED:

Toby BALKS. Looks away, ashamed. Uncomfortable.

LOIS (cont'd)

Don't play coy, Toby. Your name is the only other one listed as being summoned to a reading of Vic's will.

TOBY

I had no idea you and Vic even knew each other. Beyond your bylines.

LOIS

(grins)

Our paths crossed a few times. We both looked into the whole Hub City corruption story. Got to know each other a little bit. Enough to know he was the kinda guy it's good having your back. That's why we're both going to the reading.

OFF Toby's uncertainty...

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM, TODD'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

TODD RICE lays on the floor. Stirring gently from a sound sleep. Blinks a few times--

--before JOLTING UP in shock. Looking around him in complete confusion. Confusion that gives way to annoyance.

TODD

(shakes head)

Again..? Seriously, urgh.

INT. GROUND FLOOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A portly older woman, MRS JACOBI, the building super, is sweeping the floor. She looks up in surprise when Todd walks out of the Laundry Room, embarrassed. Like he's doing the Walk of Shame.

MRS. JACOBI

(sympathetic)

Mr. Rice? Sleepwalking again?

TODD

It looks like it, Mrs. J.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. JACOBI

(tuts)

I should have locked the Laundry Room last night. Maybe if I had, you would have gone back up to your room, hmm?

TODD

(shrugs)

Maybe, yeah. Who knows? I've never done this kinda thing before, though. Weird that it started so abruptly.

MRS. JACOBI

Do you need me to let you in?

TODD

No, no, it's fine. After the first couple of times, I put a spare under the mat.

OFF their polite exchange of smiles before Todd makes his way up the stairs...

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL - DAY

FRANK BERKOWITZ stands stock still. Around him flock two stylists, checking his hair and appearance. Adding a few touches. Clad in a designer suit, shoes and accessories.

Watching with amusement is MAGGIE. She stands away from it all, keeping as far back as possible.

BERKOWITZ

Smile all you like, Sawyer. I could easily have Henderson 'suggest' you join us in the television debate.

MAGGIE

(unfazed)

That's not why you had me come in for this meeting, Frank. So talk already.

BERKOWITZ

It's the final week of campaigning, Sawyer. The election is days away, and me and Morgan are pretty much tied in the opinion polls. So, I need tonight's debate to go my way.

MAGGIE

(curious)

So, you want my input on answers?

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CONTINUED:

BERKOWITZ

(nods)

Got it in one. In fact, my number two  
guy should be here with--

They both turn as a bespectacled man walks in - BRADFORD  
'BUCK' SACKETT (early-50s, bookish yet smarmy, perpetually  
frazzled). His suit is off-the-rack and worn often.

BERKOWITZ (cont'd)

Ah, Buck, there you are!

SACKETT

Sorry, sorry, my car broke down, had  
to wait for a tow before I could grab  
a cab!

He notices Maggie. Extends a hand in greeting.

SACKETT (cont'd)

Bradford Sackett, Deputy Mayor. Just  
call me 'Buck', everyone else does.

Maggie shakes his offered hand. Surreptitiously wipes it  
clean once she's reclaimed it. *Sweaty palms.*

BERKOWITZ

Buck here is the man who keeps the  
city running while I'm pressing the  
flesh, as it were. Been my right hand  
for what, 7 years, now?

SACKETT

Feels like 70, Frank.

(to Maggie)

He likes to work me hard.

He laughs a little too loud at his own joke. Maggie fails to  
find it funny. Simply nods a few times in response.

Sackett fumbles for what to say. Instead he pulls out a  
crumpled piece of A4 printed paper - a LIST OF QUESTIONS.

SACKETT (cont'd)

If you, uh, could review these, then  
email or fax over your thoughts?

She briefly glances at the list of questions, grimacing at  
how many there are (a full page!).

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CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE  
(unimpressed)  
Sure. I'll just fit my actual job  
catching the bad guys around it, huh?

Sackett wilts under her angry glare.

BERKOWITZ  
Okay, enough, you two. My interview  
with Snapper Carr is about to start.  
I'll speak to you later.

His assistants finally done, they allow him to leave. Maggie watches him go, shaking her head, glad she's well out of it.

OFF Maggie glancing at the questions again, realizing she's going to have a long day ahead of her...

EXT. BETH'S HOUSE, LAFAYETTE, BAKERLINE - DAY

The garden is as immaculate as ever. A TAXI pulls up. From it steps KITTY FAULKNER. She looks up at the house, worry etched all over her face...

INT. ENTRY FOYER, BETH'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A bleary-eyed BETH rushes to answer the loud KNOCKING on her front door. Opens it to find a stressed Kitty.

KITTY  
Oh, my God! You're okay?!

She throws her arms around Beth in a tight embrace. Squeezes the breath from her.

BETH  
(confused)  
Kitty--? Wh--? I'm fine, really.

KITTY  
You missed our breakfast date, and your cell phone just keeps going to voicemail. I got scared, so I came over.

BETH  
(mortified)  
That was today?! Oh, I'm so sorry, Kitty. I completely spaced. I, uh, was on a date with Rick last night, I guess I lost track of things.

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CONTINUED:

KITTY

Are-- are you playing hooky?

Beth can't help but let out an embarrassed breath, smiling as she does. Kitty looks at her in amused shock.

KITTY (cont'd)

I never thought I'd see the day. Come on, you owe me breakfast.

Kitty marches down the corridor towards the kitchen. Beth watches her go with a grimace.

BETH

Uh, Kitty..?

KITTY (O.S.)

Oh. Uh, whoops?

RICK (O.S.)

Um, hi there.

INT. KITCHEN, BETH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kitty stands in the entryway. Trying not to stare. Failing miserably. Eyes as wide as saucers.

RICK TYLER, wearing nothing but a pair of "J.S.A." boxer shorts and a cheeky smile, holding a mug of coffee, stands by the kitchen counter. He offers a half-wave.

RICK

You're Kitty, right?

He steps forward, offering his hand, completely at ease with his near-nakedness.

RICK (cont'd)

Rick Tyler.

Kitty blinks a couple of times. Takes the hand and shakes it absently, as Beth joins them.

KITTY

Hi. Uh, yeah, Kitty. I am her. I mean, She's me. That's me. That's my name.

BETH

You're rambling, sweetie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITTY  
Aware of that.

BETH  
Coffee?

KITTY  
Yes.

(realizing)  
I mean, no! Uh, just that, I should go. Leave you two alone. I mean, not 'alone' alone, just, uh, I've walked in on something here. I should go.

BETH  
(grins)  
Kitty, you can stay, it's okay. Rick, why don't you put some clothes on?

RICK  
Do I have to?  
(off her look)  
Fine, fine, ruin the mood.

He gives her a quick kiss on the cheek, before he EXITS.

Kitty stares at Beth, totally taken aback.

KITTY  
When did this happen?

BETH  
We've been dancing around each other for a few months now. We had our first date a week or so ago. Last night was our third date, and...

KITTY  
(excited)  
Well, it's about damn time!  
(pauses, delicate)  
So, uh... how was it?

Beth's smile WIDENS. Her eyes gleam with a story to tell...

XANADU (PRE-LAP)  
I really hope you can help me.

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

MADAME XANADU stands with DANNY TURPIN, PATRICIA TRAYCE, RALPH DIBNY and TODD by the central layout table.

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CONTINUED:

XANADU

This poor girl had run off before I had a chance to warn her. Not that she probably would have believed me in the first place. She seemed very anxious from the moment she stepped into my shop.

DIBNY

I'm sure we can help you, Madame Xanadu, but I have to ask...

Dibny breaks off, unsure how to proceed. Xanadu studies him, curious.

XANADU

Ask me what, Lieutenant?

