

RISE

By

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RISE
the novel by
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Superimposed:

Near future. United States.

FADE IN:

INT. CHATTEL HALL-DUSK

A tall, black MAN in his mid-thirties, makes his way through dark and dimly lit structure. As he strides through it, following a soldier becomes apparent only women are here.

They are kept dirt and straw lined floors with only a communal trough of water to bathe with and drink from. And one bucket to share as a toilet.

Each cell is cramped to overcrowding with young girls to senior aged women.

As he passes each cell, each one easily holding forty to fifty women and children in various stages of dress. Each woman recoils as they attempt to hide tattooed numbers they are all inked with.

The further back he goes there are more and more lifeless women in the cells. His hand goes to his hip, dressed like a Mad Max cowboy there is a gun at his side and dagger clipped next to it.

INT. CELL-DUSK

At the very back, hovering between life and death, her head shaved bald is an Asian-American WOMAN part of her left breast exposed, the tattoo reads No. 89106.

There is a commotion outside her cell. The black man, Max, towers over the white soldier and is yelling.

MAX

I was promised number 89106.

SOLDIER

Take it easy Max. It's just a woman.

The woman's eyes open and attempt to focus. Max steals a look at her. He knows her. He turns back to the soldier.

MAX

I may just be a freedom buyer but I know my rights. And I was promised *her*.

(CONTINUED)

Max hands him a piece of paper. The soldier looks at it and then back to him. The soldier unlocks the cell and motions for Max to take what he came for.

Max leans over and goes to touch her cheek. Her eyes fly open and she punches him in the throat and absorbs it. He steps back and looks to the soldier who is prepared to intervene.

Max holds up his hand and smiles.

MAX

A moment alone please.

SOLDIER

I suppose it's okay. You boys always surprise me. Sometimes you're more fucked up than the women are.

The soldier walks away.

MAX

(leaning down)

Don't fight me, Mikayla.

She groans.

MIKAYLA

Who the fuck are you and why the hell should I trust you?

MAX

(pained)

You either come with me now or face what's coming from this place in the morning.

MIKAYLA

(with disgust)

Freedom buyer.

Briefly he cradles her cheek and whispers...

MAX

Revolutionary.

He throws her over his shoulder and they walk out.

EXT. SHOTGUN STYLE HOUSE-NIGHT

On a one house road Max pulls up on his motorcycle with Mikayla strapped upright in the sidecar. He puts the kickstand down and steps off. He scans the area quickly and reaches into his pocket and wraps a lanyard with an i.d. around his wrist.

He then stoops over and unstraps a semi-conscious Mikayla then lifts her out and carries her to the door he holds his i.d. card to an infared camera and the door slides open. He steps inside.

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

Mikayla sleeps on the bed. Max sleeps sitting up in a rocking chair next to the bed, a pistol in his lap. His hand resting on its grip.

Mikayla jerks awake. She sits up on her elbows and quietly scans the room. Her eyes rests on Max then to his gun. Looking under her blankets. She lets out a heavy breath.

She struggles to sit up but is still too weak to make it all the way to the edge of the bed. She falls back to the bed.

Max is instantly alert.

MAX
You're awake.

MIKAYLA
What do you want from me?

MAX
Mikayla...

Soft. Straining.

MIKAYLA
Who are you? What do you want from me?

She closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT

Max running with another man. He looks back over his shoulder. Their eyes meet.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

She struggles for the words. Tears and confusion in her eyes.

MAX

What have they done to you?

He joins Mikayla on the bed and gently touches her hand. She recoils.

MIKAYLA

Again who are you? Other than a freedom buyer, what are you to me? Who are you to me?

MAX

That's for you to remember. If I fill in the blanks it won't do you any good. You have a right to remember who you are and who I am on your own terms.

MIKAYLA

What's the point in that? You're going to deliver me to the next in a long line of slave owners what's the point in remembering anything freedom buyer.

MAX

Max. My name is Max.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT

Mikayla watches him disappear with the other man into the darkness of the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

She looks up at him.

