

Turpin

4th Draft

Written By

Robert Dodrill

Based on characters from DC COMICS

FADE IN

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY - NIGHT

A jack-in-the-box sits in the middle of an alley. We hear a man, PHILLIP CRANE, approaching. Talking on his phone.

PHILLIP CRANE (O.C.)
I'm heading back now... Yea they're
gonna deal... What? Man, I'm not
worried about that.

From the blurred background the feet approach and stop just behind the Jack-in-the-box.

PHILLIP CRANE (O.C.)
I'll see... Hold on, I'll call you
back.

Phillip reaches down and picks up the box, we follow it up to reveal his face. A curious expression. He looks around the area, then begins to examine the box. After a beat, he scoffs and begins to wind it.

The familiar tune of Pop Goes the Weasel begins to play.

From around the corner someone enters the alley. A slow pace. We only see their legs.

Crane's head tilts a bit in anticipation of the---

A gut wrenching sound of flesh being penetrated. His eyes shoot wide open. He starts to look over his shoulder, but then falls out of view.

The box falls to the ground and tips over just in front of the man. As his breathing slows a pair of feet move in front of him. Whoever they belong to kneels down, their face out of frame.

Crane's POV - the person straightens up the Jack-in-the-Box and finishes the wind to make the final POP.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE

CUT TO

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MORNING

Approaching the scene is Detective DAN TURPIN. He wears a long coat and fedora, and it appears as if he hasn't shaved in a few days. He ducks behind the officer before he finishes the tape.

A crime scene investigator LYLE BEEDLER meets him. Beedler has a tablet in hand that he periodically checks.

LYLE BEEDLER
Ah, Detective Turpin.

DAN TURPIN
Mr. Beedler.

The two walk toward the body.

DAN TURPIN
What do we got?

LYLE BEEDLER
Male, late 30s. Judging by rigor mortis, I place time of death sometime early evening.

DAN TURPIN
ID?

LYLE BEEDLER
Yeah, finger scan matches Phillip Crane. I'll give you one guess who his friends are, er, were.

Turpin reaches the body and stops.

DAN TURPIN
Intergang.

Beedler nods. Turpin looks down at the body, now covered with a sheet that resembles a mini tent. He pulls it back to reveal a large silver turnkey, sticking out of his back. The body mocked up like a cheap toy soldier.

LYLE BEEDLER
Night security found him propped up over there.

Turpin examines the area around the body, he covers it and stands, taking a beat to look around a bit more.

DAN TURPIN
Not a lot of blood around, obviously moved and staged.

LYLE BEEDLER

Like the others.

DAN TURPIN

Third one in two weeks. Same M.O.

Toy soldiers.

(To self)

What's he saying?

Turpin examines the area. There is a lull in the conversation. Beedler seems to be examining Turpin.

LYLE BEEDLER

Sir, are you doing alright? I mean... With the...

Turpin slowly turns to Beedler, giving him a hard stare.

DAN TURPIN

I'm fine. Tell me about the building.

LYLE BEEDLER

Ah... Yes... Uh... Well it's a dry cleaners, but there's something off about it.

Turpin looks to the Security Guard, who is sitting at the steps nearby, visibly shaken.

DAN TURPIN

I'd say, since when does a dry cleaner need night security?

Beedler seems as if he's about to say something when a voice interrupts.

LOIS LANE (O.C.)

Comforting actually. I have a couple dresses I'd hate to see stolen.

Turpin slowly turns toward the familiar voice, LOIS LANE. She holds a pen and notepad.

LOIS LANE

Detective.

DAN TURPIN

Miss Lane, what exactly do you think you're doing here?

LOIS LANE

Well I---

Turpin grabs Lois' arm and starts to escort her back to the line.

LOIS LANE

Hey!

DAN TURPIN

Come on let's go.

LOIS LANE

So did I hear right, that's another Intergang member?

DAN TURPIN

The investigation is ongoing.

LOIS LANE

Oh come on, give me something. It's not every day we have a crazy killer in Metropolis. That's more of a Gotham thing, and I'm kind of on non-speaking terms with the Gazette right now...

They reach the police line. Turpin lets go of her arm.

DAN TURPIN

Alright, here's something. Next time you decide to enter an active crime scene I won't just be escorting you across the line.

Turpin lifts the tape.

LOIS LANE

I'll just...

DAN TURPIN

Yeah.

Lois sheepishly ducks on the other side of the police tape. Turpin starts to walk away.

LOIS LANE

Wait, Detective. Can I just ask one question? Off the record.

Turpin stops, and sighs, but doesn't turn back.

LOIS LANE
You ever hear of Bruno Mannheim?

Turpin's attention is caught. He turns back to Lois.

DAN TURPIN
(Sarcastically)
Yeah... Real stand up guy.
What about him?

LOIS LANE
Well, my ongoing piece on these
Toyman murders---

DAN TURPIN
Toy-man?