TRAYCE

I think what the Lieutenant means to ask is why you just can use your...  
(makes air quotes)  
"hocus pocus" to find this girl?

XANADU

(sighs)  
Believe it or not, I'm not all-seeing or all-powerful. Spells like that take time, and they're not very good when it comes to non-magical people. Hence me coming to you.

DANNY

Well, even we need a clue or a lead or something.

XANADU

How about a credit card? She paid for her session on-line.

TODD

(nodding)  
If you e-mail me the details, I can check the credit card's transaction history easily enough.

OFF Xanadu withdrawing her phone, dialing...

INT. CAITLIN'S ROOM, PARADISE HOTEL - DAY

The door opens to admit CAITLIN. A Big Belly Burger take-out bag in hand. She absently flicks on the light switch--

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CONTINUED:

-- to find FOUR MEN in her room.

CAITLIN

What the--?

The oldest of the group, GARRETT SMYTHE (57), stands. He's an imposing figure. Dark leather jacket and jeans. A man that knows how to conduct business the hard way. Enjoys it that way. The man from Xanadu's vision.

He approaches Caitlin. Strokes her cheek, affectionately. She stiffens. On edge.

GARRETT

Hello, Siobhan.

Caitlin - SIOBHAN - glares at him.

SIOBHAN

Hello, Da.

The three other men - Garrett's CREW - all pull their GUNS out. Making a statement.

OFF Siobhan, as she realizes she's got nowhere to run...

EXT. PARADISE HOTEL, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

Dibny's IMPALA pulls up to the sidewalk. He and Xanadu climb out. Dibny makes a point of making his BADGE visible.

XANADU

(uncertain)

Was it wise to not bring 'back-up',  
isn't that the term?

Dibny offers Xanadu a reassuring smile. *She isn't.*

DIBNY

Detectives Trayce and Turpin do have other cases to work on. Besides, all we're doing right now is confirming the girl is here. If she is, then we can talk to her, warn her.

XANADU

That's assuming she'll believe us. I mean, we don't have much in the way of evidence.

The BANG of the hotel doors being pushed open too hard gets their attention.

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CONTINUED:

Siobhan is being 'escorted' out, Garrett leads the way, as one of his men holds Siobhan's arm in an iron grip. His GUN pressed against her ribs.

XANADU (cont'd)  
Never mind. That's her. Caitlin  
Byrne.

Garrett immediately clocks Dibny and Xanadu. Sees the badge.

GARRETT  
What the Christ? Police?!

He draws his own gun. Aims. A KILL SHOT.

OFF THE GUNSHOT -

Dibny JOLTS. The impact never comes. A PURPLE SHIELD OF ENERGY has formed in front of them. The bullet frozen in mid-air, inches from Dibny's face.

He looks to Xanadu - her hands glow with ELDRITCH LIGHT.

XANADU  
(hisses)  
See! This is why we should have  
brought back-up!

GARRETT  
Get Siobhan outta here! Nothing can  
interfere with this. Not now!

SIOBHAN  
(determined)  
Like hell!

She LASHES OUT. An elbow to the nose and a heel to the foot relinquishes the hold on her. She runs straight for Dibny and Xanadu.

GARRETT  
(fearful)  
Hold your fire! Hold your fire, God's  
sake!

Siobhan makes it to the safety of Xanadu's barrier. It lets her through easily.

Garrett, dejected, his mission failed, pulls his men back. They retreat to a nearby BLUE VAN, climbing aboard.

Xanadu watches as they gun the engine and take off down the street. She lets her barrier fade to nothingness.

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CONTINUED: (2)

SIOBHAN

Who-- who are you?

XANADU

People who want to make sure you're safe, that's all. I'll explain it all later, I promise.

(to Dibny)

Are we going after them?

DIBNY

(shakes head)

We've got Ms Byrne. That's enough for now. Those guys must be connected to the ones in robes you saw.

(thinks)

We should get Ms. Byrne someplace safe.

XANADU

(nods)

I have just the place.

As a very confused, but thankful to be safe, Siobhan climbs into the car, Dibny gallantly holding the door open...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

Sounds like you had a fun morning?

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

Maggie stands with Dibny by the central layout table.

DIBNY

(chuckles)

It could have been a lot worse.

MAGGIE

Any idea why this girl is being hunted?

DIBNY

Not sure, but I think I recognized one of the guys as someone known to be affiliated with the Irish Mob. Wally and Juanita are downloading the CCTV footage from the Paradise Hotel.

MAGGIE

Where's the girl now?



CONTINUED:

Full with shame and regret, Siobhan stands.

SIOBHAN

I'm sorry. There's only one way you  
can help me.

She pulls out her CELL PHONE. Dials a number. Waits.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

Da? It's me.

GARRETT (OVER PHONE)

Where are ye, luv. Don't make this  
any harder then it needs t'be.

SIOBHAN

No, Da. It's time for me to talk now.

She looks down at Xanadu. Wavers for a moment. Sets her  
shoulders, resolved to see this through.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

I want to make you a deal.

OFF the slumbering Xanadu, we:

BLACKOUT:

**END OF ACT ONE**

CONTINUED: (2)

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - DAY

JUANITA MENDOZA and WALLY WEST sit in front of the Audio/Visual set-up. Behind them stands DIBNY.

On the SCREENS are several MUG SHOTS - all accompanied by long RAP SHEETS.

WALLY

Not to sound like a wuss, but I really don't wanna meet any of these dudes in a dark alley. Ever.

JUANITA

So, they're all Irish Mob?

DIBNY

More then likely. Any idea as to why they're after Ms. Byrne?

WALLY

Probably because 'Caitlin Byrne' doesn't exist.

Wally pulls up another screen of data.

WALLY (cont'd)

Any background and financials for her doesn't exist prior to flying to the U.S. about 4 months ago.

DIBNY

She's running from them, has to be. The Captain has a friend in Interpol, they might be able to shed some light on this.

With a nod of thank, Dibny EXIT. Wally stands, stretches with a grunt of relief.

WALLY

You wanna go grab some lunch? I'm starved.

No answer. He faces Juanita, her eyes staring at the screens but not seeing.

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CONTINUED:

WALLY (cont'd)  
You okay?

JUANITA  
(snapping out of it)  
Huh?

WALLY  
Lunch? You want anything?

JUANITA  
(shakes head)  
Not hungry. You go.

With a casual shrug, Wally heads off. Juanita waits till he's gone. Pulls up an EMAIL APP on one of the screens.

JUANITA'S P.O.V.: An email from "Central City University." The subject line reads: "Re: Job Offer".

OFF Juanita, realizing that things are about to change...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)  
Meet Garrett Smythe.

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

The assembled team (MAGGIE, DIBNY, WALLY, TODD, DANNY TURPIN and PATRICIA TRAYCE) stands at the central layout table.

The overhead screens display the same mugshots as before. One is of GARRETT. Maggie points to it.

MAGGIE  
A big deal, high level member of the Irish Mob. Got fingers in a lot of illegal pies. Had no idea he was even in the country, let alone Metropolis.

DANNY  
Did your contact know how this Caitlin Byrne, or whoever she is, fits in to all this?

MAGGIE  
(chuckles, darkly)  
Yeah, you could say that.

With a press of the remote, two separate images appear. A man and a woman. SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS. The woman is SIOBHAN. The man is dark-haired, good-looking, with a serious mien and a hard edge.

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CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
Meet Garrett's two kids. Tommy and  
Siobhan Smythe.

TRAYCE  
She's his kid? So, what? She's on the  
run from Daddy Dearest?

VREEP! Dibny withdraws his cell phone.

DIBNY  
This is Dibny.