MIKAYLA

I remember nothing.

Max is crushed. He stands up and walks to the window and peeks out through the drawn blinds.

MAX

(turning around)

You're lying. You may not remember me. But you remember something. It's not up to me to force it out of you. That was never my way with the newcomers to the camp who were traumatized by their experiences. It's a big part of why you trusted me. I won't force anything from you either.

MIKAYLA

Who are you to me?

MAX

I am a revolutionary. And I've been looking for you for a long time. So long I've lost track of the years. I may wear the face of the enemy in my job. But years ago when I lost you I sacrificed my soul to go into the lion's den to find you. I knew I might die doing what I've done and never find you. But I bought your freedom as my wife. I won't hold you to that. All that I ask is that you remember who you are and what made you what you are in the core of your soul.

MIKAYLA

A revolutionary.

Max says nothing and looks away back to the window.

MIKAYLA

And what if I don't remember that? What if I don't want to remember that?

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Then let the world burn and you be its Nero. I will be the fool who believed in you and your passion and your unwillingness to accept your assigned role in life as a slave. And your followers will be picked off one by one without their leader. You don't have to remember me. I'm a footnote to your legend. But you built the Resistance out of nothing. I'm asking that you remember the stakes and how high they really are.

Mikayla rolls to her side and puts her back to him. Her shoulders slump.

MIKAYLA

I'm so tired of fighting. I'm so tired...

Max sits in the chair and keeps watch over her as she drifts back off to sleep. He checks his gun to make sure it's loaded. Just because the house is isolated doesn't mean they're alone.

INT. BEDROOM-LATER

Mikayla wakes again. Summoning all of her strength she gets out of bed and heads towards the kitchen where there is the sound of a coffee pot percolating. And Max moving around.

She gingerly makes her way through the small room, leaning hard to the wall and taking a small photograph framed of she and Max slow dancing by a fire. It captures an incredibly intimate and private moment between them.

A look of recognition registers in her eyes. She touches the photo and her hand lingers at it. Music plays. Tears glisten in her eyes.

She grasps the photo in her hand and carries it into the kitchenette.

INT. KITCHENETTE-DAY

Max looks over from where he stands peeking out the blinds he shuts them.

She lowers to her seat and pushes the photograph across the table to him.

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA

Tell me why, in a house where you lived with and loved another family you kept this.

His fingertips linger at it.

MAX

Some things you try to forget and move on. Others leave a mark on you and can't move on.

MIKAYLA

What can't you forget that you want to?

Max stares off into the distance.

The sound of a woman begging off screen. Children crying. The sound of rapid gunfire and little girls screaming in pain.

Max looks back to Mikayla.

MAX

I don't feel like confessing anything.

MIKAYLA

We all have things we want to forget, Max. There are things I could do without remembering. Then I look at this picture and I can't remember the dance but I remember I felt. I remember how you felt. I remember that these people were falling love. And I don't know if that woman exists anymore. You talk of me being a revolutionary. And all I see here is happiness and I don't know if I'll ever know that luxury again.

MAX

Loving you is something that was as natural as breathing. Something that even in my long search for the Resistance leader that I couldn't forget loving you. I couldn't forget that passion.

MIKAYLA
And your family?

MAX
Their blood is on my hands.

MIKAYLA
Did you kill them?

MAX
No but--

MIKAYLA
Did you stand before them and gun
them down?

MAX
Well no, but--

MIKAYLA
But you feel like you failed to
protect them. That as their husband
and father you should have been
able to save them?

MAX
Tell me you that you don't remember
someone from your past who could
have been saved if only we lived in
a world where women were valued as
more than servants to men. To
powerful white men's base desires?
Tell me you don't remember and I'll
call you a liar.

Mikayla stands.

MIKAYLA
Then call me a liar because I don't
even remember my life before now
let alone the specifics of who I
could have saved and who I was
forced to watch die.

Max turns away.

MAX
I could fill in the blanks. But
like I said, some things are best
left forgotten.

