

METROPOLITAN

Written by

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CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH LONDON STREETS- DAY

Council estate. Young hoods walk around in groups. Single mums. Old coffin-dodgers. England. London.

A Metropolitan police car approaches a roundabout. It circles around.

And around.

And around.

The car keeps going, doing a lap of the roundabout.

It swerves off to the third exit.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR- DAY

PC MARTIN KEMP, lanky, almond hair, soft-skinned male, sharp features, police officer wearing a Scotland Yard uniform. Martin scrolls through his phone in the passenger seat.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD, short, slightly chubby female, blonde hair bob cut, wearing a police uniform. She drives, looks over to Martin.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
(In a nosey tone, looking  
over to Martin's phone)  
What you lookin' at, ey?

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Eyyy, Barbara, you'll never guess  
who's died!

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
What? Who?

PC MARTIN KEMP  
You'll never, ever guess!

Barbara pulls a face, gripping the wheel tighter.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
(Raised tone)  
Who!? Tell me, will you!?

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Carey Peterson.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Who?

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Carey. Dodgy Carey. Bog eyes. She  
shit on that TV in the street,  
remember?

Barbara shakes her head, sighing.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Shut up, Martin.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

ON BLACK:

'METROPOLITAN'

Mixed with sirens and blue and white colour flashes.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR CHU'S HOUSE- DAY

The two officers stand outside 'Mr Chu's' house.

Barbara sends a classic police knock. Hard and harsh.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
(In a mocking and  
sarcastic tone)  
Ooo, watch out now, Barbara.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Oh, do one.

MR CHU, little Chinese male, old man, bald head, little teeth  
left, a smiley face on his bald round head. Mr Chu opens the  
door to the officers.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
Hello, Mr. Chu, I'm PC Rutherford  
and this is PC Kemp, we're from the  
Metropolitan police.

Mr Chu points at his ear, tapping it, signalling he's deaf.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Think he's deaf, Barbara.

Barbara pulls out her notepad, he writes down what she said.  
Also adding 'We're here for the vandalism on your house'.

Barbara holds it in front of Mr. Chu.

Mr. Chu points at his eyes.

PC MARTIN KEMP (CONT'D)  
He's bloody blind, too.

Barbara gives Martin an awkward look.

Pause.

Barbara edges the notepad forward.

Pause.

Mr. Chu nods, smiling, he signals them both to come in.

INT. MR CHU'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- DAY

Mr. Chu sits on the couch, Barbara walks in as Martin shuts the door.

Barbara writes down some more, showing it to Mr. Chu.

Mr. Chu nods and smiles, sitting patiently.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
We all good then?

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Yeah, you first then, Martin.

Martin nudges past Barbara, he looks at Mr. Chu.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
(In a raised tone)  
Okay, Mr. Chu! We're going up!  
(Points up) UP! (Pointing again) Up  
the stairs.

Mr Chu stares, he has no idea.

Pause.

MR. CHU  
(Talking with a lisp)  
Yes-th, Yes-th.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
He has no idea what you're on  
about, Martin.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
(Talking sarcastically)  
Ah.. Yes. I didn't know that  
Barbara.

CUT TO:

INT. MR CHU'S HOUSE- UPSTAIRS-DAY

Barbara and Martin stand in a hallway at the top of the stairs.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Christ almighty. It stinks.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
(Enthusiastically)  
Now, now, Barbara, learn to embrace  
different cultures!

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
What are you on about?

PC MARTIN KEMP  
(Pause) It's traditional Chinese  
plant essence.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
You have truly lost your bloody  
mind, Martin.

Barbara sniffs up.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
Good god, it stinks so bad. What is  
it?

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Stinks of... Hmm, like dog poo or  
something?

Martin looks around then he nods slowly.

PC MARTIN KEMP (CONT'D)  
Hmm. Yeah. Yes, of course.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
(Pinching her nose)  
What? What is it?

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Of course it's dog. They... You  
know, the Chinese.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Martin!

Martin shrugs.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
I thought it was all a myth but I  
guess not. I guess it is true.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
That's extremely offensive, Martin!

Barbara shakes her head.

INT. MR CHU'S HOUSE- UPSTAIRS BEDROOM- DAY

Martin and Barbara step into the bedroom. Looking around, noses pinched.

Martin unpinches. He sniffs up.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Doesn't smell in here.

Barbara unpinches. They both look at the smashed window.

PC MARTIN KEMP (CONT'D)  
Bloody kids, ey? He lives in a  
shithole part of the city, doesn't  
he?

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
I live 'round here.

Martin sighs, cringing to himself.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Ah, right.

The two carry on searching.

Martin pokes his hand through the hole where the glass had  
smashed.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
There's no like bricks or anything?  
How did it break?

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Bet it was broke clean open by one  
of his dogs, a desperate escape.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Martin! Shut up!

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Alright, I'm not being funny but  
he's bloody deaf, he can't hear  
what I'm saying.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Besides the point.

Martin pulls a face at Barbara, she shakes her head.

Barbara steps out of the room and onto the hallway.

INT. MR CHU'S HOUSE- UPSTAIRS-DAY

Barbara pulls her face at the smell again.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
I'm sorry but that really smells,  
we have to find out what it is,  
honestly.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
(O.S.)  
I really, really don't want to find  
whatever is causing that smell.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Stop being a wuss.

Martin walks through, he bonks his heads on the door to the  
attic, it comes loose.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Ow, shit!

Martin creases.

PC MARTIN KEMP (CONT'D)  
Ah, god, get this bloody attic door-  
...

Martin steps back, the door opens and a pair of attached  
ladders slides down.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Oh christ! It's coming from up  
there!

Barbara gags and nods to the roof.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
No. That can't be good, can it?

Barbara shrugs quickly then gags again.

Martin pinches his nose, grabbing his torch with his free  
hand.

He tries to clamber up the ladders. With no free hands.

He fumbles around. Stupidly. He gives up and just holds his  
breath as he climbs up.

INT. MR CHU'S HOUSE- ATTIC-DAY

The torch shines in, Martin's naive head bobs over. He looks  
like a monkey whilst he holds his breath.

He shines his torch around and there it is.

A **DEAD BODY** against the side of the attic.

Martin squeals and drops down the ladder, banging his head against everything down the way.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Oh my god! Martin!

Martin shouts, fumbling around, holding himself.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
Martin! Martin!

PC MARTIN KEMP  
(Speaking quickly and frantically)  
Barbara, barb, there's a dead-...  
Dead body up there! Oh god! Oh god!

Martin tries to control his breathing.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Oh Christ. Shut-..

Barbara pushes the loft door up, sobbing a little in panic.

The door jams due to the ladder not being in. Barbara doesn't see this, assumes the body has come to life and pushed the door back down.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
(Screaming)  
OH GOD! IT'S ALIVE! IT WON'T LET ME  
SHUT THE DOOR!

Barbara screeches and lets go of the door, the ladder drops on Martin's head.

Martin holds the top of his head, shouting.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
(Screaming in panic, also)  
OH GOD! MY HEAD!

CUT TO:

INT. MR CHU'S HOUSE- UPSTAIRS BEDROOM- DAY

Martin sits on the bed in silence. Barbara stands in silence.

They sit with Mr. Chu's oriental themed bedroom as the backdrop.

Silence still.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
He-... He killed him.



PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
He-.. He can't have, Martin.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Well how is that up there then? It  
wasn't too rotten, probably fresh  
but I don't know.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Ugh, god, stop, I feel ill.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
You tell me, Barbs, how did that  
bloody body get up there?

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Christ knows! But he's half blind  
and he's deaf and he's the size of  
a friggin' six year old how in  
heaven did he kill someone? AND get  
the body stuffed up there.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
(Irritated tone)  
Oh, well, ask me, the bloody quiz  
master, how do I know? You want to  
shift this all on me well how do I  
know how it got there?

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
I'm sorry but I'm freaking the fuck  
out right now!

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Did you see it?

Barbara cocks her eyebrow.

PC MARTIN KEMP (CONT'D)  
Did you?

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
No!

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Yeah, you've got the easy side of  
things then haven't you.

Barbara holds her head.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Not the time.

The two sigh, visually frustrated.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
We'll question him.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Wha-..? No! We'll report this and  
fuck off.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
He must have answers.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Ones I don't want to hear!

Martin sits and stares.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
C'mon.

Martin starts to walk.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Martin! Wait! God...

CUT TO:

INT. MR CHU'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- DAY

Martin and Barbara sit in front of Mr. Chu, visually  
distracted.

Mr. Chu sits harmlessly, a humbling smile on his face.

Barbara takes out her notepad, writing.

She finishes and hands the pad over to Mr. Chu. He holds it.

Mr. Chu points at his finger and shakes his head, he shrugs.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Oh, for fuck sake, of course he  
can't write either. Of course.  
We're restricted to yes and no then  
aren't we?

Barbara sighs, taking the notepad off of Mr. Chu.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Why are we doing this?

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Answers, Barbs, answers. Now write.

Barbara gets her pen at the ready.

PC MARTIN KEMP (CONT'D)  
Ahm. 'Have you been up your attic  
lately'.

Barbara writes then shows it to Mr. Chu.

He shakes his head.

PC MARTIN KEMP (CONT'D)  
No. Hmm. Ahm, 'Can you smell  
anything weird near your attic?'

Barbara does the same, showing it once again.

Mr Chu. taps his nose.

PC MARTIN KEMP (CONT'D)  
No. This is beyond a joke now.

Barbara holds her head, sighing.

Mr. Chu looks between the two, confused.

PC MARTIN KEMP (CONT'D)  
Ahm, keep trying. 'Have you given  
your key to anyone else?'

Barbara writes again, showing once again.

Mr. Chu shakes his head.

PC MARTIN KEMP (CONT'D)  
Oh christ. No to everything? Sure  
it's not just his Parkinson's  
kicking in or something...

Martin sighs.

PC MARTIN KEMP (CONT'D)  
Ah. Ask him for me. 'Have you ever  
been involved in the consumption of  
dog meat before?'

Barbara stops writing and slaps Martin's thigh.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Martin!

PC MARTIN KEMP  
It's worth knowing!

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
It's completely unrelated! Ugh,  
we're getting no where.

Barbara stands up, rubbing her eyes.

Martin picks up her notepad, writing the question he asked  
Barbara. He shows it to Mr. Chu.

Mr. Chu shakes his head.

Martin gives him a disbelieving look.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Well. We'll see what the lie  
detector says, won't we?

CUT TO:

**LATER IN THE DAY.**

EXT. MR CHU'S HOUSE- DAY

Police cars swarm the front, coroners and detectives.

Martin and Barbara sit on the bonnet of their vehicle.

COMMISSIONER BURROWS, a middle-aged man, grey mustache,  
skinny with a commissioners uniform on, approaches the two.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Evening, Commissioner Burrows.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Evening, Commissioner Burrows.

The commissioner nods to the two.

COMMISSIONER BURROWS  
Good evenin'. You two holding up  
okay?

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Yeah, fine.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Okay, I guess.

COMMISSIONER BURROWS  
Good, good. Very shocking find. I  
mean, you two being the people that  
you are, I'm sure this was ahm,  
tough for you, right?

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Why? What ahm.. People are we, sir?

COMMISSIONER BURROWS  
Ah, you know. community type  
officers. Used to seeing graffiti,  
loitering all that. Not really dead  
bodies.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
I'd beg to differ, sir, I stomached  
the revelation quite well, I didn't  
panic or freak out, dealt with the  
situation accordingly.

COMMISSIONER BURROWS  
That's.. Good to hear, mate.

Barbara scowls at Martin's lies.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Aye!

COMMISSIONER BURROWS  
Anyway. Thanks for this. Really appreciated.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Yeah, anytime. See ya, mate.

Commissioner Burrows awkwardly bops his head then scurries off.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
God, he thinks you're such a tosspot.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
See, Barbara if that was so, why did he call me his mate?

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
It's just something to say isn't it. God, you're both wankers anyway.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
Hm. Nice to hear that after being emotionally scarred for life, Barbs.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
Thought you handled it well though? Unless you were-...?

PC MARTIN KEMP  
C'mon, back on patrol. Just another day on the job, man.

Barbara cringes.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
It's the Met not bloody Hawaii five-o.

The two sigh as they stroll into the car.

INT. POLICE CAR- DAY

The two strap themselves in.

PC MARTIN KEMP  
He said no by the way.

PC BARBARA RUTHERFORD  
What?

PC MARTIN KEMP  
No. He's. He's never eaten a dog.

Barbara chuckles a little. She revs the engine.

EXT. SOUTH LONDON STREETS- DAY

The car zooms off the roundabout, off out of the estate.

Fade to black.

The end.