

METROPOLIS: SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT

1.01 | "FORMATION"

Written By
Alex M P Matthews

Based on "Smallville", developed for
television by Alfred Gough, and Miles Miller

Based on DC Comics Characters

Executive Producers
Alex Matthews, Chris Davis &
Jack Malone

XaleCorp Productions 2014

CAST

CAPTAIN MAGGIE SAWYER Jill Teed
OFFICER DAN TURPIN David Paetkau
DR. BETH CHAPEL Tembi Locke
WALLY WEST Fran Kranz
DR. KITTY FAULKNER Felicia Day

GUEST CAST

TODD RICE Chris Lowell
MIKE HENDERSON Harry Lennix
TOBY RAINES Kelly Rowan
TINA MCGEE Tina Majorino
WHISPER A'DAIRE Jamie Ray Newman
KYLE ABBOTT David Giuntoli
DANIEL BRICKWELL Richard T. Jones
ERIC MARSH Zachary Ty Bryan
OFFICER GARRETT Noah Danby
TROY WALSH ???
GERALD ???

TEASER

FADE INTO:

1 EXT. DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of our location, as we pan across the horizon, and see the ruined remains of the top floors of METROPOLIS HEIGHTS, the original location of WATCHTOWER. We carry on across the skyline, until we come to rest on one building in particular - LEXCORP. Zoom in towards the building, where through the window, we can see someone standing.

2 INT. LEXCORP BUILDING - LABORATORY

That someone is DR. TINA McGEE (late-20s, petite, brown-haired with big glasses), taking a sip of hot coffee as she looks out onto the night sky, her other hand holding a cell phone to her ear.

TINA

Yes, yes, I am aware of the concentration, and the strange levels, but this is what we're trying to figure out, isn't it? Look, we're scientists, risk and uncertainty are part of the equation, we have to look beyond the simulations and focus on the results.

As she continues talking, she turns away from the window, and moves towards her workstation, putting the coffee down.

TINA (CONT.)

Look, I'll run the simulations again, just to be on the safe side, but I'm telling you, the facts of the matter won't change. Bye for now.

She hangs up, and tosses the cell phone onto the table, before removing her glasses and rubbing the bridge of her nose. Unseen by her, a shadow suddenly flits by the camera. Placing the glasses back on, she goes back to typing at her computer.

GERALD (O.S)
Evening, Dr. McGee.

Tina REACTS, startled, looking up to see the Security Guard, GERALD (mid 40s, African American, avuncular).

(CONTINUED)

TINA

Gerald! Damn, you scared me half to death! I didn't hear the door open.

GERALD

(apologetic)

Sorry, Doctor, just doing the rounds. Didn't realize you were still here. You keeping good?

TINA

You know, the usual, all work and no play.

GERALD

You need to get out of here on time more often, Dr. McGee, a girl as young as you, you should be out meeting people your own age, maybe even a nice man.

TINA

In my experience, most of the men I meet, good and bad, are in and out of my life, quick as a flash. Go on, Gerald, I'll be fine.

Gerald EXITS, leaving Tina to her typing. She goes to take another sip of coffee, only to find her mug empty. She takes the mug over to the lab's coffee station, and pours a fresh cup, smiling, when she hears the door open again.

TINA (CONT.)

Come on, Gerald, I'm fine, I have work to do, you don't need to keep checking up on me.

She turns around, and GASPS in SURPRISE, DROPPING THE MUG, which SHATTERS on the floor.

TINA'S P.O.V.

Gerald squirms helplessly, held firmly in place by a choke hold by a MASKED FIGURE, dressed entirely in BLACK. TWO MORE similarly clad figures stand alongside their comrade.

TINA (CONT.)

(fearful)

Who are you? What do you want?

MASKED MAN #1

The Vault. Where is it?

TINA

What Vault?

(CONTINUED)

The man (MASKED MAN #2) holding Gerald tightens his hold, causing Gerald to wheeze slightly.

MASKED MAN #2
The one with all the kryptonite
in! The meteor rock!

Tina VISIBLY SWALLows, nervously.

TINA
I don't know what you're talking about. We deal with pesticides on this floor, I don't know anything about 'meteor rock'.

One of the other men, the one who spoke first (MASKED MAN #1) steps forward, his body language cocky, relaxed, compared to his agitated comrades.

MASKED MAN #1
Oh, wrong answer.

He moves to where his comrade is holding the squirming Gerald, and grips his face with one hand.

MAN #1
You know how high up we are,
right? Which floor?

GERALD
(terrified)
Y-yes.

MAN #1
Good.

Without so much as a moment of hesitation, the other man simply pulls Gerald forward, out of the tight embrace of the masked man holding him, and then LIFTS GERALD ABOVE HIS HEAD, and without the slightest indication of effort, THROWS HIM THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOW!

Gerald, SCREAMING IN TERROR, falls out of frame as we:

CUT TO:

3 EXT. LEXCORP PLAZA - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

There is a screech of tires as a police patrol car pulls up, and out steps OFFICER DANNY TURPIN (last seen in "Smallville" 8x16 - "Bulletproof"), one hand on his service revolver, the other holding his radio to his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Officer on scene now, dispatch.
How long ago did the silent
alarm-

CRAAAASH!!

Danny ducks and rolls for cover as glass shard fly around him. He spins around, and STARES IN HORROR at the sight now in front of him. GERALD, DEAD, having landed smack on top of his patrol car. On Danny's STUNNED EXPRESSION, we:

CUT TO:

4 INT. LEXCORP BUILDING - LABORATORY

TINA looks down and out of the shattered window in horror, as the man just LAUGHS! SUDDENLY, one of other other men grabs him by the front of his outfit, and PUSHES him into the wall, leaving a SIZABLE IMPACT CRATER.

MAN #2

(angrily)

What the hell are you doing?!
What happened to not drawing
attention to ourselves?!

Tina REACTS - she recognizes that voice! The first masked man pushed the second away, and brushes himself down.

MAN #1

Change of plan, since this bitch
wasn't feeling very cooperative.
Maybe she will know, huh? I mean,
you're the one who told use she
could help us, right?

He strides over and pulls the cowering Tina away from the window, and pushes her towards the second man.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Go on, hot shot, make her talk.
Or she gets her own flying
lesson.

Tina looks up at the man holding her FEARFULLY.

TINA

(shakily)

Eric? Eric Marsh? Is that you?

Under his mask, the second man REACTS, before slowing reaching up and pulling of his balaclava - it is indeed ERIC MARSH (last scene in "Smallville" 2x11 - "Witness"), looking deadly serious.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC.

Yeah, Tina, it's me. I'm sorry.

Tina, her CONFUSION clear on her expression, shakes her head, until the first man suddenly grabs her by the hair and pulls her face towards his.

MAN #1

Now that the little reunion is over, let's get down to business, shall we?

Tina SHOOTS A LOOK at Eric, but he looks down, ASHAMED, and it's clear he can't or won't help her.

We CUT to Tina's eyes and see the terror in them, in FEAR OF HER VERY LIFE, before we:

BLACK OUT:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. LEXCORP PLAZA - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

The PLAZA is now surrounded by dozens of POLICE CARS, a couple of AMBULANCES and one FIRE TRUNK, and various people in UNIFORMS are making their way to and fro around what can only be called a scene of barely controlled CHAOS.

There is a police line in force, as uniformed OFFICERS make sure that the growing numbers of gawkers keep their distance from what is now a CRIME SCENE. A covered body, surrounded by shards of glasses marks the place where poor Gerald has been moved to, next to the dented patrol car. There is a sudden glare of HEADLIGHTS casting into the ambulance as we:

REVERSE ANGLE:

...and watch a car pull up and come to a stop. The driver's side door opens, and out steps a familiar face, CAPTAIN MAGGIE SAWYER (last seen in Smallville 7x16: "Descent"), looking presentable but rather tired as she reaches into her car, and pulls out a still steaming cup of coffee in a travel mug, before slamming the door closed.

She makes her way forward towards the police line, taking a sip of her coffee with one hand and reaching into her jacket pocket with the other, pulling out her POLICE BADGE, and flashing it at the OFFICER standing by the tape. He obligingly lifts it for her and she ducks under and heads into the crime scene.

TOBY (O.S.)
Detective Sawyer! Detective
Sawyer!

Maggie stops and turns at the sound of her name and watches with an amused look on her face as TOBY RAINES (attractive, late 40s, blond hair, smartly dressed) quickly makes her way over to the tape.

The young officer starts to move to block her, but Maggie lays a hand on his shoulder and shakes her head.

MAGGIE
(smiles)
She's okay.

The officer quickly retakes his position as Toby walks right up to the tape, with a notebook and pen already in hand.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY

I see they're already calling in
the big guns, if you're here,
Captain. What can you tell me
about what's going on here?

MAGGIE

As you can see, Ms Raines, I've
only just arrived, so I can't
really answer that question right
now.

As they talk, it becomes clear there is a chemistry
between the two of them, they've done this kind of thing
before, and they both enjoy it.

TOBY

Word is that there was some kind
of robbery, but Luthor's cronies
is trying to keep it under wraps.

MAGGIE

I'm sure that once we've done a
preliminary investigation, we
will of course release all
pertinent information to the
press then.

TOBY

(unimpressed)

Come on, Maggie. Can't you at
least confirm the basics for me?
They called in the S.C.U. so that
must something big went down?