MIKAYLA

I know your name and mine. I know how we once felt about one another. And I can tell, no matter where your journey has taken you, you haven't forgotten me. But I can't remember you. I can't remember anything.

He looks at her, his features softening.

MAX

Go rest. Know that you're safe. And that here, no harm will come to you.

Mikayla goes leaves the kitchenette. In her haste she has left the photograph behind.

Max touches it and closes his eyes and sighs.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Mikayla thrashes about in her slumber.

EXT. CHATTEL HALL-DAY

Government foot soldiers drag a kicking and screaming five year old LAYLA, and a ten year old Mikayla who is silent and still out into the auction yard.

LAYLA

Mikayla!

COMMANDER

Okay boys you know the rules.

A group of men ages ranging from nineteen to thirty laugh. The four of them tower over Layla and Mikayla.

One soldier yanks Layla up by the scruff of her collar and another brings Mikayla to her feet.

COMMANDER

Shirts off!

As the men strip the girls to their underwear Layla continues to scream for Mikayla.

(CONTINUED)

COMMANDER

The more they scream in pain the
harder the lashes.

Both soldiers begin to horsewhip the girls mercilessly. With each strike Laya howls louder and louder.

LAYLA

Kayla! Kayla! Make them stop! Make
it stop!

The men roar with laughter.

Mikayla grits her teeth and is impassive with her expression but fiery and defiant in her eyes. Silent tears fall down her face.

Laya breaks loose and bolts towards Mikayla.

MIKAYLA

Layla no!

A soldier snatches Layla by her arm as her head has been cut close to the scalp.

MIKAYLA

Please, she's just a little girl!

COMMANDER

She's property. Rope!

Another soldier throws the rope over the limb of a large tree and ties a noose in it.

COMMANDER

She is troublesome at this age.
Revolution must be guarded against
at all costs. Men don't ever forget
that.

Laya kicks and screams as her head is placed into the noose. As her feet leave the ground she is mercilessly whipped. Mikayla as her sister's feet begin to kick and twitch.

Finally Mikayla falls to her knees and begins to cry.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. BEDROOM-LATER

Mikayla bolts upright in bed, sweating profusely and breathing hard. It is dark out but there is a light shining in the darkness.

On instinct Mikayla begins to scour the bedroom for a weapon. Opening the nightstand drawer she finds a large ivory handled bowie knife. Taking it out of its sheath she peeks out the window.

There is a man stumbling and staggering about. She sees a large flashlight before him, there is something familiar about him. She strains to see his face.

As he approaches the door the light falls across his face. She steps away from the window.

There is thud against the door then the sound of the man collapsing the ground.

With her bowie knife in hand she yanks the door open. The wind rushes in. She lowers her knife as she rolls the balding man over. She takes the flashlight and shines it in his face.

He covers his eyes. But synapses in her brain fire.

CUT TO

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT

Mikayla is a grey t-shirt with an ammobelt and an ak-47 in her hand.

Max and she are sharing a quiet moment.

MAX

There are people plotting against you Mikayla. People who you are trusting with your life and shouldn't be.

MIKAYLA

There's no proof of that.

MAX

You hold the fate of our world in your hands. Don't be blinded. When someone feels threatened it doesn't always bring the best out in them.

ANDREW, a dark haired man in his late thirties appears.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

The Gregor Army is coming we have to warn the camp.

MIKAYLA

We'll discuss this later Max. Andrew won't survive being discovered. Take him to safety. I'll scout ahead and meet you back at the camp.

MAX

But--

MIKAYLA

(shouting)

I said go.

Max and Andrew trot off. She watches them as they disappear. There's the snapping of a twig. Before she can turn around a bag is thrown over her head and all is dark.

CUT BACK TO

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

ANDREW looks up at Mikayla and she down at him. They speak at the same time.

MIKAYLA

Andrew...

ANDREW

Mikayla!

She helps him to his feet and back inside. She shuts the door and douses the light and tosses it inside. They embrace, both overcome with emotion, they sob.

MIKAYLA

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god...

ANDREW

I thought I'd lost you forever.