His frown deepens. Looks to Maggie, concerned. *Something is up...*

INT. READING AREA, HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES - DAY

Wally and Juanita work the scene. The table has been knocked over, the crystal ball covered in spilled tea.

Danny and Trayce stand in the entrance-way with a tearful  
DAENA.

DAENA  
I came in from running errands, found  
it like this.

DANNY  
How long were you out?

DAENA  
A few hours. I left just after Madame  
returned with Ms. Byrne. I made them  
some tea, then left.

Trayce signals a female uniform officer over.

TRAYCE  
Just tell this officer everything you  
told us, miss.

Danny and Trayce survey the room with curious eyes.

TRAYCE (cont'd)  
So much for this place being safe.

DANNY  
You thinking what I'm thinking, then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE

That someone came calling for  
Siobhan, took Xanadu as well?

OFF Danny's nod of confirmation...

EXT. PRIVATE OFFICE, DK&A LAW FIRM, - DAY

TOBY and LOIS sit across from a large, ostentatious desk.  
The LAWYER sits across from them. Every inch the high-priced  
attorney.

LAWYER

Mr. Sage was a valued client. He will  
be missed.

LOIS

Skip the small talk, buddy. Just get  
to actual reason we're here.

Toby fails to stifle a snort of amusement. The lawyer gives  
an unfazed Lois a dirty look. He passed over a FLASH DRIVE.  
Places it between them.

TOBY

That's it?

LAWYER

(nodding)

His instructions were very clear.  
This was all he left for anyone, and  
you were both named as recipients.

LOIS

Any idea what's on it?

LAWYER

Unfortunately, no. It's encrypted,  
but Mr. Sage seemed confident that  
you would be able to work out how to  
access it.

OFF Toby and Lois sharing a confused look...

LOIS (PRE-LAP)

Well, that was a bust.

EXT. DK&A LAW FIRM, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Lois and Toby walk down the sidewalk. Lois holds the flash  
drive in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

Like the man said, Vic believed we could figure this out. We should too.

Unnoticed by either woman, a MAN stands watching them by a nearby street vendor. Intense BLUE EYES follow their every move - it's TOMMY GARRETT. Every bit as dark and handsome as his Interpol picture shows.

Toby SNATCHES the drive away from Lois.

LOIS

Hey!

TOBY

Trust me on this, Lois, I know someone. I'll go talk to him, see what he can do.

LOIS

(conceding)

Fine, fine, I guess. Just call me, as soon as you know anything, okay?

With a nod, Toby departs. Lois watches her go, then heads in the other direction.

OFF her obliviousness to Tommy following her...

INT. EXECUTIVE ELEVATOR, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY

BETH and RICK wait patiently. Arm in arm. Intimate. Loving.

RICK

I promise this will be over with quick, okay? Then we can get back to spending the day together.

BETH

(laughs)

As romantic and lovely as it sounds, I get that you have a company to run, Rick. Today...

She looks him in the eyes. Beaming with joy.

BETH (cont'd)

Today has been wonderful. But I guess we can't escape reality forever.

RICK

Maybe not forever, no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a finger, Rick strokes her cheek gently.

RICK (cont'd)  
But for the rest of the day? Hell,  
yes.

They kiss, sweetly, with genuine affection...

EXT. RICK'S OFFICE, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - MOMENTS LATER

DOORS PUSH OPEN as Rick and Beth walk in. Rick's all smiles, slipping into 'business mode', while Beth does a surprised double-take.

VINNIE MORGAN stands waiting by Rick's desk. Offers a hand of welcome to Rick. They shake. Beth stands back, puzzled.

RICK  
Mr. Morgan, I hope you haven't been  
waiting long?

VINNIE  
Not at all, Rick. Please, call me  
Vinnie.

RICK  
Only if you call me Rick. Every time  
someone calls me "Mr. Tyler", I look  
around expecting to see my Dad.

VINNIE  
Yeah, I can relate to that.  
(notices Beth)  
Dr. Chapel?

BETH  
(smiles)  
Hello, Vinnie.

VINNIE  
(grins)  
Kitty mentioned you two were, uh,  
seeing each other. Sorry if I ruined  
any plans?

RICK  
Vinnie here offered to act as a  
advocate of sorts between TylerCo and  
the Metropolis Commerce Guild.

BETH  
In hopes of promoting Miracle-V?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINNIE

You know about it?

RICK

Beth and me were collaborating on several projects. I wanted someone with medical practice experience to give feedback.

VINNIE

Of course, your work at the Free Clinic in Southside.

RICK

(chuckles)

Still strange to hear it being called that. It's been Suicide Slums for so long.

VINNIE

Too long, Rick. Something I hope to continue working on if I win the election next week. That's part of the reason I offered to help. If I win, I won't just have to step away from Ridge Ferrick, but the Guild as well. I'd like to have a win on my side before I have to leave it.

RICK

And I thank you for that.

VINNIE

Okay, let's get this business out of the way, so we can both get back to the wonderful women in our lives.

OFF Vinnie's easy grin, as he nods in agreement...

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, PELHAM, QUEENSLAND PARK - DAY

Establishing shot. Long abandoned. Stained-glass windows smashed, stonework crumbling. Iron fences block off access for everyone except those brave or foolish enough to try...

INT. VESTRY, ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

With a soft groan, XANADU comes too. Struggles to lift her head up, taking in her surroundings. Sunlight streams in from the small broken window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARRETT (O.C.)  
Welcome back.

GARRETT stands in front of her. Flanked by a stoic SIOBHAN.

XANADU  
What--? Where am I?

She struggles, realizing she has been secured to a wall-mounted pip. Vainly struggles. Glaring at her captors.

XANADU (cont'd)  
You're a prize fool if you think you can keep me prisoner.

GARRETT  
I'm aware of your power, Madame.  
(pauses)  
Look down.

She follows his gaze. A CELTIC NECKLACE hangs around her neck. Rests on her chest. Xanadu PALES.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
Ah, you recognize it? Good. So you won't bother testing it. That will do neither of us any good.

He kneels down. Takes hold of the charm. Xanadu squirms. Garrett takes pleasure in her helplessness.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
I've encountered my fair share of witches, magic users. I know enough to take precautions on dealing with them.

XANADU  
Why am I here? What do you want from me?

GARRETT  
Believe it or not, we need your help. Help to set right a great injustice--

XANADU  
(rolls eyes)  
Oh good Lord, spare me the villainous monologue!

Garrett falters, the interruption ruining his moment. He glowers at an unfazed Xanadu for a moment. Turns to Siobhan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GARRETT

You brought her here. Make sure she's ready for everything later tonight.

SIOBHAN

(nods, subservient)

Of course, Da.

Garrett storms off. Xanadu glares at Siobhan, who balks at the ferocity of her gaze.

XANADU

Why? I was going to help you.

SIOBHAN

(guilt-ridden)

I'm sorry. It was the only way.

OFF her rushing out the door, leaving a resigned Xanadu alone in the dark...

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

ON the FLASH DRIVE being passed from one hand to another.

Todd studies it for a moment. Looks to Toby, curious.

TODD

I'll give it a look when I get home, sure. My system is faster than what I have here. It has my personal decryption software, too.

TODD (cont'd)

Thanks, Todd. I appreciate--

Todd abruptly YAWNS. Covering his mouth with his hand.

TOBY

(smiles)

Am I boring you, Mr. Rice?

TODD

Sorry, sorry, nothing personal.

TOBY

You still having trouble sleeping?

(off his look)

Maggie mentioned it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

(resigned)

Yeah, it's been going on for a while now. Adding insult to injury, I've started sleepwalking! Woke up in my building's Laundry Room today.

TOBY

That's not normal, Todd. Maybe you should go visit your doctor. It could be a symptom of something bigger.

