

DANGER ZONE ONE

CASE REPORT 1: WELCOME TO PALLAD CITY

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PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

Close-up on an electronic panel built into a wall. There are numbered buttons on the panel, with a digital screen at the top. (We're looking at a panel that activates an advanced high-tech security system.)

A somewhat fat index finger strikes one of the buttons, inputting a code. The digital screen on top of the panel reads: SECURITY SYSTEM OVERRIDE

VOICE (coming from the person whose finger we see): I'll show 'em...

I've included a reference of the 'door lock' in folder **Page1/Panel1**.

PANEL TWO

A high-tech door begins to open.

VOICE: Thought they could all just toss me to the curb like yesterday's trash?

An idea of what I envisioned for the door is in folder **Page1/Panel2**.

PANEL THREE

Raymond Finkler, the owner of the finger—and voice— enters through the opened door into a large science laboratory. A bit on the overweight side, with thick glasses, and disheveled hair, Raymond appears in his early-to-mid '30s. He's a socially awkward fellow, the kind other people pay no respect to and often gets stepped on, both at work *and* at home.

The laboratory is devoid of workers. Not a soul in sight, except for Raymond. However, the place is filled with various high-tech prototypes, ranging from half-finished robotic arms (large ones that look like they could be used for construction equipment), to incomplete weapons like Gatling guns, missiles, aircraft pieces, large ball shaped "drones", etc.

RAYMOND: Bury their heels in me, will they?

PANEL FOUR

Raymond reaches the other end of the laboratory and comes to a stop. A demented—yet excited—smile forms on his face. He is looking at *something* off panel. Maybe we see a part of *it* in the panel, I leave that decision to you. (We'll see in the next panel that he's looking at an armored power suit.)

RAYMOND: Didn't think I was worth the dirt they trampled on? Well, they thought wrong!

PANEL FIVE

We see the full reveal of what Raymond was looking at—the **armored power suit**. Maybe we can be looking over Raymond's shoulder here, like a reversal of the last panel. But feel free to use any angle you believe to be best, as long as we get a good look at the power suit.

RAYMOND: From this day forward, Raymond Finkler gets the last laugh!

(And maybe we can have Raymond's laughter "HAHAHAHA!" or something like that, attached to the word balloon, depending on how that looks?)

PAGE 2

PANEL ONE

Scene change to Reena Saffron's bedroom. While our story takes place in the future, the room isn't much different than a typical one today, except with some more high-tech gadgets.

We see a close-up of Reena putting on her shirt. (At this point we shouldn't see her face yet. And, for this panel, she could be putting on the white shirt that she wears under the blue part of her uniform.)

Also, to play up the fanservice angle, we should see her putting on her shirt, but it's open, so we can see her bra and cleavage.

PANEL TWO

Close-up of her putting on her skirt (the blue part of her uniform). Again, to add to the fanservice, maybe we can see her panties here?

PANEL THREE

Close-up of Reena's hands pulling her boot on.

PANEL FOUR

We finally see the full reveal of Reena. She straightens her clothing, making sure the PCPD uniform looks good. She gazes down at the new uniform, a smile on her face. (Please note, Reena shouldn't have her belt on yet with her gun, holster, pouches or communication bracelet. She gets those later.)

Reena is a cute, optimistic girl—the cheerful type who always sees the light at the end of the tunnel.

PANEL 5

Reena looks into a long mirror near her door; she's thrilled with what she sees.

REENA: Well, today's the day!

PANEL 6

Reena playfully winks and salutes the mirror.

REENA: Get ready world, here I come!

PAGE 3

PANEL ONE

Scene change. Angle on the Pallad City skyline. A near-future city with towering skyscrapers. Daytime.

We see the PCPD building at the forefront. (A PCPD logo can be at the top of the structure). A word balloon is pointed at the building.

WORD BALLOON: Is this Chief Hardiman's office?

A few ideas of what the PCPD building can look like are in the **Page3/Panel1** folder.

PANEL TWO

Angle on Chief Hardiman in his office, seated behind his desk. The top of the desk is a mess, littered with digital devices (think futuristic iPads, thin high-tech computer, etc). Behind him are large windows, giving us a view of the Pallad City skyline.

Hardiman is a gruff, no nonsense older fellow in his late '40s. He's been at this job for quite some time. He's dressed in a white formal shirt with black tie. He has a PCPD badge on his chest.

VOICE (from someone off panel): I was told he'd be waiting to see me...but, I kinda got lost...heh, heh...so, I'm a bit late.

CHIEF HARDIMAN: I'm Hardiman, and *you* are...?

Some concept ideas of the devices that can be on Hardiman's desk are in folder **Page3/Panel2**.

PANEL THREE

Hardiman's eyes widen, he grabs a nearby device—a transparent digital screen. We see text and a photo of Reena's smiling face on the screen. As Hardiman looks at the file, we can see that he is stunned.