MIKAYLA

There is so much I don't remember. Things I remember in bits and pieces. But you, oh my love, I remember. You and everything about you.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

I was so sure you wouldn't survive.
And when Max left the rebellion to
seek you out as a Freedom Buyer I
thought he was on a suicide
mission.

MIKAYLA

God I missed you. I thought you
might not survive the attack.

It's as if the floodgates have opened.

MIKAYLA

Oh god I remember. All the good all
the bad.

She begins to sink down to the ground and rock back and
forth.

MIKAYLA

Oh Max, oh Max. What have I done?
Oh Max...

The front door opens and there stands Max, breathing hard.
He looks to Andrew. Then to Mikayla.

MAX

Shut the door. Gregor's men are
making a sweep through the area. If
they find us we're all dead.

Mikayla peers up at Max.

MIKAYLA

What I've done in the name of
survival Max. What have I done?

MAX

It's okay.

He stoops down and scoops her up.

MAX

Follow me, Andrew.

They move in darkness throughout the house and cram into a
small bathroom.

EXT. MAX'S HOME-DAWN

The Commander from Mikayla's memory is present with a small group of men. He is older now with facial hair.

COMMANDER

I want her found.

SOLDIER #1

Commander Z. The house is abandoned and shuttered.

COMMANDER Z

She was bought by a retiring Freedom Buyer. This is his last known address.

SOLDIER #2

If she was bought why does it matter?

COMMANDER Z

You are not to question my reasoning. But the chattel in question was the leader of the only rebellion to ever threaten to topple our great leader Gregor.

SOLDIER #1

There is no way anyone could enter this house.

COMMANDER Z

Burn it!

The men set about spreading accelerant and lighting the house up.

INT. BATHROOM-DAWN

Max sets Mikayla to her feet.

MAX

Alright you're going to have to move on your own.

The sound of the men retreating and the fire spreading fast surround them. Mikayla begins to cough.

ANDREW

Unless you you're fucking Houdini we're toast. Literally.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

You forget. I've been a member of the U.S. Military, a rebel and freedom buyer.

MIKAYLA

We know.

She opens the towel closet and hands the shelves out one at a time. She moves quickly.

MIKAYLA

Follow me.

One by one the disappear into the closet.

INT. TUNNEL-DAWN

Mikayla, Andrew and Max file out one by one into a hollowed out tunnel. Max bolts the door shut.

MIKAYLA

I suggest we get a move on. If there's a backdraft we could still be french fried per the Commander's orders and wishes.

They begin to move at a brisk pace.

MAX

Is everyone armed?

MIKAYLA

I'm afraid I dropped the knife when I realized it was Andrew.

MAX

I was wondering what the hell would make you open that door.

Tenderly she turns to Max and touches his cheek.

MIKAYLA

I remember, Max. I remember it all.

Max takes her hands in his.

MAX

There are things I've done. Unspeakable things in my life. All in the name of finding you.

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA

It doesn't matter. None of it does.
I'm here. You're here. Andrew is
here. Now we survive. Now we find
the other surviving members of the
rebellion.

ANDREW

There are only whispers of it
Mikayla. There was a split in the
group those who were loyal to you
and those who were listening to
Marnie's poison.

As they walk along the twisting and turning of the tunnels
the true depth of the betrayal of people she trusted and
believed in sinks in. It is devastating.

MIKAYLA

Nevertheless the rebellion's aim
was to help all people. Especially
the women and their children.

MAX

Mikayla, Marnie is not a friend.
She is an enemy.

ANDREW

She liked you Mikayla but she found
Max to be an unacceptable addition
to our group.

MAX

And you were?

ANDREW

In the end I caught wind of her
planning to rat me out to Commander
Jones. I was on the run from them
when I sought refuge at your home.
I'm afraid I'm the one who brought
them to your doorstep.

Mikayla stops and turns on both of them.

MIKAYLA

If there is no rebellion it is up
to us to create one.

She grows increasingly agitated.