TODD

(shakes)

I'm sure it's nothing. But I'll keep an eye on it, I promise.

He offers an uncertain Toby an easy smile...

INT. VESTRY, ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

Xanadu takes a grateful sip of water. Siobhan holds the bottle steady.

XANADU

Why are you doing this?

SIOBHAN

I told ye, I don't--

XANADU

"Have a choice", you said. A choice about what? They wanted you. What do I have to do with whatever is going on with all this?

SIOBHAN

(erupts)

It's the only way I could be free!

XANADU

Free? Free from what?

GARRETT (O.C.)

You'll have to forgive Siobhan...

Garrett stalks into the room. Ignores the angry glare Xanadu shoots him.

GARRETT

She's never accepted the higher calling of our family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Garrett pulls Xanadu to her feet. Withdraws a switch-blade , slicing the cable ties holding Xanadu in place.

XANADU

What calling is that, dare I ask?

GARRETT

Tell me, have you ever heard of my ancestor, Siobhan McDougall, also known as the *Silver Banshee*?

OFF Xanadu's eyes fill with horror...

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

TOMMY looks around as Garrett and Siobhan walk Xanadu into the main part of the church. He's sporting a nasty BRUISE and a BUSTED LIP.

GARRETT

Our guest give ye a bit o' trouble, Tommy boy?

TOMMY

Nothing I couldn't handle, Da. She's a spirited one, though. Bit of fire in her.

XANADU

(confused)

Who?!

GARRETT

I believe you two know each other.

With a nod from Garrett, the group of men behind Tommy disperse, revealing a female figure kneeling, cowed, on the floor. A BLACK BAG over their head. Hands bound.

The bag is pulled away - to reveal LOIS, silenced by a piece of duct tape.

OFF her eyes burning with equal parts fear and fury, we:

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT TWO

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

XANADU and LOIS sit together in a corner. GARRETT, SIOBHAN and TOMMY stand a little way off, hushed whispers exchanged.

The rest of the men are setting up a table with candles, herbs, or marking out a pattern on the floor with CHALK.

LOIS

I know I pretty much have the worst reputation among the city's media for putting myself in these situations but this is ridiculous.

(pauses)

Can't you just, I don't know, twitch your nose or something to get us out of here?! Isn't that your 'thing'?

XANADU

(offended)

Excuse me? I'm nothing like Samantha Stevens!

(beat)

Serena, maybe. Endora, definitely. Besides, they've nixed any magical escape plan.

She points to the charm hanging around her neck. Lois sags in defeat.

LOIS

Any idea what's going on?

XANADU

It looks like some kind of ritual. Plenty of spell ingredients on that table, that's for sure. Garrett, the man in charge, he told me earlier. That it's got something to do with an entity called the Silver Banshee.

Lois goes pale. Shocked. That's a name she never thought to hear again. Xanadu notes her reaction.

XANADU (cont'd)

That name means something to you, Lois?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOIS

Yeah, it does, unfortunately. A weekend getaway that turned into a low-rent horror film.

(pauses, hopeful)

So, any ideas how we're gonna get out of this one?

OFF Xanadu, frowning. An idea forming...

INT. READING AREA, HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES - DAY

Daena does what she can to tidy the mess. Finally giving up, she turns--

--and lets out a little YELP of surprise, finding herself face to face with the TRANSPARENT FORM of Xanadu.

DAENA

Oh my gosh! Ma- Madame?

XANADU

Yes, Daena, it's me. I don't have much time, so please, listen.

Daena nods, dutiful and ready...

TRAYCE (PRE-LAP)

(dubious)

Astral projection?

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

DANNY and TRAYCE wait by the central table. An assortment of photos are laid out. MAGGIE is a short ways off, talking on her CELL PHONE.

DANNY

That's what Daena said. Why? You think I'm making this up?

TRAYCE

(shakes head)

Still having trouble wrapping my head around some of the things we deal with in this job, that's all.

They look around as Maggie finishes her phone call and joins them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

You and me both, Trayce. But we need to focus on what matters right now.

(beat)

The *Daily Planet* confirms that Lois Lane has not checked in since this morning. She never turned up for an interview with Ferris Aircraft over lax safety standards.

Maggie motions towards the photos.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

My Interpol contact came through again. These are all the properties in the city owned by known front companies for the Irish Mob.

DANNY

Xanadu told Daena that she could see a firetruck being washed, and there was a SunDollar coffee shop nearby.

MAGGIE

Anything else?

Danny checks his notebook.

DANNY

Something about a crowd of hipsters checking out an art festival in a park.

Maggie, hit by a bolt of realization, points to one of the photos. The abandoned church.

MAGGIE

There. It's gotta be. It's the old St. Michael's Church in Pelham. It's right by Fire Station 12 and Siegal Park. They hold an art show there very other week.

She notes the surprise in her two detectives faces. Pulls into herself. A little embarrassed

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Toby took me one time.

TRAYCE

You want us to get eyes on the place? Confirm all this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

(shakes head)

I trust Xanadu enough to believe what she tells us, even if I don't understand how she does the things she does. Plus, if Garrett Smythe is involved, it can't be good. Round up the troops. We're going in now.

Danny and Trayce nod, moving off, as Maggie studies the photo of the church on final time...

GARRETT (PRE-LAP)

You were blessed, Lois Lane.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

Garrett faces Lois and Xanadu. They are forced to kneel in front of him. He lords over them. Enjoys the power.

GARRETT

Blessed to hold the spirit of one who wields great power.

LOIS

Not to blow my own horn, but I wasn't the only one, buddy.

GARRETT

No, but you were the host for the Banshee that she was able to fully manifest through. Those others only tasted her power. You? You were her vessel.

(sneers)

Not that you deserved it.

Garrett takes a knife from the table. A ceremonial ATHAME. Marked with GAELIC RUNES. A RED JEWEL in it's hilt.

XANADU

(realizing)

You want me to summon her spirit back from the underworld, don't you? Why?! She's a crazed killer!

GARRETT

She was denied her birthright! My ancestor worked all her life to protect the innocent before she was murdered.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARRETT (cont'd)

We made it our mission to release her from purgatory and be free to rain destruction on those that deserve it.

LOIS

You're crazy if you think I'll help you.

Garrett leans in, holding the blade close to Lois's throat.

GARRETT

I don't need your 'help', Ms. Lane, just your blood. It holds the essence of the Banshee within it, even after all this time. Just like this blade that was forged using Siobhan's own blood. It's part of her. And so are you, now.

(cold)

But I don't need you alive for the ritual to work.

He motions to SLASH the knife--

XANADU

(erupts)

Stop! Stop! Don't hurt her, I'll do whatever you need me to!

LOIS

(defiant)

Xanadu, no!

GARRETT

No-one else is going to save you, Ms. Lane. It's no coincidence we took you now. Your big blue protector is off dealing with an 8.2 in Belize. He'll be busy for some time. Time enough to get what I need from the both of you.

Garrett stands. Nods to his men. Both Lois and Xanadu are forcibly pulled to their feet. Pushed towards the area that has been marked by chalk.

CRANE UP to reveal that an ENCIRCLED PENTAGRAM has been drawn. OFF that image...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - NIGHT (LATER)

Xanadu reads from a GRIMOIRE, an ancient looking spell-book. Mouthing the words she reads silently. Becomes familiar with them.

Garrett stands watch nearby. Lois is forced to a kneeling position in front of him.

GARRETT

It's time.

Tommy brings him a small wooden ceremonial bowl. Two of the men force Lois to hold her hands out. She struggles vainly.

GARRETT (cont'd)

Keep her steady, boys.