Maggie's smile falters for a moment - she has a hard time
saying "no" to this woman. Finally, she sighs, and shakes
her head.

MAGGIE

I do know that Mr. Luthor himself
was not involved in whatever went
down tonight. Because of the
large amount of government
contracts LexCorp is responsible
for, the S.C.U. has been called
in as protocol.

Toby shoots her a dazzling smile.

TOBY

Can I quote you?

Maggie narrows her eyes at her, but is still smiling.

MAGGIE

Don't push your luck, Toby.

Toby laughs softly at the reply, scribbling on her notepad, before closing it and looking back at Maggie.

TOBY

We still on for Saturday night?

Maggie nods, her smile widening a little.

MAGGIE

I hope so. My place?

TOBY

I'll bring the wine. Now go and catch the bad guys.

With that parting comment, Toby turns on her heel and walks off back into the still-growing crowd of people, as Maggie wistfully watches her leave. She turns around, only to see the young officer shooting her a funny look, and her smile fades as she realizes he heard some of their conversation. Her expression hardens into an angry frown.

MAGGIE

(defensive)

Problem, Officer?

The officer quickly swallows and shakes his head - BUSTED! He quickly looking away, not risking eye contact. With a dark look, Maggie turns and stalks away, as we

CUT TO:

6

INT. LEXCORP BUILDING LOBBY - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

The foyer is a complete disaster area, and Maggie takes a long look around, watching the various crime scene techs working, slowly sipping her coffee as she does.

What should be a standard reception and welcome area is completely TRASHED. THREE BODY BAGS have been moved to one area, out of the way of everything else, but who is in them is not clear at all. Uniformed POLICE OFFICERS mill about, taking statements from several of the dazed looking survivors that have stayed behind to answer questions.

Maggie continues her visual sweep, until she spots what she's been looking for, and head over towards...

REVERSE ANGLE:

...COMMISSIONER MIKE HENDERSON (late 40s, African-American, serious face with a hint of tiredness) taking in the scene for himself, with an experienced eye.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Evening, Mike, gotta say I'm surprised to see you here.

Henderson SMILES GRIMLY.

HENDERSON

An incident involving Metropolis' biggest benefactor? You're damned right I'd be here. A kidnap in our own backyard?!

MAGGIE

(surprised)

Kidnap? That wasn't on the dispatch.

HENDERSON

They took an employee hostage, one Doctor Tina McGee, a chemist working on the 33rd floor. They took out a security detail that responded, and now they're in the wind.

MAGGIE

Any I.D. on the perps?

HENDERSON

They trashed the security office on their way out. The system was completely pulverized but I'm already having it sent over to your forensics.

MAGGIE

How many fatalities?

Henderson frowns, apparently unsure of himself for a moment. Maggie is surprised by the reaction, but waits for him to gather himself.

HENDERSON

We've got five bodies, four from security, and one that's... unknown at the moment. I'll leave that one for the M.E. to explain.

Maggie frowns at the CONFUSED tone in Henderson's voice, wondering what could cause that kind of response from him as we:

CUT TO:

INT. LEXCORP BUILDING - CORRIDOR - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

There is a slight 'ding' as the elevator arrives and opens, and Maggie exits into the corridor. She quickly focuses on one sight in particular.

Pulling on a pair of plastic gloves, she walks straight over to an unidentifiable PERSON, wearing one of those blue one-piece coveralls that cover you from head to toe, complete with a little hood and white booties, as they kneel over something that we see is PARTIALLY COVERED in a plastic sheet, whereas the rest is blocked by the person's body.

On their back reads "OCME" - Office of the Chief Medical Examiner. MAGGIE kneels down, just behind the coverall-garbed individual, and grimaces at the off-camera sight.

MAGGIE

So that's why Henderson was so vague.

The person stands up and steps back, before reaching up and pulling off the hood, and shakes out a full head of LONG CURLY BLACK HAIR - this is DR. BETH CHAPEL (African-American, mid-30s, tall, beautiful, confident), and she's not in a good mood. She snaps off her gloves with a degree of frustration. Maggie looks up, frowning.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(concerned)

You all right, Beth?

Beth sighs, and manages a small warm smile at the concern in Maggie's eyes - these two have worked together before, they're FRIENDS.

BETH

You know how it is, Maggie. You think you've seen it all before, but then something comes along and reminds you just how bizarre life can be.

We shift focus to see just what it is they're talking about - a young man, HISPANIC, and VERY DEAD, skin PALE and WHITE, with noticeable GREEN VEINS STRETCHED AND TAUGHT THROUGH THE SKIN.

BLOOD TRAILS can be seen coming from his ears, nose and eyes. He is also dressed in the same black on black outfit the attackers earlier were wearing.

MAGGIE

(understanding)

Tell me about it. What makes this one so unusual?

(CONTINUED)

BETH

My first guess would be a massive stroke or aneurysm, but I won't know for sure until I get him on my table.

MAGGIE

He's not dressed like LexCorp security, and judging from his fashion sense, my guess would be he was in on the kidnap.

Beth casually pulls the plastic sheet over the body fully, and they step away, allowing of the CORONER'S ASSISTANTS to start moving and bagging the corpse, and move the body to A WAITING GURNEY.

BETH

I'll print him and get a ten-card done as soon as I get back to the morgue. If they've taken some poor girl hostage, the quicker we ID him and find his friends, the better for that poor girl they've taken.

Maggie nods in agreement, as they both turn to the sound of the elevator dinging again, opening to allow Henderson in, his gaze fixed on Maggie. She knows that look.

MAGGIE

(to Beth)

Call me as soon as you have anything.

Maggie walks towards Henderson as Beth signals one of her assistants to give her a hand, and they start wheeling out the gurney.

HENDERSON

I don't have to impress on you the importance of this case, do I, Maggie?

MAGGIE

An attack on the heart of LexCorp, while the man himself is out of town? Yeah, Mike, I get how important corporate donations are to the Mayor. But right now, I'm more concerned with a missing scientist than playing politics.

Henderson doesn't particularly care for the comment, but Maggie sticks to her guns and stares him down. He crosses his arms defensively.

HENDERSON

Look, Maggie, we've been through
a lot together, but you've never
learned to play the political
side of the game.

MAGGIE

What's that supposed to mean?

HENDERSON

You know Mayor Berkowitz feels
the department isn't as necessary
as we do. Bring that girl home,
not just for HER sake, but for
the department's, okay?

Maggie can't help be DUBIOUS at the suggestion.

MAGGIE

And if I can't..?

Henderson's expression grows grim.

HENDERSON

Then, the S.C.U. will be as good
as dead.

Of Maggie's look of WORRY, we:

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8 EXT. OCME BUILDING, METROPOLIS, MORNING.

Establishing shot of the building, as people come and go through the entrance.

CUT TO:

9 INT. MORGUE, OCME BUILDING, METROPOLIS, MORNING.

It's the usual sterile laboratory area, with several 'slabs' in use, bodies covered in semi-transparent plastic sheets. A few in black body bags still remain unattended - it's been a busy night in Metropolis.

BETH CHAPEL stands by one of the tables, her 'patient' covered, as she writes on a sheet of paper held by a metal clipboard - it's been a long shift for her, and she's visibly tired, not even making an attempt to hide a long yawn that escapes her.

Behind her, the double doors to the morgue open as someone comes through, back to us - it's MAGGIE. She bears two large disposable coffee cups, both steaming hot, the sight of which makes Beth smile.

BETH

You know me too well.

MAGGIE

Figured after the shift you just pulled, you deserved the good stuff, not the crap from the vending machine. Besides, I always hate coming to see you empty handed after a night like last night.

Beth eagerly takes the coffee maggie offers her, and blows on it for a second, before taking a quick sip, then releases a contented sigh.

BETH

Just what I needed, thank you.

MAGGIE

No problem. You got anything useful to tell me?

Beth turns away and heads over to a particular table, one where the body underneath the plastic is visible, allowing us to see it's the VICTIM from before.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

(playful)

That depends on your definition
of useful.

MAGGIE

(amused)

Just give me the essentials,
that's all I need for now.

Beth trades her current clipboard for another that lays on top of the plastic sheet, and reads over it for a moment.

BETH

Well, my examination pretty much confirmed cause of death to be a massive aneurysm, cause unknown. I sent blood, recovered trace evidence, and everything else to the Metro Central forensic labs last night. Who knows, you might have something when you head over there?

Maggie grimaces, which Beth spots, and grins. Maggie quickly cuts her off from saying anything.

MAGGIE

Not one word from you. What about fingerprints, you send them too?

Beth's smile quickly disappears as she shakes her head, and puts her clipboard back down.

BETH

If I had any to print, I would have.

Maggie REACTS, surprised.

MAGGIE

No fingerprints? How? Were they burned off?

Beth REACHED UNDER the plastic, and pulls up an ARM, before turning the PALM upwards, gesturing at it with her pen.

BETH

Ectodermal dysplasia, it's a general term for certain types of genetic skin conditions, that in this case, means no fingerprints.

Off Maggie's disbelieving expression, we;

CUT TO:

10 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - DAY

Establishing shot of the building, Metropolis' equivalent to One Police Plaza in New York, with dozens of patrol cars parked in the lot, and various uniforms officers milling about, coming and going, with the occasional civilian or plain-clothed detective ambling past as well.

