

STATE RESERVES

by

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*"Women are like teabags. You don't know how strong they
are until you put them in hot water."*

- Eleanor Roosevelt

TEASER

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Sunlight peeks through bordered up windows past steel bars and onto sparsely stocked shelves covered in a blanket of dust. An old speaker crackles next to a security camera.

RADIO DJ

(through speaker)

The one percent, they just desperately clutchin' to what they had and they gettin' angry, they gettin' violent! We know who these motherfuckers are now and who they own but it's WHAT they own that matters and that's turnin' to shit! I see it all across Virginia, the people, they're risin' up and takin' that shit back! There ain't no bail out comin' this time, just a revolution on its way! It's an uprising, baby! The heads in the boardroom gonna be heads on sticks, you'll soon see! Fuck the law!

ALICE O'DONNELL (30's), wearing a tattered police uniform, stares into a freezer with a look of discontent.

O'DONNELL

Why's nobody eating the frogurt?

A row of untouched frogurt cartons next to a lonely ice-cream tub priced at \$150 dollars. She sighs with temptation.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

If this snack situation gets any worse, we're gonna have to declare a national emergency...

She smirks and looks to the STORE OWNER who's behind a makeshift wall of pallet wood and scratched plexiglass.

He doesn't even look up from his magazine. She looks back longingly to the tub of ice-cream.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

(to self)

...again.

STORE OWNER

Supply and demand. You don't like the price, eat the fuckin' frogurt.

Her eyes draw to her gold watch. She ponders for a moment, takes the ice-cream, and crosses to the counter where the Store Owner, with shelves of pawned goods heaving behind him, shoots her a skeptical look. She slips off her watch.

STORE OWNER (CONT'D)
One-twenty-five. Believe me, it's nothing special.

This motherfucker. She sighs, takes out her wallet, and flicks slowly through the dog-eared notes.

O'DONNELL
I can always buy it back, right?

STORE OWNER
Everything has its price.

She clutches on to a few bills, dwelling on that note then--

SCREEEEEEECH! She looks to the reinforced entrance. The Store Owner shifts back concerned. She crosses to a window and warily peers through a gap between the boards.

ROOOAARRRRR! She runs, and dives. CRASH! A pickup backs through the wall, knocking over shelves like dominos, and burying O'Donnell in products.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Two HELLS ANGELS enter with shotguns.

RATATATATATAT! The Store Owner opens fire with a fully automatic AR15, using his counter as cover.

STORE OWNER (CONT'D)
Wrong store, assholes!

He smacks a new clip and cocks his rifle. CLUNK. HIIIISSSS! He looks down. A tube of quarry explosives. Fuck. BOOOOOOM!

The Hells Angels make their way in coughing on the dust. One starts throwing products into the truck while the Leader crosses to what's left of the counter and Store Owner.

Lying on the floor, O'Donnell stays cool as tins and cans are scavenged from above her. She carefully draws out her pistol and watches them like a hawk through the gaps.

The Leader grabs pawned items and wipes off blood and guts to inspect them. He takes O'Donnell's watch and puts it on. O'Donnell narrows her eyes but then--

He pauses and stares down at something on the floor, its--

O'Donnell's wallet, wide open, with her police ID on show.

He snaps round, stares at the other Hells Angel and snorts like a pig. The other snorts back amused.

They aim their guns into the pile O'Donnell is buried in, searching for her. O'Donnell, struggling to move, manages to point her gun at the Hells Angel's ankle as he steps by her.

BANG! He goes down screaming. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The Leader lets rip, unable to pinpoint where O'Donnell is. BANG! BANG! BANG! O'Donnell fires at his legs but misses.

The Leader scrabbles over debris, leaving his footless partner behind. As he gets in the truck and fires it up, O'Donnell squeezes out the pile and, with barely a moment to think, grabs the tailgate of the truck as it roars away.

EXT. WELL SPRING, HIGHWAY - CAR CHASE - CONTINUOUS

Small town buildings blur by as O'Donnell clings on tight to the truck and peers ahead at the Leader behind the wheel.

She manages to press the button on her shoulder mounted mic.

O'DONNELL

(into mic)

Four-o-seven, I gotta a two-eleven in progress! Suspect vehicle headed east on one-eight-eight... Currently hanging onto it!.. Not gonna lie... don't know what the fuck I'm doing right now!

Garbled shouting replies through her radio, drowned out by the exhaust of the truck as O'Donnell pulls herself up the tailgate. She gets most of her way over into the bed just as the Leader checks the rear view mirror. Oh fuck!

He grabs his shotgun and aims. She ducks. BOOM! The rear window shatters. The tailgate drops. O'Donnell disappears. He smirks to himself and keeps the pedal to the metal.

But O'Donnell is still hanging on, clinging onto netting with her feet skimming the asphalt. She heaves herself back up into the bed as the howl of a siren closes in.

A black Mustang approaches fast with a flashing blue light in the windshield. The truck lunges to block it but it's no match for handling. The Mustang blows by.

BAILEY (20's), her hair whipping around, emerges from the sunroof wearing riot gear and armed with a Mossberg. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! She fires into the truck's grille.

O'Donnell crawls to the shattered rear window of the truck as the Leader's distracted. Steam pours from the radiator. He fumbles with his shotgun but it slips from his lap.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

Pull over!

He freezes. O'Donnell with her gun aimed at right him. He raises his free hand but looks oddly confident.

SMASH! A window by O'Donnell explodes. The throb of a Harley alongside ridden by another Hells Angel with a pistol.

SWISH! The Leader suddenly tries to knife her. She ducks and weaves his attacks, the blade inches from her face.

Bailey tries to take out the Biker but he has a 9mm. BANG! BANG! BANG! He hits the Mustang which swerves to the other side of the truck and drops back.

Bailey focuses on the knife fight inside the truck but can't get a clean shot on the Leader who kicks his door open and tries to get out onto the back of the Harley.

O'Donnell grabs his arm. The watch! She manages to get it off at the expense of him slipping onto the bike which roars away with the Mustang in pursuit.

She has no choice but to grab the wheel and keep the truck on course. The cruise control left on. She goes to get in the driver's seat and realizes something. FIZZZZZZZ!--

Yep. That fucker's calling card. A lit stick of explosives.

She scrabbles over the seats, through the rear window, and--

BOOOOOOOOOM! The truck explodes behind the Mustang which slams on its brakes and eventually screeches to a halt.

The truck shell crackles and burns as the Mustang pulls up. Out gets Bailey and GIBSON (30's) who run over to find--

O'Donnell covered in cuts and bruises sitting up on the asphalt in pain, in shock, and almost in tears.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

Please tell me the ice-cream made
it

They stare back confused.

END TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY**

The front of the store destroyed and roof caving in. LOOTERS emerge from the smoke with whatever they can carry.

By a beaten up ambulance, DR JAY MARIE (40's) and NURSE WILLOW (20's), both wearing paramedic uniforms, make a poor attempt at trying to ward them off.

DR JAY MARIE
That's not yours to take!

NURSE WILLOW
Just let them take it, mom!

The Mustang growls into the parking lot and, as O'Donnell, Bailey, and Gibson climb out, the Looters rapidly disperse.

Dr Jay Marie and Nurse Willow see O'Donnell's cuts and go to help as she searches through the rubble. Bailey and Gibson smirk as they watch O'Donnell trying to swat them away.

DR JAY MARIE
Let us take a look at those cuts!
You okay?

O'Donnell recovers a twisted bmx bike and winces.

O'DONNELL
No, I'm suffering from loss. You two been scanning our radio again?

DR JAY MARIE
Maybe. What happened to you?

O'DONNELL
That's police business.

GIBSON
She fell out of a moving truck.
Don't let the macho act fool you,
she was in tears about it.

BAILEY
You're a fucking snitch, Gibs.

While Dr Jay Marie inspects O'Donnell's pupils, Nurse Willow slaps a cartoon princess bandaid on her forehead.

O'DONNELL

You wanna fix something? Fix my bike. Neither of you should be out here. You're a liability.

BAILEY

I think what O'Donnell's trying to say is, you're civilians and we can't be there to watch your backs.

DR JAY MARIE

Four years of medical school plus seven years of residency makes us prepared for shit you can't even imagine, you hear me?

A diesel engine approaches. They look down the road.

O'DONNELL

Great! Now these assholes!

A firetruck eases to a halt. CPT WESTMAN (20's), LT SUTTER (40's), and LT MORRIS (40's), climb out bemused.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

You're too late, guys. Go find a cat in a tree.

CPT WESTMAN

Fuck you, O'Donnell. There anybody trapped in there!

O'DONNELL

Yeah sure, that's why I'm out here getting my eyes tested, dick for brains!

BAILEY

I think you mean "shit for brains".

DR JAY MARIE

I'm genuinely concerned you may have a concussion.

LT Sutter and LT Morris check in the building.

CPT WESTMAN

We're actually just passing through. We got orders, princess.

O'DONNELL

What orders? Pizza orders? Nobody gives you any orders.

CPT WESTMAN

Well, that's the funny thing.

He puts his hands on his hips, revealing a holstered pistol.

O'DONNELL

No, that's a funny thing. You got a license for that?