ON the athame as it CUTS into Lois's hand. Blood swells from the wound in an instant, trickling into the waiting bowl.

Xanadu places the grimoire down.

XANADU

The blood and the athame will act as a focusing point. It will anchor the spell and hold the Banshee spirit.

GARRETT

Start the spell.

Xanadu takes a breath. Composes herself. Begins to chant in Gaelic.

Garrett, handling the bowl with care and reverence, walks into the pentagram.

GARRETT (cont'd)

Come to me, daughter. With your blood, we show the spirit of Siobhan our bond with her.

Siobhan joins her father. Offers her hand.

SIOBHAN

Do I have your word, Da. That once I do this, I'll be free?

Garret NODS. He coats his athame with Lois's blood.

GARRETT

I promise you, daughter...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes her hand--

--and PULLS HER FORWARD. The blade thrusts deep into her stomach. Siobhan gasps in agony. Stares into her father's eyes, uncomprehending.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
 ...you will be free from this life.

Xanadu goes silent. Eyes wide with horror. Her vision is playing out.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
 Keep the spell going! Don't waste her sacrifice.

Garrett gently lays Siobhan down, her breathing labored as her life slips away. Eyes staring out, unseeing.

LOIS  
 You-- you killed your own daughter?!

GARRETT  
 (tearful)  
 Did you not wonder why I named her Siobhan? We knew this day would come, that she would be the true vessel to the Banshee's power.

He kisses her gently on the forehead.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
 I'm so proud of you, Siobhan.

SPECTRAL MIST begins to form around Siobhan's limp form. Tommy quickly pulls his father away from the pentagram.

Xanadu's eyes go WHITE - the spell overtakes her.

TOMMY  
 Da, it's working. Look!

From the mist, the ethereal form of a WOMAN forms. Wild hair, ragged clothes. Deathly pale skin. GLOWING WHITE EYES.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
 It's her. The Silver Banshee.

Xanadu JOLTS. The jewel on the athame's hilt PULSES WITH LIGHT--

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, PELHAM, QUEENSLAND PARK - NIGHT

The church looks even more desolate and forsaken in the dark of nighttime.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)  
Not seeing any perimeter guards.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR, OUTSIDE ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Through a pair of night-vision binoculars, Maggie makes a visual sweep of the area. Lowering them, she looks to her team - Danny, Trayce and Dibny.

MAGGIE  
We split into two teams. Danny, you and me. Dibny, you and Trayce. You take the back, we'll scout the front, make our way in--

AN EXPLOSION OF WHITE LIGHT grabs all attention. Blindingly bright.

TRAYCE  
What in the Sam Hill..?

MAGGIE  
Move, move, move!

As one, they EXIT the car...

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - NIGHT

The room has been leveled. Everyone is on the floor, dazed. The table of supplies lays overturned. Small fires burn.

Xanadu and Lois both lie still. *Unconscious.*

A groggy Garrett crawls towards the prone Siobhan. Feels for a pulse.

GARRETT  
Siobhan? Answer me, baby.

MAGGIE (O.C.)  
Metropolis Police Department! All of you, stay where you are.

Tommy, bleeding from a gash to his forehead, stumbles towards his father. Pulls him up, struggling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

Da, we gotta go. We gotta go, come on!

Fighting all the way, Garrett cannot tear his eyes from where Siobhan lies. Dead.

GARRETT

It should have worked. Why didn't it work?!

They disappear into the shadows, as Lois slowly stirs to wakefulness. Clearing the room as they enter, Maggie and her team take stock of what they see.

MAGGIE

Call for a bus, we got wounded.

Dibny moves to help Xanadu. Trayce checks on Siobhan. Meets Maggie's gaze. Shakes her head. She's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, PELHAM, QUEENSLAND PARK - NIGHT

LOIS sits inside an AMBULANCE. Flexing her bandaged hand gently. She looks up as Maggie approaches. She takes the offered coffee gratefully.

LOIS

Thanks, Sawyer.

MAGGIE

(dubious)

Taste it first, then thank me, Lane.

Lois sips her coffee. Grimaces in distaste.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

See what I mean.

LOIS

Yeah. But honestly, I was taking about the save.

MAGGIE

(shrugs)

You're not the first reporter I've gotten out a scrap with bad guys.

(grins)

First time in a long time since I had to come to your rescue, though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOIS  
(despondent)  
We didn't save everyone tonight.

They both somberly watch as a couple of O.C.M.E. TECHS wheel out a gurney. On it lies a BODY BAG...

INT. FRONT PARLOR, HOKUS POKUS CURIOSITIES - NIGHT

ON a relieved Daena rushing to embrace Madame Xanadu.

DAENA  
I'm so glad you're okay!

XANADU  
I'm fine, Daena. Nothing a strong cup of tea won't cure.

DAENA  
Of course, of course, I'll get right on that.

XANADU  
Please, then join me in the reading room. I'm going to need your help with something.

DAENA  
(confused)  
What kind of something?

XANADU  
Research.

OFF the gleam of concern in Xanadu's eyes...

EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - NIGHT/DAY

TIME LAPSE: Night gives way to morning. The bright lights of the city are replaced by the blue skies of daytime.

A panicked series of KNOCKS ON A DOOR...

INT. GROUND FLOOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

MRS. JACOBI urgently fiddles with her KEYS. Finally manages to get the Laundry Room door open to reveal a frantic TODD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. JACOBI

T--Todd? But how--? I know I double-checked this place was empty!

Todd takes a few breaths to calm himself.

TODD

(calming down)

It's not your fault, Mrs. J.

MRS. JACOBI

(shakes head)

I-- I must have missed you. I'm so sorry.

TODD

At least I'm not walking out on the streets, huh?

Mrs. Jacobi nods, distracted. Todd notices the bags under her eyes.

TODD (cont'd)

Are you okay?

MRS. JACOBI

(weak smile)

Oh, yes, dear. Just, you're not the only one with sleep issues. I've not slept a wink the last few nights.

TODD

Everything okay?

MRS. JACOBI

(embarrassed)

It's... it's a nightmare, I guess. But it feels so real, like I'm awake, watching it happen.

TODD

Watching what?

MRS. JACOBI

A-- a dark figure, I guess you'd call it. Like a shadow, but not. It's hard to describe, but every time I see it, it chills me to the bone!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. JACOBI (cont'd)  
 (laughs it off)  
 Oh, listen to me, I sound like a  
 silly old woman, don't I?! Maybe I  
 should call someone out to check the  
 A.C.? See if there's not anything in  
 it giving off fumes or something,  
 making us see things!

With a nervous chuckle, she walks off. OFF Todd, looking far  
 more concerned with what he's just heard than he should...

EXT. O.C.M.E. BUILDING, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. MORGUE, O.C.M.E. BUILDING - DAY

ON a BODY BAG, unzipped to reveal the pale face of SIOBHAN.  
 Peaceful in death.

A grizzled attendant, GIL (mid-50s, grumpy, seen too much  
 death, unfazed by it now), makes notes on his clipboard.

GIL  
 Damn, she's a young'un.

He looks over and nods a hello as ANTONY PETRELLI walks in.  
 Sunglasses on, unlit cigarette in mouth.

GIL (cont'd)  
 Morning, Tony.

PETRELLI  
 Hey, Gil. How many we got waiting  
 this morning?

GIL  
 Couple of bodies ready to go. I'll  
 have the first one out once you've  
 had your second coffee of the day.

Petrelli shoots an appreciative look over his sunglasses.  
 Heads back out, in desperate need of his caffeine fix.

Gil makes a final note. Moves away, whistling.

Siobhan's eyes SNAP OPEN. The irises FLASH WHITE.

Gil, unaware, washes his hands in the nearby sink.