CHIEF HARDIMAN: It can't be...*you're* the new recruit!?

PANEL FOUR

Angle on Reena. She's oblivious to Hardiman's surprise. She smiles and salutes.

REENA: Reena Saffron, reporting for duty! A pleasure to meet you, Chief!

PANEL FIVE

Hardiman carefully looks over Reena's file, trying to compose himself. His free hand pushes against the side of his head, at his temple, as if fighting off an oncoming headache.

HARDIMAN: Bastards at Central Division are playing a joke on me. Gotta be. This one looks like she just stepped outta high school...
(thought balloon)

HARDIMAN: Says you're from Old Metro. Pretty ritzy city. And fresh out of the academy...

PAGE 4

PANEL ONE

Reena fights off a nervous expression. She twiddles her fingers together.

HARDIMAN: Didn't exactly finish top of the class.
(off panel)

REENA: But I *did* graduate with recommendations, sir.

PANEL TWO

Hardiman, looking annoyed and defeated, tosses the transparent file aside onto his desk as Reena watches.

HARDIMAN: Barely.
(mutters this low / word balloon 1)

HARDIMAN: Not that it matters. Being particularly *choosy* isn't a privilege around here.
(word balloon 2)

PANEL THREE

Hardiman rises from his desk, saluting Reena.

HARDIMAN: Welcome to the Pallad City Police Department, officer. Head downstairs to the armory and pick up your firearm and equipment.

PANEL FOUR

Reena is excited beyond words. She can barely contain her enthusiasm.

REENA: Thank you, sir! I'll be an asset to the force, I promise!

PANEL FIVE

Energized, Reena heads for the exit. Hardiman doesn't look impressed.

REENA: You can count on me, Chief! I'll uphold justice to the letter of the law in the name of the PCPD!

PANEL SIX.

Reena exits. Hardiman sighs, opening one of his lower desk drawers.

HARDIMAN: Typical.

PANEL SEVEN

Hardiman puts the contents of the drawer onto his desk—a bottle of whisky and a shot glass.

HARDIMAN: Always sending *me* the wet-eared greenhorns. Retirement can't come soon enough...

PAGE 5

PANEL ONE

Scene change. We're now in the basement of the PCPD Headquarters. Angle on sign that reads:
ARMORY

Some rough reference ideas for what the PCPD Armory could look like are in folder **Page5/Panel1.**

PANEL TWO

Reena twirls around, looking at her new belt with satisfaction. Everything is attached to her belt, including her taser. All she's missing is her gun, which is absent from the holster. She now has her communication bracelet on as well.

Nearby, a MALE OFFICER holds a transparent high-tech iPad-like device with digital readouts flickering on it. With his other hand, he motions to a nearby table, where we see an opened metal case (almost like a suitcase).

The officer has a laid back, tired looking appearance—though he seems friendly.

OFFICER: Have you ever fired a Halvok-99 before?

PANEL THREE

Reena looks over to the metal case. We see the Halvok-99 gun sitting inside.

REENA: Uh, not this particular model, but I did have basic firearm training.

Please see **Page5/Panel3** for a basic reference of the case that the Halvok is in. Feel free to add your own look to the case.

PANEL FOUR

Reena picks up the gun, looking it over.

OFFICER: The Halvoks have a bit of recoil, keep that in mind.
(word balloon 1)

OFFICER: It's keyed to your BID chip, so only you can fire it, no different than *any* other firearm that's registered to its legal owner.
(word balloon 2)

(Just for your reference, "BID" chip stands for "Bio-IDentification" chip)

PANEL FIVE

A BEEP sound escapes from the Officer's iPad-like device. He glances at it.

OFFICER: Looks like the Chief just picked your partner.

PAGE 6

PANEL ONE

Angle on the transparent digital device. We see a headshot of **Madison Wynter**.

PANEL TWO

The Officer's eyes widen; his sleepy disposition is shattered—it looks like he's suddenly been jarred awake.

OFFICER: Holy--!

PANEL THREE

Reena looks concerned as she puts the gun in her belt-holster.

REENA: Something wrong?

OFFICER: Chief's got it out for *you*...you've been paired with Madison Wynter!

PANEL FOUR

Reena scratches her head, confused. The name means nothing to her.

REENA: Is that...bad?

OFFICER: There's a *reason* they call her 'Maniac' Madison! Last name's dead-on too, with a personality so cold she'd give a *snowman* the chills.
(word balloon 1)

OFFICER: Madison Wynter. The ice queen of the PCPD!
(word balloon 2)

PANEL FIVE

Reena looks worried.

The Officer also looks distraught, as if Reena's already a casualty—but she doesn't know it yet. He continues speaking to her as if she's being handed a death sentence.

OFFICER: Uh, look, why don't you test out the Halvok at the firing range?
(word balloon 1)

OFFICER: If Madison's back from patrol, it's always the first place she goes. You can catch up with her there.
(word balloon 2)

REENA: Th-thanks...I think.