Lois shrugs.

LOIS LANE
Seemed appropriate. So, I don't know
if this will help or not, but you
know, I throw you a bone, you throw
me a bone.

DAN TURPIN
The point, Miss Lane. Please.

LOIS LANE
Right, well it seemed the deeper I
dug into all these victims, his
name kept popping up somewhere. And
with all of them Intergang.... well
don't you think that's a little
suspicious?

DAN TURPIN
A sleazy business man attached to a
crime syndicate is nothing new. Dig
deep enough and you can find a man
like that attached to anything
unsavory.

LOIS LANE
So... You're saying you think he
might actually have ties to
Intergang? What about these
murders? Do you think there's
anything that...

Turpin turns and walks away.

LOIS LANE

And of course you're not going to answer...

Turpin smirks and looks over his shoulder as he walks off.

DAN TURPIN

Stay out of trouble Miss Lane.

Turpin rejoins Beedler, who is staring at Lois smiling.

LYLE BEEDLER

Lois Lane, huh?

DAN TURPIN

Unfortunately.

LYLE BEEDLER

I love her work. Though not a good speller I hear.

Beedler looks to Turpin who's just staring at him. Beedler shakes his head, he looks to a tablet in his hand.

LYLE BEEDLER

Right. Sorry, where were we?

DAN TURPIN

Dry cleaners.

LYLE BEEDLER

Ah yes, this is an odd one.

DAN TURPIN

How so?

LYLE BEEDLER

Well, it's owned by a company named Globe Enterprise, right? Which itself is owned by various, holding companies, incorporations, llcs, etc located around the world, which in turn are owned by more companies around the world and so on...

DAN TURPIN

the end, please.

LYLE BEEDLER

Well, it all leads to one last company right back here in Metropolois. Mannheim Holding. Heard of it?

Turpin scoffs.

DAN TURPIN
Of course...

He glances over to Lois.

LYLE BEEDLER
Sir?

DAN TURPIN
I think it's time I approach this
from a different angle. And I know
just who to press to get started.

EXT. STAR LABS - NIGHT

RUDY JONES exits the building, he carries a backpack. When he reaches the bottom of the stairs he spots Turpin waiting.

DAN TURPIN
Hey Rudy. Watcha got there?

Jones smiles, then suddenly takes off running. Turpin gives chase.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT, MOMENTS LATER

Turpin chases Jones down the sidewalk. Jones has a bit of lead but Turpin closes in.

Jones ducks down an alley.

Turpin reaches the alleyway and hugs the wall he cautiously looks around the corner.

Jones is waiting, he swings his heavy backpack at Turpin but Turpin ducks it and it slams into the brick wall. Things inside break. Jones' eyes widen.

RUDY JONES
Ah crap...

Turpin grabs Jones and pushes him back forcefully. Jones crashes through some boxes and garbage cans.

As Turpin stalks forward Jones quickly tries to react with a right, but Turpin dodges it, Muhammad Ali style, and counters with a back hand, straight to the nose.

Jones screams in pain. He starts to fall to his knees but Turpin grabs him and slams him up against the wall.

RUDY JONES

Hey, come on man....

DAN TURPIN

What are you running for Jones?

Huh? I thought we were pals?

RUDY JONES

I don't know man... I just...

DAN TURPIN

Yeah yeah... I Went by your apartment you weren't there, real rat hole by the way. Figured you might be working late.

RUDY JONES

I think you broke my nose man...

DAN TURPIN

Good...

Turpin forcefully lets Jones go. He walks over and grabs the backpack and opens it.

DAN TURPIN

What have we got here?

RUDY JONES

Wait... Uh...

DAN TURPIN

Pretty high tech for a janitor.

RUDY JONES

I was just borrowing it.

DAN TURPIN

Yeah sure, and I'm the Batman. Don't think your P.O. would be too happy to hear you're stealing. Let me guess job not paying enough for your old habits?

RUDY JONES

Nah, it's not like that, I swear!

DAN TURPIN

Enlighten me.

Rudy stalls for a moment until Turpin takes a step toward him.

RUDY JONES

Ok, ok! Protection man, protection. I was going to sell it to buy a piece. Not like I can just walk in and get one.

DAN TURPIN

Why do you need protection?

RUDY JONES

Hey man you watch the news. Some psycho is going around killing Intergang memb... Uh... I mean...

Turpin smirks.

DAN TURPIN

How convenient, so you **are** back with Intergang. That's just what I wanted to talk with you about.

RUDY JONES

Well, not really. I mean, I...

Turpin raises his hand.

DAN TURPIN

Save it. You tell me what I want to know, maybe I'll have a sudden lapse in memory about other things.

Jones sighs and nods.

DAN TURPIN

What do you know about this killer? Why's he only taking out Intergang?

RUDY JONES

I don't know, he's some freak. Face like a doll or something. I know he ain't no vigilante though. It's something about revenge.