A SKELETAL, CLAWED HAND reaches for his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gil shivers. A sudden chill. Looks into the mirror above the sink. Sees the face of SILVER BANSHEE glaring at him with a vehement malevolence.

OFF her EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM...

BLACKOUT:

**END OF ACT THREE**

CONTINUED: (2)

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

INT. MORGUE, O.C.M.E. BUILDING - DAY

ON the shattered remains of the mirror. A fractured image of RALPH DIBNY as he looks into it.

A BODY lays on the floor. A twisted husk of what was GIL. Kneeling beside it is an horrified PETRELLI.

PETRELLI

This is... it's unbelievable,  
Lieutenant.

DIBNY

What happened to him, Tony?

PETRELLI

I can tell what it looks like. It has  
all the hallmarks of desiccation.  
Like all the moisture of his body was  
sucked out.

Petrelli stands. He can't quite wrap his brain around what he's seeing. *Totally out of his element.*

PETRELLI (cont'd)

But it doesn't happen as quickly as  
this did. I mean, I was only out of  
the room a minute before I heard that  
scream.

(shudders)

Made my blood run cold. I couldn't  
move, couldn't think. I just froze.

OFF Petrelli, unable to look away from the remains of his former co-worker...

INT. SECURITY ROOM, O.C.M.E. BUILDING - DAY

ON A MONITOR: A disheveled SIOBHAN, dazed, stumbles out of the morgue doors.

DANNY (O.C.)

Freeze it.

The play-back halts. DANNY and TRAYCE scrutinize it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE

She was dead, Danny. I checked.

DANNY

So did the paramedics. But somehow, she's alive and kicking.

TRAYCE

And killing..? You saw that body. No human could do that.

DANNY

Whatever she is, we gotta find her before she does that to anyone else.

TRAYCE

(nods)

An APB, but with caution not to approach and to let us know. Got it.

DANNY

Best leave out the whole 'dead-but-not-dead-really' part of it, though.

OFF Trayce's 'ya think?' look...

EXT. STREETS, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

SIOBHAN stumbles down the street, hugging the wall for support. Looking around for anything familiar.

TOMMY (O.C.)

Shawnie?

Siobhan freezes. Turns to find TOMMY behind her. Eyes full of hope at the sight of his sister.

SIOBHAN

T-Tommy? Where--? What's going on?  
I-- I'm so confused.

She notices his gaze. Looks down at her BLOODY CLOTHES. Touches it in disbelief.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

What happened to me?

TOMMY

(awestruck)

You've been blessed, Siobhan. Do you not remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches out to touch her--

GARRETT (O.C.)  
Careful, lad.

GARRETT emerges from the shadows.

GARRETT  
We don't know how in control she is.

SIOBHAN  
Da?

ON Siobhan's eyes, as she remembers...

QUICK CUT: Garrett pulls Siobhan onto the athame. Plunges it deep into her stomach.

Siobhan's eyes fill with rage. They GLOW WHITE.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)  
You killed me!

Siobhan begins to CHANGE - her hair whitens, skin paling, as the SILVER BANSHEE emerges. She opens her mouth to scream--

--but Garrett is faster. He pulls out the ATHAME, holds it high.

GARRETT  
Banshee, hold!

Silver Banshee falters. Tries to scream. Can't. Her voice is gone. She struggles vainly.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
Banshee, sleep.

Silver Banshee spasms, FADING BACK into Siobhan, her eyes rolling back as she crumbles into Tommy's waiting embrace.

OFF Garrett's satisfied smile...

XANADU (PRE-LAP)  
This is very bad, Lieutenant.

INT. MORGUE, O.C.M.E. BUILDING - DAY

Dibny stands back as XANADU walks the morgue, hands extended as she 'gets a feel' for the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBNY

That seems to be an understatement, ma'am. Do you have any ideas how we can combat something like this?

XANADU

(sighs)

I'm not sure, honestly. I'm looking into all I can find about the legend of the Silver Banshee. To say she has issues with men would be putting it mildly. But there isn't really any kind of instruction manual for this.

(guilt-ridden)

This is my fault! I should have refused to take part in the spell.

DIBNY

Pointless recriminations won't help. You did what you had to in order to save Ms. Lane.

XANADU

(realizing)

Wait a second...

She turns to Dibny, a smile forming.

DIBNY

What?

XANADU

I think you just gave me an idea on how we might find where she's gone.

OFF Xanadu's sly smile...

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE, OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK - DAY

Tommy gently lays Siobhan down. She stirs slightly, but does not wake. Tommy backs away, joining Garrett as he reads over the old SPELL-BOOK.

TOMMY

I don't understand, Da. I thought the ritual didn't work.

GARRETT

You should have faith in me, son. In what our family has worked towards for so long.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARRETT (cont'd)  
 Siobhan and the Banshee have joined,  
 but they needed time to merge. She  
 can't control that power yet.

He pulls out the ATHAME. It's blade glints in what little  
 light peeks through the boarded-over windows.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
 This blade acts as a talisman, to  
 keep her in-line, until I'm ready.

TOMMY  
 (confused)  
 Ready? Ready for what?

GARRETT  
 To begin my own ascension, Tommy.

OFF the conniving, manic gleam in Garrett's eyes...

EXT. DAILY PLANET, CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

Establishing shot of the venerable building. The ROTATING  
 GLOBE turns at a leisurely pace. One of the many jewels of  
 the skyline of the City of Tomorrow...

INT. LOIS AND CLARK'S OFFICE, DAILY PLANET - DAY

LOIS sits at her desk, scrutinizing the computer monitor.

LOIS  
 (impressed)  
 Your guy came through quickly.

She looks over at TOBY, who is inspecting the long line of  
 JOURNALISM AWARDS on a wall shelf.

TOBY  
 Told you. I don't think there's a  
 computer system around that Todd  
 can't make work for him.

LOIS  
 You know, while you're here, you  
 should go say hello to the Chief.

TOBY  
 (laughs)  
 As much as I admire Perry, I think  
 I'll pass.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

XANADU

A tracking spell. Using you as a focal point.

LOIS

Because Silver Banshee used me as a host way back when?

(shakes head)

Jeez, the holiday from hell that just keeps on giving.

MAGGIE

It's the quickest way to put an end to all this, Lois. But if you don't want to do it..?

LOIS

(sighs)

Nice guilt trip there, Sawyer.

(nods)

Okay, let's do this before I change my mind. Just, no peeking anywhere you don't need to, okay?

XANADU

On my word of honor, Lois.

JUMP CUT TO:

Lois and Xanadu sit facing each other. Xanadu has her hands on either side of Lois's face. Their eyes are closed.

ON LOIS. Her eyes moving furiously behind closed lids--

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- 'Lois' looks into a mirror, the spectral face of Silver Banshee looks back.

- 'Lois' attacking Oliver.

- The Silver Banshee emerges from Lois.

- The ethereal form of the Banshee begins to form.

- Siobhan's eyes snap open, *glowing white*.

- Siobhan transforms into the Silver Banshee--

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

Both Lois and Xanadu GASP. Xanadu pulls her hands away, as both women catch their breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Xanadu turns to look at Maggie and Dibny.

XANADU (cont'd)  
I know where she is.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE, OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK - DAY

ON Siobhan, as she convulses on the floor. Drenched in sweat, writhing in agony. Tommy kneels beside her, trying to offer comfort. Someone CHANTS O.C.

TOMMY  
Da, you're hurting her!

Garrett ignores his son, continuing with his chanting. His forehead is beaded with sweat, face screwed with determined effort. He clutches the ATHAME tightly in his hands. Held out in front as if he was praying.

Siobhan JOLTS, the spirit of the Banshee pulling free from her body--

--as the doors BURST OPEN, revealing Xanadu, her hands aglow with magickal energy, standing alongside Maggie and Trayce, their weapons in hand.

Xanadu stares in dumbfounded shock.

XANADU  
Dear Goddess, what is he thinking?

MAGGIE  
What the hell is going on?

XANADU  
Garrett, stop this insanity!

Garrett eyes SNAP OPEN, filled with manic fervor, his chants reaching their peak--

--as he DRIVES THE ATHAME INTO HIS STOMACH!

TOMMY  
Da! No! What are you doing?!

With a blood-chilling screech of rage, the essence of the Banshee is sucked inside Garrett. The athame acting as a focus, it fills him with it's power.

XANADU  
No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gestures - the athame is RIPPED from Garrett's grip, flying across the room. Landing near Siobhan's now-still form.

Garrett sways, eyes wide and staring ahead, almost trance-like.

Further back, Tommy watches with awe. A SOFT MOAN pulls his attention away - to see Siobhan looking around, confused.

TOMMY  
(stunned)  
Shawnie?

SIOBHAN  
(tired)  
Tommy? What's going on?

She looks around, confused. Sees the large wound on her father's chest. Her eyes widen in horror.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)  
Dear God. What has he done?

The wound SLOWLY HEALS. Vanishes as if it was never there.

Xanadu swallows. Dread in her eyes.

XANADU  
(uh-oh)  
This is so very not good.

Garrett grins with malice as he slowly TRANSFORMS. His skin grays, his hair turns white, as he becomes his own version of the Silver Banshee.

TRAYCE  
Holy sh--!

Garrett opens his mouth and SCREAMS! As WAVES OF SONIC FORCE BURST FORTH, we:

BLACKOUT:

**END OF ACT FOUR**

CONTINUED: (2)

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE, OLD CITY, QUEENSLAND PARK - NIGHT

GARRETT continues to SCREAM. Unwavering. His eyes gleam with the supernatural power he has usurped.

XANADU, quivering with effort, sweating profusely, her nose bleeding, holds a PROTECTIVE BARRIER in place. It's the only thing keeping her, MAGGIE and TRAYCE alive.

The two S.C.U. officers are on their knees. Hands clamped to their heads, desperately trying to block out the Banshee's scream.

SIOBHAN and TOMMY look on. Her with horror, him with awe.

SIOBHAN

Da, stop this! Please!

Her words seem to have an effect - Garrett CONVULSES, his scream petering out into a strangled croak. He stumbles back, shifting back to his normal appearance.

An exhausted Xanadu drops her protective barrier, collapsing to her knees, spent. Trayce and Maggie shake themselves to their senses.

MAGGIE

Xanadu? You good?

XANADU

(panting for breath)

For now. But I don't think I can hold back another one of those cries.

TRAYCE

(noticing)

Uh, Garrett's not looking good, Boss.

They look over to Garrett, to see him shifting fast between his normal visage and the Banshee persona. Once. Twice. A third time. He stumbles, disoriented, sluggish.

MAGGIE

What the hell?

XANADU

We interrupted the ritual, he doesn't have full control of the power.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE

You sure these bullets will do it?

XANADU

I bloody hope so. They're made of silver, blessed by a high priestess and engraved with powerful runes.

With a determined glint in her eye, Maggie takes aim at Garrett - only for Tommy to jump in the way!

TOMMY

Stop! I can get through to him, I know I can!

Siobhan pushes herself forward, facing down her brother.

SIOBHAN

Tommy, listen! This power, it's inside me as well, I can feel it's rage. The fury. It's not meant to be wielded by a man. He can't--

GARRETT

I can do anything! I control it, it is mine to command! Mi--urgh!

Garrett convulses once again, SHIFTING into his Banshee form again briefly. He falls to his knees, head dangling loosely, face hidden. Tommy rushes forward, kneeling in front of his father. Desperate, pleading.

TOMMY

Da, please. You gotta stop this. This power, it's not worth it.

He rests a hand on Garrett's shoulder.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Let's go home, Da. Be a family again.

Garrett slowly raises his head, SHIFTING once again. Pale eyes glare back at Tommy, who recoils in fear from the mad gleam in them. He backs away as Garrett stands tall.

GARRETT

(demonic)

No man controls the Banshee!

He SCREAMS. The sheer focused force of it reduces Tommy to a DESICCATED CORPSE in seconds. The shriveled body collapses to the ground. Twisted and decayed just like Gil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Everyone looks at it on horrified awe. Siobhan looks at the fallen form of her brother. *Uncomprehending.*

                  SIOBHAN

                  (quivering)

          T--Tommy? Noooo!!

Siobhan convulses - transforming into her own BANSHEE FORM. Unleashing her cry on Garrett. Throwing him clear across the room, where he lands in a dazed heap.

Siobhan SHIFTS back to human, amazed at what she just did. Maggie, Trayce and Xanadu look at her in shocked amazement.

                  MAGGIE

          What the hell was that?!

                  XANADU

          She still has some kind of connection to the Banshee spirit.

                  (realizing)

          Oh, of course!

Xanadu runs up to the confused Siobhan, grabbing the fallen ATHAME. Maggie and Trayce keep their weapons aimed at the slowly-recovering Garrett.

                  SIOBHAN

                  (confused)

          Wha-- what's happening to me?

                  XANADU

          Siobhan, I know you're hurting, that you don't understand what's going on, but I need you to listen to me.

Siobhan slowly nods, focusing on the desperate Xanadu, who grips her tightly by the shoulders.

                  XANADU (cont'd)

          Your father didn't just name you after the original Siobhan did he? He believed you were something more?

                  SIOBHAN

                  (nodding)

          He always told me that I was destined to be a bearer of great power, just like she was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

XANADU

That's why he needed your blood for the ritual. You're not just a direct descendant.

(beat)

You're Siobhan reincarnated.

GARRETT (O.C.)

I shall not be denied!

Xanadu keeps focused on Siobhan, ignoring Garrett as he SHIFTS once again into his own Banshee form.

MAGGIE

You have a plan here, Xanadu?

XANADU

Keep him busy for a few more seconds, I'm working on it!

Trayce and Maggie share a dubious look, but don't back away from the approaching Garrett, as he prepares to scream--

MAGGIE

Weapons free!

BANG! BANG! BANG! Their shots hit home, staggering him back with each impact. BLOOD spurts from the strikes in his chest - HEALING seconds later.

TRAYCE

Shit.

GARRETT

(laughs)

You think your weapons can stop me?

MAGGIE

(determined)

Stop? Maybe not? But slow you down for a little bit? Hell yes!

Maggie unloads her gun into him without hesitation. Trayce, wearing a grim smile, follows her lead. Garrett buckles under the assault, grimacing in pain.

Xanadu offers a confused Siobhan the athame. She looks to the sorceress, wanting answers.

XANADU

This athame was blessed with Silver Banshee's blood. But Garrett used it for his own purposes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

XANADU (cont'd)

(beat)

You have an innate connection to her,  
to the power she was cursed with. You  
can stop all this, Siobhan.

SIOBHAN

I-- I don't know if I--

XANADU

(firmly)

I believe in you. You need to do  
this.

Siobhan slowly nods. Takes the athame in hand. The red jewel  
in it's hilt GLOWS.

SIOBHAN

(gasps, stunned)

I-- I can feel her. Calling to me.

XANADU

Then answer her.

Siobhan closes her eyes. The jewel glows *brighter...*

Garrett *convulses*, shifting back to normal, gasping for  
breath. Weakened.

GARRETT

What are you--? No, you can't have  
it, it's mine! It's m--urgh!!

He shudders, body convulsing, arms outspread as the spirit  
of SILVER BANSHEE is pulled from his body. The essence hangs  
in the air like an ethereal vapor.