11 INT. METRO CENTRAL - CORRIDOR - DAY.

MAGGIE walks down the corridor, taking a final sip of her coffee, and throwing the empty cup in the closest trash can. Her expression focused, exchanging nods with other officers that walk past her, as she slows, coming to a stop by a door, that reads "SCU Forensics".

She turns the handle and opens the door - and is immediately assaulted by the LOUD strains of Britney Spears "Toxic" at top volume, mid verse, previously inaudible through the door. She closes the door almost instantly, WINCING, before taking a breath, steeling herself, and opening it again before walking in.

12 INT. METRO CENTRAL - FORENSICS LAB - DAY.

"Toxic" continues to blare out of several well-placed and large speakers, set amongst the various pieces of equipment dotted about the room itself. The ROOM itself though, look run down and under-funded - it doesn't have as much equipment as it looks like it should.

The first thing Maggie sees when she finally steps in is a lithe young red-headed man DANCING away in a rather crazy fashion, his back to her.

His dancing would win NO AWARDS, and Maggie can't help but break into a smile at his display, watching for only a second though. She quickly spots the stereo, and walks over briskly and hits the OFF switch, filling the room with BLESSED SILENCE, adopting a more serious expression as she does.

Abruptly caught out, the man spins around, surprised by the sudden lack of music and annoyed to have his solace disturbed - this is WALLY WEST (late 20s, a little mad-looking, cocky and brilliant).

WALLY
(miffed)
Hey! Who the hell is...?

Looking around, he soon sees Maggie by the stereo, and his annoyance gives away to embarrassment, and his angry words trail off.

(CONTINUED)

WALLY (CONT.)

(sheepish)

Oh, hi, Captain Sawyer. Was the music a little too loud?

MAGGIE

Just a little, Wally.

WALLY

Ah, sorry about that, it helps me think.

MAGGIE

The dancing help as well?

Wally, caught out, quickly turns to the ARRAY OF COMPUTER SCREENS behind him, and pulls out a stool to sit on.

WALLY

I'm guessing you're here for the trace results that Dr. Chapel sent me?

MAGGIE

Among other things, yeah.

Wally, TYPING at incredible speeds, pulls up several different screens of information on each monitor, eyes darting from each display after barely glancing at them.

WALLY

Well, if I actually had the resources you promised me when you recruited me from the Central City police department, I probably would have those trace results done for you by now. As it happens, though, I'm still waiting on this antiquated junk to get me back results that make sense.

MAGGIE

(sighs)

I know, I know, I'm working on it, believe me. So, you've got nothing for me?

WALLY

(cheekily)

I didn't say that, did I? Just because I'm working with equipment that hasn't been updated in the last decade doesn't mean I'm not good at my job.

Tapping at his keyboard, one of the screens displays a new window, stating "PRINTING", and he reaches over to a nearby printer as it spits out a couple of sheets of paper, containing several diagrams of charts and results.

He hands them to Maggie, who looks them over blankly for a second, before looking at Wally, confused.

WALLY (cont'd)

I ran the DNA of our dead bad guy
with no fingerprints through
CODIS, no luck there so far
though.

MAGGIE

(sighs)

Just means he's never been caught
before. Do we have anything
useful to report?

WALLY

I've been sent over the digital
footage from the LexCorp's
security system, but it's pretty
degraded, from physical damage to
the hard drives.

He turns back to the screens, and begins typing at the keyboard.

WALLY (CONT.)

I'm running it through a recovery
program, I might be able to put
together a few seconds worth of
images.

MAGGIE

Which, if we can catch a break,
might give us some I.D.s, good
work. Keep me posted.

WALLY

Will do, boss.

Maggie turns to head out, but looks back as Wally, looking over his shoulder, calls out to her.

WALLY (CONT)

Hey, you won't tell anyone about
the dancing, will you?

Off Wally's nervous expression, we:

SMASH CUT TO:

13

EXT. METRO CENTRAL - CAR LOT - DAY

Maggie exit's the building, and quickly fishes through her jacket pockets for something, before pulling out a very screwed up PACK OF CIGARETTES. She contemplates the pack for a few seconds.

GARRETT (O.S)
(derisive)
Hey, Danny Boy!

DANNY (O.S)
Not now, Garrett.

OVERHEARING the exchange, Maggie's attention turns away from her cigarettes, and looking out into the CAR LOT and sees:

REVERSE ANGLE, MAGGIE'S P.O.V.

DANNY TURPIN, closing the door on his vehicle, and walking away from it, as three other OFFICERS, cut in front of him, cornering him. One of them, GARRETT (tall, butch, shaved head, your regular 'tough guy'), steps forward.

GARRETT
Yes, now, Danny Boy. I hear you took the Detective's exam, huh?
You really think a turncoat like YOU will get promoted?

Danny's expression hardens - he's not in the mood for this shit today.

DANNY
You really think I care what an ass like you thinks of me?

GARRETT
Don't push me, Turpin!

DANNY
(angrily)
Why? What you gonna do, Garrett?

GARRETT
I'm just gonna do what should have been done after you gave testimony that sent good cops to jail.

He suddenly reaches out, and GRABS hold of Danny's police shield, and pulls - HARD.

SHHHRRRIIPP

(CONTINUED)

The badge, and a small amount of fabric from Danny's jacket, TEAR LOOSE, and Garrett holds it in front of Danny's face, before dropping it to the floor.

We go CLOSE UP as it falls into a dirty puddle of water with a WET

SPLASH.

Danny's jaw hardens in anger as Garrett gives him a cocky smirk, his comrades behind laughing at his actions.

GARRETT (CONT)
What you gonna do, Danny Boy?

CLOSE UP on Danny, as he smiles slowly, before we see his fist clench TIGHT.

THWACK!!

Danny throws the first punch, and pretty soon, the two men are grabbing, wrestling, throwing a variety of punches and blows at each other, getting angrier and more fierce with each impact. The two other officers present, move back, giving them space, and simply watch.

Maggie BOLTS from her position and runs towards the fight.

MAGGIE
Hey, hey, break it up, break it up, right now!

She finally manages to push them away from each other, interposing herself in between, bringing the scuffle to an end.

Danny's nose is BLEEDING, and Garrett is sporting a BUSTED LIP, and a bruise forming from Danny's first punch.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
What the hell do you two think you're playing at?! Turpin, my office, now!

Danny, STARING DAGGERS at Garrett, storms away from the scene, heading back into the Metro Central building. Garrett watches him go, and snorts in amusement.

GARRETT
Loser. Thanks, Captain, but we could have handled-

SLAM!!

Garrett is suddenly FACE DOWN on the hood of Danny's patrol vehicle, his face twisted IN PAIN, and it's MAGGIE that's holding him there, one arm locked behind his back, and PUSHED UPWARDS painfully.

She leans down close, practically breathing down his neck.

MAGGIE

If I EVER see you disrespecting
the badge like that again, I will
make sure you never work in ANY
police department in this state
or the next one for the rest of
your life, understood?

GARRETT

But, he's a narc!

Maggie pushes and twists his arm a little more, and he grunts in pain.

MAGGIE

Understood?!

GARRETT

(in pain)

Yes! Yes, ma'am!

Maggie grabs him by the collar, and pulls him up, before pushing him away and into his two friends, who look at Maggie in SHOCK and WORRY.

MAGGIE

All of you, take a hike, get out
of my sight, before I decided to
report you all to your sergeant,
got it? Go!

The three men don't need telling again, and they quickly TAKE OFF and head as far away from Maggie as they can get. She watches them go, an angry expression on her face, before looking down at something on the ground.

MAGGIE'S P.O.V.:

It's Danny's SHIELD, still in the puddle it fell, dirty and scuffed.

CUT TO:

14

INT. METRO CENTRAL - S.C.U. BULLPEN - DAY

This is the heart of the S.C.U., and it looks like pretty much every police bullpen seen before it, with desks, noticeboards, and chairs set out in an orderly fashion, as plain clothes detectives mill about.

DANNY stands in the middle of the small space, gingerly touching his nose, some tissues held to his nostrils, as the door opens, and in walks TODD RICE (late 20s, handsome in a nerdy kind of way, laid-back and friendly), with an ICE-PACK in one hand, and a BOX OF TISSUES in the other.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

So, is Maggie picking up strays
now?

Danny shrugs, which, given where his hands are, doesn't really work. He allows Todd to guide him to a chair, and then takes the proffered ice-pack.

DANNY

Thanks.

TODD

Yeah, well, I don't think the cleaning staff would have appreciated you dripping blood all over the floor, so I did them a favor. What happened to you?

Danny breaks eye contact, looks away, not really wanting to talk about it. The main entrance to the bullpen opens to admit Maggie as he replies.

DANNY

I lost my temper, picked a fight
I shouldn't have.

Maggie, hearing that last part, as she walks in, SCOFFS.

MAGGIE

Damn right you shouldn't, Officer Turpin.

She heads straight into her office, Danny following behind her.

15

INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE - METRO CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

She walks into her office, a cluttered affair with a rather messy desk, with one chair behind, and another two in front, and a large window with a view of Metropolis downtown visible through it.

She moves behind her desk and takes her seat, opposite Danny, as Todd enters and up a couple of manila folders from the desk and waves them at her.

TODD

Don't forget to go over the final budget requests before I have to submit them before the close of office hours today. Also, your ex-husband called again, not happy either, so you might want to actually return his calls?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE
Yeah, yeah, I will, I will.