DAN TURPIN

Revenge? How do you know?

RUDY JONES

Heard a guy talkin, he was attacked a few months back, before the murders started. Said the guy tried to stab him with some knife, looked like a kids toy, screaming about righting wrongs or something. He

(MORE)

RUDY JONES (CONT'D)

fought him off, but the dude just disappeared. Like a ghost.

DAN TURPIN

Righting wrongs? What's the supposed to mean?

RUDY JONES

Who knows man? Who am I, nobody tells me these things. Hell each murder seems to be someone higher up the ladder. You ask me, he's sending a message to the top.

DAN TURPIN

Mannheim.

Jones' eyes shoot wide open.

RUDY JONES

Whoa! I didn't say nothing about no Mannheim... Or whoever that is.

DAN TURPIN

Relax. I know Mannheim runs Intergang. Feel free to tell him I said hello. Or maybe I'll tell him myself.

Jones raises his hands.

RUDY JONES

Hey man, we didn't have this conversation remember?

Turpin looks Jones up and down with a scowl.

DAN TURPIN

Oh yeah, I forgot.

He then turns and leaves, grabbing the backpack on the way.

RUDY JONES

Hey can I least keep that thing?

Turpin stops and turns.

DAN TURPIN

What for? If what you say is true about the killings going up the ladder, he's not gonna come after a low life parasite like you.

Turpin turns and walks off.

RUDY JONES
You're terrible, man!

Turpin continues walking.

DAN TURPIN
That's what they call me.

Jones stands in the middle of the alleyway, not happy.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A soft lullaby like song plays in the background and creepy humming along with it. It seems to be coming from a small figurine of a baby sitting on a father's lap.

Moving along the work bench we come to TOYMAN's hands as they work on some sort cardboard diorama. Other random toys litter the work bench.

The hands take a break and unfold a nearby newspaper.

On the front page is the headline: "TOYMAN MURDERS CONTINUE." By Lois Lane"

TOYMAN
Hmmm, Lois...Lane...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BRUNO MANNHEIM'S OFFICE - DAY

The same newspaper headline.

BRUNO MANNHEIM stands behind his desk holding the paper. He wads it up, then slams it on his desk.

Standing across from him is a large ominous looking HENCHMAN

BRUNO MANNHEIM
Can you believe this? Some psycho son of a bitch is running around killing our boys and people are praising him like some sort of hero. And what are you doing to find him? Nothing!

HENCHMAN
We're looking everywhere Mr. Mannheim.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
 Yeah well you're gonna be looking
 under the ground soon the way
 things are going.

Through the office window, Mannheim notices Turpin enter the office lobby and talk to the RECEPTIONIST.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
 (To self)
 Perfect. Then we have this pain in
 my ass.

HENCHMAN
 Want me to stick around boss?

BRUNO MANNHEIM
 No, take a walk. Make sure
 everything on the floor is good, in
 case he decides to snoop around.
 But, get back here when he leaves.
 I've got some ideas to solve our
 little problem.

The Receptionist comes over the intercom.

RECEPTIONIST
 Mr. Mannheim, Detective Turpin is
 here.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
 (To Receptionist)
 Yeah... Send him in.

RECEPTIONIST
 Also that British gentleman called
 again to schedule an appointment.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
 Again? Tell him to screw off. I
 don't know who the hell he is.

After a beat Turpin enters the office. Mannheim nods to the henchman and he leaves the room.

DAN TURPIN
 Mr. Mannheim. Thank you for finally
 meeting with me.

Mannheim's demeanor is much more pleasant. The two shake hands. Mannheim sits behind his desk. Turpin sits across.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Always a pleasure to see you
Detective. Forgive me if you've had
to wait, trying to run a business
here. I'm sure you know how it is.

DAN TURPIN

Yeah... You know I never asked
before about your business, what
was it again?

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Oh, various things, real estate
brokerage, insurance, stocks... I'm
a man of many talents and so is my
business.

DAN TURPIN

I bet.

Bruno's expression gets a little more serious.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

So is that why you're here? To ask
me about my business ventures?

DAN TURPIN

No, actually I was wondering if you
could take a look at a couple of
photos for me.

Turpin reaches into the envelope.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Certainly.

Turpin pulls out three 5x7 mugshots of different men. He
places them side by side on Mannheim's desk.

Mannheim leans forward and looks them over. Turpin keeps a
close eye on Mannheim's expressions.

DAN TURPIN

Do you recognize any of these men?

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Hmm, no I don't believe so. Should
I?

DAN TURPIN

Look again.

This time Mannheim barely glances at them before responding.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

No sorry. What do they have to do with me, again?

DAN TURPIN

These men have all been affiliated with either buildings that you own, or have records showing they've received payments from your company.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Well, last I checked it's not illegal to lease a building or be employed with a company. So I suppose I just don't follow where you're going with this.

