

M.S.C.U

METROPOLIS . SPECIAL . CRIMES . UNIT

METROPOLIS: SUPPLEMENTAL
Xmas Special 2017: "*Festive*"

Written by

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Executive Producers
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XaleCorp Productions 2017

CAST

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| CAPTAIN MAGGIE SAWYER | Jill Teed |
| DETECTIVE DAN TURPIN | David Paetkau |
| TODD RICE | Chris Lowell |
| DR. BETH CHAPEL | Tembi Locke |
| WALLY WEST | Fran Kranz |
| LIEUTENANT RALPH DIBNY | Fred Weller |
| DR. KITTY FAULKNER | Felicia Day |
| DETECTIVE PATRICIA TRAYCE..... | Katee Sackhoff |

FADE IN:

EXT. SKYLINE, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - EVENING

The city is being bombarded by a BLIZZARD. The familiar buildings are covered in a thick layer of snow.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Good evening, Metropolis! This is
WGBS-FM with all your travel news on
this snow-battered Christmas Eve!

INT. S.C.U BULLPEN, 8TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

The normally-bustling bull-pen is empty. *Deserted.* PAN ACROSS the unattended desks, all the computers off.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
The snowstorm has caused chaos for
peoples plans this holiday season as
all airports and train stations have
been forced to close.

The double-doors are pushed open, and a FIGURE walks in, shrouded in shadow. They reach over and flip the light switch...

... to reveal MAGGIE SAWYER, shrugging off her heavy winter coat, dusting off a fine layer of snow as she does. She tosses the jacket over her arm, as she slowly walks in, taking in the sight.

MAGGIE
(to herself, sadly)
Merry Christmas, Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

[SOUNDTRACK NOTE: "WINTER WONDERLAND" BY PERRY COMO]

As she sets her shoulders, and heads towards her office...

EXT. MALONE AVENUE HOMELESS SHELTER, SUICIDE SLUMS - EVENING

Establishing shot of the seen-better-days building. Small rows of twinkling Christmas decorate the windows.

INT. MAIN ROOM, MALONE AVENUE HOMELESS SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

The main room has been transformed into a veritable winter wonderland of festive cheer!

Every wall has been covered with layers of decorations. A huge Christmas tree festooned with tinsel and lights stands in one corner.

Every table is filled with the less-fortunate citizens of the city, eating the hot food and drink being provided.

At the serving stations are several familiar faces. BETH. DANNY. WALLY. TODD. DIBNY. KITTY. TRAYCE. They smile and laugh, talking with their patrons, and among themselves...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM, MALONE AVENUE HOMELESS SHELTER - LATER

The tables are mostly empty, the scant remains of meals left on paper plates. Volunteers move between the tables tidying up.

Danny sits with his feet up on one of the tables, exhausted. Trayce, now with a SANTA'S HAT resting on her head, offers him a bottle of water.

DANNY

Cheers, man.

TRAYCE

No problem.

They are soon joined by Beth and Kitty, each looking tired but pleased that their efforts have been appreciated.

KITTY

That... was exhausting!

(beat)

You do this every year, Beth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH

(nods)

If I can, if I'm not on shift or on call.

DANNY

Same with me and Suzie. This is the first year she's missed since Stevie started school, though. They're still stuck in Reno thanks to the blizzard.

TRAYCE

I used to help out at a couple of shelters back in Chicago. You can imagine how bad the winters were back there. With Luis out of town visiting his grandparents, it's kinda nice doing this again.

Todd, Wally and Dibny approach, each carrying a tray with several STYROFOAM CONTAINERS and bottles of water on it.

WALLY

(bad 'French accent')

Compliments of ze chef!

(normal voice)

Merry Christmas, guys.

They place the trays down, and each of them takes a container.

TODD

(checks wristwatch)

Actually, it's just gone midnight, so it's officially Christmas Day.

They toast with their bottles.

DANNY

It's weird. Me and Suzie volunteer here every Christmas. This is the first one she's missed since Stevie started school.

DIBNY

Sue really wanted to be here too, but she's stuck in New York with her family until flights are allowed.

DANNY

(laughs)

Christmas in New York? I can think of worse ways to spend my time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY (cont'd)

(beat)

What about you, Trayce?