REENA: What have I gotten myself into?
(thought balloon)

PANEL 6

The Officer turns, troubled.

OFFICER: Poor girl. What's the Chief thinking? She's gonna get slaughtered!
(Thought balloon)

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PANEL ONE

Scene change to the indoor firing range. Reena stands in her firing range stall with her gun held out with both hands, aimed and ready.

REENA: Just like basic training, all I need to do is...
(Thought balloon)

Please see folder **Page7/Panel1** for some ideas of the firing range.

PANEL TWO

Reena squeezes the trigger and fires. She jerks back, nearly thrown off balance by the powerful recoil of the gun.

PANEL THREE

Close-up of a paper shooting target. The bullet misses the intended target, blasting a hole in the white border around it.

PANEL FOUR

Reena staggers back into GRIPPS, a male officer wearing a PCPD uniform. He's good-looking and suave, but clearly the womanizing type.

Gripps, smiling, catches Reena before she falls completely backwards. Reena is taken by surprise.

Another nearby officer, SEV, looks over with a half-hearted smile on his face.

GRIPPS: Well, well...nice to see new able-bodied officers on the force!

PANEL FIVE

Close-up angle of Reena's butt as Gripps rubs his hand against it.

GRIPPS: Some *more* able-bodied than others, am I right?

PANEL SIX

Reena has a shocked expression on her face.

REENA: Hey!

PAGE 8

PANEL ONE

Reena, annoyed, squints her eyes and spins around pointing her gun under Gripps' chin.

Gripps nervously offers a playful smile, holding his hands up.

REENA: Watch it, creep! That's sexual harassment, violation of conduct code forty-two! Or forty-three, I forget...

GRIPPS: H-hey, careful where you're pointing that, babe!

PANEL TWO

Gripps directs a shaky finger towards Reena's gun.

GRIPPS: Not safe to be, y'know, aiming a loaded weapon at someone...

PANEL THREE

Reena points her gun at Grippls' groin.

REENA: Take your own advice, pal!

PANEL FOUR

Grippls marches away with Sev. Grippls has a sweatdrop on his head, clearly embarrassed that things didn't go his way.

As Grippls and Sev leave, behind them, Reena has a sly smile on her face.

GRIPPS: Friggin' stuck up little...

SEV: Careful Grippls, it's not worth another suspension.

GRIPPS: That's one grade-a tease right there, Sev!

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PANEL ONE

The sound of gunshots are heard nearby: BLAM BLAM BLAM

Reena looks over to one of firing range stalls. A voice comes from behind the stall panel.

VOICE: I see you know how to handle yourself around the primitives.

PANEL TWO

Angle on Madison, the source of the voice, firing her Halvok pistol. She's been here the whole time, hidden behind one of the firing range stalls.

Madison is cold, distant and impersonal. The kind of person who wants nothing to do with others. She looks like she's never smiled a day in her entire life.

At this point, she's just wearing her tank top—no jacket yet.

MADISON: Good, 'cause I don't like to babysit...

PANEL THREE

Angle on the target, which has been shot up, every bullet having hit with 100% precision and perfection.

MADISON: ...especially when it comes to rookie partners.
(not in panel)

PANEL FOUR

Madison steps away from her stall and holsters her gun. She grabs her jacket—which is draped on a hanger attached to the stall.

Reena stands nearby.

REENA: Are you, by any chance...

MADISON: Madison Wynter.

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PANEL ONE

Madison, carrying her coat, pushes a nearby door open. Reena follows.

REENA: I'm Reena Saf—

MADISON: I know. Read your file. Chief sent it ten minutes ago.

PANEL TWO

The two girls exit the firing range, entering into a parking garage. It's filled with PCPD police cars—all marked with the PCPD logo.

Madison puts her jacket on. She pays no any attention to Reena.

REENA: Do you go by Maddie, for short?

MADISON: No.

An idea for the parking garage is in folder **Page10/Panel2**.

PANEL THREE

Reena looks uncomfortable. She bites her lip, defeated.

REENA: So much for breaking the ice...
(Thought balloon)

PANEL FOUR

Madison leads the way towards the MVX HYPER INTERCEPTOR—her sleek, black PCPD cruiser. The PCPD logo is on the side of the vehicle and sirens sit atop its roof.

Reena is stunned when she spots it.

REENA: Whoa, is that the new MVX model? A Hyper Interceptor, right?

References of the MVX Hyper Interceptor are in folder **Page10/Panel4**.

PANEL FIVE

Reena looks over the exterior of the car, as if she were an excited kid looking over a new toy.

Madison is already opening the driver's side door.

REENA: Unreal! I heard they have an 814 cc endothermic rotary engine with four electric motors and a turbo nitrocharger!

(word balloon 1)

REENA: But this one doesn't look standard at all, everything's been customized!

(word balloon 2)