DAN TURPIN

They're also all convicted felons with ties to a group calling themselves Intergang. I'm sure you've heard of them. Oh, and all three were recently found dead. Each in a similar and quite disturbing manner. Oddly enough also near buildings that you own.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

What are you saying Detective? Are you accusing me of murdering these men?

DAN TURPIN

No, but I think you might have information on who is.

Mannheim leans back in his chair.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

You know this may not be LexCorp, but I do have a lot of employees, and I do own a lot of buildings. I have enough on my plate just keeping track of who's paying their rent or not.

He leans over and picks up a file to the side of his desk.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Like this guy, some old washed up Houdini wannabe, Nobody goes to see

(MORE)

BRUNO MANNHEIM (CONT'D)

him perform, so he's behind on his rent. Then he gives me grief. These are the things that keep my attention Detective. Just because some jerks go and get themselves killed, doesn't mean I know about it.

Turpin glances over at the newspaper on the desk.

DAN TURPIN

I suppose not. So what happened there, lose a sports bet?

Mannheim looks confused.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

What?

DAN TURPIN

Looks like something in the paper didn't sit right with you.

Mannheim grabs the paper and drops it in the trash.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

I'd be careful if I were you detective.

DAN TURPIN

Is that a threat?

BRUNO MANNHEIM

No. Not a physical one at least. Just seems that your line of questioning is borderline accusation.

Mannheim stands.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Not sure my lawyer would appreciate it.

Turpin nods. After a beat he starts to gather the photos.

DAN TURPIN

Well, thank you for your time.

Mannheim scoffs.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Oh by the way. My condolences for
(MORE)

BRUNO MANNHEIM (CONT'D)

the loss of your partner. He seemed like a good cop.

Turpin stops. He's silent for a beat then turns back to Mannheim.

DAN TURPIN

You know there is one last odd thing about this case, Each of the victims were purposely made to look like toy soldiers.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

And?

DAN TURPIN

Every soldier has a general.
(Beat)
Mr. Mannheim.

Turpin exits. Mannheim looks to the trash can.

INT. BRUNO MANNHEIM'S OFFICE - EVENING, LATER

The Receptionist gathers her things and heads toward the door.

RECEPTIONIST

Good night Mr. Mannheim.

Mannheim finishes putting some files away in the cabinet.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Good night... wait.

The Receptionist stops and turns around.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Have you seen Marco?

RECEPTIONIST

Saw him heading up stairs early.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Alright.

RECEPTIONIST

Good night.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Yeah, yeah...

Mannheim picks up his phone and hits a button.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
Marco you in there? Marco?

He slams the phone down.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
What do I gotta do?

INT. MANNHEIM'S BUILDING, STAIRWELL

Mannheim enters the stair well, he starts ascending the stairs, cursing under his breath. Suddenly a clanking sound is heard. He stops, then glances over the railing down the stairs. After a beat he shakes it off and continues up.

INT. MANNHEIM'S BUILDING, 2ND FLOOR

Mannheim walks out of the stairwell into a hallway.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
Marco you better...

A few bubbles float past Mannheim.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
What the hell?

He turns to see the area filled with bubbles. Curiously, he walks toward them.

At the head of an adjacent hallway, he turns to see a figure standing in the dark. He squints and leans forward. A couple of slight coughs escape him.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
Who's that? Marco?

He reaches behind him, for a gun, but nothing there. He sighs. Slowly he makes his way toward the figure.

As he approaches his pace slows to a stop. He realizes it is Marco, dead. Strung up against the wall like a marionette, strings and all. The sides of his mouth slashed open like a puppet.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
Son of a---

Suddenly the sound of a bouncing ball. Mannheim whips around. At the end of the hallway stands Toyman. He wears a smiling doll-like mask. He bounces a large ball up and down with one hand.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
So you're the guy.

Toyman chuckles.

TOYMAN
That's me. Up for a game of
dodgeball, Mr. Mannheim?

BRUNO MANNHEIM
You think you scare me with all
this?

Toyman throws the ball. Mannheim catches it.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
You're out.

Mannheim drops the ball to his side and starts walking
toward Toyman. Suddenly Toyman draws a gun.

Mannheim stops. After a beat Toyman pulls the trigger. A
stream of bubbles flow out from the gun. Mannheim chuckles.

BRUNO MANNHEIM
You're a crazy son of bitch, I'll
give you that. But it's game over
pal.

As Mannheim enters the stream of bubbles it suddenly becomes
increasingly difficult for him to breath. He catches himself
against the wall then reaches out and grabs Toyman's shirt
as he falls to his knees. He struggles to speak, but
nothing.

Toyman stares back with the big doll eyes and permanent
smile.

TOYMAN
I'm afraid the game is far from
over. And I'm not your pal.

Mannheim falls to the floor unconscious.

TOYMAN
Ashes to ashes, we all fall down.

INT. TURPIN'S OFFICE - EVENING

Turpin slams a folder full of papers down on his desk.
He stands it as he swiftly flips through the paperwork.

INT. THE DAILY PLANET, LOIS' OFFICE - EVENING

Lois holds a clipping of an article in her hand. After a beat she walks to the wall and tacks it up with other's that fill the space.

INT. TURPIN'S OFFICE - EVENING

He walks to a chart filled with case notes and looks it over.

INT. THE DAILY PLANET, LOIS' OFFICE - EVENING

Lois takes a step back from the wall. She stands with her arm crossed as she stares at the wall intently. Then something catches her eye. She goes to her desk and picks up her phone.

INT. TURPIN'S OFFICE - EVENING

Turpin still standing at the chart. After a beat he glances over to an empty desk in the room. He stares at it, seemingly lost in thought. He turns toward it, but suddenly his phone rings.

He goes to pick it up - the caller ID reads The Reporter. He sighs and then answers.

DAN TURPIN

This is Turpin.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION (Turpin Office/Lois Office)

LOIS LANE

Good evening Detective, this is Lois

DAN TURPIN

Lane... Yeah, I have your number.

LOIS LANE

Oh... I guess that explains why I usually get voicemail...

DAN TURPIN

What can I do for you Ms. Lane?

LOIS LANE

I was curious. Are you still working the Toyman case?

DAN TURPIN

I don't want to call it that... But yes. If you're looking for any new quotes, I don't have any.

LOIS LANE

That would be nice, but that's not why I'm calling. I was digging through our archives, and I think I found something you might be interested in.

DAN TURPIN

Yeah, and what's that?

LOIS LANE

A direct connection to Mannheim.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Lois and Turpin stand in the middle of a dark park, lit up by a street lamp. She hands Turpin a folder.

He opens the folder, a newspaper article inside. The headline reads "ToyMaker Jailed on Corruption Charges."

LOIS LANE

I found this old article from thirty years ago, about this Toymaker, named Winslow Schott.

DAN TURPIN

Sent away for money laundering and tax evasion. Classic.

LOIS LANE

Well, that's not the interesting part. Look at the end of the article. The quote from the building's owner.

Turpin shakes his head in disgust. We angle on a quote from...

DAN TURPIN

Bruno Mannheim...

LOIS LANE

Bingo.

Turpin flips the page over to find a scanned copy of the police report.

LOIS LANE

He's also in the police report, but only questioned, never charged.

DAN TURPIN
This explains why nothing ever
appeared in his file.

Turpin thinks flips through the remaining pages in the folder.

DAN TURPIN
Where exactly did you get some of
these? I'm still waiting on a
warrant for half of this stuff.

LOIS LANE
Uhhhh...

Turpin closes the folder.

DAN TURPIN
You know what, nevermind... So, why
bring this to me? Don't you
normally go after the whole story
yourself?

LOIS LANE
Usually, but to be honest, I think
there's something bigger going on,
and not just with this case... I
want the Mannheim story. And I
thought maybe...

DAN TURPIN
If you threw me a bone, I'd throw
you a bone. Is that how it went?

Lois laughs sheepishly.

DAN TURPIN
I'll make you a deal. You help me
take down Mannheim, I'll give you
the damn exclusive.

Lois smiles.

LOIS LANE
Well, alright then partner.

Turpin's slight grin fades. Lois catches herself.

LOIS LANE
Oh... I mean.. I'm so sorry, I... I
wasn't thinking. I just...

DAN TURPIN

It's fine. It's been six months, but this case has brought back some bad memories.

LOIS LANE

Hey look, maybe it's none of my business, but you mind if I ask what happened? Never really made it to the papers.

Turpin shrugs.

DAN TURPIN

Not much to tell really. He was from Gotham. He went home to visit family, never came back. Swallowed up by the cesspool created from a corrupt police force that can't manage their own city. They have to rely on a masked vigilante to do their job.

LOIS LANE

From all reports crime has been down since The Batman appeared.

DAN TURPIN

Look, I'm not discounting what he does, but ever since he first showed up, they've had nothing but "freaks" running a muck. That's why I want to solve this case. With this... "Toy-man" it seems the freaks are starting to spill over to Metropolis. And I'll be damned if this city will fall to the same fate as Gotham. There will be no freaks and no vigilantes in this city as long as I'm breathin.

LOIS LANE

You're saying you wouldn't welcome the help in taking out the bad guys? Some super... person swooping in to save the day?

DAN TURPIN

I'm saying Metropolis has a police force for a reason. If we do our jobs right, we won't have the need for one.

INT. THE DAILY PLANET, LOIS' OFFICE - LATER

Lois enters her office. She looks out the window of her office to the dark empty office outside of it.

Then something to her side catches her eye. On the floor she notices a small metal robot toy. She leans down and picks it up. Examining it for a moment before she stands.