TRAYCE

Luis's gone to visit his grandparents back in Chicago. I didn't fancy sitting at home alone.

TODD

Same here. Damon's gone to visit his folks in L.A.

TRAYCE

What about the Captain? Wasn't she up for joining in?

DANNY

(surprised)

You didn't hear?

TODD

(sighs)

She wasn't supposed to even be in the city. She was supposed to be landing in Star City about now, to see her daughter for the holidays.

TRAYCE

That sucks. What about Toby?

BETH

She'd left a few days ago to be her dad back in Keystone City.

Wally, a forkful of turkey in his mouth, looks up, appalled.

WALLY

(mouth full)

The Cap's all alone on Christmas Eve?

TODD

She told me she was gonna head into the precinct, catch up on some paper work.

WALLY

Guys, it's Christmas! It's not right she's there on her own. We should tell her to get her ass down here!

DIBNY

She can't just up and leave, Wally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALLY

(sighs, annoyed)

Yeah, I know, I know. But still, it's not really fair. I mean, she's the reason we all know each other, right? I'd still be cleaning up test tubes in Central City if she hadn't taken a chance on me.

DANNY

(nods)

I'd still be in patrol, bouncing between precincts.

TODD

I'd probably be in jail

(off their looks)

It's a story for another day.

KITTY

My life has definitely got more interesting since I met you all, that's for sure.

Beth leans back, deep in thought. Considering. *An idea forms.* She grins.

BETH

Ralph, are the decorations we didn't use still in your car?

DIBNY

Sure. Why?

BETH

You'll see. Bring you food and follow me.

She quickly closes her container and stands up, walking away with a determined stride. As the others, confused but going with the flow, get up to follow, Wally casts a disappointed look at his food. Sighs. Closes it and follows the others...

INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE, S.C.U. BULL-PEN - EVENING (LATER)

Maggie, a large pile of file folders next to her, slowly works her way through them. She absently picks up her coffee mug and goes to take a sip, before looking into it, annoyed. *Empty.*

She stands, stretching out the kinks, stifling a yawn, before looking out at the dark bull-pen.

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RING. RING. Maggie quickly turns back and picks up her desk phone, slipping into 'professional' mode.

MAGGIE
This is Sawyer.

DANNY (V.O.)
Hey, Boss. Can you come down to Forensics?

MAGGIE
(surprised)
Danny? What the hell are you doing in the lab?

DANNY (V.O.)
(coyly)
I'll explain when you get your butt down here. Oh, and make sure to forward your incoming calls down to here as well.

CLICK! The line goes dead. Maggie looks at her phone, very confused...

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY, 8TH PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie walks into the lab, and stops dead. Her mouth agape. Totally taken aback.

MAGGIE
(awed)
Whoa...

The room has been liberally decorated - not as full-on as the shelter, but tastefully. Just enough to drive home the Christmas spirit and festive cheer.

At the central examination table stand everyone. They're all wearing festive-themed jumpers, with either Santa hats or reindeer antlers.

On the table are EIGHT PLACE SETTINGS. Each has a cracker, a Styrofoam container and a water bottle. Eight stools have been placed around it.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
What's all this?

TODD
Call it a Christmas miracle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH

When we realized that you'd be alone on Christmas, we decided that we couldn't let that happen.

DANNY

We also realized we couldn't have a proper Christmas without you, Boss.

KITTY

You're the reason we all know each other, and we wanted to say something to say how glad we are you did.

WALLY

So, we brought Christmas to you!

He rushes up to Maggie, pulling another Santa hat out from behind him, which he promptly puts on her head. She laughs, straightening it before it can fall off.

She looks at the expectant faces. *Touched by their actions.*

MAGGIE

I-- I don't know what to say.

WALLY

How about "Let's eat", or something to that effect? I'm starving!

MAGGIE

(grinning)

You heard the man! Let's eat!

[SOUNDTRACK NOTE: "HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS" BY FRANK SINATRA]

Everyone takes their places, and starts dishing out food between themselves from the containers.

Maggie takes a moment to look at these people. Her *family*. Maybe not by blood, but by choice. By deed.

As we pull away from our ever-so-dysfunctional group...

FADE TO BLACK:

ON BLACK:

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY HOLIDAYS
FROM EVERYONE AT "METROPOLIS: SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT"
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