Siobhan looks to Xanadu, questioning.

SIOBHAN

Now what?

XANADU

Not really sure. I was kind of  
expecting something a little more--  
look out!

Before she can react, Siobhan is overtaken as the essence  
passes through her.

Siobhan stands stock still. Eyes tightly closed. The athame  
falls from her hands. Xanadu studies her with concern.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

His wide eyes rove around. Whatever sanity he had is gone.

GARRETT

(manic)

Ye can't lock me up! I am the Black  
Banshee, I will bring death down on  
all those who stand in my way!

He struggles briefly for a moment, but the two OFFICERS with him quickly get him under control, getting him into the car with the minimum of fuss.

Maggie and Xanadu stand by Maggie's Crown Victoria, watching from a distance.

XANADU

What will you do with him?

MAGGIE

Not sure. For now, he's going to the  
MetGen Secure Ward, but when all's  
said and done, he'll probably end up  
in a nice padded cell at Belle Reve.

XANADU

He dabbled with a power no man was  
ever meant to handle.

MAGGIE

(uncertain)

But a woman can?

She looks over at where Trayce comforts a weeping Siobhan as a pair of O.C.M.E. workers carefully push a gurney into the waiting van.

On it lies a BODY BAG. *Tommy's remains.*

MAGGIE (cont'd)

You really think she's not a danger  
anymore?

XANADU

I don't have all the answers here,  
Captain. But we both saw the same  
thing. I'm confident that she's free  
of the rage that fueled Siobhan  
McDougall's spirit. Whatever power of  
the Silver Banshee is still inside  
her, it will be hers to wield alone.

MAGGIE

Is that possible?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

XANADU

With a little training, and the right teacher, I think so, yes.

She notices Maggie's dubious look. Laughs.

XANADU (cont'd)

I don't mean me. But I have a couple of... well, for ease's sake, lets call them 'acquaintances', who can step into that role for her.

OFF Maggie looking over as Trayce gently walks the tearful Siobhan towards a squad car...

EXT. MAGGIE AND TOBY'S HOUSE, OAKTOWN, BAKERLINE - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the lovely house. Typical American suburbia. Not too ostentatious, just missing the white picket fence...

LOIS (PRE-LAP)

I shouldn't be much longer, honey.

INT. KITCHEN AREA, MAGGIE AND TOBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LOIS talks into her cell phone, as she pours out two glasses of red wine from an open bottle on the kitchen counter.

LOIS

We're just finishing up, then I'll head home.

(beat, smiles)

I'm fine, Smallville, really. It's not the first time someone's gone for a look-see in my brain. Besides, I think we can trust Xanadu. Ted Grant vouched for her, and Carter vouched for Ted. That's enough for me.

(beat)

I love you too, Clark. Be safe.

She hangs up, pockets the cell. Carries the glasses out of the kitchen...

INT. DINING ROOM, MAGGIE AND TOBY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lois joins TOBY at the dining room table, placing a glass down for her. On the table are HAD-COPY PRINTOUTS of what look to be SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

Thanks.

LOIS

Getting anywhere?

Toby takes a long sip of her drink, mulling something over before she answers. Finally, she shakes her head.

TOBY

I have no idea.

Lois studies the photographs for herself. Sighs

LOIS

(confused)

What is Vic trying to tell us?

TOBY

Maybe we should come at this again tomorrow? It's been a long day, and we're both tired.

LOIS

Not to mention hungry, yeah.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Good thing I over-ordered, then.

Toby and Lois turn to see Maggie watching with a tired smile from the hallway. She holds up TAKE-OUT BAGS.

TOBY

(grinning)

Take-out from Dynasty's? You know me too well.

MAGGIE

After a day like today, figured we could use it. You're welcome to stay, Lois, unless you have to get back to that fiance of yours?

LOIS

Never been one to turn away good food, Sawyer. Clark can wait a little longer. Your Banshee case closed?

MAGGIE

As much as one of those kinds of cases can be, yeah.

Approaching the table, Maggie notices what is covering it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
You two teaming up on a story? This  
why you were at the *Planet*, Toby?

TOBY  
Something like that, yeah. Not sure  
what it all means yet, though.

Maggie's attention is focused on one of the photos. Picks it up. Stares at it with serious intent. Toby frowns, watching her carefully.

TOBY (cont'd)  
You okay?

She BALKS at the stony look Maggie gives her.

MAGGIE  
What the hell kind of story are you  
looking into, Toby?

TOBY  
What do you mean?

MAGGIE  
I mean...

She turns the photo around - revealing WHISPER A'DAIRE meeting with someone.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
Why do you have surveillance photos  
of the supposed Head Bitch in Charge  
of Intergang?

OFF Toby and Lois exchanging a nervous look of realization at what Vic has 'left' them...

INT. RICK'S OFFICE, TYLERCO PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

RICK TYLER works away, sorting through papers on his desk.

KNOCK, KNOCK. He looks up to see VINNIE poking his head around the office door. He walks in at Rick's invitation.

RICK  
Vinnie, good to see you.

VINNIE  
Burning the midnight oil, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Yeah, just dotting my Is, crossing my  
Ts, you know how it is.

(beat, uncertain)

So, your call seemed urgent.

VINNIE

I'm sorry to pull you away from Beth  
like this, but I know the pressure  
you're facing from your Board. I  
think I have something that might  
help persuade them to acquiesce to  
the idea of selling 'Miracle-V' at  
cost.

RICK

(intrigued)

What kind of something?

VINNIE

Actually, it's more of a 'someone'.

Rick frowns. He stands as Vinnie opens the office door--

-- to reveal WHISPER, standing in wait, looking as sultry as  
ever. She gracefully walks in, hand extended to Rick as he  
approaches.

WHISPER

Mr. Tyler. A pleasure to meet you.

OFF Rick taking her hand, a charming smile in place, unaware  
of the viper in his midst...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, NEWTOWN, QUEENSLAND PARK - NIGHT

One of the city's low-rent areas, cheap and cheerful, with  
plenty of character. A stylish bodega takes up the ground  
floor, with residential areas above.

TODD (PRE-LAP)

Hey, I came as soon as I could.

Sorry, it's been a mad day at work.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JENN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JENNIFER closes the door as TODD takes off his jacket. She  
shifts uncomfortably, edgy and nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD  
Your call sounded urgent. Everything  
okay, Jenn?

JENNIFER  
Yeah, I'm fine. Sorry, I wanted to  
explain in person, not on voicemail.

TODD  
(confused)  
Explain *what*?

Jennifer looks away. Unable to meet his gaze. Hiding her  
shame.

JENNIFER  
I-- I've been lying to you. About how  
much I know about our parents. About  
where we come from, and about my...  
my powers.

TODD  
I-- I don't understand. Lying how?

JENNIFER  
You were hoping I could give you  
answers about why we're different,  
why we're metahumans. I wanted to  
tell you the truth but he told me not  
to.

TODD  
(angrily)  
Who told you not to?

ALAN (O.C.)  
Me.

Todd JOLTS. Spins around to see ALAN SCOTT emerging from the  
bedroom. Standing tall and proud, casually dressed but still  
dapper and spry.

ALAN  
I told her not to say anything.

He stands at parade rest, his hands clasped in front of him.  
Todd's eyes are drawn to the GREEN RING on his finger.

Todd stumbles back as it hits him who he's looking at.

JENNIFER  
Todd, uh, this is--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TODD

(awed)

Alan Scott. You're Alan Scott.

Alan offers a gentle smile.

OFF FATHER AND SON finally meeting for the first time in who knows how long, we:

BLACKOUT:

**END OF ACT FIVE**

**END OF EPISODE**