As she does, Toyman now stands outside the window behind her.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Lois slowly awakens. She looks around and notices a pile of cloths and her purse, her phone has slightly fallen out. She reaches over and grabs it, but then realizes she is on a rundown stage surrounded by animatronic characters. Even more eerie, she's wearing an Alice type dress.

She glances to a nearby mirror where she examines herself. Her cheeks have been painted to look rosy and she has a bow in her hair.

TOYMAN

Hello Miss Lane. Glad to see you're awake.

From out of the shadows emerges Toyman. He wears the doll mask, and speaks with an eerily calm voice.

Lois quickly hides the phone behind her back. Without looking she brings up the menu, where Turpin is listed as recently dialed. She hits send.

TOYMAN

Don't be alarmed. I don't plan on hurting you Ms. Lane. As long as you play nice that is.

EXT. TURPIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Turpin is getting out of his car when his phone rings. He check it. It reads again "The Reporter."

DAN TURPIN

What can I do for you Miss---

LOIS LANE (OVER PHONE)

You're Winslow Schott.

Turpin stops dead in his tracks.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT, SAME

Toyman continues.

TOYMAN

Junior.

LOIS LANE

What?

EXT. TURPIN'S CAR - NIGHT, SAME

Turpin listens.

TOYMAN (OVER PHONE)

Winslow Schott was my father. My name is Winslow Schott Jr. Though I am actually quite fond of the name you gave me.

Turpin pulls out a second phone and dials. He hurries back into his car.

DAN TURPIN

Beedler! I need you to trace a call coming to my phone and send me the location. I need it yesterday!!

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT, SAME

Lois seems slightly stunned, but pulls herself together.

LOIS LANE

He had a son...

(Beat)

Did you change my cloths?

TOYMAN

Yes, it's much better don't you think?

Lois cringes.

LOIS LANE

Sure... I guess. So what do you want from me?

TOYMAN

We're going to play a game Miss Lane. Can you guess what that game is?

LOIS LANE
Hopefully not house.

Toyman chuckles.

TOYMAN
No, no. We're going to play
reporter. You're already very good
at it.

Lois looks confused.

LOIS LANE
I guess. So what's with the mask?

TOYMAN
What mask?

LOIS LANE
Right... So what exactly am I
reporting?

TOYMAN
The truth, Miss Lane. You see I've
read your articles, and while
they're very good, they're not the
full truth.

LOIS LANE
So what is the truth then?

TOYMAN
I'll show you! Follow me!

Lois sets her phone on it's face and leaves it behind as she
goes to Toyman.

ANOTHER ROOM

Lois follows Toyman into a separate room where they come
across Bruno Mannheim, tied to a chair. He's dressed in red
sweats and wears devil horns on his head. His face bloodied
and bruised.

LOIS LANE (CONT'D)
Bruno Mannheim? What did you do to
him?

TOYMAN
He woke up before I could get him
tied down and tried to escape.
That's against the rules. There are
punishments for cheating Miss Lane.

Toyman walks near Mannheim and runs his finger over a large bowling pin sitting next to him. It has blood on it.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

You've made a huge mistake you sick freak! You don't know who you're messing with! My boys are gonna find you, and you're gonna pay! Big time!

Toyman walks over to Mannheim.

TOYMAN

(Chuckles)

You're so funny. I'm afraid though the only one who's "paying" tonight, is you. You've broken far too many rules, and caused too much pain. We have to set things right.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

I don't know what the hell you're talking about. I don't even know who you are.

TOYMAN

That's the problem. You've hurt so many that you don't even remember. But don't worry, because I'm going to help you remember. And it's going to be fun!

Toyman grabs a large crayon and children's note pad off a nearby stand and tosses it to Lois. She reacts quickly and catches it.

TOYMAN (CONT'D)

Time to take notes Miss Lane! Make sure they're good ones.

(Beat)

Story time! This one is the story of the old toymaker.

Toyman goes over to a nearby table where he looks down to the father/son figurine. He then picks up a small figurine of his father. He stares at it as he talks.

TOYMAN

The toymaker only loved two things in the world. His son and making toys. However, as things go, the toymaker fell on hard times, and

(MORE)

TOYMAN (CONT'D)

thought he'd have to close the factory.

Toyman pics up a small action figure that looks somewhat like Mannheim.

TOYMAN

But then one day, a man showed up with all the money the toymaker would need. They thought this man was an angel, but actually...

Toyman looks to Mannheim.

TOYMAN

He was a devil. A devil with his own evil plans. And when the police came, the devil made it look like it was all the Toymaker's fault. He was thrown in jail.

Toyman throws the father figure into a small animal cage that is sitting on the table. And slams the door shut.

TOYMAN

CLANG!!

(Beat)

Being separated from his son was more than his heart could bear and it gave it. Now alone in the world, the young boy was passed from foster home to foster home... Like an an unwanted toy.