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA

It matters not who is engaged in the war with us. As this is not a single battle it's won. Do either of you know what it is to live in slavery. Abject zero rights slavery. From the time I was born to right this second men have been dictating what the next step is.

ANDREW

I live in fear with each breath I take, will it be my last. I'm a known quantity. A gay widower. I lost my husband to this world.

MAX

I was a shell of a man before I came to you. I served in the very military that just set fire to my home. They raped my wife. And when they went murder our daughters they mowed her down cold blood and killed my daughter who dared resist them when they raped her. They took my sons. And beat me and because I knew the man in charge they left me alive. I took the only job a black man is allowed to hold all in the name of finding you. All in the name of saving the revolution.

MIKAYLA

Neither of you know what I've given up in the name of the revolution. In the name of the rebellion. You can't begin to fathom what it to fight to live when every man around you sees you as their ticket to the next level.

MAX

If you remember anything at all you know that's not what was between us.

Andrew steps up to take control.

ANDREW

This is exactly what Commander Jones wants. He wants us to turn on each other. We've all loved. We've all lost. But Max I think we can

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW (cont'd)
both agree living as property is an
oppression no one should have to
endure.

The two quieted as the muted sounds of laughing and talking
reverberated overhead.

MIKAYLA
The chattel hall.

MAX
What are you talking about?

MIKAYLA
They burned your home family to the
ground. The chattel hall will burn.
That's where we start.

MAX
People will die.

MIKAYLA
I know.

MAX
Are you crazy?

MIKAYLA
My life for the last seven years
has been, wake-up. Serve the
housewife tea. Be raped by the
owner of the house in hopes I get
pregnant. Be sent to diplomat room.
Be passed around for sport. At
night I shower. I sleep and dream
of escape.

The look of horror on Andrew's face is only matched by the
compassion etched in Max's.

MAX
How is it you trust us now?

MIKAYLA
Because I remember.

ANDREW
Do you have any children?

MIKAYLA

Only one.

She looked towards Max then turns away quickly.

MAX

I'm a father?

Andrew catches sight of flames coming their way.

ANDREW

Run!

The three of them race through tunnel barely a step ahead of the fire.

They twist, they turn.

Racing against the clock they come to a wall with a ladder. On top of them is lid with a combination lock on it.

Mikayla is stumped.

MAX

For godssakes hurry the fuck up!

MIKAYLA

This is something I don't remember!

Andrew looks over his shoulder.

ANDREW

Guys...

MAX

M-I-K-A-

The fire inches closer and closer.

MIKAYLA

What the hell are you talking about?

At the same time.

MAX/ANDREW

It's the combination!

Mikayla begins whipping the combination. With each letter the fire begins to bear down on them.

As Mikayla removes the lock and tosses it aside Max shouts at her as roar of the fire has reached them.

(CONTINUED)

She pushes the lid up and over.

MAX

What if the military are waiting
for us?

Mikayla scramble up and out.

ANDREW

No time.

Max lifts himself up and out.

As Andrew climbs out

CUT TO

EXT. WOODS-DAWN

Max and Mikayla lay on the ground gasping for air. Andrew
pops out.

CUT TO

INT. TUNNEL-DAWN

Fire engulfs the tunnel.

CUT TO

EXT. WOODS-DAWN

Andrew closes the heavy metal lid and collapses, breathing
hard.

Mikayla sits up first the only sound is of all of them
breathing.

MIKAYLA

I don't remember where this is but
we need to get up and get moving.
Commander Jones and his men would
like nothing more than to find us
all.

MAX

I refuse to let my small heart
attack go to waste. You okay
Andrew.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

I little crispy at the bottom but otherwise intact.

MIKAYLA

On your feet soldier boys.

MAX

(smiling)

Man alive it feels good to hear those words coming out of your mouth.

MIKAYLA

(winking)

Play your cards right soldier boy and their might be a kiss on the cheek for your troubles.

MAX

Which cheek might that be?

Andrew rolls his eyes.

ANDREW

Oh come on! Really, now you want to flirt when the most brutal Commander in the Gregory guard is on our heels?

