

M.S.C.U
METROPOLIS . SPECIAL . CRIMES . UNIT

METROPOLIS: SUPPLEMENTAL
EPISODE 1: "*THERAPY*"

Written by

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Executive Producers
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CAST

WALLY WEST Fran Kranz
DR. TINA MCGEE Tina Majorino

and

ARTEMIS BROOKS Jessica Alba

EXT. STREETS, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

An unassuming non-residential sidewalk in the middle of midtown, littered with shopfronts for everyday businesses. Parked by the sidewalk, it's indicator lights blinking, is a red MINI COOPER.

WALLY (PRE-LAP)

I don't know. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea?

INT. TINA'S CAR, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Inside the small vehicle sit WALLY WEST and TINA MCGEE, the former in the passenger side, the latter in the driver's seat. Wally, EYES WIDE, clearly nervous, looks out the window.

WALLY

The therapist is probably some muscle-bound he-man wannabe. He'll destroy me!

TINA

(exasperated)

Wally, you can't chicken out on this now. Besides, you need physical therapy if your hands are ever going to get back to normal.

Wally turns away from the view and looks down at his hands, which are laying on his lap, fingers curled inwards. Telltale marks of the burns they received are just about visible, but not clearly.

He crosses his arms defensively, hiding his hands under his armpits. Tina, full of sympathy, rubs his shoulder in comfort.

TINA (cont'd)

Look, I can still come in with you, if you want?

Wally smiles, just ever so, but then shakes his head.

WALLY

(sighs)

No, no, I'm a big boy now, I can do this. Really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With some effort, he unbuckles his seat belt, his fingers not cooperating as efficiently as they should, before fumbling with the door handle for a few seconds until it opens.

WALLY (cont'd)
See? No help needed.

TINA
(pleased)
That's my guy.

They kiss, sweetly, almost chastely, then Wally exits.

TINA (cont'd)
I'll pick you up in an hour!

EXT. STREETS, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Wally closes the door, and offers a small wave, as Tina drives off and joins the midday traffic. As he watches her disappear, his smile FADES, before turning back to look at the building before him, looking very uncertain again...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A large frosted glass window in an office door, with the words "A. BROOKS PHYSICAL THERAPY" emblazoned on it.

INT. RECEPTION AREA, PHYSICAL THERAPIST'S - CONTINUOUS

Seated in the plain, slightly run-down looking room, tapping his feet to a beat only he can hear, Wally waits in silence. Alone.

He looks up, eyes still wide as saucers, as an interior door opens, and a YOUNG WOMAN steps out, holding a small tablet that she is concentrating on. She remains oblivious to Wally's presence for several seconds before finally noticing him with a small start.

WOMAN
Oh! Sorry, didn't see you there.
(beat, cautious)
Didn't even hear you come in,
actually.

WALLY
I-- I was quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN
 Yeah, I got that.
 (beat, unsure)
 Can I help you with something.

WALLY
 Uh, West.
 (beat)
 Wally. Wally West. To see Artie.
 Artie Brooks, the physical therapist.

WOMAN
 (realizing, relieved)
 Oh, right, you have an appointment!

WALLY
 Uh, yeah, I do.
 (beat)
 Sorry, did I not say that?

WOMAN
 (laughs)
 It's fine, it's fine. Go right it,
 take a seat on the table, you're up
 next.

Wally simply nods, stands and makes his way into the next room, the woman watching him go with a small amused smile.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM, PHYSICAL THERAPIST'S - MOMENTS LATER

Wally sits on the examination table, feet dangling loosely over the edge, looking around the room at the various medical paraphernalia that decorates it.

He straightens as the young woman walks in, all smiles, and approaches him.

WOMAN
 So, Mr. West, let's see what we can do to help you, huh? I've gone over your medical file, and I have some ideas on what we can do, but I'd like to run a quick assessment first, okay?

Wally FROWNS, his mouth opening and closing like a fish for a few seconds.

WALLY
 (confused)
 Uh..?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN
Something wrong?

WALLY
No, no, but uh, I thought I was
seeing Artie?

WOMAN
You are, Mr. West.
(beat, amused)
I'm Artie.

Wally BLINKS. Several times. Very, very *quickly*. Eyes widening just that little bit more in surprise.

WALLY
You-
(beat)
No, no, sorry. Artie Brooks? Artie,
as in 'Arthur', right?

The woman grins.

WOMAN
Actually, no. It's 'Artie', as in
short for 'Artemis'. My mom was a nut
for ancient Greek mythology.

The woman - ARTEMIS - starts to offer her hand, but quickly thinks better of it, and gives a kind-of half-wave.

ARTEMIS
Hi. Artemis Brooks. Nice to meet you.

Wally, still surprised, returns the half-wave as best as his damaged hand can, but quickly WINCES in pain. Artemis's smile fades, as she gingerly takes the hand, turning it over and giving it a thorough inspection.

CLOSE ON: Wally's hands. Although clearly healed, the damage they've sustained is clear, as burn scars spiderweb all across his palms.

With practiced ease and gentle care, Artemis pulls each finger out from the curled position Wally instinctively keeps them in.

ARTEMIS (cont'd)
Okay, okay, this is good. The muscles weren't damaged, and the scars don't interfere with the full range of movement. How long have you had the bandages off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

About a month. For the most part they're okay. But sometimes...

ARTEMIS

Sometimes, your fine motor control isn't what it should be, right?

Wally lowers his head, unable to meet her gaze.

WALLY

(embarrassed)

Yeah, something like that.

ARTEMIS

Hey, nothing to be embarrassed over, okay? It's totally normal in situations like this, we just need to get you doing some exercises to redevelop your finer control, and you'll be golden.

Wally looks back up, and Artemis makes a point to meet his gaze with a CONFIDENT SMILE.

ARTEMIS (cont'd)

Got it?

Wally returns the smile - her energy is infectious. As she takes his hand, and start to show him one of the exercises...

FADE TO:

EXT. STREETS, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - LATER

A much more bouncy Wally steps out the building's door, a huge grin on his face, looking down at his hands. He experimentally stretches out his fingers for a second, wincing just a little, but still pleased.

TINA (O.C.)

Wally!

Looking up, Wally's grin widens further as Tina approaches. He BOUNDS up to her, taking the surprised woman in his arms, and plants a BIG KISS on her lips. She quickly breaks away, breathlessly laughing.

TINA

(pleased)

What was that for?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

Nothing. Just wanted to.

TINA

I take it the physical therapy wasn't all bad?

WALLY

No, actually it was good. Really good.

TINA

What was he like?

WALLY

(confused)

Who?

TINA

The therapist, dummy! Was he a muscle bound 'he-man', or worse.

Wally's smile vanishes, and he swallows nervously, before quickly nodding vigorously, as he starts to walk Tina back down the street.

WALLY

(fake laugh)

Uh, yeah, yeah! Totally! Total he-man, I mean, he could have doubled for Arnold Schwarzenegger!

ARTEMIS (O.C.)

Wally! Wait up!

Wally FREEZES, and slowly turns as Artemis runs up, a little out of breath, holding something in her hand out to him.

ARTEMIS

You left your police I.D in my exam room. Figured you couldn't have gotten far.

WALLY

Oh. Right. Thanks.

The three stand together in silence for a few seconds, as Wally looks between the two women. Tina finally rolls her eyes and sighs, and offers her hand.

TINA

Excuse his total lack of manners. I'm Tina, Wally's girlfriend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMIS

Artemis Brooks. 'Artie' to my friends. I'm Wally's new physical therapist.

Tina BLINKS in surprise, as Wally silently groans and closes his eyes in surrender.

TINA

Really? You're the therapist?

ARTEMIS

Yeah, that's me. Sorry, I can't stay to chat, I have another client waiting for me. Nice to meet you, though!

(to Wally)

See you next week, no scrimping on those exercises.

TINA

Oh, don't worry, I'll make sure he does them.

Artemis offers a quick wave, before heading back inside her building, leaving a rather guilty looking Wally alone with a stone-faced Tina.

TINA (cont'd)

(deadpan)

A 'he-man', you said.

WALLY

Yeah, about that, I may have, well--

TINA

(interrupting)

Doubled for Arnie, you said.

(beat)

She didn't look that big to me.

WALLY

(nervously)

Uh... sorry?

Tina suddenly breaks into a HUGE GRIN, as she smacks Wally playfully on the shoulder, before hugging him tightly, much to his surprise.

TINA

(laughing)

You're such an idiot!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TINA (cont'd)

(beat)

But you're my idiot. Come on, let's
go grab a Big Belly Burger!

She kisses Wally on the cheek, which elicits a matching grin
of his own, before pulling him along with her. Arms
interlocked, they head down the street as we:

FADE TO BLACK

END OF MINISODE