Toyman pets the boys head on the music box.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Turpin pulls up in his vehicle. He gets out and draws his gun. He takes a step forward and steps on something. He looks down. It's an old sign. He picks it up and dusts it off. It says Schott Toys.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Toyman picks up the father/son figurine and seems to loose himself in it as he talks.

TOYMAN

As the child grew older, things became clear. The world is an evil place. But it can be saved. Toys are the answer. Toys bring joy to

(MORE)

TOYMAN (CONT'D)

everyone, but these days they've been cast aside. To restore that the child must first destroy the one who started it all.

Lois cautiously moves toward Mannheim. He motions for her to untie him.

Toyman sits the figurine down, and picks up a knife with a clown on the handle. He turns toward Lois. She quickly lifts the pad and starts pretending to take notes.

TOYMAN

So you see Miss Lane. I'm not the bad one here. He is.

Toyman points the knife to Mannheim and moves in closer. The closer he gets it seems the more angry he becomes.

TOYMAN

He lied! It wasn't fair! He took away my father!

BRUNO MANNHEIM

You're father knew exactly what he was getting in to.

TOYMAN

Liar! You cheated! And cheaters only get one thing! Death! And after you're gone, I can save the rest of the children. I can bring them all here. We can make toys and play forever and ever. They'll never be case aside again. But first... You have to die. Now are you ready to die Mr. Mannheim?

Mannheim says nothing, he stares straight back at Toyman. Toyman laughs maniacally.

Lois, breathes heavily, she looks around scared. Then she looks to the pen in her hand.

Toyman brings the knife back. Lois lunges forward and stabs Toyman right in the back with the pen. He screams in pain. She grabs the large bowling pin and smashes it over his back, knocking him to the ground.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Hurry up untie me!

Lois goes behind Mannheim. The rope is in multiple knots.

LOIS LANE

Oh man. You weren't a boy scout by chance were you?

Mannheim looks over his shoulder trying to see.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Come on. Just find the end and work backwards from there.

LOIS LANE

I don't see an end. Wait, the knife.

Mannheim looks forward, then he realizes that Toyman is no longer on the ground. He starts looking around.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Where the hell did he go?

Lois starts to stand but suddenly Toyman grabs her from behind and puts the knife to her throat.

TOYMAN

I'm disappointed in you Miss Lane. I told you there were punishments for breaking the rules.

Suddenly Turpin calls out behind Toyman, taking aim with his revolver.

DAN TURPIN

MPD! Let her go Schott!

Toyman swings around.

For the first time Turpin sees Toyman. For just a beat he seems to be slightly taken off guard, but he quickly recovers.

Toyman, ducks behind and starts dragging her back toward the work table. He seems nervous. Turpin moves in.

TOYMAN

No! This is only a three player game. You weren't invited!

DAN TURPIN

This is not a game. Make the right choice, Schott. Whatever issues you have with Mannheim it has nothing to do with her.

TOYMAN

Someone has to tell the truth. It has to be made right!

LOIS LANE

I can't help you if I'm dead.

TOYMAN

Shut up!

Toyman shakes her. Turpin takes a quick step forward. Toyman ducks behind her in fear.

He looks to the table and sees the father/son figurine.

TOYMAN

Ok... I have an idea. We'll play with an old toy my father gave me.

DAN TURPIN

I'm not playing Schott.

TOYMAN

You don't have choice! My father gave me this, he loved it very much. We used to play a game called when the music stops. It's like red light, green light. You know that one don't you?

Toyman reaches over with his free hand. He closes the lid to the music box and hands it to Lois.

TOYMAN

Here, wind this.

Lois winds it up.

TOYMAN

I'm going to let the music play. And if by the time it stops you can free her, then I will let everyone go. BUT if you can't... I'll slit her throat.

Lois' eyes widen. Toyman reaches out for the music box. Lois hands it to him, hand shaking, and he sits it down on the bench.

DAN TURPIN

This is not gonna work in your favor. Let her go. Last warning.

TOYMAN

I'm afraid you have no choice. Here we go... good luck detective.

Toyman switches it on, the soft lullaby music begins to play. He ducks his head behind Lois'.

Lois looks Turpin in the eyes, his gun still aimed. Mannheim's eyes dart back and forth.

Toyman stares at the figurine of the father and son. The frozen smiles and dead eyes look on. Through the big doll eyes we can just make out the humanity inside.

The music begins to slow. And soon it comes to a stop.

Lois closes her eyes.

Toyman raises up from behind Lois to look at Turpin.

TOYMAN

Times u---

BLAM!

Turpin pulls the trigger. Lois gasps.

Toyman's body falls to the ground. Motionless.

Lois looks behind her to Toyman. She quickly moves away.

Turpin approaches on a phone.

DAN TURPIN

This is Turpin. We need a medic at my location.

Turpin gets out a knife and cuts the rope freeing Mannheim. He puts the phone away.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

I suppose I should thank you.

DAN TURPIN

No need. I came for Miss Lane.