After taking the folder, she spots the ice-pack and tissues, and looks up at Todd, amused.

MAGGIE (CONT)
You playing "Doctor" again?

TODD
Someone had to, he was staining
the carpet.

With a grin, Todd walks out of the office, closing the door behind him, leaving Danny and Maggie to stare at each other in silence for a moment, before once again, Danny breaks eye contact first. He looks down, Maggie pursing her lips in response.

MAGGIE
Do you have anything to say for
yourself for what I just
witnessed?

Danny looks up and LOCKS EYES with Maggie, and his are filled with anger and determination.

DANNY
With respect, ma'am, we both know
you know who I am, so I'm not
going to apologize for anything.
People can disrespect me all they
want for what I did back at the
44th Precinct, but they should
NOT disrespect the badge.

Maggie remains silent and still as Danny says his piece, and lets him stew for a couple of seconds after he finishes, until breaking into a grin.

MAGGIE
My thoughts exactly, Mr. Turpin.

She then places his BADGE onto the middle of her desk, and pushes it towards him.

MAGGIE (CONT)
Just wanted to make sure we were
on the same page there.

DANNY
(surprised)
Excuse me?

MAGGIE
That jerk deserved the pounding
you were laying on him. I'd lay
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE (cont'd)
odds, if I hadn't butted in,
you'd had him on the floor within
a minute or so.

Danny's surprise gives way a small smile.

DANNY
Yes, ma'am.

MAGGIE
Please, drop the ma'am, makes me
feel old! When we're inside, call
me Maggie, and when we head out
into the field together, either
Captain or Detective Sawyer will
do.

DANNY
Understood.

He then REALIZES what Maggie just said.

DANNY (CONT.)
Wait, 'together'?

MAGGIE
I put a call into your Sergeant
last night, I'm temporarily
reassigning you to my command.

DANNY
Why me?

MAGGIE
You were the first police
responder to the scene of last
night's incident at the LexCorp
building, and have a good working
knowledge of what happened. Plus,
you've got guts and
determination, and I need that to
work in my favor if we're going
to find Tina McGee.

DANNY
Have no demands or ransom been
issued?

MAGGIE
None so far, and I'm not so sure
we will.

DANNY
You think there is more to this
than just a simple kidnap,
though?

MAGGIE

They broke into LexCorp, just to kidnap a chemist? Seems a bit of a stretch to extort Luthor that why. We figure what they really wanted, we might get a handle on this.

DANNY

With the S.C.U. involved, should we be expecting this to be a meta-case?

MAGGIE

The S.C.U.'s purview was to handle any and all cases that look a little out of the ordinary. It's better to go in believing anything is possible - I learned that the hard way.

DANNY

(unsure)

If you say so, boss.

Off Maggie's small SMILE at the term, they both turn when the DOOR OPENS to admit Todd again.

TODD

Sorry to interrupt, but I've one very excited red-head on the line, says he needs to see you in his lab right away.

Off the all-seriousness expressions of Maggie and Danny, we:

CUT TO:

16

INT. FORENSICS LAB - METRO CENTRAL - DAY

Back in the lab, Wally, still seated on his wheeled stool, is ZIPPING from computer screen to computer screen, occasionally pushing off to tap at one piece of equipment or another, like the centrifuge, or the electron microscope, before heading back to the computer screens, almost GIGGLING with EXCITEMENT.

It is to this display that both Maggie and Danny walk in.

MAGGIE

You got something for me on the LexCorp case?

(CONTINUED)

WALLY

Indeed I do!! In fact, I have
several "somethings" for you.

His stool now in one place, Wally continues to SPIN around on it as he talks, as he reflects on what he just said.

WALLY (CONT.)

Is that right? Several 'things',
instead of 'somethings'?

Maggie, loosing patience already, reaches out and physically STOPS Wally from his spinning.

MAGGIE

Wally, focus, please. Results?

WALLY

Whoa, dizzy now. Right, results!

He reaches out to the printer and pulls a large wad of printed sheets from it, and waves them at Maggie.

WALLY (CONT)

I went over the blood work from the unidentified dead guy, and found something really funky in his blood! Some kind of unidentifiable compound!

MAGGIE

That's it? That's all?

WALLY

(miffed)

No! There's more, but I thought I'd start with the fun part first.

DANNY

Fun?

Wally LOOKS OVER at Danny, finally registering he's there.

WALLY

(confused)

Who are you?!

DANNY

Dan Turpin.

WALLY

Oh. Hi! I'm Wally West, the SCU's resident forensics whiz.

MAGGIE

Now that the introductions are out of the way? What else did you find?

WALLY

Well, I, uh, 'unofficially' cross referenced the details Dr. Chapel gave me with certain records that I just happen to stumble across on the internet.

MAGGIE

The point, please, Wally. Today.

WALLY

I'm getting there! Anyway, I think I have an I.D. on your 'no-fingerprints' guy.

He turns back to his computers, and taps a control on the keyboard, filling a screen with the MUG-SHOT and personal data of the dead man.

WALLY (CONT)

Meet Mario Gonzales. We had a locked juvenile criminal record for him, which explains why he's not in CODIS since Metropolis still only takes DNA samples from adults.

DANNY

Well, it looks like he was pulled back into the life, and it killed him.

As the three of them ponder that fact, we:

BLACK OUT:

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

17 EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot to reaffirm we haven't left the building, be we:

CUT TO:

18 INT. METRO CENTRAL - FORENSICS LAB - DAY

DANNY is working on the main computer station, looking at various displays on the different monitors, typing away at a reasonable pace, but stopping every so often, and looking over at WALLY with FRUSTRATION.

Wally, though, is clueless to the looks he is getting, as he mumbles Beyonce's "Single Ladies" under his breath, but loud enough to be made out, and to know he CAN'T SING, as he works a sample out from the centrifuge, and drips some of it on a test slide, before placing that in another device.

Danny tries to focus on his typing, but when Wally hit's a particularly off-key note at a rather high volume, Danny CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE!

DANNY

Do you have to do that while I'm working?

WALLY

Do what? Sing?

DANNY

I've heard singing, and that ain't it.

WALLY

Everyone's a critic! My lab, dude, my rules, simple as.

Danny, EXASPERATED, turns back to the monitors, one of them displaying a status bar, which reads "51% COMPLETE", before letting out an angry sigh.

WALLY (CONT.)

Security footage still rendering?
I told you, it was badly
degraded, and these old babies
don't have the processing power
to do this kind of thing fast.

BEEP!!

(CONTINUED)

Wally and Danny look up, as another machine in the room, the one Wally fed a test slide into earlier, sounds its alarm, and the printer linked to it spits out a sheet of paper. Wally hops over and pulls out the paper, and reads it, EYES WIDE.

WALLY

Whoa! Look at the spikes on this!

As Wally's eyes continue to BOGGLE at the results, in walks, Maggie, and Danny takes one look at her SERIOUS mien and GRIMACES. Wally however, is OBLIVIOUS.

WALLY (CONT)

Just in time for the grand finale!

MAGGIE

Good, I could use some good news today for once.

DANNY

You're meeting at LexCorp didn't go so well?

Maggie starts PACING as she talks, her tone BEYOND annoyed.

MAGGIE

They may have changed the damn name of the company, and talked about 're-branding' and making the company more 'friendly and accessible', but their damn PR department is still as obstinate as ever! I even called ahead and gave them a good hour to deal with my request, but it was like getting blood from a god-damned stone!

Wally, BOUNCING on the balls of his feet in the background, wanting to be the focus of attention again, waves his paper printout.

WALLY

Hello, genius at work here, remember?

MAGGIE

What have you got?

WALLY

It's the chemical breakdown of that compound I isolated from the funky blood work from the bad guy.

DANNY

And?

WALLY

Can I just preface this by reminding you once again, I AM a genius, and very, very good at my job.

Maggie stops her pacing, and simply fixes her VERY ANNOYED gaze on the red-head, who swallows nervously.

WALLY (CONT.)

Basically, it's your standard mix of cutting agents, but the major contributor of the compound is our old friend, benzoylmethylecgonine.

DANNY

Cocaine? Wait, the compound is some kind of drug?

MAGGIE

Come on, Wally, spill, no way cocaine would stump you.

WALLY

(sighs)

The mass-spec had some trouble with the other major ingredient, it can't seem to identify it. It just down-right refused.

Maggie FROWNS, and fishes through her pockets for something, and pulls out a USB DATA DRIVE.

MAGGIE

Maybe our friendly LexCorp spokesperson actually did help after all.

She under-arm throws the data drive at Wally, who clumsily catches it, a little confused.

MAGGIE (CONT.)

Compare your mystery results with the chemical analysis on the drive.

As Wally turns to his computers, edging Danny out of the way rather unsubtly, he backs up and turns to Maggie, INQUISITIVE and IMPRESSED.

DANNY

I thought you didn't get anything from them.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

I said it was difficult, not that I came away empty-handed. I've taken on Lex Luthor before, it takes a little more than a jumped up secretary to stop me from getting what I need for a case. Besides, it WAS their building that was targeted.

Wally suddenly WHISTLES!

WALLY

Now this is interesting!

Danny and Maggie look over and approach, as Wally continues to work on the keyboard.