CPT WESTMAN

We got orders from YOUR chief to head to YOUR headquarters. They're calling in all EMS right away. Guess it's you guys who can't keep up with current events.

He lets O'Donnell take that news in.

NURSE WILLOW

(to Dr Jay Marie)

That means us too. We should go.

LT SUTTER

(to Nurse Willow)

More than happy to have you lending a hand, Willow.

LT Sutter shoots her a sly wink. Eww. Creepy.

BAILEY

This is why we can't work with you guys. You're always looking for windows to climb through and somewhere to stick your hoses.

As if on cue, an army convoy passes across the road ahead, leaving them all stunned and silent.

DISPATCH

(through radios)

Control to all units, please return to base immediately. Repeat, please return to base immediately.

Chaos breaks out. Everyone runs for their vehicles bar O'Donnell who tries to fit her twisted bike in the Mustang.

GIBSON

What the fuck, Ali? Leave it!

She runs out to the road with the bike carried aloft and blocks the firetruck before it can pull away.

HOOOONK! Captain Westman leans on the horn. She handcuffs her bike to the bumper and runs off giving them the finger.

With smoke still rising from the destroyed store, the Mustang, ambulance, and firetruck race away.

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY

The engine roars as Gibson, Bailey, and O'Donnell close in on the convoy and pass by it. Three military Jeeps followed by a military ambulance and two huge container trucks.

BAILEY

Are we being invaded?

O'DONNELL

Doubt it. We'd have to have something worth taking.

Gibson puts his foot down. They leave the convoy behind.

EXT. POLICE HQ - DAY

The Mustang races in and screeches to a halt. O'Donnell, Gibson, and Bailey leap out to find CHIEF PICTON (50's) standing in doorway waiting for them.

INT. POLICE HQ, RECEPTION - DAY

Chief Picton ushers in O'Donnell, Gibson, and Bailey.

CHIEF PICTON

(re: cuts and bruises)

What the hell happened this time?

O'DONNELL

Just trying to keep a lid on things as usual, Chief.

The army trucks, firetruck, and ambulance pull up outside.

CHIEF PICTON

Meeting room! Now! Were's the hell's Lenk and Tasker?

He turns to a store-cupboard door and swings it open to find OFC TASKER (40's) and OFC LENK (30's) passionately embraced.

CHIEF PICTON (CONT'D)

Once again, you are not the last two people on Earth... Yet!

They walk out, Lenk bashful with her head down while Tasker struts tall and proud. He winks at O'Donnell.

OFC TASKER
You win or lose this time,
Princess?

INT. POLICE HQ, MEETING ROOM - DAY

Chairs laid out for a formal address. DETECTIVE DANE (40s) reading through printouts. O'Donnell, Gibson, Bailey, OFC Tasker, and OFC Lenk enter.

BAILEY
Hey, you any idea what's going on?

DETECTIVE DANE
I have my concerns.

Everyone take seats. Gibson sits by OFC Lenk who looks disheveled and consumed in thought.

GIBSON
You okay?

OFC Lenk nods unconvincingly as CPT Westman, LT Sutter, Lt Morris, Dr Jay Marie, and Nurse Willow enter.

CPT WESTMAN
Woo! Well, look who's here,
brother, up in your meeting room.

OFC Tasker gets up and bro-hugs CPT Westman.

OFC TASKER
My man, finally in the building.

SGM MATTHEWS (50s), a military man in a hurry with a lot on his mind, enters the room with three soldiers in tow. Chief Picton closes the door and everyone falls silent.

CHIEF PICTON
Okay, listen up everybody, this
here is Sergeant Major Matthews of
the US Army. I need you sitting
down and keeping silent while you
listen to what he has to say.

SGM Matthews takes centre stage and owns the room.

SGM MATTHEWS
I want to start by thanking Chief
Picton for welcoming us here today.
(MORE)

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

I also acknowledge that you've all attended this meeting at short-notice and I respect that you, like us, are very busy people right now but a set of events have unfolded today that concern all of you.

He takes a long breath and stares deadly serious.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

As of o-six-hundred hours this morning, the Governor of West Virginia enacted legislation in accordance with Chapter 15, public safety article 4 of the state code, exercising his right to authorize the assembly of a paramilitary guard with immediate effect.

CPT WESTMAN

Wait, are we seceding?

SGM MATTHEWS

This isn't Texas. We're staying with the union but policy has been imposed to protect the state from a possible attack. That's all I'm at liberty to say at this time.

DETECTIVE DANE

So, we truly have become a country at war with itself. Tell me, is this happening in every town, Sergeant Major, because that seems logistically implausible to me.

CHIEF PICTON

Enough, Detective! I don't think the man speaks for the Governor.

BAILEY

His actions do though.

SGM MATTHEWS

You don't seem to respond to authority well here. But since you asked, yes this town is of unique strategic importance and that's why we're here to recruit volunteers.

O'Donnell raises her hand. SGM Matthews nods.

O'DONNELL

I don't know what "protecting the state" entails but I signed up to protect and serve the people. So, no offense to you or your jarheads but, if you're looking to recruit, I think you're in the wrong place.

SGM MATTHEWS

Let me make it clear, from today, there no longer is a police force, fire service, or EMS. The second you all walked in here, you became a volunteer. You want to walk out a civilian, no offense taken, good luck and goodbye. Otherwise, everyone here right now, just officially became a State Reserve.

CPT WESTMAN

(long beat)

Door's that way, O'Donnell.

O'Donnell sits back. She's not going anywhere.

GIBSON

She's got a point. We aren't trained to be soldiers and you aren't trained to be cops.

SGM Matthews presents STG YORK (40's), PVT GOLDSTIEN (20's), and PVT LOCHNER (40's) inline behind him.

SGM MATTHEWS

This is Sergeant York, Private Goldstein, and Private Lochner. You'll be paired into teams where you will share knowledge and training in the field.

CPT WESTMAN

Wait, that mean we get bigger guns?

PVT GOLDSTEIN

How does 625 rounds per minute sound to you?

She raises her eyebrows. Westman can barely contain himself.

PVT LOCHNER

But, don't think we ain't noticed you appear to have run over a cyclist just getting here.

CPT WESTMAN
(thumbing at O'Donnell)
That's on her.

PVT GOLDSTEIN
From the looks of it, she was the
one riding it at the time.

They snigger at O'Donnell who rolls her eyes.

OFC TASKER
Well, this sounds like just the
kinda upgrade we've been needing.
Welcome to Well Springs, guys.

Captain Westman and OFC Tasker get up and high-five PVT
Lochner and PVT Goldstein. Dr Jay Marie sighs relieved and
looks to Nurse Willow.

DR JAY MARIE
Finally, permission to help.

LT SUTTER
We get to help together

He moves in close to Willow. Who winces and leans away.

SGM MATTHEWS
Precisely! You get to help together
by working together and following
orders together.

LT MORRIS
Well, I volunteered as a
firefighter anyhoo. I guess now I
just get to help out a little more.

He smiles to himself and catches Willow smiling back.

BAILEY
It is me or do we have a lot of
agendas at play here?

SGT York makes his way over to Bailey and Gibson appearing as
authentic as he is handsome. He shakes their hands.

SGT YORK
I just wanted to make it clear, I'm
here to help the people too-

He shakes hands with O'Donnell and pauses. She stares back

SGT YORK (CONT'D)
-but you're wrong. I think us
working together is the best way to
do it. This jarhead hopes you stay.

As he walks away, O'Donnell looks to Bailey and Gibson who
smirk back and raise their eyebrows.

GIBSON
Way too many agendas.

Detective Dane gets up and crosses to Chief Picton.

DETECTIVE DANE
You should have fought against
this, not invited it in.

CHIEF PICTON
You know we need their help.

DETECTIVE DANE
Then why does it already seem like
we're the ones helping them?

Detective Dane leaves Chief Picton to mull that over.

INT. POLICE HQ, WORKSHOP - DAY

MRS PICTON (50's) sows up a torn uniform while NICO (30's)
works on a rusty engine component.

MRS PICTON
What you think they're talking
about in there?

NICO
I'm gonna guess favorite cheesecake
recipes or Marvel versus DC.

O'Donnell enters the workshop carrying her mangled bike. He
winces at the sight of it... and her.

O'DONNELL
Nico, I have an official
maintenance request.

NICO
You or the bike? Can't you just
commandeer another? I think Gibs is
on his third Mustang now.

O'DONNELL

But then it wouldn't be my bike. It would be someone else's.

NICO

Ah yes, your inexplicably weird affection for inanimate objects.

O'DONNELL

Well, they don't argue back for starters.

They stare. She bats her eyes a little.
Pleeeeeease?

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

NICO

Let me see what I can do.

O'DONNELL

Thanks so much! I owe you! I'll get you a new wrench or something!

She leaves him holding the bike.

MRS PICTON

You're a fine one to talk about inexplicably weird affections.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. HART HOUSEHOLD, KITCHEN - DAY**

KIRSTY (16), loads an old Rangefinder camera, film hanging from lines above her, strewn from wall to wall. She stuffs the camera in a rucksack and leaves.

EXT. GRIFFIN STREET - DAY

Kirsty leaves the house. Life seems normal but, as she walks down the street, we see tall a makeshift fence running down it with a gate guarded by FINCH (20's), holding a rifle.

FINCH

Where you think you're goin',
Kirsty?

KIRSTY

Nice to see you too, Finch. How's
it goin'? I see you've been
polishing your weapon again.

FINCH

I got orders from the top. No more
trips out for photoshoots.

KIRSTY

You got orders to stop people
picking berries too?

FINCH

(beat)
Nah.

KIRSTY

Because stopping gathering food
would be pretty stupid, yeah?

FINCH

(beat)
I guess.

KIRSTY

And you're not stupid, are you?

He isn't sure how to answer that.

EXT. POLICE HQ - DAY

O'Donnell, dressed in uncomfortable new Reserve fatigues, walks up to SGM Matthews who's waiting by a line of military Jeeps with PVT Goldstein, CPT Westman, and PVT York.

SGM MATTHEWS

Okay listen up, two patrols per shift, three shifts per day. You four are up now. Ex-law enforcement take the lead unless shots are fired, in which case, you hold your gun, look mean, and let those who're trained to handle them get on with business. These are your partners; O'Donnell you're with York, Westman your with Goldstein.

O'Donnell gives SGT York a weak smile while CPT Westman and PVT Goldstein fist-bump delighted.

O'DONNELL

Westman isn't ex-law enforcement.

SGM Matthews thrusts a SCAR rifle into O'Donnell's hands.

SGM MATTHEWS

He's close enough. I don't want to see you back here until fifteen-hundred hours, preferably without the attitude.

O'Donnell and SGT York make their way over to a Jeep. She goes to open the passenger door and climb in.

SGT YORK

Wait, aren't you driving?

O'DONNELL

By all means.

SGT YORK

But, you're the one who knows your way around.

O'DONNELL

(switching direction)

Okay then.

She gets behind the wheel and struggles to adjust her seat.

SGT YORK

Let me help you-

O'DONNELL

-I'm fine-

He tries to help her, it's all little intimate.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

-I don't need your-

She slides forward. Clunk.

SGT YORK

There you go, princess.

She glares as he walks away and goes to adjust the rear view mirror, finally spotting the princess bandaid on her forehead. She rips it off and quickly fixes her hair.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Tranquility. Kirsty frames and snap photos while idly grabbing berries from bushes.

A squirrel catches her attention. She tries to get a shot but it skip into foliage. A rustling draws her in. She closes in to a bush while peering through the view-finder to see--

A gas mask. Kirsty screams and runs. A LITTLE GIRL emerges wearing the mask, staggers to a halt, and passes out.

EXT. GRIFFIN STREET - DAY

Finch aims his rifle and peers through the sight at a bird in a tree. He mimics the act of firing and the bird exploding.

KIRSTY (O.C.)

FINCH!

He snaps round to see an exhausted Kirsty dragging the Little Girl out the woodland.

KIRSTY (CONT'D)

Help me!

EXT. GRIFFIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

With the Little girl in his arms, Finch runs with Kirsty back to her house. ZYLER (20's), chases after them.

ZYLER

Hey! Who's that? Who is she?

INT. KITCHEN, HART HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Kirsty, Finch, and Zylar burst through the door. He lays the Little Girl on the counter top.

ZYLER

We have protocols for a reason!

Kirsty checks over the Little Girl with Finch. They get the gas mask off. She's unconscious. Zylar marches out angrily.

FINCH

Shit! Big man's gonna be angry.

INT. MILITARY JEEP - MOVING

A long awkward silence as O'Donnell drives and SGT York scans around the boarded up town finding very few signs of life.

O'DONNELL

So, Sergeant York-

SGT YORK

-Liam. My name's Liam.

O'DONNELL

Okay, you kinda jumped the gun there. I was gonna play a little game of questions and answers and that was my first question.

SGT YORK

So, it's my turn?

O'DONNELL

No, because the game hasn't started yet and it's my game.

SGT YORK

Making up the rules already, I see.

O'DONNELL

Where you from, Liam York?

SGT YORK

Virginia. My turn.

O'DONNELL

Wait, that's hardly answer-

SGT YORK

-How come you still have electricity here?

O'DONNELL
Doesn't everyone?

She looks at him confused. The Jeep's radio hisses.

MRS PICTON
(through radio)
Control to Car-1, you receiving?

O'DONNELL
(into radio)
Receiving you loud and clear
Dispatch, Officer, I mean... Umm...
(to SGT York)
What am I now?

SGT YORK
You're a private.

O'DONNELL
(offended)
A private?

MRS PICTON
(through radio)
Car-1? I don't copy.

O'DONNELL
Yeah umm, Private O'Donnell and
Sergeant York on duty.

MRS PICTON
(through radio)
Proceed to 71 Wade Street for 10-
91A

O'DONNELL
(into radio)
On route.

O'Donnell hangs up the mic and turns onto a side-road.

SGT YORK
10-91A?

O'DONNELL
Animal stray.

SGT YORK
What kind of animal?

O'DONNELL
One big enough to call us out.

INT. KITCHEN, HART HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Kirsty and Finch watch the unconscious Little Girl, her skin which wasn't covered by the mask dirtied and lightly burned.

FINCH

That Sunburn? Where'd you find her.

KIRSTY

Ain't like any sunburn I've ever seen. She was by the creek. I was taking photos when-

Footsteps approaching outside. Shadows at the window.

ZYLER (O.S.)

They completely ignored procedure!
This could've been a trap!

FINCH

I'm in so much trouble.

KIRSTY

You are.

FINCH

And you admitted you were taking photos. You're in trouble too.

KIRSTY

Oh shit.

THE DUKE (50's), lumbers through the door to the counter, swatting away a line of drying film. He studies the Little Girl breathing along with the others.

KIRSTY (CONT'D)

Look! The film!

They watch film that's fallen on the counter quickly developing a haze across it. The Duke realizes something. He charges across the kitchen, opens an old refrigerator, tears out the shelves, and tips it on it's side.

With everyone stunned, he drags it over, picks up the Little Girl, and throws her inside, causing Kirsty to scream.

He snaps round and puts his finger to her lips.

THE DUKE

She goes in number thirteen.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

O'Donnell and SGT York's Jeep comes to a halt in the empty street. They stare ahead at a pit bull as it paces into the road and stares back at them, blood around its mouth.

BANG! A bullet skims by the Dog. It runs in circles barking.

O'Donnell glares at an open house window with the barrel of a small pistol peeking through it and grabs the mic.

O'DONNELL
 (through intercom)
 We're here now! You wanna stop
 shootin' at the fuckin' dog?

She goes to get out. SGT York tries to hand her a rifle.

SGT YORK
 You should have your weapon on you
 at all times.

She ignores him, gets out, and starts walking to the Dog.

SGT YORK (CONT'D)
 Great! That's great!

He takes his rifle, gets out, and covers her from a distance. The Dog licks its lips and stares at O'Donnell approaching.

O'DONNELL
 Hello? Hello?

SGT YORK
 Hold him there. I've got a shot.

She deliberately crosses into his line of sight. The Dog barks. It's foreboding but she crouches down in front of it and stares doe-eyed. SGT York can't believe it.

O'Donnell lies on the road and rolls around. The Dog moves in and sniffs her before lying by her side. She fusses him. This is a tame dog. She looks back smugly at SGT York.

O'DONNELL
 He's a big baby.

SGT YORK
 So, where's the blood from?

O'Donnell pin-points a house, the windows black.

INT. FLY INFESTED HOUSE - DAY

SGT York kicks the door in and nearly gags on the putrid air filled with flies. O'Donnell walks in to see a Dead Man in an armchair with his face missing. The Dog whimpers.

O'DONNELL

Seen this before. Owner dies. Dog tries to wake them up. Dog gets hungry. Owner tastes surprisingly appetizing. Rest is history.

O'Donnell goes to the kitchen as the Dog lies down and looks sorry for itself. SGT York looks down at it sympathetically.

SGT YORK

Nothing personal with the gun, little guy.

O'DONNELL (O.S.)

She's a girl. That's why I was able to reason with her.

O'Donnell walks back out with dog biscuits, a rag, and a leash. She feeds the Dog treats and cleans its mouth.

SGT YORK

I'm gonna take a wild guess and assume there isn't a pound we can take her too.

O'DONNELL

No worries, I need a guard dog.

SGT YORK

But this dog's soft as shit.

O'DONNELL

You didn't think that when you were pointing a gun at her. Anyway, you gonna help me bag up the body?

SGT York winces at the thought.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with you. The cemetery's full and the crematorium burned down. Lighten up, Liam York, you're in Well Springs now!

INT. MILITARY JEEP - MOVING

CPT Westman and PVT Goldstein cruise along in their Jeep with her relaxed cool as a cucumber in the passenger seat.

CPT WESTMAN
I'm not gonna lie, with that rifle
and all, you look pretty fuckin'
hot right now.

She checks herself out in her side mirror.

PVT GOLDSTEIN
I do, my friend. I truly fuckin'
do.

A group of rebellious looking SKATERS loitering ahead.

CPT WESTMAN
I gotta try somethin'. Check this.

He brings the Jeep to a halt. The Skaters sneer back.

CPT WESTMAN (CONT'D)
Hey, how's it going', kids?

He takes his rifle and aims it out the window at them. The skaters flee for their lives. PVT Goldstein laughs.

PVT GOLDSTEIN
Fuckin' A!
(sarcastically)
Going after the real enemy, I see.

CPT WESTMAN
Hey, if you really wanna start
cleanin' up this town, I know the
best place to start.

He stares deadly serious. She raises her eyebrows.

PVT GOLDSTEIN
You sure know how to treat a lady.

EXT. COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY

O'Donnell and SGT York pull up outside the quaint old store in their Jeep and get out. STG York looks up impressed.

SGT YORK
You live above a comic book store?
Cool!

O'DONNELL
 No, I live inside a comic book
 store. Not so cool.

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY

O'Donnell leads the Dog and SGT York inside. Everything well kept with a KID browsing comics. SGT York checks the place out while O'Donnell takes the Dog into the back.

SGT YORK
 You own this place?

O'DONNELL
 Kinda.

SGT YORK
 You live back there?

O'DONNELL
 Kinda.

O'Donnell exits the room without the Dog. SGT York watches the Kid tuck a comic book into his bag and go to leave.

SGT YORK
 Really? You think I'm blind? You
 need to pay for that.

The Kid looks up at O'Donnell confused.

O'DONNELL
 Technically this is a library.

KID
 An honesty library!

SGT YORK
 So, you just let people walk in,
 take whatever they want, and you
 trust them to bring it back?

O'DONNELL
 Kinda.

EXT. POLICE HQ - DAY

The doors of a container open to reveal guns and ammo. SGM Matthews and Chief Picton stare into with Lt Sutter and Morris either side of them.

CHIEF PICTON

You guys expecting to find a war or start one?

SGM MATTHEWS

As long as I'm the only one who can put a stop to it, I don't care.

Sutter and Morris get to unloading while SGM Matthews and Chief Picton pace by Bailey, Gibson, and Nico erecting temporary fencing topped with barbed wire.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

I want sandbags to your knees, people. An old dear in a Prius could get through that chickenwire.

SGM Matthews gazes up at OFC Tasker and PVT Lochner building a sniper's nest on the HQ roof.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

You happy with your field of fire?

PVT Lochner reveals a huge Barrett M82 .50 cal sniper rifle, takes aim, and sweeps up and down the street.

PVT LOCHNER

Happier than priest at pre-school!

OFC Tasker admires the massive gun.

PVT LOCHNER (CONT'D)

Try it out for size.

OFC Tasker takes the rifle and peers down the scope across the rooftops of the town's buildings.

PVT Lochner eases the barrel down for him. OFC Tasker's view through the scope blurs until Bailey's face comes into focus, scanning down her body as she turns and stopping on her ass as she bends over. OFC Tasker licks his lips.

OFC TASKER

Nice optics.

PVT LOCHNER

Gets the old trigger finger hella itchy, don't it?

INT. POLICE HQ, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

SGM Matthews and Chief Picton enter through the main entrance continuing their walk and talk.

SGM MATTHEWS

I want every window boarded up.
You've got lights, let's use 'em.

Detective Dane passes by drinking coffee and gazing at a file. SGM Matthews holds out his arm to stop him.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

No more investigations, Detective.
You're in intelligence now.

DETECTIVE DANE

I always though "military
intelligence" was an oxymoron.

CHIEF PICTON

Just do as the man says.
(to OFC Lenk)
Lenk, help Detective Dane box down!

OFC Lenk drops what she's doing and follows Detective Dane.

INT. POLICE HQ, CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs Picton at a control desk as SGM Matthews and Chief Picton walk by. SGM Matthews leans in and switches off all incoming calls, leaving her aghast.

SGM MATTHEWS

We don't take calls in this town
any more. We make rounds.

INT. POLICE HQ, MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SGM Matthews and Chief Picton head to a town map hanging on the wall with a red circle around a street.

SGM MATTHEWS

So, tell me what's going on here?

CHIEF PICTON

That's our big problem. That's
Griffin Street.

EXT. GRIFFIN STREET - DAY

PVT Goldstein stares surprised as the Jeep eases to a halt. A residential street ahead barricaded with a huge makeshift metal gateway and blocked off by old vehicles.

CPT WESTMAN

They call themselves the Rebels.
Nobody ever dares stand up to them.
That all changes today.

PVT GOLDSTEIN

I'm not going to lie, with that
attitude and all, you look pretty
fuckin' hot right now.

They get out and head down the street with weapons ready

PVT GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

These guys heavily armed?

CPT WESTMAN

Not as heavily as we are. How about
we go knock on the door, let them
know there's a new sheriff in town?

PVT GOLDSTEIN

You flank left, I'll flank right.
You follow my lead, okay?

They casually approach. Complete silence but suddenly--

A GUARD pops up from behind the barricade. BANG! BANG! BANG!
They fire at the ground. PVT Goldstein and CPT Westman duck.

PVT GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

OH YEAH, BABY! THAT'S ALL THE
FOREPLAY I NEED! ENGAGE!

RATATAT! PVT Goldstein fires back with precision. CPT Westman
fires back with little composure and--

BANG! BANG! RATATA! BANG! RATATATATA! Everything turns
chaotic. Multiple GUARDS appear from various vantage points.

PVT GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

Find cover!

She moves into a corner. He runs to one of the old vehicles.

PVT GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

NO! WAIT!

BOOM! An IED goes off, throwing CPT Westman through the air.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY**

O'Donnell, SGT York, and a few BYSTANDERS stare shocked at a black plume of smoke rising in the distance.

PVT GOLDSTEIN
(through radio)
Break! Break! This is Goldstien! I
got a man down! Requesting medic!
Taking small arms fire. We need
another squad! Over! FUCK!

SGT YORK
(into radio)
Where the hell are you, Goldstein?

PVT GOLDSTEIN
(through radio)
I don't know!

O'DONNELL
I know exactly where she is.

SGT YORK
(into radio)
Hold your position. We're on-route.

O'Donnell and SGT York run to the Jeep and roar away.

INT. POLICE HQ, MEETING ROOM - DAY

With the radios going crazy, Detective Dane and Nurse Willow rush from the building as Dr Jay Marie sprints out the room.

DR JAY MARIE
I'll prepare to triage!

SGT Matthews stares at the smoke as Detective Dane and Nurse Willow race away in the Military Ambulance. Chief Picton shakes his head angry and grabs the radio.

CHIEF PICTON
(into radio)
Westman, you there?... Do you copy
me, Westman?

SGM MATTHEWS
Seems your in an even worse
situation then you let on, Chief.

CHIEF PICTON

We've got people in this town who won't stand to see soldiers on the streets. Everyone here knows the Rebels are off limits.

SGM MATTHEWS

Nobody is off limits on my watch! Your town needs a backbone! It's a damn good job I showed up.

Chief Picton starts putting protective gear on.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're going?

CHIEF PICTON

Somewhere I'm needed.

SGM MATTHEWS

Leading from the front is a dangerous precedent to set, Picton. It can make a man look expendable.

INT. MILITARY JEEP - MOVING

With a worried expression and the engine roaring, O'Donnell throws the Jeep into corners while SGT York holds on tight.

O'DONNELL

Tell them we have it under control.
(smacking wheel)
C'mon!

SGT YORK

What are we going up against here?

O'DONNELL

The Rebels. The last thing we need are people making things worse.

SGT YORK

You don't think these "Rebels" may have started this? You know, on account of them being rebels?

O'DONNELL

It's their right to stand their ground and protect what's theirs.

SGT YORK

And shooting to kill's attempted
murder. You don't have to be a
police officer to know that.

O'DONNELL

And you don't need to be one to
know people are innocent until
proven guilty.

SGT York goes to talk into radio but it crackles back.

PVT GOLDSTEIN

(through radio)

I NEED FIREPOWER! NOW!

EXT. GRIFFIN STREET - DAY

RATATATATA! CLICK! PVT Goldstien smacks in a new clip, cocks
her rifle, and fires back at the masked Guards. RATATATATA!

Cowering behind the military ambulance, Detective Dane and
Nurse Willow wince at the scene before them. They can see CPT
Westman on his back pinned in by gunfire.

CPT Westman checks his leg and finds blood on his hand.

CPT WESTMAN

I'M BLEEDING OUT HERE!

PVT GOLDSTEIN

BACKUP! I NEED BACKUP!

From a vantage point behind the barrier, The Duke paces back
and forth furiously with Guards either side.

THE DUKE

Defend those walls! Don't let them
get one step closer!

RATATATATATATATA! The gunfire intensifies. CPT Westman sprays
bullets back while screaming.

NURSE WILLOW

I gotta help Westman!

DETECTIVE DANE

Then tell him to back off! Maybe
then they'll back off!

Nurse Willow can't hold back any longer. She dashes down the
street waving a red cross, trying to get to CPT Westman.

DETECTIVE DANE (CONT'D)
Willow! What are you doing?

Dane aims his rifle and tries to cover Nurse Willow. CPT Westman falters and starts to pass out. PVT Goldstein can see him fading and gets even more aggressive. RATATATATATA!

THE DUKE
Scare these grunts off for good!

Smoke bombs and flash-bangs are hurled into the street. BOOM! CRACK! BANG! FLASH!

O'Donnell and PVT York screech up to the scene and leap out.

O'DONNELL
Everyone hold your fire!

Nurse Willow becomes disorientated in the smoke.

WILLOW
Westman! Where are you?

Detective Dane loses sight of Nurse Willow.

DETECTIVE DANE
I can't see you, Willow!

The Duke spots something and grins deviously. SGT York looks to O'Donnell and readies his rifle.

SGT YORK
We've gotta go in. You ready?

O'Donnell grabs her gun and nods a little uneasy.

SGT YORK (CONT'D)
You'll be okay. Stay with me.

SGT York moves in using tactical fire and movement tricks to advance his position, gradually leading O'Donnell close enough to CPT Westman that she can grab hold of him.

PVT GOLDSTEIN
Good to finally have some real support, York!

Chief Picton screeches up in a Jeep, leaps out, and joins Detective Dane providing cover.

DETECTIVE DANE
Chief! You sick of the desk job too?

CHIEF PICTON
New management can kiss my ass!

With O'Donnell dragging CPT Westman, her PVT York and PVT Goldstien manage to retreat behind the Jeeps. The Rebel Guards cease fire. O'Donnell searches around worried.

O'DONNELL
Wait, where's Willow?

DETECTIVE DANE
She went into the smoke.

O'Donnell peers back over the Jeeps and gets a glimpse of Nurse Willow behind the barricade with The Duke.

THE DUKE
Show 'em some heat.

WOOOOOOOMP! Flamethrowers soak the area, the fire sticking to the old car bodies where PVT Westman was pinned in.

INT. POLICE HQ, MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SGM Matthews can see what's happening via a live video link to one of the Jeeps and he's unimpressed.

SGM MATTHEWS
(into radio)
Retreat! Get back base!

INTERCUT POLICE HQ AND GRIFFIN SREET

O'DONNELL
No! Not without Willow!

SGM MATTHEWS
(into radio)
That's an order! Pull back now!

O'Donnell is about to run back in but PVT YORK grabs her.

SGT YORK
We know she's alive. Sometimes
you've got to lose the battle to
win the war.

O'Donnell thinks for the moment and agrees. She stares into the flames as the Reserves return to the Jeeps and retreat.

INT. THIRTEEN GRIFFIN STREET, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nurse Willow keeps her medical kit gripped tightly as The Duke leads her into the living room where the fridge lies open with the Little Girl lying inside.

THE DUKE
I need a diagnosis.

Nurse Willow kneels beside the Little Girl in horror and checks her over. She strokes her hair and finds some comes out. She studies the burns and thinks for a moment.

NURSE WILLOW
This looks like. No, it can't be-
(beat)
-radiation poisoning.

The Duke seems unsurprised with the diagnoses while Nurse Willow starts quickly undressing the Little Girl.

NURSE WILLOW (CONT'D)
I need soap and water and you must
destroy these clothes.

Nurse Willow searches through her medical kit and takes out a vile and needle which she starts filling.

THE DUKE
What's that?

NURSE WILLOW
Morpheme.

His eyes grow intense as he stares at it. He leaves fast.

INT. POLICE HQ, INFIRMARY - DAY

CPT Westman on a chair recovering while Dr Jay Marie sees to his injury and O'Donnell cleans blood off her fatigues.

OFC Tasker walks in pissed off.

OFC TASKER
Sounds like it turned into amateur
hour out there. What happened?

O'DONNELL
We don't know exactly.

CPT WESTMAN

I told you! It was a surprise attack. Me and Goldstein were drawn in and we got jumped.

OFC TASKER

You want to show your new colleague a little respect by taking him by his word, O'Donnell? The man shed blood for you today.

O'DONNELL

Yeah, I know, I'm wearing it, and we both know there's three sides to every story; his, theirs, and the truth.

Dr Jay Marie tries her hardest to check over CPT Westman.

DR JAY MARIE

Maybe we should focus less on what's done and more on what we're going to do.

OFC TASKER

Exactly! Those Rebels just got a taste of what's coming.

(to CPT Westman)

Your blood hasn't been shed in vain, brother. It's sent a message.

Dr Jay Marie can't keep distracted any longer. She tries to sniff back tears but breaks down.

DR JAY MARIE

I'm sorry... It's just... Willow.

O'Donnell quickly tends to Dr Jay Marie and hugs her tight.

O'DONNELL

It's okay! She's going to be okay.

(to OFC Tasker)

You happy? You got your little army and look what it's started.

OFC Tasker rolls his eyes and leaves. CPT Westman tries to follow but can't with his injury.

INT. POLICE HQ, CORRIDOR - DAY

OFC Tasker stalks his way toward Detective Dane's office where he spies OFC Lenk moving files into boxes.

INT. POLICE HQ, DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

OFC Lenk looks tired as she shuffles documents. OFC Tasker leans in with a mischievous grin.

OFC TASKER
Knock knock.

OFC LENK
Not now. I got all this to move.

She goes to walk by him but he holds her by the back of the neck and leads toward the interrogation room.

OFC LENK (CONT'D)
I need to go home and sleep. I got a shift at eleven.

INT. POLICE HQ, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

OFC Tasker locks the door in the tiny windowless room, takes out a baggie of cocaine, and shows it OFC Lenk.

OFC TASKER
All the sleep you ever need.

OFC LENK
We need to stop wasting it.

He snorts some of the coke and offers the rest to her. As she bends over and does the same, he pulls down her pants and fucks her aggressively over the integration table.

INT. POLICE HQ, MEETING ROOM - DAY

OFC Tasker dusts off his nose and crotch as he enters to find O'Donnell, SGT York, Bailey, SGM Matthews, Chief Picton, PVT Goldstien, Dr Jay Marie, Detective Dane, CPT Westman, and LT Sutter in the midst of a intense debate.

O'DONNELL
If you went in with weapons aimed,
that makes us the aggressors.

PVT GOLDSTEIN
Oh please! You weren't even there,
honey! What do you know?

O'DONNELL
I know we need to put any agenda
aside and look at the facts.

SGM MATTHEWS

Agenda or not, this unit made a new enemy today.

OFC TASKER

Yeah and the only reason the Rebels dare fight back is because we've been pussy-footing around them.

O'DONNELL

Pussy-footing? We've been deescalating and it's been working!

OFC Tasker glares at O'Donnell and points to Dr Jay Marie.

OFC TASKER

They've got her daughter!

O'DONNELL

And, for all we know, she could have gone in of her own free will. Did anyone see them take her?

Tasker shakes his head angry and looks to Dr Jay Marie.

OFC TASKER

Please tell me you're not buying into this bullshit.

DR JAY MARIE

I'm open to any opinion.

DETECTIVE DANE

Well, if we're taking opinions, I also think the Rebels are out of control. Sorry.

Detective Dane gives O'Donnell an apologetic shrug.

CPT WESTMAN

You see the firepower they're packing?

PVT GOLDSTEIN

Big whoop! So, they got some accessories on their AR15s and a few fireworks. We go tactical on their redneck asses.

SGT YORK

You use violence, you get violence in return. You should have learned that today. It nearly cost a life.

LT SUTTER

The Rebels weren't told about the changes. To them you new guys probably looked like the national guard sent in to take them out.

BAILEY

He's right and, while I may not be a cop anymore, I swore to protect community. The Rebels are still a part of it.

SGM MATTHEWS

I wanna see a show of hands. Who here stands behind getting tough?

OFC Tasker, CPT Westman, and PVT Goldstein raise their hands. SGM Matthews looks to York who refuses to raise his.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

(to Chief Picton)

What you say, Chief?

CHIEF PICTON

That's "Ex Chief", and I'm staying out of this.

DR JAY MARIE

Me too. I'm too emotional to be rational right now.

Dr Jay Marie crosses to Chief Picton and stands beside him arms crossed. LT Sutter joins them.

Everyone looks to O'Donnell, Bailey, Detective Dane, and SGT York left undecided in the center of the room.

O'DONNELL

We're not police now sure but we're not soldiers either. We're something in-between, we can't go in guns blazing just because we've decided someone is our enemy.

OFC TASKER

Or, maybe you're just not cut out for taking things up a level, O'Donnell. Maybe we should be trying to recruit the Rebels? They sure know how to put up a fight. They know what teamwork is too.

SGM Matthews takes center stage in the room.

SGM MATTHEWS

O'Donnell, when I ask for a show of hands, I ain't asking for a vote, I'm gauging who's committed. I'm the captain and your my soldiers. YOU follow MY orders, got that?

(to Jay Marie)

We'll get your girl out safe and sound. I promise you that.

DR Jay Marie nods, believing him.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

It just won't be pretty doing it.

O'Donnell, somewhat disgusted, leaves the room.

INT. POLICE HQ, LOCKER ROOM - DAY

O'Donnell paces back and forth frustrated until she's disturbed by SGT York entering with his gear. She points to a line of old lockers on one side of the room.

O'DONNELL

Go for one of those. The newer ones get moldy.

SGT YORK

Appreciated.

He opens an old locker and starts moving his gear in.

O'DONNELL

Thanks for taking my side in there.

SGT YORK

Don't be. I'm not on any side.

O'DONNELL

Fine. I appreciate you standing up against your Captain then.

York scoffs at that comment as he hangs his uniform.

SGT YORK

Sergeant Major and I'm not here to blindly obey his orders, okay? The way I see it, my duty's to the role and my loyalty's to the team.

O'DONNELL

You're right. Funny thing is, I kinda needed to hear that.

He turns to her. They stare a little too long.

NICO
Ummm... Ali.

O'Donnell and SGT York turn to see Nico standing there with her bike bent back into shape and looking as good as new.

NICO (CONT'D)
I fixed your bike.

INT. NO.13 GRIFFIN STREET, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Little Girl in a new set of clothes. Nurse Willow dabs her forehead with a wet sponge until she comes to.

NURSE WILLOW
Hey, hey.

LITTLE GIRL
Mommy! Mommy!

NURSE WILLOW
It's okay!

LITTLE GIRL
I want my mommy!

Willow wants to hug her but shouldn't risk being poisoned.

NURSE WILLOW
You're sick! I'm sorry! You're very, very sick!

LITTLE GIRL
But the monster! The monster! THE MONSTER!

The Little Girl's eyes wide and teary. Nurse Willow can't resist any more. She hugs the Little Girl who's resistant at first but eventually subdues and grips her tightly back.

WILLOW
What monster?

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. POLICE HQ, MEETING ROOM - DAY**

O'Donnell, out of uniform, wheels her bike by the door to see SGM Matthews studying the town map with PVT Goldstein, OFC Lenk, and CPT Westman. O'Donnell stares in somewhat dejected.

O'DONNELL
You made your decision?

SGM MATTHEWS
Steer clear of Griffin Street for
your own safety.

O'DONNELL
And when the Rebels come back with
more aggression?

SGM MATTHEWS
They'll quickly find out who's
running this town.

O'DONNELL
So, you'll tear it in two, just to
prove who holds the biggest stick.

SGM MATTHEWS
Your shift's over, O'Donnell. Go
home and get some rest.

O'Donnell continues solemnly wheeling her bike out of the building while the others go back to the map.

PVT GOLDSTEIN
The street terminates in a cul-de-
sac so they've barricaded the rear.
HOWEVER, there's woodland we can
use for cover rather than get
channelled down... Sir?

SGM Matthews is lost in thought and then realizes something.

SGM MATTHEWS
She isn't going home. She isn't
going home!

Everyone leaps up and goes into action.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Get me dispatch! FIND O'DONNELL!

EXT. WELL SPRING, STREETS - BIKE CHASE - CONTINUOUS

O'Donnell's legs pump as she bikes away from the HQ at full speed. SGM Matthews and PVT Goldstien dash to a JEEP.

SGM MATTHEWS
(into Radio)
Whoever's near to Griffin Street,
block it! I want O'Donnell stopped!

On their shift together in a Jeep, OFC Tasker and Dr Jay Marie hear SGM Matthews barking through their radio.

DR JAY MARIE
Hey! We're nearby! Turn around!

He ignores her and floors it. Bailey and LT Sutter, also out on shift, spot O'Donnell blast by a junction and follow.

LT SUTTER
(into radio)
We have eyes on O'Donnell, headed
south on Main.

O'Donnell hits a downhill stretch, leaning low and cutting corners to maintain her lead.

LT SUTTER (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Make that East on Second.

SGM Matthews, with PVT Goldstein behind the wheel, joins the chase but can't get by Bailey and LT Sutter who deliberately take up the whole road.

O'Donnell heads for a huge mound of earth. She hops off the road, races up a plank, and jumps it.

Bailey and LT Sutter go the long way round while PVT Goldstien tries to follow O'Donnell. The Jeep climbs the dirt mound but grounds out at the top, wheels spinning.

SGM MATTHEWS
For crying out loud, Goldstein!

Bailey and LT Sutter smirk at the stricken Jeep but a grille looms in their rear view. It's OFC Tasker who barges by.

O'Donnell turns onto a long empty street and pedals hard, her teeth gritted. SGM Matthews climbs out the grounded Jeep and tries to push it free while PVT Goldstien guns it.

OFC Tasker screeches onto the street behind O'Donnell and, with his foot to the floor, gains on her fast.

DR JAY MARIE

Back off or you're gonna hit her!

OFC Tasker licks his lips, O'Donnell just feet away. She pedals like crazy, energy depleting, and--

She just manages to cut down a tight alleyway. OFC Tasker hits the brakes and he watches her vanish.

OFC TASKER

DAMN IT!

(into radio)

We lost O'Donnell. She's taking the back alleys straight there.

Dr Jay Marie looks at him shocked and panting, knowing he was going to run O'Donnell down.

SGM Matthews and PVT Goldstein get the Jeep free as they hear OFC Tasker's defeated voice though the radio.

SGM MATTHEWS

(into radio)

Everyone to Griffin Street! Guns at the ready!

EXT. GRIFFIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

O'Donnell skids her bike to a halt, the makeshift barricade and shells of car bodies ahead. She dismounts and walks toward the gates while trying to gather her breath.

The Duke, alerted by his Guards, makes his way to a vantage point on the other side to see O'Donnell approaching and the Reserve Jeeps screeching up behind her.

SGM MATTHEWS

(through PA system)

Stop right there, O'Donnell!

The Duke's amused. He whistles to his Guards to take up positions. SGM Matthews gets out while PVT Goldstein and OFC Tasker take positions and aim back at the Rebel Guards.

SGT York and CPT Westman pull up at the scene in the Military Ambulance and take up arms.

O'Donnell keeps on walking. She raises her hands and locks eyes with The Duke. She looks deadly serious. So does he.

One of the gates squeaks open. O'Donnell heads for it. SGM Matthews watches her furiously. The Duke appears at the gate and gestures for her to enter.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
 (through PA system)
 Listen hear, this is Sergeant Major
 Matthews of the West Virginia-

The Duke smirks at SMG Matthews, turns, and closes the gate.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
 (through PA system)
 I suggest you stay in there and
 never come out, O'Donnell. You're
 done. You hear me? You're done.

Inside the compound, the feeling is ominous. O'Donnell stands alone surrounded by Rebels, including Zylar and Finch, out on point around the perimeter of the cut-de-sac, each one of them armed with The Duke opposite her.

THE DUKE
 You here as a cop or a soldier?

O'DONNELL
 Neither, I'm here as a citizen. I
 want to know that Willow's okay.

THE DUKE
 And if I don't feel like complying
 with your wishes?

O'DONNELL
 Then a match gets dropped in this
 powder keg and we all lose.

The tension builds.

THE DUKE
 Keep this in mind, we've got
 nothing to lose.

O'Donnell stands there while he looks her up and down, the tension building further until--

He whistles. Zylar heads to Number 13 and ushers Nurse Willow and the Little Girl out.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
 (to Nurse Willow)
 You being held against your will?

NURSE WILLOW
 They said they had a sick child,
 Ali. I had to help. I'm so sorry.

O'Donnell looks to The Duke suspiciously. He smiles like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

O'DONNELL
 (to Nurse Willow)
 Don't be sorry.
 (to The Duke)
 Who's the kid?

THE DUKE
 We've no idea. I figure that makes her lost and found, that's your responsibility. Now, get off our property.

The Duke waves Nurse Willow and the Little Girl over to O'Donnell and shoots her a menacing grin.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
 I'd call the cops but it looks like the only law left in this town now is every man for himself.

EXT. GRIFFIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The Reserves on point as the gate creaks open and O'Donnell emerges with Nurse Willow carrying the Little Girl.

SGM MATTHEWS
 Down here behind vehicles, now!

Dr Jay Marie hurries toward Willow ready to hug her.

NURSE WILLOW
 No! Stay back! She's radioactive!

Dr Jay Marie stops. Everyone looks at Nurse Willow shocked.

SGM MATTHEWS
 Contamination protocol! Goldstien, you know the drill!

PVT Goldstein opens the doors of the military ambulance and instructs Willow to enter while keeping her distance.

O'DONNELL
 Sergeant Major-

SGM MATTHEWS
 -They go straight into quarantine with anti-rad protocol, copy?

PVT Goldstien nods and slams the doors shut as The Duke watches from behind the barricade.

O'DONNELL
Sergeant Major-

SGM MATTHEWS
-York, take out your zip-ties.
(nodding to O'Donnell)
Cuff her.

Everyone is shocked. SGT York freezes.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
We got a problem, Sergeant?

O'DONNELL
As long as it's legal and I'm off
duty, I'm free to do as I please.

SGM MATTHEWS
Oh, I agree one-hundred percent,
O'Donnell. Thing is, last time I
checked, evading arrest was pretty
fucking illegal.

SGM Matthews glares at SGT York who regretfully crosses to O'Donnell and cuffs her wrists while avoiding eye contact.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
I'm about at the end of my tether
with you. You choose how it goes;
fall in line or go to jail.

O'Donnell winces in humiliation, all eyes on her.

O'DONNELL
(long beat)
I'll fall in line.

SGM MATTHEWS
I'm sorry, what you say?

O'DONNELL
I'll fall in line... sir!

SGT York is dismayed by his role in this. The Duke however is delighted. SGM Matthews leans right in to O'Donnell.

SGM MATTHEWS
That's all you had to say.

SGM Matthews slips out a hunting knife and cuts her free.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
 Since you are off duty, I'm sure
 you'll have no problem biking the
 rest of the way home.

SGM Matthews heads to a Jeep and bangs the door.

SGM MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
 Roll out! Tasker, Westman, you ride
 with Goldstein and me.

The Reserve Jeeps roar away leaving O'Donnell alone with her
 bike, the street empty and silent. She looks back to the
 gate. No sign of The Duke or anybody else.

INT. MILITARY JEEP - MOVING

PVT Goldstein at the wheel with SGM Matthews beside her, OFC
 Tasker and CPT Westman riding in the back.

OFC TASKER
 O'Donnell has a habit of making
 herself a problem.

CPT WESTMAN
 We've been trying to integrate for
 months but she makes things hard.

CPT Westman adjusts his position and winces in pain.

PVT GOLDSTEIN
 It's a scratch, you pussy. Quit
 milking it.

OFC TASKER
 (to SGM Matthews)
 You know she's fucking with you,
 right? She's lying about complying
 to stay involved. That's something
 policing teaches you; how to get
 out of jail free over and over.

SGM MATTHEWS
 You're missing the bigger picture.
 You want to exploit someone, you
 keep them close, just like she's
 doing with those Rebels. As long as
 I control her, I control them.

CPT WESTMAN
 That's the thing. I'm not sure
 O'Donnell can be controlled.

SGM MATTHEWS
 Watch and learn, boys. Watch and
 learn.

OFC Tasker and CPT Westman nod obediently.

PVT GOLDSTEIN
 Who you calling a boy, sir?

SGM MATTHEWS
 I hate to break it to you, Private,
 but, while I'm in attendance, you
 ain't the biggest dick in the room.

She gives him the finger. They all laugh.

INT. POLICE HQ, INFIRMARY - DAY

Nurse Willow sits the Little Girl on a table while Dr Jay Marie checks medical supplies and Detective Dane watches over. The Little Girl clutches Nurse Willow's arm tightly.

NURSE WILLOW
 This is the safest place in town.

She looks around the room warily.

NURSE WILLOW (CONT'D)
 Well, second safest, at least.

DR JAY MARIE
 I need to check the store and see
 if we have potassium iodide.

Dr Jay Marie goes to leave and looks back at Nurse Willow.

DR JAY MARIE (CONT'D)
 You okay?

NURSE WILLOW
 Yeah.

Dr Jay Marie leaves. Detective Dane studies the Little Girl.

DETECTIVE DANE
 How bad is she?

NURSE WILLOW
 I don't know. I've never dealt with
 this. She's better than she was,
 that's gotta count for something.

DETECTIVE DANE

And as for how she became sick in
the first place?

NURSE WILLOW

I'm not sure I want to know.

TAP TAP TAP. O'Donnell peers sheepishly through the door.

DETECTIVE DANE

You're supposed to be at home.

O'DONNELL

Yeah but, I figured I've been
exposed so, I'm here for
decontamination.

DETECTIVE DANE

No, you're here to ask questions.

O'DONNELL

Well, gotta make chit-chat while
I'm visiting, right?. So, she
identified herself yet? Name on the
underwear? Give me something.

NURSE WILLOW

Her clothes are with the Rebels.
She had a gas mask on when they
found her.

O'DONNELL

We're going to need more than that
if we're to find her family.

LITTLE GIRL

(to Detective Dane)

It was the monster that made me
sick. The monster at the hotel.

DETECTIVE DANE

Hotel? There is no hotel here.

Nurse Willow seizes the moment to take O'Donnell aside.

NURSE WILLOW

I appreciate the sentiment but, if
her parents are as sick as she is,
it may be too late to find them.

GIBSON

(to Detective Dane)

HOTEL!

O'DONNELL
(to Willow)
She seems pretty peppy to me.

Detective Dane looks to a survey map on the wall the Little Girl's pointing it. He tears it off and hands it over. Nurse Willow and O'Donnell are drawn in.

DETECTIVE DANE
Show me.

The Little Girl follows a river on the map with her finger to an empty spot named Copperhead Ridge.

LITTLE GIRL
Hotel.

O'DONNELL
That's the Copperhead Ridge mine.
The gang I ran into this morning
were using quarry explosives. Maybe
she's linked to them?

NURSE WILLOW
No, the mine was abandoned a long
time ago. It was dug on the grounds
of the old sanitarium though. I
remember seeing old pictures of it.
It looked like a hotel. A huge one.

DETECTIVE DANE
It didn't just look like one, it
was one. The Ruby was the most
luxurious hotel in the Southeast in
its heyday. It's a long-shot but
perhaps it's still standing.

The Little Girl prods the map firmly.

LITTLE GIRL
Hotel!

O'DONNELL
Good enough for me.

EXT. POLICE HQ - DAY

O'Donnell heads to an old unmarked Crown Vic with a set of keys in her hand as SGT York hurries after her.

SGT YORK
Hey! I was gonna take that.

O'DONNELL

I need to go check something out.

SGT YORK

How about we check it out together and I can drop you back at your umm... Comic-book-store-slash-apartment-slash-honesty-library.

O'DONNELL

You know we're only partners when on duty, right?

SGT YORK

You still upset I cuffed you?

O'DONNELL

What was that bullshit you fed me again? My duty's to the role, my loyalty's to the team? You don't live by your words, Sergeant.

SGT YORK

That's a hurtful thing to say.

O'DONNELL

Boo-fuckity-hoo! I don't care about your feelings, I care about facts.

SGT YORK

No, that's not true. You're full of shit. You're totally led by people's feelings and I suspect it often comes back to bite you.

O'Donnell stares back, the words getting under her skin.

INT. CROWN VIC - MOVING - DAY

O'Donnell heads out of town alone, the worn out road becoming more littered with leaves and debris as she continues.

EXT. COPPERHEAD RIDGE, GATED ENTRANCE - DAY

Tall ornate iron gates with rust under the flaking paint framing a long driveway into an old estate, the trees lining it overgrown and weeds growing out of the asphalt next to old abandoned mining equipment and concrete blockades.

O'Donnell studies the signs hanging from the gate reading "MINE CLOSED", "PRIVATE ACCESS ROAD", and "PROPERTY OF ARCH ENERGY INC" above an array of warning symbols.

Razor wire lines the top of the gates. O'Donnell follows it into woodland as she searches for another way in.

A humming sound grows. O'Donnell finds military style fencing with beacons and security lights. She spots ceramic insulators between the wires and picks up a dead branch.

O'Donnell gently tosses the branch at the fence. CRACK! POP! BUZZ! Sparks fly and it drops to the ground smoking.

She's a little creeped out. We see her through the blueish grainy monochrome image of an old CRT screen as she heads back to the Crown Vic and leaves.

EXT. POLICE HQ - DAY

O'Donnell walks away from the Crown Vic while toying with the keys and lost in thought.

As she passes by CPT Westman who's checking over the fire truck, he deliberately rolls the hose by her feet, causing her to jolt back to reality and stop.

CPT WESTMAN

Heads up!

O'DONNELL

Wow, you firefighters sure do love creating work for yourself.

CPT WESTMAN

Force of habit. You mind helping with these oxygen tanks?

O'Donnell obliges, struggling to heave up the tanks.

CPT WESTMAN (CONT'D)

You need to work on your deadlifts.

O'DONNELL

Yeah? You need to work on not getting shot.

CPT WESTMAN

You ever been trapped in a burning room that's so hot the smoke turns the darkest black you ever seen and fire starts to snake out of it? You know what comes after that?

O'DONNELL

No, what?

CPT WESTMAN

We've all got a lot to learn about how each other works, O'Donnell. I may be a pig-headed son of a bitch, but I'm man enough to admit when I fucked up. Thanks for getting me out of there, it took real guts.

A little surprised O'Donnell nods appreciatively.

CPT WESTMAN (CONT'D)

But, what those Rebels are doing, acting above the law, is wrong.

O'Donnell doesn't react, goes to leave, and pauses.

O'DONNELL

Hey, did you guys ever get called up to the mine at Copperhead Ridge?

CPT WESTMAN

Nah, Arch Energy kept that all in house. Inspections were at state level. Bunch of hard-asses. We found them so frustrating to deal with we used to call them "Arch Enemy". Why'd you ask?

O'DONNELL

Some loose ends tidying I'm up.

CPT WESTMAN

This is exactly why we should have been working together already. Hey, people are going to Big Dom's for drinks. Get to know one another. You gonna be there?

O'DONNELL

I got places to be.

CPT WESTMAN

More loose ends?

O'DONNELL

Something like that.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**EXT. WELL SPRING - EVENING**

Evening draws in toward twilight, the lights of the town flickering on, the brightest from a small dive Bar.

INT. BIG DOM'S BAR - EVENING

The bar bustling with the owner BIG DOM (40's) trying his best to keep the beer flowing and drinks topped up.

Detective Dane at one end of the bar with ANDERSON (20's).

ANDERSON

Don't do this. I know what you're up to. A girl in a gas mask? An old abandoned asylum.

DETECTIVE DANE

Sanitarium. I'm not up to anything.

ANDERSON

You're trying to pull me into one of your conspiracy theories.

DETECTIVE DANE

Don't tell me you're not intrigued.

Around a table, Nico, Bailey, and AMBER (40's) neck drinks.

NICO

I've decided. I'm going to make a move on Ali.

BAILEY

You think now's the best time?

AMBER

Yes! You fixed her bike! She'll be receptive to your advances!

Bailey rolls her eyes and glances at the other end of the bar where Tasker is with SONNY CONWAY (40's).

CONWAY

This place is heaving tonight. How much of this watered down piss do you think Big Dom's shifting? No taxes. No rates. The world's gone to shit and he's making a killing!

OFC TASKER

Here's people like me volunteering
and he's profiteering. He should be
paying for security like this.

Big Dom hands over a bottle of wine to Detective Dane who
tops up Anderson's glass with a charming smile.

DETECTIVE DANE

Come' on, as a journalist, where
else are you gonna get your kicks?

ANDERSON

I tried to run a story on
Copperhead Ridge once. We had
reports from ex-workers that they'd
been burning hazardous waste. We
got shut down aggressively.

DETECTIVE DANE

Those ex-workers still in town?

ANDERSON

Maybe... You bastard, Dane. You and
your freaking mind games.

DETECTIVE DANE

So you're in?

She raises her wine glass. He raises his. Clink! Bailey
finally interrupts Amber giving dating advice to Nico.

BAILEY

No! Stop! Please! You need to read
the signs, Nico.

NICO

What signs?

BAILEY

Exactly! There are no signs!

AMBER

No! She's wrong! True love doesn't
look for signs, it blossoms from
what seems like nothing.

BAILEY

Oh jeez! Look, you know I have a
reputation for being a mean drunk
so don't take this personally, I'm
so bored of hearing about it. You
need to shit or get off the pot.

Amber winces at the metaphorical image.

NICO

Challenge accepted! Next time I see
Ali, I'm gonna tell her exactly how
I feel. How about that, Bailey?

Bailey already regrets giving him advice. Conway leans in
closer to Tasker and looks at him frankly.

CONWAY

You know, if you Reserves are going
to fix this town that means fixing
the economy too.

OFC TASKER

We should be running the economy.
We're the closest thing this place
has to government now.

CONWAY

Right. Well, I'm just saying, every
government needs it's advisors,
experienced advisors. You think
these grunts could run something as
simple as a lemonade stand?

OFC TASKER

Talk to me.

EXT. KITTOCHINY SCOUT CAMP - EVENING

O'Donnell cycles under an entrance made of logs into the
abandoned camp and parks her bike up at the lodge building.
With the tall trees swaying in the breeze around her, she
warily enters its dark confines.

INT. KITTOCHINY SCOUT CAMP, LODGE - EVENING

Classroom chairs stacked against the walls. O'Donnell crosses
to a table and lays her gun down beside another. As she takes
a few steps back, The Duke emerges from the shadows on the
other side of the room.

THE DUKE

Not tempted to drown your sorrows
with your new friends?

O'DONNELL

When you're a black sheep, you
gotta find your own watering hole.

(MORE)

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

Look, I can only play mediator for so long. If things continue the way they're going, we're gonna clash. I need everyone to calm down.

THE DUKE

You know what people used to say killed a society? Anarchy. But, that's not what got us here, no. What got us here is apathy. Good people sitting back believing the cavalry was coming. It never came. It never does. WE are the calvary, every one of US and we'll never "calm down" when it comes to fighting for our liberty. Apathy may have destroyed us but anarchy will rebuild us. Maybe this black sheep's simply in the wrong flock?

O'Donnell tries to ignore that suggestion.

O'DONNELL

Heard anything from Tommy?

THE DUKE

Nothing since Nevada. I'm not worried. He's a survivor, just like his father.

O'DONNELL

If he was like his father, he wouldn't be fighting for the government.

The Duke smiles amused.

THE DUKE

You know you don't have to pull these little stunts if you want to talk, right?

O'DONNELL

I'm not pulling stunts. I'm trying to shield.

THE DUKE

My people from yours or your people from mine?

O'DONNELL

(beat)

This town from both.

The Duke thinks that over and nods satisfied. He crosses to the table, takes his gun, and goes to leave before pausing and gazing around at the lodge.

THE DUKE

You know, first day I picked you up from here, I asked you what badge you wanted to earn. You know what you said to me?

O'Donnell shakes her head.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

You told me you didn't care about any of the badges. You wanted to know how to become a scout leader. You were five years old. It was one of the proudest moments of my life.

O'Donnell tries not to respond but there's emotion there under the surface. The Duke almost motions to try and hug her but forces himself to continue leaving.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

If you're prepared to fight for peace, you're ready to fight a war.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - EVENING

With daylight fading, O'Donnell rides along taking in the view, trying to forget her troubles. She tries to pop a few wheelies and bunny hops until an engine disturbs her. It's STG York in the old Crown Vic. He cruises up alongside her.

SGT YORK

Hey, you wanna ride? I'm trying to find Lookout Point.

O'DONNELL

Lookout Point? What is it, prom night? Where's your date?

SGT YORK

First rule of tactics; know your surroundings. I want to get a bird's eye view of the town.

O'Donnell mulls that over and suddenly skids to a halt.

O'DONNELL

How about I show you?

INT. POLICE HQ, INFIRMARY - EVENING

Nurse Willow and Dr Jay Marie tend to the Little Girl who's a lot brighter. Taps starts playing from a bugle outside. They pause for a moment by the window and watch the American flag being lowered. Dr Jay Marie stares at Nurse Willow.

DR JAY MARIE

Come here.

They hug tightly, letting out a lot of pent up emotion while the Little Girl watches them, tears weeping from their eyes.

EXT. POLICE HQ - EVENING

CPT Westman limps along as he finishes cleaning the fire truck, PVT Goldstien playing the bugle while SGM Matthews respectfully lowers the flag.

Chief Picton sneers unimpressed. In the sniper's nest, PVT Lochner watches OFC Tasker walk back in the HQ and, right in front of Chief Picton, chose to salute SGM Matthews.

EXT. BIG DOM'S BAR - EVENING

Detective Dane, Bailey, Anderson, Amber and Nico leave the bar in a very merry state as Gibson roars up in the Mustang.

GIBSON

So what did I miss today?

Bailey and Detective Dane look at each other and laugh, pausing for a moment as Conway staggers out to his Cadillac.

EXT. WOODLAND - EVENING

The Duke keeps his head down in deep thought as he cuts through trees and trudges through bracken. Zylar and Tristan sweep out of hiding and flank him.

ZYLER

Did it go well?

He doesn't respond.

EXT. LOOKOUT POINT - EVENING

The Crown Vic parked on a high vantage point. O'Donnell and SGT York walk to the edge and take in a stunning view of Wells Spring at dusk, surrounded by mountains.

O'DONNELL
Well, there it is. Well Spring in
all its glory.

SGT YORK
It's beautiful town you got.

He stares at O'Donnell with the wind lapping her hair.

SGT YORK (CONT'D)
But you're isolated.

O'DONNELL
Isolated's good, right? Tactically
speaking.

SGT YORK
Only if you never want to let
anyone in. If you want to be part
of something bigger, it pays to be
a little vulnerable and open up.

O'DONNELL
Nobody wants to be defenseless.

SGT YORK
Nobody wants to be alone either.

He stares at her with absolutely sincerity.

SGT YORK (CONT'D)
You shouldn't be so fearful of
soldiers acting like cops.

O'DONNELL
That I can handle. What scares me
is cops acting like soldiers.

SGT YORK
No, I don't think that's what
really scares you. I think what
really scares you is the point when
people stop acting like humans.

That resounds with her. They stare into one another's eyes.
SGT York moves in closer. She lets him.

Suddenly a beam of red light appears on the horizon,
stretching from the ground into the sky as far as they can
see. They look round shocked as it hums and crackles, so
powerful it disturbs the clouds it's piercing through.

INT. POLICE HQ, INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Nurse Willow and Dr Jay Marie release from their embrace and stare at the laser beam, the Little Girl covers her eyes.

EXT. POLICE HQ - CONTINUOUS

CPT Westman, PVT Goldstien, SGM Matthews, Chief Picton, OFC Tasker, and PVT Lochner stare up at the light in awe.

EXT. BIG DOM'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

The thin red line reflects along the gleaming black paint of the Mustang as Detective Dane, Bailey, Gibson, Nice, Anderson and Amber watch with their jaws hanging open. Conway winces at it, sobering up fast.

EXT. WOODLAND - CONTINUOUS

The Duke stops in his tracks and, along with Zyler and Tristan, turns back and takes in the eerie sight.

EXT. LOOKOUT POINT - CONTINUOUS

With the red hue casting over her face, O'Donnell walks away from PVT York and toward the tower of light.

O'DONNELL
Copperhead Ridge.

It cuts. Silence for a few moments then BOOM! A crack of thunder echos across the landscape, jolting her back to reality. She turns to PVT York who looks just as confused.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)
You want to tell me what that was?

SGT YORK
I was going to ask you the same thing.

O'DONNELL
All I know is, you turn up and suddenly everything changes.

THE END