

TRINITY

"Odyssey" | PREVIEW SCENE

written by
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'Trinity' is based on characters
from the DC Comics Universe

'Lana Lang' is a character created by Bill Finger;
Adapted for Television by Alfred Gough and Miles Millar.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Jack D. Malone, Karl Hurd & Jason T. Davis

DEVELOPED BY

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TRINITY

"Odyssey"

MAIN CAST

LANA LANG..... KRISTIN KREUK
QUENTIN O'NEAL..... JAMIE BAMBER
CYNTHIA REYNOLDS..... ALEXANDRA DADDARIO
LUCAS LUTHOR..... PAUL WESLEY
AMANDA WALLER..... PAM GRIER

GUEST STARRING

EZRA GILBERT..... DARREN CRISS
SERLING ROQUETTE..... ELIZABETH MITCHELL

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. ODYSSEY, CITY - SKYLINE - NIGHT

1

OPEN on an establishing shot of downtown Odyssey at night. Vibrant, neon lights GLOW off the river at the skyline's edge.

INT. ODYSSEY, CITY - DANNY'S SOFTWARE EMPORIUM - NIGHT

We slowly push through the front of the closed store. The lights are off and the space is empty. Six isles of shelves on either side of the room with a single path in between.

Continuously pushing forward, we begin to hear scattered voices coming from the back room, followed by a blueish glow emanating from behind the door.

INT. DANNY'S SOFTWARE EMPORIUM - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT on the back of a man's head. We slowly zoom back to reveal the figure sitting in front of a large computer screen, with a gaming head set on.

INSERT: COMPUTER MONITOR - The video game 'Halo 4' in the middle of an online co-op battle.

BACK TO SCENE

Tight on the man's face, that we're seeing for the first time. QUENTIN O'NEAL (32), DEEP green eyes, short stubble on his face, and well kept, brown hair, is enamored with the game.

QUENTIN

You're not getting away that easily, Danny Boy...

DANNY (OVER HEADSET)

Really? Trash talk? You never learn, do you O'Neal?

Quentin smirks.

QUENTIN

I learn enough to know there's no way you're taking me down.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

I've spent hours perfecting my skill with the sole purpose of running you into the ground with an assault rifle. And what happens when I really focus on something?

DANNY

You gain dangerously misplaced confidence in your ability?

Quentin smirks

QUENTIN

I win.

CUT TO SCREEN

Quentin's character comes from out of the brush and guns down his opponent - Danny, until he's down.

DANNY

Dammit!!

QUENTIN

And that, Danny Boy, is why I'm the boss.

DANNY

Yeah, but guess whose name's on the door.

QUENTIN

Touche, my friend... Touche.

CRASH!!

Quentin's head snaps back, for sure he heard something from the front of the store. He looks back with curiosity.

DANNY

Alright Q, I'm calling in a rematch!

No response.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hellooo?

QUENTIN

I'm gonna have to take a rain check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

(muffled)

Oh what!? Don't think you can beat
me three times in a row?

Quentin strides to the front of the store, cautiously making
his way out of the back room.

The store is dark. Only the moonlight from outside creeps in
to light Quentin's face as he approaches the front desk.

QUENTIN

Anybody there?

He reaches for the wall and switches on a light. The store is
illuminated with bright fluorescence.

Quentin's eyes widen, and he slightly jumps back, jolted --

QUENTIN'S POV

A woman -- LANA LANG. Long, red hair. Petite in size, and
looking up at him with wide eyes and an blameless grin.

LANA

I'm sorry. Did I startle you?

QUENTIN

Did you startle-- that urine I'd
been holding in freed itself a lot
sooner than I planned it to, but
other than that...

Lana nods her head, a little taken back.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Erm... but we're actually closed.
How did you even get in here?

Short pause, then Lana looks back at the door.

LANA

The door was unlocked.

QUENTIN

No it wasn't. This place is on
automatic lockdown. Five
elaborately designed security
measures I don't have time to
explain are put into place every
night to keep this kinda thing from
happening. I designed and installed
the system myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA

Impressive. Maybe it's jammed.

Quentin squints his eyes, a little offended at the suggestion.

QUENTIN

Doubtful.

Quentin side steps to the desktop computer behind the counter, checking the system.

LANA

Find any breeches?

QUENTIN

Aside from the red head one standing right in front of me... no. System's green.

(beat)

Alright, I'm feeling generous tonight. Let me just put my customer service face on.

Quentin pauses for a moment, then makes his best pleasant grin.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

What can I help you with at --

Quentin looks at the watch on his wrist that isn't there.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

-- One o' clock in the morning?

LANA

Actually, I came here looking for you, Mr. O'Neal. My name is Lana.

His smile turns into a cheeky grin. He folds his arms on the desk.

QUENTIN

Oh. That changes things.

LANA

(uninterested)

Not nearly that much.

Quentin's grin quickly fade away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA (CONT'D)

I've been looking for you for quite some time. You've made it pretty difficult to turn over any stones with you prints on them.

QUENTIN

Man like me can't afford such a thing.

LANA

I know a little something about that.

Quentin's folds his arms to his chest now. Down to business.

QUENTIN

So, you gonna tell me why you've spent so much time tracking me down? Or should I guess.

Lana pauses.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

That was a rhetorical question. Despite my kiddish appearance, I hate guessing games.

LANA

I need your help with a little... project I'm undertaking.

QUENTIN

(curious)

Go on.

LANA

I did a little digging into your past. Genetic research, bionics, nano-technology... the whole nine yards.

QUENTIN

What can I say? I like being smarter than the guy standing next to me.

LANA

But your experience in a particular field is what caught my interest. Your work with meta-gene research.

Quentin's face tenses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUENTIN

This conversation is getting more interesting by the second. Might even need to add Jack to the party.

Quentin reaches underneath the front counter and grabs a bottle of Whiskey and two glasses.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Drink?

Lana grins. Quentin cracks the bottle open and starts pouring.

LANA

No, thanks.

He puts the bottle on the counter and takes a gulp of the drink.

QUENTIN

So, what's your pitch?

LANA

The Isis Foundation.

Lana pulls a small business card out of her jacket pocket and hands it to Quentin. He takes it, then looks it over.

LANA (CONT'D)

It's an organization I founded to provide support to those infected with the meta-gene, as well as their family and friends.

QUENTIN

Lana Lang? Lex Luthor's ex wife... I knew you looked familiar. I'm terrible with faces, but yours... yours is pretty prominent in my field of work. Or, at least it was... til you went off the grid, what? Four years ago?

LANA

Working in the shadows has its benefits.

QUENTIN

How shady of you.

Lana bites her lip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA

But I'm looking to step back into the light.

QUENTIN

Why now?

LANA

Meta-related crimes are at an all time high in this city. No one seems to know how to deal with it.

QUENTIN

And you believe you do?

LANA

What I believe is this city needs someone willing try. Half the battle's won by taking an interest.

QUENTIN

This is all great, humanitarian kind of stuff. I mean, you seem to have everything figured out. What would you need with someone like me?

LANA

Technology is changing. I need someone who's able to change with it, and when the times comes and it will, change ahead of it.

QUENTIN

Ms. Lang --

LANA

-- Lana.

QUENTIN

Lana... You know about my past. Now that I know who you are, I know your connected to some pretty questionable people. Lex Luthor himself fell in love with you, I mean... if that's not a red flag, I don't know what is.

LANA

If you don't believe another word I say, believe me when I tell you I'm not throwing any Lex Luthor parades in the foreseeable future.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUENTIN

What about the unforeseeable one?
You get into business with people -
things tend to change. Allegiances
tend to shift.

LANA

Mines won't. Not where's he's
concerned, anyway.

(beat)

But I admit... I haven't told you
the whole truth.

QUENTIN

I'm not one for secrets. At least
not the ones being kept from me.

LANA

And I don't plan on leaving you in
the dark for long... provided you
give me reason to believe you can
be a team player.

QUENTIN

How can I say yes when I can't see
the fine print?

LANA

You're a man of science. A man that
could kill more than a cat with his
curiosity. Isn't the journey to
finding the whole truth worth it?

Quentin thinks about it for a moment, then grins.

QUENTIN

When do we start?

Lana smiles, then turns to walk out of the store.

LANA

I'll be contacting you soon.

(beat)

There's a lot of people in this
city that need saving.

We pause on Quentin's excitement. We hear the front door
opening, then closing, letting Lana out.

BLACKOUT.