P.O.V: MONITOR DISPLAYS

Two images are next to each other, one labeled "SCU-UNIDENTIFIED", the other "LC TEST 12897/D", and even to an untrained eye, the peaks and troughs of the line diagrams look very similar.

Wally HITS a couple of KEYS and the two images move across the screen, eventually overlaying each other, and we see they are EXACTLY THE SAME!

BETH (PRE-LAP)

It's used to be called meteor-rock, but when a certain superhero started showing up, it became known as Kryptonite.

CUT TO:

19

INT. OCME BUILDING - BETH'S OFFICE - DAY

It's about as big as Maggie's, but given the fact that many of the walls are covered in FILING CABINETS, it looks TINY, with only a few personal touches about it's owner, including several diplomas and a couple of photos of family.

BETH, fishing through several different drawers of one particular cabinet, pulls out several manila folders, and drops them onto a large pile of identical folders on her messy desk, a half eaten apple laying precariously next to them.

DANNY

Kryptonite? You mean the stuff that supposed to be the remains of HIS home planet?

(CONTINUED)

BETH

Wally sent me over the chemical breakdown, and I knew it looked familiar, so I went back over some of my recent cases that were apparent overdoses. There's been this new designer street-drug doing the rounds, especially down in Suicide Slums, called 'starlight', which knowing what we do know, seems apt.

MAGGIE

How so?

BETH

This drug is regular street-level cocaine mixed with refined Kryptonite.

DANNY

Wait, so people are getting high snorting coke mixed with space rock?

BETH

Exactly. You're both familiar with the two meteor showers in Smallville, right?

MAGGIE

Not so much the showers themselves, but the 'meteor freaks' that were the result, yeah.

Beth gives her a disapproving look, before starting to hunt through the piles of paperwork for something.

BETH

I have a friend over at S.T.A.R. Labs, assistant head of Research and Development, who also does some work with the Isis Foundation researching into the 'kryptonite phenomenon'. You might want to ask her opinion as well.

She takes a business card, and scribbles down in pen on the back of it, before handing it to Maggie.

MAGGIE'S POV: We see on the card, written in block capitals, is "DR. KITTY FAULKNER".

FADE TO:

20 EXT. S.T.A.R. LABS MAIN BUILDING - DAY

Establishing shot of the modern looking building, situated in downtown Metropolis, the crumbling remains of the former Watchtower building can be seen, in the high background, as various people, some in lab coats, some not, come and go through the main entrance.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)
Excuse me, Dr. Faulkner?

CUT TO:

21 INT. S.T.A.R. LABS - MAIN LABORATORY - DAY

KITTY FAULKNER (young, early-30s, red-hair, glasses, with a air of permanent friendliness) looks up from the clipboard she's working on, surprised to see Maggie and Danny walking up to her, Maggie holding her detective shield up for KITTY to see.

KITTY
(puzzled, stutters slightly)
Y-yes, Detective, Officer? Can I
h-help you with something?

MAGGIE
Captain Sawyer, Officer Turpin,
Special Crimes Unit. We were
wondering if we could take a few
minutes of your time to talk to
you about your work with the
so-called 'meteor freaks'.

Kitty FROWNS, and crosses her arms, DEFENSIVE, turning from friendly to annoyed in a blink, and her nerves vanish.

KITTY
Actually, we prefer people to use
the term 'meteor-infected'. These
people didn't ask for what
happened to them, they're as much
victims as anyone else can claim
to be.

DANNY
With respect, Doctor, I've spent
a few years cleaning up after
those so-called 'victims', and
seen what they can do.

MAGGIE
The point is, we've been told
you're an authority on the
problems that this meteor
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE (cont'd)
infection can result in. You're highly respected not just as a biochemist, but also as a scientific authority on pretty much everything.

KITTY
(miffed)

Yeah, well, working here, it tends to make you realize that being a specialist wont get you very far, you need to learn a little of everything, since S.T.A.R. doesn't really limit it's scope.

MAGGIE
It must be a challenging career,
Dr. Faulkner.

KITTY
(worriedly)

Challenging, yeah, and busy, actually. I really need to get back to work, so if you don't mind talking and walking, can you tell me why you're here?

KITTY WALKS away, forcing Maggie and Danny to follow her, as she heads TOWARDS A BANK OF COMPUTER MONITORS on the other side of the room.

MAGGIE
You're aware of the new drug going around, called 'starlight'?

Unseen by the two police officers, KITTY visibly REACTS, and frowns again, but tries to play it cool.

KITTY
In passing only, from what I read in the online papers, mostly. It's not something we're looking into at the moment.

DANNY
So you're not aware of the fact that it's actually cocaine mixed with Kryptonite?

KITTY freezes her tracks, before turning around, her expression one of STUNNED AMAZEMENT. She quickly leaves the computer bank behind and walks back up to the officers, CURIOSITY PEAKED.

KITTY

Kryptonite? You mean, meteor rock? No, I wasn't, but that's incredible! Not to mention dangerous, given it's mutagenic properties.

MAGGIE

Maybe you could explain just how this 'infection' works? I've worked a few cases myself involving people affected by the meteors, and I've never noted any kind of pattern to it.

DANNY

Or the fact that so many of those people, they seem to end up going all kinds of crazy.

KITTY

(chuckles, amused)

Is that the technical term, Officer Turpin.

MAGGIE

My partner has a point, Doctor.

Danny BLINKS, SURPRISED at the usage of the word 'partner', as Kitty talks.

KITTY

(sighs)

Unfortunately, yes, it does seem to be in the majority of the cases, but not all, that kind of immense genetic mutation can cause a severe psychological effect, ranging from a change in personality, to a complete psychosis.

MAGGIE

So, these 'starlight' users, if Kryptonite causes physical and psychological mutations, could this drug be doing the same?

KITTY

Theoretically, yes, it's possible. VERY possible, in fact.

Off of Maggie and Danny exchanging a worried look, we:

CUT TO:

22

INT. METRO CENTRAL - FORENSICS LAB - DAY

CLOSE-UP of one of Wally's MONITOR SCREENS, which displays slightly fuzzy image of a corridor, and several indistinct people, with static lines moving through it - the video is paused.

WALLY

So, you're thinking that the guys that attacked LexCorp, they were amped up on this 'starlight' stuff?

We pull back from the monitor to see MAGGIE, WALLY and DANNY are all in the room, Wally on the stool by the monitors, turned to face the police officers, who are leaning on a counter each.

MAGGIE

Everyone knows that back when it was LutherCorp, Lex and his father did a lot of research into meteor rock, and they had large stockpiles of it. Maybe they wanted a fix so bad they decided to cut out the middle men and go after a supply of their own?

WALLY

I suppose that makes sense, yeah, considering how much that stuff plays havoc with your head as well as your body. I mean, LutherCorp practically mined Smallville clean of any extraterrestrial minerals.

MAGGIE

Find out anything else while we were out?

WALLY

I got a call from Dr. Chapel, she said she'd looked back over Mario's body, and found evidence of track marks, definitive heavy drug use.

DANNY

Well, we knew that anyway, right? I mean, we found the drug in his blood.

MAGGIE

Doesn't definitively explain the cause of death, though. Have you watched the video yet?

(CONTINUED)

WALLY

No, I waited for you two to get back and be suitably impressed by my data recovery skills. Plus, I was waiting for my popcorn to get ready.

DANNY

Forget the popcorn, lets see what it shows.

WALLY

Fine, fine!

Wally, turning back to the keyboard, taps a couple of keys, as Danny and Maggie move closer and watch over his shoulders as the video plays. The image clears up a little as it does, and we watch as the 4 people enter the shot, and move down the corridor - 3 men, 1 woman. As the woman moves clearer into shot and we see it's TINA.

MAGGIE

Nice work, Wally, that's pretty clear considering.

WALLY

I aim to please.

The footage continues, and we see ERIC, holding Tina by the arm, turn around, and his face becomes visible to the camera. Wally taps a control, and a brief freeze frame captures his image, and copies and moves the image to a corner of the screen.

DANNY

Now we have an I.D. on Mario, we can run this guy through facial recognition software on any of Mario's known associate. Play the rest, would you.

Wally taps a key, and the video resumes, as one of the other men, the smaller of the two, in apparent discomfort, suddenly clutches at his head, and collapses to the floor,

DANNY (CONT)

He doesn't look so good.

Suddenly, the guy PULLS HIS BALACLAVA OFF, and we clearly see it's MARIO, who silently SCREAMS IN PAIN, blood running from his eyes, nose and ears. He VIOLENTLY COUGHS blood from his mouth, hitting the final member of the masked group in the face.

He CONVULSES VIOLENTLY, before collapsing to the floor, Eric, Tina and the other man stumbling away from him in shock. The final masked man also removes his blood-covered balaclava in horror.

WALLY

Whoa!

DANNY

Wait, what just happened?!

MAGGIE

They weren't expecting that to happen at all, look at that shock. Something clearly went really wrong, maybe because of his using starlight?

WALLY

So what? His brain exploded?

Wally reaches forward and taps at the keyboard again, this time rewinding the video and taking a still of the other man, now identifiable.

MAGGIE

Can you run them both through facial recognition now?

WALLY

Sure, just give me a minute.

Wally TYPES AWAY, as Danny looks back at Maggie.

DANNY

(curious)

But why take the girl, though?

MAGGIE

You thinking something?

DANNY

Was she a convenient hostage, or was she targeted for a reason? Was it part of any kind of plan to steal meteor rock?

