

INT. CHIEF'S HOME - DAY

A smaller, well decorated living room, clothes and other undone chores strewn about the floor and furniture.

A ball of paper drops down in front of the camera.

As the camera scans the room, wadded balls of paper sit in a pile around and in a full garbage can next to a grumbling CHIEF a middle-aged, gruff, skinny man, head in one hand and a pen in the other.

A knock on the door causes CHIEF to grumble softly, stumbling up and answering the door.

The door opens and there stands STELLA a younger, blue haired girl, holding a clipboard.

STELLA

Heya there, Chief, having a good morning?

CHIEF

(sarcastically, rubbing his eyes)
Morning?

STELLA

(peering over CHIEF's shoulder)
Again? C'mon Chief, you need more sleep.

CHIEF

Had to be. Just couldn't work anything out this time.

STELLA

(writing in her notes)
Mm.. well do try to be more careful.
Can't have your best work be half asleep, can we?

CHIEF

(turns around and walks inside with a sigh)
I suppose not. What's your business interrupting me anyway, Stella?

STELLA

(following CHIEF inside)
Just the norm. It's my mayoral duty to check in on everybody every now and

then. You know, make sure everything
and everyone is in tip-top shape!

CHIEF
That's an official duty?

STELLA
(flipping through a few papers)
No... but I think it should be.

CHIEF walks over and sits down on the couch.

CHIEF
(laughing)
Aren't you in charge of doin' that?

STELLA
(trailing off)
No, I can't really mess with the
system. I tried doing that one time,
it was a lot of hassle. Not really
my... thing...
(pulling out a yellow paper)
Aha, here it is! Now, if you could
please just fill this out and get it
to me sometime, either through the
mail, or--

A harsh cough is heard in the distance, averting STELLA'S
attention. She turns her head towards the source, a door in
the hallway.

STELLA
(Somber, looking worried)
How is she?

CHIEF
The usual. Not really getting any
better. Beth's in there now taking
care of her.

Stella glances at the clock at the wall in the corner.

Stella grimaces at the clock, and looks back at CHIEF.

I'll try to contact Dr. Clarke right
awa--

CHIEF
(shaking his head)
There's no worry, Stella. You're a

busy girl. I see that. Don't take my burden onto yourself.

STELLA

Chief, your wife needs help. We can't just sit around doing nothing, especially not the mayor.

Locks click, and the camera pans to BETH, exiting the room. She walks over to CHIEF, telling him something that's too quiet for the viewer to hear. CHIEF sighs.

CHIEF gestures at STELLA, and she hands him the yellow slip.

CHIEF

Thank you Stella, I'll be sure to fill this out.

STELLA nervously looks between the two of them. A few seconds pass as CHIEF scans the paper over.

STELLA

(To CHIEF)

I have the authority to--

CHIEF

Thank you, Stella.

STELLA opens her mouth as if to say something, but nods.

STELLA

If you're sure, I'll leave you to it.
Good luck on your writing.

STELLA gives a half smile and nods at BETH, who smiles and waves back.

STELLA shuts the door, the view from inside CHIEF'S, and it cuts to the next scene.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - DAY

A clean, obviously well kept town road, dotted with trees, bunches of grass sprinkled on the sides.

STELLA treads down the road, a few houses in view. She's looking through some of her notebooks, grumbling to herself, her brow furrowed.

As the camera cuts between scenes of STELLA, it briefly shows what she's reading, and the audience sees that it's train maps and logs of past train trips.

Suddenly, a large, older modeled dark blue truck pulls up to STELLA, slowing down as it pulls aside to the side of the road that she's on.

The window rolls down and we see Angus, a large, bearded man, donning a black cap and a dress shirt.

ANGUS

Stella! What're you doin' out here in the middle a' nowhere so early?

Angus gives a big toothy smile.

STELLA

Oh, you know, Angus. Taking some time to get to know the folks around town. Now that I'm pretty acclimated with the layout and the duties I thought I'd get a little more personal.

ANGUS

Well that's a refresher! The old mayor wasn't very much of a people person. But still somehow a big blabbermouth...

STELLA chuckles.

ANGUS

What's up Stella? My jokes always make you laugh out loud. I'm only gettin' a chuckle outta you.

STELLA looks around for a moment, cautiously.

STELLA

It's Chief's wife. She's very ill. We suspect it's just the flu, but if it is it's a pretty bad case... Dr. Clarke isn't due back for another week.

ANGUS

Ah right, I heard 'bout that from Goldie. She's just as concerned as you are.

STELLA

Is she?

STELLA checks her notebook.

STELLA

That's actually where I'm headed around next. I might check in on her, see if I can get any help. Thank you Angus.

ANGUS

No problem! 'Ey, you need a ride? I ain't doin' much at the moment, I could get ya' over to Goldie's pretty quick!

STELLA

You're very sweet, Angus. But I think I'll walk, thank you.

ANGUS

Suit yourself!

Angus waves goodbye and drives off.

Stella looks through her notebook more, flipping through some pages, as she walks out of frame.

INT. GOLDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

GOLDIE, a tall, blonde, younger girl, stands humming, mixing ingredients together in a bowl. She moves from one side of the counter to the other, reading off of a sheet and adding more to the bowl.

WYNN, a very short, even younger girl lays on the couch, reading a book, her brows furrowed.

The sun shines bright through the window, shining right into WYNN's eyes, who growls and shifts position.

WYNN

Goldie?! Is lunch almost ready? I'm STARVED.

GOLDIE (O.S)

Yes, Wynn. Just a few more minutes. Be patient!

WYNN slumps back, pushing the book against her face and groans. A knock at the door leaves WYNN unfazed.

GOLDIE (O.S)

Oh, can you get that, Wynn? My hands are filthy.

WYNN groans, waits a few seconds, and slumps off the couch, getting up and walking over to the door.

STELLA stands there as WYNN opens the door, smiling. Wynn looks up at her with unenthusiastic eyes.

WYNN

What.

STELLA

Hi Wynn! Um.. is Goldie home?

WYNN

No.

STELLA

Oh, well can you te-

GOLDIE (O.S)

Who is it Wynn?

STELLA glares annoyingly at WYNN who sighs and opens the door for her.

Walking in, STELLA takes off her shoes and greets GOLDIE in the kitchen.

GOLDIE's dog, a beautiful golden retriever barks once and runs into frame, sniffing at STELLA's feet.

STELLA

Goldie! It smells great! What's on the menu?

GOLDIE

Hehe! Stella! It's really great to see you. What brings you over today?

STELLA

Oh you know, official stuff. Just checking in on you three to see how everything is!

GOLDIE

Well, that's very nice of you. Glad to see you're getting involved.

As GOLDIE speaks, she's still stirring and preparing the food in front of her.

STELLA

Yep! It's a breath of fresh air, I've heard.

STELLA looks around. WYNN is back sitting on the couch.

STELLA

(whispering)

Goldie... I wanted to ask. Angus told me that you know about Chief's wife?

GOLDIE

Oh... I had a feeling you'd mention this. Yeah, I do... It's horrible isn't it? Chief doesn't want to give her help... I got a glimpse of her when she was still a little well. I mentioned asking you and he shunned the idea. Beth looked after her. She thinks something called Legionella. It's similar to the flu in every way but it can be fatal.

STELLA

I was over there this morning. He didn't accept any sort of help I gave him.

WYNN (O.C.)

Are you still on about that bitch?

Wynn gets up from the couch and walks into the kitchen.

WYNN

I say she deserves it. What has she done for us? She's always been nothing but a bitch to you, Goldie.

GOLDIE

Wha- I- Wynn, that's incredibly disrespectful! She... I know she hasn't been the nicest but that doesn't leave anybody deserving of being ill with such a horrible

sickness. Have some respect.

WYNN

Admit it, Goldie. You're happy about this.

GOLDIE

I would NEVER even think about something so horrible.

WYNN

Well, suit yourself. I certainly am.

GOLDIE

I can't believe you would even THINK about saying something like this. And right in front of Stella. She's so concerned.

GOLDIE begins to cry, and Wynn turns around.

WYNN

All I'm saying is that sometimes people get what they deserve when they act like a bitch.

WYNN walks away out of the kitchen and upstairs.

GOLDIE snuffles and turns to STELLA

GOLDIE

I'm so sorry about that Stella. You know how she can be...

STELLA

No, no, Goldie. You don't need to apologize. It's a sticky situation.

GOLDIE

I know, but... she's never really had such a strong opinion like this. It hurts me to hear such strong words from her.

STELLA

She should be better. Dr. Clarke is due back in less than a week...

GOLDIE

Right. Well, Stella. You're welcome to stay for lunch, if you'd like.

STELLA

I'd... really like that. Thank you.

Cut to STELLA leaving GOLDIE's, the sun a little lower in the sky than when she arrived. Zoom out as Stella walks down GOLDIE's driveway.

Chief sits back at his writing table, scribbling down notes. Zoom in on his paper, and we can see that he's recording dates down on a sheet.

The hallway is long and low lit. Underneath the door, the light is seeping through. It takes us underneath the door and shows CHIEF'S WIFE, a sickly older woman, laying in bed, asleep. She has a towel draped over her head, with BETH sitting down next to her, taking her temperature.

BETH stands up, and trips. She falls to her knees, things falling to the ground from her pocket with a tink, and looks at CHIEF'S WIFE worryingly, afraid she woke her.

BETH stands, leaning down to pick up what she dropped. A vial labeled "LEGIONELLA-B" printed on the sticker. The camera cuts to black.

TO BE CONTINUED...