MAX

Jealous?

ANDREW

(wistfully)

Not for the reasons you might think.

In the far distance they hear soldier coming near.

MIKAYLA

Ok boys saddle up. Let's ride.

They each look to one another.

MAX

I got this.

He brandishes a .357 firearm.

ANDREW

And I got this.

He produces to switchblades at once.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Gotta get in close to do much damage with one of those.

MIKAYLA

Andrew considers it his duty to put a personal touch to the task at hand if I remember correctly.

ANDREW

When they came for me and Luke they were not kind, gentle or otherwise. Luke sacrificed himself so that I could live to fight. I will punish every soldier I can in the name of what they did to my husband and me.

MAX

Far be it from me to stop you.

MIKAYLA

Both of you be careful.

Unsheathing her bowie knife.

MIKAYLA

I can take care of myself boys.

Their eyes widen, then Max grins and Andrew relaxes.

MAX

Where too?

ANDREW

Yes, where to?

MIKAYLA

The chattel halls.

MAX

Man I'm not so sure about this.

MIKAYLA

You say you want a revolution. We need an army. Where do we get our army from?

ANDREW

Children will die.

MIKAYLA

Children have died already. If we don't strike at the heart of the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA (cont'd)
beast we will never be free. Not
you, Andrew, not you Max and
certainly not me.

The men hesitate.

MAX
I just got you back into my life.

MIKAYLA
If we don't act now, you will, in
time, lose me again.

ANDREW
I think I hear the soldiers getting
closer. I'm in Mikayla. Wherever
you go. I go.

MAX
Let's go.

MIKAYLA
I know you're scared Max. I'm
scared too. I never want to go back
to that life. I'm going to have to
break a few eggs.

MAX
That's the leader in you. Even if I
don't always agree with you, I've
always admired your guts.

MIKAYLA
To the chattel halls boys. Time to
crack some skulls and set the world
on fire.

They finally begin their journey to the most important
moment in their lives.

EXT. WOODS-DAY

Mikayla leads the two men down a narrow, nearly overgrown
path.

ANDREW
Anyone up for nap?

(CONTINUED)

MIKAYLA

No rest for the wicked 'Drew. If we were to stop now Commander Jones would surely find us and our future plans wouldn't come to fruition at all.

MAX

I still think this chattel hall plan is a suicide mission.

MIKAYLA

Have I ever let you down before?

MAX

You generally consider me a resource. This isn't a good strategy.

MIKAYLA

I'm declaring war on our current form of government. We are a slave nation. Only wealthy white men have any power. You, me, Andrew, we fought by their rules before. Guess what? They won.

MAX

You're not thinking clearly.

MIKAYLA

On the contrary my thoughts are perfectly crystal. The only way we break this strangle hold on our nation is by provoking outrage.

MAX

We have no cameras, no film. No mean to catch the coming atrocity on tape.

Mikayla looks to Andrew.

ANDREW

I have some old iPhones that I haven't had a chance to charge. I have maybe ten minutes tops. This will provoke outrage but will it provoke it where needed?

MAX

Think Mikayla. You couldn't remember your own name when I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAX (cont'd)
brought you to my home. Are you
sure you're ready to lead us into
anarchy or a protracted war?

MIKAYLA
This is only our opening salvo.

MAX
This is not the only chattel hall
that you're hell bent on
destroying.

MIKAYLA
No, but it's the most notorious
one. To turn it to ash and recruit
warriors for our Cause in one shot,
it would put Gregory's Regime on
notice. I am not dead and neither
is women's rights.

MAX
Mikayla you're nothing clearly. You
need time to recover.

MIKAYLA
Time isn't something I've got Max.
Chances are it will be you or
Andrew running this country when
all is said and done. My job is to
lead a revolution. And what looks
like anarchy to some is organized
chaos to others. I promised every
last woman to ever fall under my
protection that their rights would
be fully restored before I died. I
intend on keeping those promises.

On the edge of the woods there is a clearing. In the
distance are a group of the chattel halls. The auction of
woman, little girls and even infants goes on.

They slink back.

MIKAYLA
I grew up traveling from chattel
hall to chattel hall. I made the
ultimate sacrifice so that our
daughter would never know this
life.

MAX

What are you saying?

MIKAYLA

I gave our child to revolutionary
who took her to London.

MAX

What is her name?

MIKAYLA

Lillith.

Tears form in Max's eyes.

MIKAYLA

It's best if she never knows of us.
I don't want her touched by this
life.

MAX

(swallowing back grief and
burning rage)

Okay.

MIKAYLA

Okay what.

MAX

We set fire to the chattel halls.
And we never speak of Lillith
again.

MIKAYLA

Agreed.

Andrew looks down at the ground.

MIKAYLA

We attack at twilight.

MAX

War is hell. That means the sick
and dying are left behind.

ANDREW

That makes us no better than the
Regime.

MIKAYLA

In reality they're all sick and
dying. We won't have to pick which
ones to take. Commander Jones and
his men will go after them first.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

She's right Andrew. As much as I hate her at this moment she's right.

MIKAYLA

You know I did the right thing.

MAX

I do, it doesn't make it sting any less.

ANDREW

Then I wait to see the smoke and then start taping.

MIKAYLA

At twilight.

ANDREW

At twilight. What if something happens to you.

MIKAYLA

Then Max will carry the leadership mantel.

ANDREW

And if something happens to both of you.

MIKAYLA

Then this...will be up to you.

Andrew exhales deeply, adjusting to the possibility that he may have to lead the revolution.

MIKAYLA

All right then, let's get some rest then. We're not going to be getting much in the near future.

The men grunt their approval and they all seek cover.

EXT. CHATTEL HALL-TWILIGHT

Everything is quiet as the last of the says purchases are sent packing.

Mikayla moves stealthily from behind the buses pulling off to the back of of the chattel halls.

(CONTINUED)

Max jumps the lone soldier on duty with a quick series of blows knocking him out. Taking the soldier's laser gun he pockets it then places the soldier's palm against the scanner and the doors open for him.

Max grabs an iron bar and smashes it through the scanner, effectively jamming the doors to stay open and runs inside.

On the edge of it all Andrew films it all.

INT. CHATTEL HALL-DUSK

There is already organized chaos as Mikayla has engineered the opening of the prison doors.

Mikayla is engaged in one with a dying MOTHER and her YOUNG DAUGHTER, a seven year old girl she is desperate to save. Mikayla is unaware that Max is watching.

MOTHER

Please, I won't make the journey.
Without you Sasha doesn't stand a
chance.

There is an ache and longing in Mikayla's voice that is not lost on Max.

MIKAYLA

I don't know...

MOTHER

There's no time. I know you
sacrificed your own chance at
motherhood to save your child.
Please take Sasha under your wing.
She has no one.

MIKAYLA

Okay. Okay.

Holding out her hand. Sasha takes it. Mikayla turns around. Max nods almost imperceptibly. They part ways again.

Mikayla goes to the side and throws open a loading dock door. Then runs to the back. All the while Sasha is quietly by her side.

EXT. CHATTEL HALL-TWILIGHT

Women and girls are streaming out of the building as flames begin to engulf the building.

Andrew films as Regime forces arrive and open fire on the defenseless mothers and daughters stream out into the woods where Max is organizing them nearby for a shot at true escape.

Andrew continues to film in horror as several of them are simply mowed down or trapped inside the warehouse as it goes up in flames.

With Mikayla nowhere in sight Andrew looks to Max.

The smoke billows forth obscuring any hope the men have of seeing Mikayla or the little girl out alive.

Then as the smoke clears Mikayla emerges Sasha gripping her hand. Both running for everything they're worth.

As shots ring out and women fall, Mikayla shouts.

MIKAYLA

Enough filming. Now! Now! Now!

Mikayla is now alongside Max.

MIKAYLA

We can do this.

MAX

We can do this.

Andrew brings up the rear as they all stream into the woods towards revolution and true freedom.