WALLY

Got 'em!

He taps a final key as Maggie and Danny look over at him, as two mug shots appear on his screens - one is the other man, whose photo identifies him as "TROY WALSH", the other is a younger-in-appearance, blond, blue-eyed, and angry looking ERIC MARSH.

MAGGIE

(realizing)

Now it starts making sense!

WALLY
Care to explain to the rest of
the class?

We focus on the image of the younger ERIC, before we:

FADE TO:

23 INT. PRIVATE WAREHOUSE - SUICIDE SLUMS - NIGHT

A pair of dirty, bare feet, scratched and bleeding from tiny cuts and scrapes, are the focus of attention, as WE SLOWLY PAN UP and see a figure, wrapped in darkness, but clad in a familiar white lab coat, torn in places, ruffled and wrinkled, and long brown hair, flowing down untidily over their face.

MAGGIE (V.O)
Eric Marsh, he was jailed for assault and armed robbery about a decade ago, did a spell in Stryker's for it, before being released because of overcrowding. He's also an expert chemist, and developed a way to aerosalize meteor rock, which gave people enhanced strength.

DANNY (V.O)
So, you think he came up with starlight?

Suddenly, a shaft of light appears, ILLUMINATING the figure, but we still can't see who it is:

REVERSE ANGLE:

MAGGIE and DANNY, weapons drawn, approach from underneath a raised shutter door, and we can see several police cars behind them, their lights casting into the warehouse as they walk forward. Maggie, spotting the figure moves in quickly, as other uniformed officers moved throughout the warehouse, making sure it's secure.

MAGGIE (V.O)
Either that or someone put him up to it. But you saw what happened to their partner, maybe long-term usage is proving fatal. What if they took Tina to refine the process?

DANNY (V.O)
But what's to say that if they're sampling the product themselves, that they're not going to end up

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANNY (V.O) (cont'd)
face down in their own blood, or
whatever?

MAGGIE

One way or another, we need to
figure out where the hell she
might be.

She kneels, down, and feels for a pulse for a moment. Satisfied, she nods at Danny, who lowers his weapon, and gets on his radio, as Maggie gently lifts the person's head up, and into the light, gently moving the hair from their face, and we see a pair of cracked glasses askew on a pretty face: It's TINA McGEE! On her unconscious, but tear-stained and blood-streaked face, we

BLACK OUT:

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

FADE INTO:

24 EXT. METROPOLIS GENERAL (METGEN) HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the building.

TINA (PRE-LAP)

I don't really remember much of what happened, really, it's all kind of indistinct, like a movie I know I watched, but can't remember much about.

25 INT. TINA'S ROOM - METGEN - NIGHT

TINA, now in a patient gown, is seated in BED, looking a little tidier but still very unsure of herself, as DANNY and MAGGIE wait for her to continue. A lab-coat clad DOCTOR, reading over her vitals, and keeping an eye on the machines nearby, hovers around as well.

TINA (CONT.)

I remember being scared out of my wits after one of the men threw Gerald out the window! I mean, he just lifted him up like he weighed nothing!

MAGGIE

Can you describe the man in charge?

TINA

No, not really, I was too scared to really take anything in once we left the LexCorp building.

MAGGIE

What about this man?

Maggie holds out a printout, which contains the mug-shot of ERIC, and a rap-sheet going down the side. Tina takes a moment, her eyes tearing up, as she NODS.

TINA

(upset)

Yeah, yeah, that's Eric, the other guy.

DANNY

You know him, this Eric Marsh?

(CONTINUED)

TINA

Yeah, back when I went to Metropolis High, I went to this chemistry camp, and I met Eric there. God, we were just kids, maybe 12 or so, but we both got on really well, dated for a while when we got older. I couldn't believe it when he started getting in trouble with the police.

The DOCTOR, seeing her getting distressed, steps forward, all BUSINESS

DOCTOR

I think that's enough for now, detectives, my patient has been through an emotionally and physically exhausting experience, she needs rest.

MAGGIE

We may have further questions later on, Doctor, Ms. McGee, this is still an ongoing investigation, remember.

DOCTOR

Be that as it may, it will have to be at a time when she is feeling stronger. I only allowed this interview because Ms. McGee insisted on talking to you when she saw you.

TINA

Please, those men, they killed Gerald, but Eric, he's not really bad, I know it.

DANNY

We'll get them, Tina, you've helped us more than you may know.

Tina SMILES slightly, charmed by Danny's easy way with people, as the DOCTOR escorts them out.

DOCTOR

She was very fortunate to be found, she was suffering from severe dehydration and exhaustion. There were also signs of some kind of sedative in her

(MORE)

DOCTOR (cont'd)

system. How did you manage to track her down so fast?

MAGGIE

As much as I would like to say it was down to good detective work, we got an anonymous tip. No I.D. on the caller, they used a burner phone, but they lead us straight to the warehouse she'd been left in.

DOCTOR

Well, she is one very lucky young lady. Now, If you'll excuse me, I have rounds to conduct.

The Doctor walks off, leaving them be, as Maggie turns to Danny, smiling.

MAGGIE

(amused)

So, what was the deal with you and 'Tina', huh?

DANNY

Pardon me?

MAGGIE

(teasing)

You were very 'friendly' in that, turning on the charm. Does your wife know you talk to other women like that?

DANNY

She was scared and confused, she didn't need us both being 'bad cop'.

MAGGIE

'Bad Cop'? Hell, I was just being myself.

Maggie's cell-phone begins to ring, a generic ring tone, and she pulls it out and answers it quickly.

MAGGIE (CONT)

Sawyer. What's up, Todd?

27

INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE - METRO CENTRAL - NIGHT (INTER-CUT)

Todd sits at his neat desk, rummaging through a few briefs.

TODD

Maggie, you need to get over to Centennial Park, Dr. Chapel is requesting you.

MAGGIE

Why? What's happened?

TODD

Uniforms got called in when some dog walkers found a body there about an hour or so ago.

Off Maggie's curious frown, we:

CUT TO:

28

EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

The bright lights of street lamps and mobile light stands brought in by the CSI team illuminate the darkness in a secluded part of the Park.

We follow the activities of the various uniformed officers, and white-overall-covered criminalists for a few moments before we focus on a white-sheeted figure on the grass.

A plastic-gloved hand reaches down and yanks off the covering, revealing the figure underneath to be a very dead TROY WALSH - in the EXACT SAME condition as Mario Gonzales was, also still dressed in his black on black outfit.

REVERSE ANGLE:

BETH CHAPEL kneels by the body as MAGGIE SAWYER kneels down next to her, letting out an annoyed breath.

MAGGIE

Yeah, that's our guy alright. How did you know?

BETH

Wally sent me the image captures from the security footage, just in case this very moment came to be. As soon as I realized who I had here, I left a message for you at Central.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Same apparent cause of death as
Mario Gonzales?

BETH

On first blush, that's what it
looks like, yeah. So this is one
of the men from the LexCorp case?

MAGGIE

Yeah, his name was Troy Walsh, a
low level scumbag, a list of
minor offenses, mostly drug
charges and the like. That's
probably how he got hooked up
with Eric Marsh, and
this 'starlight' crap.

BETH rearranges the sheet, revealing an arm, where the shirt has been cut away. We can clearly see the track marks on his pale flesh.

BETH

Speaking of, I took a quick look,
and he's definitely a user, and
since I can't find any obvious
signs of injury to account of the
blood. I'm wondering if the COD
will be the same as Gonzales.

MAGGIE

Based on Eric Marsh's record, we
think 'starlight' might give
users enhanced strength. But it's
addictive and unstable,
eventually kills the user.

BETH

Some kind of result of using too
much starlight too often? I'll
get his blood samples to Wally
straight away, maybe he can match
the levels of the drug in this
guys system to the other?

MAGGIE

That would be a start.

Beth lowers the arm, and covers it up, before both women stand up fully, as Danny walks over.

BETH

I'd say he's been dead less than
2 hours. The CSU team will
confirm it, but this was a
secondary site, a body dump -
there's not enough blood here to
indicate this is where he died.

MAGGIE

Makes sense, he's a wanted man,
he wouldn't be out and about
enjoying a stroll in the park.

DANNY

I've got Wally talking to the
CCTV guys to see if we can find
any footage of the body being
dumped, boss. The guy who called
it in didn't see anything,
though, he was out walking his
dog, and literally stumbled
across it while finding somewhere
for man's best friend to do it's
business.

MAGGIE

I hope he cleaned up after it.

DANNY

He did say he saw a van high tail
it out of here, and there is a
parking area nearby.

MAGGIE

Okay, so let's think about this.
Eric Marsh and Troy Walsh just
lost a partner, and are saddled
with Tina as a hostage. Whatever
plan they had for her has
probably gone out the window
while they regroup, probably high
on 'starlight' to try and take
the edge off.

BETH

Would they be? Surely they must
have realized that it would be
the 'starlight' that was causing
the problems?

DANNY

Addicts are addicts, Doc, they
don't think like that, they just
care about their next hit. If
this stuff really is giving them
super strength, that would make
the high even better.

MAGGIE

So, they're in hiding, on the
move, with Tina silent and
cooperative because of whatever
drug they pumped into her system.
But then, Troy has some kind of
reaction and ends up dead.

DANNY

So, what? Eric dumps the body in the nearest dark space, and out of some kind of weird sentimentality, cuts Tina loose, calls 911 with a tip on her location, before getting the hell out of Dodge?

MAGGIE

Could be. Call Wally, have him get that CCTV footage, forget witnesses, tell him to find the van, get as much detail from your witness as you can, so he can narrow his search. If we find the van, we can find Eric Marsh.

She turns to Beth, DETERMINED.

MAGGIE (CONT)

I need you to do a complete blood work up of Troy, and contact Kitty Faulker for me. She knows meteor rock better than anyone else, she'll probably see things you might not, no offense.

BETH

None taken, remember I'm the one that recommended her.

She turns her attention back to the body, as Danny steps closer to Maggie, LOWERING HIS VOICE, CONCERNED.

DANNY

Boss, that's the 2nd of 3 men involved in this case to die from a possible side effect of their using. Eric Marsh could be living on borrowed time.

They both look down at the still form of Troy, Beth covering him up fully as we:

CUT TO:

29

EXT. METRO COFFEE STOP - METROPOLIS - MORNING

It's the morning rush for everyone to get their java hit, as the baristas rush about filling orders and taking payments, as everyone goes about their usual business.

One patron, a smartly dressed man in a business suit, is sat at a table, reading a paper, the Daily Star, with a big headlines splashed over the front page "Where Is

(CONTINUED)

Superman?", smiling briefly at the waitress who deposits a steaming cup of coffee on his table, but they both look up and around when there is a very LOUD CRASH!

Everyone turns to see that one of the tables has been knocked to the ground by a fallen individual, who is writhing around on the floor, moaning in pain. One customer, a man dressed in POLICE UNIFORM, approaches, and we see it's GARRETT, the man who harassed Danny earlier.

GARRETT
Sir? What's wrong?

The Officer suddenly reacts, an expression of horror at what he sees.

REVERSE ANGLE:

We see that the fallen man, as he flips into his back, in obvious pain, is ERIC MARSH! But something is very, very WRONG - his veins are bulging out of his skin, with a greenish hue to them, his skin pale and sweaty, hair wet and matted to his face.

ERIC
(barely a whisper)
Please, help me!

The Officer helps him stand, calling out to the nearest barista, his face SERIOUS.

GARRETT
Call 911!

SUDDENLY, a hand closes around his throat, and squeezes, choking him, as we pan across the arm of the hand holding onto this windpipe.

ERIC, his eyes bloodshot, but the veins have taken on the same green hint, his pupils barely pinpricks of black against the green and white of the iris. He GROWLS, like an animal, and with barely any effort, THROWS the Officer across the forecourt of tables.

THWACK!!

The Officer is sent CRASHING INTO a wall, before falling into the nearest table, knocking it to the ground, as Eric DOUBLES OVER in obvious pain, his SKIN and MUSCLES begin to shift and warp, the customers nearest to him moving away in fear.

The GREEN VEINS become more pronounced and obvious and Eric SCREAMS in ANIMAL-LIKE FURY and AGONY, On this horrible sight, we:

SMASH-CUT TO BLACK:

(CONTINUED)

ACT FIVE

30 EXT. METRO COFFEE STOP - METROPOLIS - DAY

The coffee shop is a complete wreck - chairs, tables, glass and other debris litter the outside seating area, and the walls have been smashed in, and we see that inside, hidden in the shadows, occasionally glimpsed through the cracks, SOMETHING BIG moves around, skulking slowly back and forth.

REVERSE ANGLE:

4 police cruisers are parked in a CLOSE FORMATION, doors wide open, each door being leaned over by an officer, with their SERVICE WEAPON AIMED and ready. Behind them, a SWAT van pulls up and another 5 heavily armed and battle-suited combat officers pile out, ready for orders.

Through this throng of ORGANIZED CHAOS stride Maggie, her dark leather jacket replaced by a bullet-proof vest, Danny behind her, similarly protected.

DANNY

Damn, a 'disturbance' they said.

MAGGIE

Yeah, that was definitely an understatement. At least we've confirmed no hostages were taken.

DANNY

SWAT team's in position, we got snipers armed with tranquilizers as per your orders up top.

MAGGIE

Good, this kid may be a thug, but he didn't ask for whatever is happening to him right now.

DANNY

Still, we've got to lure him out of there somehow, otherwise we won't get the shot.

KITTY (O.S)

Captain Sawyer!

Both Maggie and Danny turn, surprised to see KITTY behind the partition that has been used to keep civilians out of the way. She quickly waves her through the cordon, and she HURRIES over, carrying a small black bag.

MAGGIE

Doctor, what are you...?

KITTY

(out of breath)

I have something I think might help you.

She opens the bag, and pulls out a small silver box, which she cautiously opens to reveal a SYRINGE, with a strange YELLOW LIQUID inside it.

KITTY (CONT.)

I've managed to concoct a kind of antidote, something that will neutralize the active meteor rock in Mr. Marsh's blood.

MAGGIE

That was fast.

KITTY

Well, I was motivated, and had already done some preliminary work on it before hand. That blood samples from Mario Gonzales and Troy Walsh, they showed that they were undergoing some kind of mutagenic change, but suffered a severe aneurysm before it could go any further.

DANNY

How does that help us?

KITTY

This serum, if it works, will turn off the meteor rock in his system, rendering him 'normal', for lack of a better term.

DANNY

'If it works'? Not liking the sound of that.

MAGGIE

I'll take any advantage I can get, thanks.

She TAKES the syringe in one hand, and then picks up the LOUD SPEAKER from the car hood in front of her, speaking into it.

MAGGIE (CONT)

Eric! Eric Marsh, my name is Maggie Sawyer, with the Metropolis Special Crimes Unit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE (CONT) (cont'd)
We know about Troy and Mario,
Eric, and we think we know what's
happening to you as well.

She SETS the loudspeaker back down and SUDDENLY BEGINS TO WALK TOWARDS THE COFFEE STOP! All the officers suddenly become a lot more alert as she walks forward.

DANNY
Boss!

MAGGIE
Stand down, Dan. Trust me, all right.

DANNY, against his better judgment, bites his lip, but nods. But he also pulls out his own SERVICE WEAPON, and readies himself, KITTY hovering next to him, nervously chewing her own lip. MAGGIE continues to walk forward, slowly, cautiously, arms raised in a passive open gesture.

MAGGIE (CONT)
Eric? You need help, okay? You need to come out here, no one will hurt you, I promise.

In REPLY, there is a low, almost mournful, moan,

REVERSE ANGLE:

From out of the rubble, a SHAPE steps partially into the light, allowing us to see ERIC, shirtless, disheveled, his body covered in cuts and scrapes, pronounced green veins bulging through his skin, which itself has taken on a soft green hue.

HIS ENTIRE FORM seems to have swelled outwards, looking like a STEROID CASE, but in OBVIOUS PAIN - his body is TEARING ITSELF APART, with rips in the stretched skin.

We see the VARIETY OF REACTIONS from the assembled officers and curious onlookers - horror, disgust, shock, sympathy. We see all those emotions play out of the faces of DANNY and KITTY as well.

DAN
Holy mother of God.

KITTY
Om my lord! It's worse than I could have guessed!

They continue to watch as ERIC slowly shambles out into the open a little more, before crumpling, moaning in pain as Maggie approaches closer. Eric closes his eyes tight against the agony.

ERIC
(slow, stumbles, rough)
It-- it hurts.

Maggie opens up her hand, and shows Eric the syringe she carries.

MAGGIE
I have medicine, Eric, it will take the pain away, make it all better.

CLOSE UP on Eric's eye as it snaps open.

TROY (V.O)
This will make it all better, dude.

We FLASHCUT TO a series of memories of Eric's...

- Troy, grinning widely, insanely, hands him a syringe, filled with GREEN LIQUID, that seems to GLOW.

- Eric injecting it, and the world turning a shade of green as he lays back and feels the rush.

The images are FAST, barely lasting a couple of seconds each, before we cut back to ERIC.

He SEES the syringe in Maggie's hand, and REACTS - he BELLOWS WITH RAGE, and swings a powerful arm, that KNOCKS MAGGIE BACKWARDS, SENDING HER FLYING BACK.

She lands, hard, and tumbles across the pavement as the SYRINGE skitters away from her. She groans in pain, but manages to right herself, desperately looking around for the syringe, as ERIC STEPS FORWARD, ROARING!

ERIC
(furious)
NO!!! NO MORE 'ALL BETTER'!!

He CHARGES TOWARDS Maggie, until

BANG!!

A bloody hole appears on Eric's right shoulder, and he CRIES OUT IN PAIN, turning in SHOCK AND PAIN, his angry eyes searching for:

DANNY, whose weapons is aimed and still smoking from the discharge, his face like stone.

KITTY, grimacing in pain, standing beside him, has her hands clapped to her ears, deafened by the shot.

THINKING FAST, Maggie spots, reaches out and GRABS the syringe, before jumping up and BRINGING IT DOWN HARD BETWEEN Eric's SHOULDER BLADES, and pushing down on the PLUNGER.

The fluid is quickly emptied into Eric's bloodstream, and he JERKS from THE PAIN of the injection, but doesn't cry out. Instead he suddenly straightens up and flings his arms out, Maggie backing away from him as he does.

Close in on HIS EYES as they GLOW GREEN for a moment, before SHIFTING TO GOLD, then back to their natural BLUE. The veins bulging across his face begin to fade, skin and muscle begin to warp, as he collapses out of frame.

Maggie, approaching slowly, looks down, stunned at what she is seeing off camera, before looking up to see KITTY and DANNY both approaching, Danny, his weapon still cautiously aimed at the off-camera ERIC. Danny looks up and gets a small nod from Maggie - 'thanks'.

All three look down together as we pan around as ERIC, as the last vestiges of the pronounced veins slowly disappear from sight, his body BACK TO NORMAL, barely clothed in the tattered remains of jeans. As well pull back from the scene and move into the Metropolis air, we:

FADE TO:

31 EXT. METGEN HOSPITAL - METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building, before we

CUT TO:

32 INT. METGEN HOSPITAL - METROPOLIS - DAY

DANNY is seated in a waiting area, a close up on his face shows his expression is DISTANT and THOUGHTFUL, as a hand gently lays on his shoulder. He starts a little, caught by surprise, turning to see MAGGIE behind him, the other arm in a sling, holding a cup of coffee, looking down at him, before taking the seat next to him.

DANNY

Cheers, boss. Given the all
clear, I see?

MAGGIE

He knocked the wind out of me for
a second, that's all.

She fidgets, and IMMEDIATELY HISSES IN PAIN, and touches her side gingerly.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Yeah, if you say so, boss.

MAGGIE

Just some bruised ribs, nothing I haven't been through before. He wouldn't have got me at all if I had been firing on all cylinders, I'm getting slow in my old age.

She suddenly passes the coffee to him, which he takes,
CAUGHT OFF GUARD.

MAGGIE (CONT.)

Drink it, figured you need it after what happened.

DANNY

(unsure)

What do you mean?

MAGGIE

I recognize the look on your face, I've seen it a few times myself in the mirror. You aren't responsible for Eric Marsh's death, Danny. The damage was already done.

DANNY

(sighs)

If I hadn't shot him, Boss, who knows, he might have been strong enough to pull through.

MAGGIE

You did what you needed to do, Eric Marsh made his own decisions that put him in the morgue. You don't need to feel guilty for anything, hell, you probably saved my life. So, again, thank you.

DANNY

(smiles)

Any time, boss.

Off their growing camaraderie, we:

FADE TO:

33

EXT. METRO CENTRAL - METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

HENDERSON (PRE-LAP)

The media is having a field day
with this one.

CUT TO:

34

INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE - METRO CENTRAL - DAY

Maggie herself is looking out of the window, as Henderson pours two drinks from a small cabinet, before approaching and offering her one, which she accepts. He then sits atop Maggie's desk, eyes fixed on her, who continues to look out onto the Metropolis skyline. Both LexCorp and the Daily Planet's globe are visible. Maggie takes a deep swig of the drink, before turning to face COMMISSIONER HENDERSON.

MAGGIE

Yeah, well, Metropolis is the place lately for the weird and the strange, takes the heat off Gotham for once.

HENDERSON

(sighs)

True enough. However, it seems you've made a few friends in high places.

MAGGIE

What do you mean?

HENDERSON

Berkowitz has been fielding calls from the press, corporate executives, hell, even Lex Luthor of all people!

MAGGIE

So?

HENDERSON

So, it appears that the Special Crimes Unit has earned itself some much needed attention, and as a result, an increase in funding has been approved.

MAGGIE

Something tells me though, it's still going to be our job to deal with the cases that no other

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE (cont'd)
department or precinct wants to
touch?

HENDERSON

Look, Maggie, you need to look at
this as a blessing, not a curse.
You're in charge of the whole
department, remember, you have to
set the standard the rest of the
crew follow. We'll finally be
able to be taken seriously, bring
in more dedicated staff, update
all the lab equipment, thanks to
a very generous donation from
LexCorp.

Maggie scoffs in disgust.

MAGGIE

Oh, I'm sure he won't be
expecting any special favors
because of that in the future!

HENDERSON

You deal with that in due time,
for now, be gracious and think of
what we can do with that money
earmarked for our technical
needs. Also, a Dr. Faulkner from
STAR Labs called, and said she is
willing to come on board as a
scientific adviser, if you want
her? This is everything you
wanted since we set up the Unit,
what can you say to that?

Maggie is IN SHOCK, she takes a final sip of the drink,
before smiling, coyly.

MAGGIE

What's the phrase, Mike? "Be
careful what you wish for", huh?

HENDERSON laughs, before taking another sip of scotch, as
we:

CUT TO:

35

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - BAKERLINE - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Maggie pulls up in her car, and exits, heading up onto the
porch, giving the door a firm knock, before waiting for
someone to answer.

(CONTINUED)

HENDERSON (V.O)

So, any thoughts on what kind of personnel transfers you want to make?

MAGGIE (V.O)

Actually, yeah, but you might not like it.

DANNY answers the door, SURPRISED to say the least.

DANNY

Boss? I mean, Captain Sawyer?

MAGGIE

You can keep calling me Boss at work, but from now on, outside of work, it's Maggie. You heard about the money coming to the S.C.U., I take it?

Danny NODS.

DANNY

Yeah, congratulations, Capt-- sorry, I mean Maggie.

She brings up a box she is holding in one hand, and passes it to Danny, who takes it, confused.

MAGGIE

Actually, I think it's me who should be saying that to you.

Danny opens the box to find a METROPOLIS POLICE SHIELD, very new and very shiny, with the very prominent words 'METROPOLIS' and 'DETECTIVE' embossed on its surface.

Danny looks up at Maggie, SPEECHLESS.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Apparently, you aced the exam. Hell, you even beat my score! See you bright and early tomorrow morning, Detective Turpin.

Maggie walks away, leaving the totally floored Danny in his open doorway, and by the time she is back by her car, she looks around to see SUZIE TURPIN (Last seen in "Smallville" 8x16 - "Bullet-proof") approach her husband.

Maggie watches as Danny, inaudible to the viewer, tells her the good news, and she EXCITEDLY EMBRACES her husband in celebration. With a SMILE, Maggie quickly climbs into her car as we:

FADE TO:

36

EXT. METROPOLIS HEIGHTS (WATCHTOWER) - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the RUINED TOP LEVELS of the building, left to crumble after the explosion that destroyed them 3 or so years ago.

CUT TO:

37

INT. METROPOLIS HEIGHTS (WATCHTOWER) - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

The place is dark and dreary, dirt, dust and puddles of black water cover the floor, as we hear the STOMP of footsteps approaching.

We see a pair of heavy boots walk out a few steps from the darkness, into a shaft of moonlight, before we pan up to reveal DANIEL 'BRICK' BRICKWELL (late 30s, a hulk of a man, African-American, white dreadlocks pulled back in a ponytail), and he is NOT HAPPY.

He is pushed forward by someone behind him, who steps into the light, revealing KYLE ABBOTT (darkly handsome, dark hair, PIERCING BLUE EYES, rough stubble).

BRICKWELL

(sarcastic/angry)

You got a lot of nerve having me
dragged here. Who the hell are
you?!

REVERSE ANGLE:

We see someone lithe and well dressed in a power suit, standing by the smashed ruins of a window, looking out into the night sky, the lights of Metropolis visible, before they turn around.

This is WHISPER A'DAIRE (a stunning RED-HEAD, gorgeous, petite, but all business and ice cold).

WHISPER

Oh, I know exactly who you are,
Mr. Brickwell. Thank you, Kyle,
for bringing him so quickly.

KYLE

My pleasure, Whisper.

Brickwell REACTS to the name, and his anger gives way to TREPIDATION.

BRICKWELL

Whisper? You-- you're Whisper
A'Daire?

(CONTINUED)

Whisper smiles at the recognition, turning and moving towards where Brickwell is standing, moving away from the view of Metropolis.

WHISPER

Always nice when my reputation precedes me. So, I hope you can figure out why I wanted to meet you, Daniel.

BRICKWELL

Yeah, yeah, I've heard of you, and what you did in Central City, and Hub City too. I thought, uh, that you guys had left Metropolis behind.

WHISPER

Our activities here did take a brief hiatus, that's true, but now we've decided that it's time to come back. That's why we need you. You and your organization.

BRICKWELL

I suppose I should be thankful you don't just have me killed.

Whisper, AMUSED, LAUGHS, but it's a COLD, HARSH SOUND.

WHISPER

There is that, yes. You see, I have a new product that needs distributing, you may have heard of it?

Brickwell crosses his arms, UNIMPRESSED.

BRICKWELL

'Starlight'? Yeah, I've heard reports from some of my guys that there was a new player in town, didn't realize it was you. I also heard your guys all ended up dead.

Whisper waves a hand, DISMISSIVE of the fact.

WHISPER

Yes, too much sampling of their own product, it seems, but they weren't needed any more. They took too many unnecessary risks.

She steps up closer, smiling in a seductive manner.

WHISPER (CONT)

Don't worry about the how, but we'll take care of perfecting and testing the product, we just need your contacts in order to get it out onto the street.

BRICKWELL

Do I have a choice here?

WHISPER

(laughs)

What do you think, Daniel?

Brickwell visibly DEFLATES, uncrossing his arms, and nods.

BRICKWELL

I just hope you know what you're in for, Metropolis isn't the same city it used to be.

Whisper simply smiles and seductively runs a finger along his well-defined arm.

WHISPER

Don't worry so much, Daniel.
Intergang always bets on the winning team.

On her cold smile, we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE