

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

METROPOLIS: SUPPLEMENTAL
EPISODE 5: "*HIRED*"

Written by

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CAST

DR. BETH CHAPEL Tembi Locke
DR. ANTHONY PETRELLI Peter Facinelli
ROY HARPER Nathaniel Buzolic
KING FARADAY Alex Carter

and

DR. FRANKLIN WILSON William Russ

EXT. BETH'S HOUSE, LAFAYETTE, BAKERLINE - MORNING

It's a gorgeous morning in the Metropolis outer boroughs, as the early morning sun shines down on a picturesque little 2-story semi-detached house with an immaculate garden.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
 Good morning, Metropolis! This is
 your 7am wake-up call with WLEX
 Radio!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, BETH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: the clock-radio that is continuing to blare out loudly the rather obnoxious voice of the radio host, as it flashes from 07:00 to 07:01.

RADIO HOST
 We've got some golden oldies to start
 off with, but first let's get an
 traffic update from our eyes in the
 sky! Over to you, Les-

SLAP!

A hand comes down with significant force to silence the radio, before pressing a button to make sure it doesn't come back on.

PULL BACK and UP to reveal the owner of the hand as they slowly push themselves out of bed - it's BETH CHAPEL. She's tired, but also, rather happy - she's a morning person, it seems...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN, BETH'S HOUSE - LATER

Beth slowly chews through her cereal, as she scrolls through a TABLET - on which is an online copy of the *Daily Star*. The headline reads "SUPERMAN SPOTTED ON SCENE OF RESIDENTIAL FIRE", the byline reads "TOBY RAINES".

She peruses the story with a smile, as she finishes her breakfast, quickly rinses out the bowl, and packs her tablet and various knickknacks into her bag.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARRIAGE, METRO MONORAIL - LATER

Beth stands among the morning commuters of Metropolis, in the busy carriage, holding onto an overhead handrail, swaying ever so slightly from the motion of the monorail.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. O.C.M.E. BUILDING, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building, the large sign with it's name glinting in the morning light, as Beth, now with a coffee in hand, walks up to and through the main entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, O.C.M.E. BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

BEEP!

Beth, sipping her coffee, enters the corridor from a security entrance, her I.D. badge in hand, as she shoulders the door open. She offers genuine smiles to various co-workers who greet her as she heads down towards the morgue.

As she passes one particular door, it opens, and an older gray-haired man with old-fashioned reading glasses and a rumpled lab-coat steps out of the office beyond.

This is DR. FRANKLIN WILSON, the Chief Medical Examiner. He quickly notices Beth, but his attention is also split reading a file in his hands.

WILSON

Ah, good morning, Beth.

BETH

(keeps walking)

Morning, Franklin.

WILSON

Actually, could I talk to you for a moment?

BETH

Sure, just let me drop my things off in the morgue, and I'll be right with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILSON
(distracted, reading)
Of course, of course.

Beth, used to his 'absent-minded professor' bit, simply smiles and head through the double doors at the end of the corridor, under the sign "MORGUE/EXAMINATION AREA". Through the frosted glass in the doors, we see the lights come on.

Wilson turns back into his office, but suddenly spins around, a little *panicked*.

WILSON (cont'd)
No, Beth! Wait, there's--!

BETH (O.C.)
(screams, surprised)
Who the hell are you?!

VOICE (O.C.)
(overlapping)
Jesus wept, who turned the lights on?!

With a grimace, Wilson closes his eyes briefly, before walking towards the morgue...

INT. MORGUE/EXAMINATION AREA, O.C.M.E. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Beth is standing, stock still at the sight of something off-screen, although wisps of smoke can be seen floating up from something. Wilson enters behind her, looking flustered.

WILSON
(apologetic)
Ah, see, this was what I wanted to talk to you about.

PETRELLI (O.C.)
(muffled, bored)
I think some introductions are in order. Huh, Doc?

PULL BACK to reveal a man dressed rather casually in jeans and short-sleeve shirt, a large pair of sunglasses on, laying on one of the examination tables. The smoke is trailing from a CIGAR clamped between his teeth.

WILSON
(annoyed)
Smoking, Tony? Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETRELLI

What? It's not doing any harm in here, is it? I mean, they're all already dead, for Christ's sake.

The man - DR. ANTHONY PETRELLI - sighs and sits up, dashing out the cigar on the table surface. He pulls off his glasses, blood-shot eyes squinting slightly. He's quite attractive, in a rough-and-tumble kind of way, with heavy stubble. He offers a half-wave to the still-stunned Beth.

PETRELLI (cont'd)

Hey there. I'm Tony Petrelli, the new guy.

Beth gives Wilson a deadly glare that screams "WTF?!" Wilson has the decency to look a little ashamed.

WILSON

Dr. Petrelli is, as he states, our newest hire. He's fully qualified, if a little, inexperienced with our protocols, so he'll be shadowing you for the next few weeks to learn the ropes.

BETH

(incredulous)

He is, is he?

(beat, irate)

Charming.

PETRELLI

(smarmy, sleazy smile)

Looking forward to it too, gotta say. Didn't realize I'd be stuck with someone half-way decent looking.

Beth actually sneers in genuine disgust as his 'wannabe lothario' act. Petrelli casually pushes himself off the table, the now-unlit cigar back in his mouth.

PETRELLI (cont'd)

(muffled, teasing)

So, who's first on the butcher's table today?

As Beth rolls her eyes in disbelief...

EXT. MALONE AVENUE HOMELESS SHELTER, SUICIDE SLUMS - DAY

As scruffy, bedraggled members of the homeless community come and go from the main entrance to the shelter, no one pays much attention to the uniformly nondescript station wagon parked outside.

It's occupant, however, SPECIAL AGENT KING FARADAY, pays very close attention to his surroundings. As he chews his gum, his focus is the side-view wing mirror, as he watches a figure in a well-worn RED HOODIE walk down the street.

As the figure casually approaches the shelter, a few mumbled greetings are exchanged with the individual - which appears to be Faraday's cue. He swiftly exits the car, and tidily removes his gum, throwing it in the nearby trash can.

FARADAY

Mr. Harper!

The object of his attention - ROY HARPER - turns, and grimaces at the sight of Faraday, who simply grins at the reaction - he's used to that kind of response.

ROY

(not happy)

Mr. Faraday. Are you stalking me now?

FARADAY

You haven't been taking my calls.

ROY

So, what? You tracked me down to tell you what you haven't figured out already?

(beat, emphatic)

I'm not interested.

FARADAY

May I ask why?

ROY

(sighs, resigned)

Look, I do appreciate the offer and all, but let me be blunt, okay?

(beat)

I'm an addict. It's a struggle every day not to give in to that little voice in my head urging me to go out, get some smack, and shoot up. I'll never be 'cured', but I refuse to let it destroy me either.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY (cont'd)

But I kinda think that disqualifies me from your kind of work, doesn't it?

FARADAY

(disappointed)

Mr. Harper, I'm a government agent, I know lots of people who struggle with addiction and still have their careers. That's just an excuse and you know it.

(beat)

Instead, you want to waste your potential? What about the faith Detective Turpin had in you? You really think that deserves to be forgotten, working in a soup kitchen?

ROY

(firmly)

It's my decision, Mr. Faraday. I'd appreciate it if you'd accept it.

FARADAY

Accept it? Maybe.

(beat, bitterly)

Respect it? Understand it? Not a chance in hell.

With that, and one final shake of his head, Faraday turns and heads back to his car. Roy watches stoically as the D.E.O. Agent climbs back into his car, letting out a ragged breath.

VREEP! VREEP!

Roy quickly fishes the ringing CELL PHONE out of his hoodie pocket, frowning at what he sees.

ROY'S P.O.V.: The cell screen displays "JAY DEE CALLING."

As Faraday drives away, Roy answers the call, holding the cell to his ear, concerned.

ROY

Jay? I haven't heard from you in a few days, I tried calling, you okay?

We don't hear the reply, but Roy instantly PALES at whatever is being said over the phone line, actually STUMBLING slightly, as his eyes fill with tears...

INT. WILSON'S OFFICE, O.C.M.E. BUILDING - DAY

Dr Wilson is reading over some reports, while sipping a cup of tea, enjoying the relative peace--

--until Beth STORMS in - she's not happy at all.

BETH

Franklin. We need to talk. Now.

Franklin, more then a little rattled at the intrusion, carefully places the tea cup down, letting out a frustrated breath.

WILSON

(resigned)

Yes, Beth?

BETH

Don't you 'Yes, Beth' me, Franklin. You know exactly why I'm standing here.

(beat)

That egocentric ass in the morgue!

WILSON

Dr. Petrelli, obviously.

(sighs)

You yourself were the one pushing me to bring in more trained M.E.'s not 3 months ago, remember? Tony is the first hire of many, I hope. The increase in budget we've received from the Mayor has--

BETH

(interrupts, confused)

Why him? What could you possibly have been thinking hiring him?

WILSON

To be honest, he reminds me a lot of myself at that age, cocky, self-assured, I thought I knew it all.

BETH

You mean he's rude, arrogant and a know-it-all. You were never those things, not even when I knew you back during my residency.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILSON

You met me after I grew up a little. Tony, he's still learning. Just like you are. That's why I want him to shadow you, to pick up your good qualities, while you help him loose his bad ones.

Beth shakes her head, and closes the door behind her, leaning against it for a moment.

BETH

I don't know if I can do that. It's only been half a day and already I've had to walk out on him twice, to avoid stabbing him with a scalpel!

Wilson smiles, amused, then an idea comes to him - he shuffles through the various piles of papers on his desk, before pulling one in particular out. He hands it to Beth.

WILSON

Read this. It's his resume.

Hesitantly, Beth takes the folder, and flicks through, reading quickly. Her eyes widen - whatever she's reading has her surprised.

BETH

(grudgingly)

This... this is impressive. Okay, I will admit, he is more then qualified by the way it reads.

(closes it, unsure)

Still, his attitude, his demeanor..?

WILSON

Need refinement, I know. I have faith in you.

With a final shake of her head, Beth hands the folder back to Wilson, and leaves...

INT. MORGUE/EXAMINATION ROOM, O.C.M.E. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A body on one of the examination tables, covered up by a white sheet, hiding the identity of the deceased. On it lays a clipboard, which a hand reaches down and picks up.

PULL BACK AND UP to reveal Tony Petrelli standing over the body, now wearing a clean and pressed lab coat over his casual attire. Across from him, is ROY HARPER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETRELLI

Are you ready?

Roy, looking queasy, simply nods. With deliberate care, Petrelli lifts the cover - we don't see the body, just Roy's IMMEDIATE RECOGNITION AND HORROR. He stumbles back and turns away, hand to his mouth in shock.

The DOUBLE DOORS push open, as Beth steps in. Quickly realizing she's intruding, she turns to leave, but with a couple of gestures, Petrelli indicates for her to stay, before covering the body back up.

PETRELLI (cont'd)

Can you confirm for me that this is--

ROY

(interrupts, upset)

That-- that's Jay Dee. Yeah, yes.

(coughs, calmer)

Jason Devereux. We called him Jay Dee for short.

PETRELLI

How did you know him?

ROY

We'd known each other for years, back when I was on the street. Once I got clean, I tried to help him, kind of like an unofficial sponsor. He, uh, he didn't really have anyone else, no family that he mentioned.

(beat)

What, uh-- what happened to him?

Petrelli places the clipboard back down, and walks around to Roy's side, offering his mere presence as a comfort.

PETRELLI

It looks like he was the victim of a mugging. No wallet or jewelry found on him. He as then dumped near Hobb's Bay, and found by garbage collectors. He'd been dead several days at least.

(beat)

Given his history, the police assume he was trying to score drugs and was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

ROY

(horrified)

Oh, Jay, man. Why didn't you call?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETRELLI

His cell was broken, it's possible he simply couldn't call you. The techs had to fix it before we could use it to call you.

ROY

I should have tried to visit him, not just call him. I was supposed to be helping him.

PETRELLI

(firmly)

Hey, we help ourselves okay. You've been on the street, you used to use, right? You know how hard it can be to get yourself clean. He was lucky he had you to help him even start that journey, most people don't get that, but not everyone can go the whole way. Some people get lucky, others are just trapped by their addiction.

(beat)

Jay made that choice. You don't deserve to carry that on you when it wasn't yours to make.

Roy simply nods, taking several calming breaths, as Petrelli, surprisingly, places a hand firmly on his shoulder, a comradely gesture of support.

Standing by the doors, Beth, impressed, watches - maybe Petrelli isn't as bad as she thought?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, SUICIDE SLUMS - EVENING

It's not as nice as the inner city apartments, but it's nowhere near as rundown as others in the neighborhood. A familiar STATION WAGON is parked under a STREET LIGHT, as Roy Harper walks past without a second thought.

He starts up the steps to the building's main door. Stops. He eyes the FIGURE hugging the shadows in front of him.

ROY

(surprised)

You're here.

King Faraday steps into the meager light, a cocky smile at the ready, as he shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY

I was intrigued to get your call.
Especially after everything you said
earlier.

ROY

(sarcastic)

Yeah, and not at all smug that you'd
maybe gotten through to me?

FARADAY

(laughs, caught)

Well, I wouldn't say that, son. I
like being proven right as much as
the next guy.

(beat)

What changed your mind.

ROY

First, cut the crap. You want me to
join up with you for a reason. I
think I know what that is. But I want
you to confirm it.

FARADAY

(smile vanishes)

Sorry, son, but I'm not authorized
to--

ROY

(impatient)

Bullshit! Look, you want me, you got
me, but you need to level with me.

Faraday remains stony-face for a moment, before grinning,
impressed. He pulls out a FOLDER, and tosses it to Roy, who
catches it easily. He flicks through, with interest. He
suddenly lets out a BARK of dark laughter.

ROY (cont'd)

Now things start to make sense.

FARADAY

I won't lie. It's dangerous work, and
could get you killed. But you have
the skills - and the drive - to get
this done, and help bring down some
very powerful people.

ROY

If I say yes, when would this happen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARADAY

First, tell me what changed your mind.

ROY

(beat, sighs)

A friend of mine was killed. They think it was a mugging, that he was trying to score, but I know he wasn't. He worked as a runner, like I used to, He wanted out, but they wouldn't let him.

(angrily)

They killed him because he was close to getting away from them. I was the one who convinced him that he had a real shot of a normal life. Now, he's dead.

FARADAY

This isn't about revenge, Mr. Harper, this is about justice.

ROY

The two aren't mutually exclusive, right? All I know right now is that I have a chance to help bring them down, and I can't waste it.

FARADAY

I think I get where you're coming from, son. But, I have to ask, are you absolutely sure?

Roy closes the folder slowly, considering - a million thoughts are going through his brain right now. Then, just as quickly, a decision is MADE. He nods, and extends his free hand.

ROY

I'm in. All the damn way.

Faraday smile broadens into a grin, and he nods.

FARADAY

Well then. Welcome to the D.E.O., Mr. Harper.

CLOSE ON: their hands, as they shake on it...

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE