

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

METROPOLIS: SUPPLEMENTAL  
EPISODE 2: "*COUNSEL*"

Written by

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Executive Producers  
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CAST

CAPTAIN MAGGIE SAWYER ..... Jill Teed  
DETECTIVE DANNY TURPIN ..... David Paetkau  
DETECTIVE PATRICIA TRAYCE ..... Katee Sackhoff  
RECEPTIONIST ..... ????

and

DR. CLAIRE FOSTER ..... C.C.H. Pounder

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING STREETS, BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

A modern looking office building in the heart of the city, all windows and chrome.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the well decorated and furnished anteroom sits DANNY TURPIN.

He's *not* happy at all. Frustration and impatience creasing his handsome features.

Seated at a small but functional desk, hidden behind a large monitor and keyboard, is a RECEPTIONIST, typing away, attention focused on the page of notes she is transcribing.

Danny, glancing up at a wall-mounted clock, the second hand ticking laboriously on, lets out an angry breath...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

Damn it, Danny, this has got to stop!

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE, S.C.U. HEADQUARTERS - FLASHBACK

Inside the sparsely decorated but functional space, a frustrated MAGGIE SAWYER, dressed casually as ever but with a new degree of smartness to it, paces in front of her desk.

In front of her stands Danny, arms crossed, jaw clenched, clearly on the defensive.

DANNY

He had it coming, Boss!

Maggie whips around and thrusts a finger into Danny's chest.

MAGGIE

(furious)

You almost attacked a suspect, Danny!  
In front of witnesses, not to mention his public defender!

DANNY

He came clean, didn't he? He rolled over on that--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

(shouting)

That's not the damned point and you know it! I won't tolerate that kind of behavior in anyone from my department, is that clear?!

DANNY

(forced)

Affirmative.

(beat)

Captain.

Maggie visibly deflates as the anger leaves her - she lets out a frustrated sigh.

MAGGIE

Talk to me, Danny, please. This isn't you.

Danny's hardness cracks just a little, as the pain he is in can be glimpsed at just for a second.

DANNY

I'm fine, Boss. Really.

MAGGIE

(unconvinced)

Really? You think I'm falling for that shtick? We're all hurting from what happened, but if you keep letting it eat at you, it's gonna cost you.

Danny swallows the lump in his throat, as Maggie seats herself on the edge of her desk.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

I'm working very, very hard to convince the brass to allow me to pick my own number two. I need someone I can trust, that works well with the rest of the team.

(beat)

I want that to be you, Danny.

DANNY

(surprised)

You want me to replace the Sarge?

MAGGIE

I can't think of anyone I'd rather have at my back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (cont'd)

(beat)

But, you need to get your head outta  
your ass, so...

She pulls a small business card out of her jacket pocket and holds it out for Danny to take. After a moment, he does, albeit reluctantly.

CLOSE ON: The card, which reads "DR. CLAIRE FOSTER, LICENSED PSYCHIATRIST".

Danny's lips curl in disgust, and he opens his mouth to argue, but Maggie quickly cuts him off with a dismissive wave.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Ah, ah! No ands, ifs or buts, mister.  
This is an order. You've been putting  
it off for 2 months. No more excuses.  
You're going. End of discussion.

Off Danny's obvious distaste to the idea...

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

CLICK!

Looking up, Danny snaps back to reality and watches as the door to the inner office opens and a familiar blonde figure walks out - PAT TRAYCE!

Danny's surprise is mirrored by Trayce as she comes to a stop in front of the reception desk.

TRAYCE

(casual, calmly)

Turbo! Didn't expect to see you in a  
place like this.

(grins, cheeky)

Who'd you piss off to wind up seeing  
a shrink?

DANNY

I could ask you the same question,  
Trayce. I wouldn't have pegged you  
for someone who came to see a shrink  
by choice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAYCE

(teasing)

Who says it's by choice?

(laughs)

Ah, what can I say, I've had enough screws knocked loose while on duty that I make it a policy to see the doc every so often just to make sure nothing is rattling around in a bad way.

DANNY

(unconvinced)

Uh-huh. Well, I think she's missed a few.

Trayce simply rolls her eyes in response, before turning to the Receptionist, who finally looks up from her typing.

RECEPTIONIST

Would you like to arrange your next appointment now, Ms. Trayce?

TRAYCE

Not right now, I'll get back to you on that one. Thanks.

She turns and looks back at Danny, suddenly serious.

TRAYCE (cont'd)

Have fun, Danny Boy. Be warned though, the doc - she's scary good.

Then, with a cheeky grin, she fires off a quick mock-salute towards Danny and heads out the door. Danny watches her go, curious despite himself...

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Dr. Foster will see you now, Mr. Turpin.

As Danny faces forward, expression hardening into a familiar mask of stoicism...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FOSTER'S OFFICE, PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - LATER

It's your typical psychiatrist's office - full of shelves lined with books, certificates and awards, some casual displays of art balancing out the filing cabinets to give it something of a relaxed, homey feel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A desk in front of a large window holds a modern computer and is nearly organized, not a paper or piece of stationary out of order. Several photo frames face away from us, adding another personal touch.

Finally, two expensive but comfortable chairs are situated more or less in the center of the room, one facing the other. In one sits an uncomfortable Danny. In the other, sits a mature African-American woman - DR. CLAIRE FOSTER.

She's impressive looking, sturdily built but not overweight, dressed in a smart casual manner befitting her position. The only touch of whimsy are the horn-rimmed glasses she wears, that have several glittering stones set in the corners.

She holds a clipboard and pen, poised over a knee, as she studies Danny, who fidgets carelessly in his chair, checking his watch almost constantly. Looking at him over her glasses for a moment, she exudes compassion and patience.

When Danny checks his wristwatch for the umpteenth time, she quirks an eyebrow.

FOSTER

(calmly, warmly)

So, Mr. Turpin, this is our third session, and do you know what I've learned from the previous appointments?

DANNY

That I don't want to be here?

FOSTER

Actually, that was pretty clear from the second you stepped through the door.

(beat)

In fact, what I've learned is that you are a very stubborn individual, and you don't open up easily to new people.

Danny scoffs just loud enough to be heard. Foster places her pen down and leans forward.

FOSTER (cont'd)

At least, that is what you've been trying to convince me of, when really you're very much in pain over the loss of your partner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny *stiffens*. Straightens his posture ever so. Sits up just a little, as she continues.

FOSTER (cont'd)

We both know why you were sent to see me, Mr. Turpin. I think it's time we cut through this act of yours and focus on what's really eating at you.

DANNY

What's 'eating' me? What's 'eating' me, Doc, is that, day in, day out, I see criminals, scumbags, the worst of the worst, and yet for all them I put away, I can't do right by the man who had my back.

FOSTER

You mean Russell Ten Clouds.

DANNY

You're damned right I mean Russell Ten Clouds! One of the best men I've known in years, someone I knew I could trust, no matter what.

FOSTER

And yet you're angry at him? What for? For dying? For forcing you to deal with the loss of another partner.

Shaking his head, Danny jumps to his feet, and points angrily at Foster, who remains seated and calm.

DANNY

The only person I'm angry at right now is you! You don't get to talk about things you know nothing about!

He turns and storms off, pulling his jacket off the back of the chair in a rush as he heads for the door.

FOSTER

I know your first partner was Mike Hansen, and he was killed, and the man responsible got off on a technicality.

Danny freezes at the door, hand on the handle, ready to turn it and walk out - but he doesn't. Tears fill his eyes, but he blinks them back, and takes a breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOSTER (cont'd)  
It's natural to feel guilty, to place  
blame, but you shouldn't hold it all  
against yourself.

DANNY  
(low, almost a  
whisper)  
I don't. Not all of it.

He turns and looks at her, dead serious.

DANNY (cont'd)  
I blame *them*.

FOSTER  
'Them'? Who are 'them', Mr. Turpin.

DANNY  
(dark chuckle)  
Sorry, Doc, but I think that's above  
your pay-grade. Hell, even I  
shouldn't really know, but I do.

He looks at his watch again, before pulling on his jacket.  
The stoic facade falls back into place.

DANNY (cont'd)  
It looks like we're out of time for  
today. Till next week, huh?

With that, he opens the door, and walks out without a second  
look back. Foster, concern etched into her features, leans  
back into the chair with a sigh.

FOSTER  
I think we're making some progress.

A slight, pleased smile forms on her lips as we:

FADE TO BLACK:

**END OF EPISODE**