LOIS LANE

Please, call me Lois. I think I've heard enough Miss Lanes for the night.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Well then, Lois, I trust you won't be writing about anything he said.

(MORE)

BRUNO MANNHEIM (CONT'D)

After all there's no evidence to any of it. I'm sure my attorney will be able to sort that out if you like.

Lois doesn't respond, she just glares at Mannheim then turns away. Mannheim looks to Turpin.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

So am I free to go?

DAN TURPIN

For now. Just stay available. I'm sure I'll have questions for you.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

I look forward to it Detective.

Mannheim walks off.

Lois stares at Toyman's body on the ground. Turpin comes up and puts his hand on her shoulder.

DAN TURPIN

Come on Miss... er, Lois. Let's go.

The two walk away.

LOIS LANE

You know, it's sad how humble beginnings can end so tragic. Kinda makes you wonder if there's anyone left to look up to in this world.

DAN TURPIN

Monsters like Schott aren't born, they're created by people like Bruno Mannheim. Who knows how many other lives he's ruined, how many other monster's he turning out. All I need is that one thing to put him away for good.

Lois stops.

LOIS LANE

Well, I've got connections you could only dream of. Any help you need. You know what I ask in return.

Turpin nods.

DAN TURPIN
Perhaps I'll take you up on that.
You'll be around?

LOIS LANE
Other than trying to convince my
boss that I don't want to share my
office with a new hire. I'll make
myself available.

Lois smiles and extends her hand. Turpin shakes it.

DAN TURPIN
I feel sorry for that poor bastard
already.

Lois snears.

LOIS LANE (CONT'D)
You know, I'll ignore that if this
new found friendship means I get
access to your crime scenes from
now on.

Turpin turns and walks away, as sirens begin to approach in
the distance.

LOIS LANE
Detective? Turpin? Hey!

She hurries to catch up.

INT. TURPIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Turpin closes a file drawer. Commissioner DAVID CORPORON
enters the room.

COMMISSIONER CORPORON
Detective Turpin.

Turpin stands and shakes Corporon's hand.

DAN TURPIN
Commissioner Corporon. What can I
do for you sir?

COMMISSIONER CORPORON
I've decided to start up a new
department. With this whole Toyman
thing and all the other strange
activity starting in Metropolis. I
think we need a.... Special Crimes
Unit. I want you to help head it

(MORE)

COMMISSIONER CORPORON (CONT'D)

up. How do you feel about working
with a new partner?

Turpin glances over to the empty desk. He turns back to
Corporon and nods.

DAN TURPIN

As long as you think they can keep
up.

COMMISSIONER CORPORON

I think she'll be fine. She's a lot
like you. Name's Maggie Sawyer.
Heard of her?

Turpin nods.

DAN TURPIN

Yeah, I heard she's hard to work
with.

COMMISSIONER CORPORON

Well, like I said, she's a lot like
you.

Corporon smirks and leaves.

INT. BRUNO MANNHEIM'S OFFICE - EVENING

Mannheim enters his office. It's dark.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

I don't know, tell them it was
natural causes or one of his escape
acts gone wrong. He's an old man
who cares, just make sure you get
the...

Suddenly the lamp on his desk turns on. A man sits in his
chair, holding a strange staff.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Hold on, let me call you back.
There's a dead man here.

Mannheim puts the phone away then swiftly pulls out a gun
from behind his belt, as he approaches the man.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Not a good week to pull anything on
me pal. I'm giving you to the count
of three to get out.

The man speaks with a very proper english accent.

MAN

There will be no need for that Mr. Mannheim. I'm simply to make a deal.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

So you're that Englishman that keeps calling. Save the pitch, I ain't buying. Now like I said - one... Two...

The man raises his cane. The end glows which causes the gun in Mannheim's hand to shake and then falls to pieces. Mannheim takes a step back.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Alright... you got my attention.

MAN

I'm here on behalf of my... Employer. We would like to offer you our services.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

What kind of services?

MAN

Mainly technological. What I was able to do to your gun, was just a small taste of what could be at your command should you decide to go into business with my employer.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

And who exactly is your employer?

MAN

Someone very influential, I assure you. However, as part of the deal that information shall remain confidential until my employer deems necessary. And until that time all communication will go through me.

Mannheim scoffs. He looks away for a beat.

MAN

There's a war brewing Mr. Mannheim. You want to be on the winning side

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

don't you?

After a moment of contemplation Mannheim takes a seat across from the desk.

BRUNO MANNHEIM

Alright. Let's hear it.

MAN

Outstanding. Now, allow me to formally introduce myself. My name is Kanto.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END

CREDITS

FADE IN

EXT. PARADISE

A green field. Stone pillars stand on either side of a wall that glows a bright white.

As we move in closer the wall suddenly appears to catch on fire, but the flames stay contained within the square. In the flames words begin to form. "ORION TO APOKOLIPS. THEN TO EARTH. THEN TO WAR."

CUT TO BLACK: