

Martyr to the Fire

By

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INT. CORP 47 BLOCKS- DAY

A WOMAN puts on a uniform. She picks up her shoes and tugs them on.

Her room is empty of posters, books, or even a hint of personality. She looks at her hands, rough, cracked. She stands and walks out of the room, only to find herself in the hallway with at least a hundred more people dressed just like her.

FORD (24)--oddly optimistic, even in the face of a disposable life--walks beside the girl, but they say nothing.

INT. CORP 47 - DAY

The factory is filled with workers, all wearing the same uniform, all working at machines. There is no talking, only working.

The woman is ROBIN(19)--stubborn and with nerves of steel, and an impeccable jaded outlook on life-- and she lifts tires off the assembly line and tosses them in a pile. Her work is hard, but she's not one to complain.

There's a buzzing sound over the intercom before a voice rings out-

INTERCOM

Workers in units 47a4 to 49b7 will be moved tomorrow to Corp 17, the gun supply factory. The rest of you will pick up two hours until the new workers come in.

Robin is pissed and fails at not showing it. Ford smiles at Robin.

FORD

What if we just didn't show up?

ROBIN

Then they'd kill us.

FORD

You're no fun. Come on just think about it, they wouldn't know what to do.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

I don't like talking about this.
People might overhear.

FORD

They won't say anything, they're
the same as us.

Robin looks around fearfully. Robin picks up another tire
and tosses it aside.

ROBIN

Fourteen hour shifts, at least for
a week. It's bullshit and they know
it. They'll do nothing about it
though. Nothing.

FORD

What if things were different?

Robin doesn't want to humor him not even about this. She
wipes her forehead with the back of her hand.

ROBIN

They're not.

FORD

After work we could pretend they
were. Close our eyes and try to
fly.

ROBIN

(mockingly)

And sing songs to each other?

FORD

You're a pessimist.

ROBIN

A realist. And I know how this
world works. A gift and a curse,
the worst kind of both.

The doors open on the other side of the room, it means
nothing to them until they look over and see who it is.
PRESIDENT RICHARD KEY (52)--ice cold eyes, unforgiving
stare, and aura full of confidence--walks through the rows
of workers, admiring their work with a keen eye.

Corp 47 Manager PHIL CONNORS(64)--mild mannered, with a hint
of pretentiousness on display--lead the way.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

What the hell is he doing here?

FORD

I don't know, just keep working and keep your head down.

Robin isn't stupid enough to disagree, in fact, everyone continues working even at a faster pace knowing that they're being watched.

The President and Phil walk down the pathway near Robin and Ford.

PHIL

We're pretty efficient here. With sector S.E. making progress it's vital that we do the same. 12 hour shifts for everyone, and we've increased output but four percent over the past two months.

PRESIDENT

So the tablets work.

PHIL

That or everyone suddenly became more enthusiastic.

The President stops and watches Robin toss the tires aside, into the large cardboard box, which is labeled waste.

PRESIDENT

What is she doing?

PHIL

Some of the tires-

PRESIDENT

No, I want to hear it from her.

Robin stops what she's doing and looks at the President directly for the first time. She tries not to focus on the guards surrounding him.

PRESIDENT

Why are you getting rid of those tires?

ROBIN

We put them together, sometimes there's a malfunction and we have to get rid of them. I see the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN (cont'd)
problem on the assembly line and
toss them aside, someone comes
through and picks up the discarded
ones and burns them.

PRESIDENT
So the ones you're getting rid of
are worthless?

ROBIN
Yes sir.

PRESIDENT
Like you?

Robin hesitates for a brief moment, it doesn't go unnoticed
by the President, or even Ford who's trying to remain calm
beside her.

ROBIN
Yes like me.

PRESIDENT
(testing her)
Why?

ROBIN
Because I am beneath.

The President is content with her responses, but Robin feels
sick to her stomach.

ROBIN
Only I don't think I'll be getting
burned alive.

PRESIDENT
I wouldn't think so either.

Phil raises his hand, everyone in the factory stops working
and turns to face the President.

INTERCOM
Salute your President.

All of the workers, including the manager, hold up three
fingers (pinky, ring finger, and middle) and hold them over
their heart. The get down on one knee, uniformly, and bow
their heads.

Everyone does this. Except Robin.

PRESIDENT
(ordering)
Salute.

Ford chances a look up at Robin, he's afraid for her.

FORD
Robin, salute.

Robin remains still for a moment longer before bowing her head and glaring at the President. The silence allows everyone to hear what she says next-

ROBIN
Long live the King.

There's an uproar, shouts of approval from the masses. The President's security guards immediately knock Robin to the ground, she's hit more than she should be.

The President is loyally protected by his guards until the mini-riot is subdued. Robin's in handcuffs, with bloodied gums, and a gash over her eye. When she's yanked to her feet, she makes eye contact with the President, showing him that she is completely unafraid.

INT. SECTOR M PRISON INTERROGATION - MORNING

Robin stands in front of three seated guards. They have no weapons, but their badges clearly mark their status. Robin's handcuffed, and despite her cut lip, the bruises on her face aren't terrible.

MR. ALEXANDER(mid 40s)--tough, stoic, and commanding--is the lead interrogator and he sits in the middle seat.

ALEXANDER
Do you understand why you're here?

ROBIN
Because I committed a crime.

ALEXANDER
Do you understand your crime?

ROBIN
Yes.

The other guards fill out booking papers, and record the answers both through a camera in the room and a small recording device.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXANDER
State your crime.

ROBIN
(boldly)
Speaking my mind.

ALEXANDER
You have no mind inmate. Now for
the second time, state your crime.

ROBIN
Treason.

The other guards look in between one another.

ALEXANDER
As someone convicted of treason it
is our duty to discern to whom your
loyalties lie.

ROBIN
With Sector NE and of course the
President.

ALEXANDER
(unconvinced)
Do you have treasonous material in
your block in Sector NE?

ROBIN
No, and you can check-

ALEXANDER
We will.

Robin clenches her jaw shut, she knows that she won't be
returning to her block for a long time.

GUARD
Do you think they'll kill her?

ALEXANDER
More than likely.

Alexander's smile is that of a man jaded to the ideas of
death and cruelty.

ALEXANDER
They'll tell you a sentence, but it
won't mean anything.

ROBIN

I have no right to say otherwise.

ALEXANDER

You have no rights period. You've been just what we're waiting for, a traitor of the state. Someone we can punish without regulations.

ROBIN

At least I'm significant. Unlike you.

Alexander closes his mouth and stands up along with the other two guards. Frazzled by her standoffish attitude.

ALEXANDER

Take her to see the Doctor.

INT. SECTOR M PRISON - MORNING

Robin silently walks through the prison, with two guards on either side of her she doesn't really have much choice. She's led through different gates, only entered by one of the guards scanning their fingerprints.

Robin's taken into a room with only one chair and a metal table in it. She's pushed into the seat and cuffed to the table. DR. JORDAN HOPKINS (32)--stoic and to the point--walks in and stands in front of Robin with a chart in her hands.

DR. HOPKINS

Name?

ROBIN

Robin Marie Hollis-

DR. HOPKINS

(sternly)

Not that one.

ROBIN

(feeling defeated)

Beneath number Corp 47RMH1 sector NE.

DR. HOPKINS

Is this your first offense?

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

Yes.

Dr. Hopkins writes the information down and waves her hand towards the door. A man comes in, with rubber gloves on and a branding iron. Robin doesn't pay him any attention she focuses on the doctor.

DR. HOPKINS

You're serving 6 months here, 16
hour days, one meal.

ROBIN

That's it?

DR. HOPKINS

Don't be a smart ass. It doesn't
suit you. One last thing.

Robin's face is slammed against the cold metal of the table, her arms held in place so she doesn't struggle. The doctor walks over and holds Robin's arm steady as the man brands her on the inside of her wrist.

Robin holds in her screams, but it's impossible for her not to squirm and try to fight back.

When it's over Robin's let go and the brander leaves. Robin's anger intensifies when the doctor grabs her by her shirt collar.

DR. HOPKINS

You are no different than anyone
else in here.

ROBIN

(angrily)

Oh yeah? If only that were true.

DR. HOPKINS

What do you mean?

ROBIN

Treason is punishable by death, if
I'm no different then why am I
still breathing?

DR. HOPKINS

Some might call it pity, I'll call
it luck for now. You do your time
and you get out.

Dr. Hopkins stares at Robin until her words get through to her.

(CONTINUED)

DR. HOPKINS
Now say it like you mean it.

ROBIN
I am beneath.

Dr. Hopkins lets go of Robin and exits the room. The guards pull her up to her feet and she's uncuffed. She moves down the hallway with no expression on her face, she's holding it all in.

EXT. SECTOR M PRISON WORK YARD - DAY

As soon as Robin steps outside, she's met by the warm sunlight coming from above. In a brief moment of happiness she takes it in, before she's pushed towards a large field.

There are at least one hundred men and women planting or picking plants. She's handed a basket and gloves and she walks over to pick small plants with everyone else.

SADIE (29)--perky and idealistic to the point of pure interest--walks over and begins picking side by side with Robin.

SADIE
I'm Sadie.

ROBIN
I thought we weren't supposed to use our names here.

SADIE
We're not.

Robin continues picking, but stops when she sees that Sadie's just standing there.

ROBIN
What the hell do you think you're doing?

SADIE
Resting, I'm tired.

ROBIN
If you're stupid enough to do that then you can leave me alone too. I'm not getting in trouble, it's too early.

(CONTINUED)

SADIE

I heard about what you said to the President.

Robin tries to conceal her smile, but even she's too proud of her actions to completely disregard them.

ROBIN

He deserved it.

SADIE

It's punishable by death. Calling the big man a tyrant, where'd you get the guts?

ROBIN

It was stupid, but worth it. Seeing that smug look on his face fade, worth the bow and everything. I think I caught him off guard.

SADIE

I know a lady who got caught up in it too, she's like seventy or some shit. She says it's happened before.

ROBIN

Oh yeah? Hm, didn't know.

Sadie smiles and gets back to work, sensing a guards presence.

SADIE

You're just what we need around here. Everyone just takes it. Everyone.

ROBIN

Where are you from?

SADIE

Sector W.

ROBIN

(confused)

What the hell were you doing out there? Isn't it dangerous?

SADIE

(with a shrug)

I liked it. I mean it's better than Sector NE, right?

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

Yeah.

Robin picks up a plant and holds it in her hand gingerly, examining it for a moment.

SADIE

It's different, huh?

ROBIN

Yeah. We didn't go outside, I haven't seen anything but artificial light in years. Let alone a living thing.

Sadie admires Robin, it's not easy to admit the pain of being a captive in this society.

SADIE

You're a living thing.

ROBIN

I don't feel like one.

SADIE

I don't really mind it here, working with plants, pure and innocent forms of life. It's refreshing.

ROBIN

What the hell is this thing on my arm?

Robin touches it gently and looks over at Sadie for advice. Sadie smiles and looks at Robin's branded mark.

SADIE

It's a marker, showing that you've been imprisoned. Like a barcode.

ROBIN

(a look of realization)
For the checkpoints?

SADIE

Yeah, and other things.

ROBIN

Where do we stay?

Sadie looks around, she doesn't see any guards so she stops working again.

(CONTINUED)

SADIE

8x8 rooms. Two per...it used to be worse, or so they say. Now the floors are separated by genders, with one large meeting area on each floor. Even if you end up with someone weird, come to my room, I have to show you something.

ROBIN

That doesn't sound like something a smart person would do.

SADIE

If you were smart you wouldn't be here.

Robin nods a little, she's been had. And Sadie scrunches up her face a little, in a goofy grin.

SADIE

That was mean, like meaner than I meant.

ROBIN

It's okay. I've been hurt before.

INT. PRESIDENT'S CHAMBERS SECTOR M - AFTERNOON

The President sits at his desk contemplating the day's events. He has a lot on his mind, but he doesn't know where to start. Luckily RODERICK CARTHY(48)--the president's right hand man--walks in with a briefcase and a look of amusement.

RODERICK

Apparently, you've had quite the day.

PRESIDENT

That would be what we call a grossly understated statement.

RODERICK

Was it taken care of?

PRESIDENT

Quickly thanks to SS, but I'll tell you it almost got out of hand. A riot would've cost us millions.

(CONTINUED)

RODERICK
But it didn't happen.

Roderick takes a seat in front of the President's desk. He pulls out his briefcase and takes out a few files.

RODERICK
Now about The Summit-

PRESIDENT
And that on top of everything. It's the last thing I want to think about. If we don't have 5 by now then we'll just have to postpone it.

RODERICK
You and I both know that's a bad idea. The Summit is the largest event of the year, it's crucial for sector moral.

PRESIDENT
Okay, so how many do we have?

RODERICK
Four. We still need a sector NE. If we just get one of the managers on board-

PRESIDENT
No, I don't want that.

The President takes the file and looks through the four pictures of The Summit meeting participants.

PRESIDENT
There's a lot of factors at play here. Commercial enterprise needs to stay here, offshore and international are no longer a part of our vocabulary. There's been improvement-

RODERICK
Not enough.

PRESIDENT
I'll figure it out, but we sure as hell need to avoid incidents like earlier, understand?

RODERICK

Yes sir.

INT. SECTOR M PRISON - NIGHT

Robin stays in the common area with a lot of the other women. Most are sitting in circles chatting, or rubbing their feet. Robin catches a glimpse of Sadie, who goes into her room by herself.

Robin debates moving when a loud bell rings and all the prisoners began standing up and going to their cells.

Robin makes the bold choice of going to Sadie's cell instead of her own.

INT. SADIE'S CELL - NIGHT

Sadie's sitting on her bed when Robin walks in. Sadie's cellmate is M.I.A. and Robin decides not to ask where she is.

ROBIN

What'd you want to show me?

SADIE

Sit down.

Robin looks down at the vacant bed a few feet across from Sadie's and she sits there. Sadie reaches under her bed and pulls out a pamphlet. She holds it out for Robin to take.

Robin leans over and grabs it, looking through it briefly. It doesn't take long for her to realize what it is.

ROBIN

(seriously)

Where'd you get this?

SADIE

Around.

Robin hands it back to Sadie, she doesn't want to be anywhere near it.

SADIE

What's wrong?

ROBIN

It's treason! And not to mention
it's your death warrant.

(CONTINUED)

SADIE
Don't you want to be informed?

ROBIN
I want to be alive!

Robin peeks out the door, making sure that no one is around to hear them. No one's out except guards who are too busy chatting to overhear anything.

SADIE
Is being alive worth it, if you aren't even living?

This catches Robin's attention, she sits back down on the bed.

SADIE
You wouldn't believe the things they keep hidden from us.

ROBIN
Maybe it serves a purpose.

SADIE
Yeah, to keep us silent-

ROBIN
No, it's to keep us from dreaming. Hope destroys you, we wouldn't make it if we had any.

SADIE
That's the most depressing thing I've ever heard and I've been in here for four years...I have hope. I'm making it out of here, it's as simple as that.

Robin will always feel worse before she feels better, she gives Sadie a sympathetic look.

ROBIN
In that pamphlet there were pieces of paper like that but...more.

SADIE
They're called books.

Robin looks even more confused.

ROBIN
What are books?

SADIE
(shaking her head)
I don't know.

ROBIN
Then it's useless-

SADIE
No, it means something. Don't you see, just knowing about it, just knowing the word, it means we're fighting back.

Robin gets up and walks over to sit down on the bed next to Sadie. She takes the pamphlet and opens it up again.

ROBIN
So there are a lot of books? Do you know what's in them?

SADIE
Stories, I guess.

ROBIN
Other people's stories? But why would you need that? Don't they belong to them?

SADIE
You ask a lot of questions.

Robin smiles, mostly to herself, as she continues to read through the pamphlet.

SADIE
You should go out west.

ROBIN
I don't have a choice, you know. After this I'll either go back to Sector NE or, more likely, SE so they can work me harder.

SADIE
You could find a way.

ROBIN
You can't find a way in no way-

(CONTINUED)

The door is kicked open without warning, as four guards rush in to search the place, siren's start blaring. Sadie grabs the pamphlet and rips it out of Robin's grasp, it isn't long before the pamphlet is discovered.

The guards focus more on Sadie than Robin, who's currently being handcuffed.

GUARD

Where'd you get this?

Sadie stays silent, and her act of resilience causes her a kick to the knee.

GUARD

I said where did you get this?

SADIE

(defiantly)

Go to hell.

Both Robin and Sadie are taken out of the room in handcuffs, all of the women in the cellblocks around them, do nothing but look on in silence.

INT. SECTOR M PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WARDEN CHRISSY DAY (60)--a cutthroat, no b.s. ruler who eats puppies for dinner--crosses her legs and stares at Robin.

WARDEN DAY

You've hardly been here a day,
47RMH1. How'd you get mixed up in
this?

ROBIN

I don't know what you're talking
about.

WARDEN DAY

That pamphlet, it's not gonna earn
you a slap on the wrist-

ROBIN

The guards planted it, I know
nothing about it and neither does
she.

Dr. Hopkins walks in and leans against the threshold of the door. She's called in on all official meetings like this.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

We're allotted six hours to sleep,
you're cutting into it-

WARDEN DAY

If you don't start talking then
you'll be sleeping forever, do you
understand?

Robin looks over at Sadie who has hardly moved since they've gotten in there. Robin looks back to the Warden and inhales.

ROBIN

I understand.

DR. HOPKINS

(nodding towards Robin)

Warden, do you know who that is?

WARDEN DAY

The trouble maker from earlier. She
got a free ride before, let's see
what happens to her now.

ROBIN

This is bullshit.

The Warden doesn't take kindly to Robin's comment, she stares her down until Robin feels uncomfortable in her own skin.

WARDEN DAY

How far away is he?

DR. HOPKINS

A few minutes.

WARDEN DAY

Explain the situation to him, and
tell him my recommendation. He
doesn't need this bullshit just as
much as she doesn't, right?

ROBIN

Right.

Dr. Hopkins leaves and Robin sits up more in her chair. Sadie stares straight ahead, acknowledging no one.

ROBIN

How long do we have to be here? We
didn't do anything wrong.

(CONTINUED)

WARDEN DAY

Even you're not stupid enough to believe that.

The room falls silent when the President walks in. He gives Warden Day a handshake, and turns his attention to the two women sitting in the office, with handcuffs holding them in place.

Sadie can't believe her eyes, and Robin's almost impressed.

ROBIN

Wow twice in one day, I'm starting to feel pretty special here.

PRESIDENT

She really doesn't know how to keep her mouth shut does she?

WARDEN DAY

One of her many shortcomings.

PRESIDENT

So we all know why we're here. Illegal paraphernalia was found in a room with you two in it. All we need to know is who owned it, and we can all go home.

ROBIN

I hate to be a downer here, but this is *not* my home.

The President seems to have already had enough of Robin. He bites his tongue and taps his fingers against the desk.

PRESIDENT

Let's make this all-

SADIE

I didn't think you'd show up here, Mr. President. It doesn't seem like your style.

Everyone's shocked by Sadie's sudden need to speak. Sadie doesn't even look at the President when she speaks to him.

SADIE

Why'd you come all the way out here? In the middle of the night no less. Do you want us to believe that you care, who are you trying to convince?

PRESIDENT

So they're both talkers?

SADIE

Yeah that's right, but I'm louder.
And I know why you're here,
pamphlets like that take away your
power. You're afraid of becoming
like us-

Sadie receives a whack to her shoulder with a baton from one of the guards.

SADIE

It's my pamphlet.

WARDEN DAY

I think we're done here-

ROBIN

She's lying to protect me. It's
mine, not hers.

DR. HOPKINS

Why would we believe that?

ROBIN

Do you even remember what happened
earlier? Being a rebel is more my
style.

The guards are already pulling Sadie to her feet and trying to bring her out of the room, but they still need the go ahead from the Warden.

SADIE

If you wanted a goddamn martyr Mr.
President then you got one. What'll
it be?

PRESIDENT

Kill her. Tomorrow.

WARDEN DAY

That's rather soon.

PRESIDENT

Let's make an example of her. Make
the necessary calls-

ROBIN

You can't kill her! She didn't do
anything!

(CONTINUED)

Robin's ignored by everyone in the room, she tries to get up but her restraints don't allow her to move.

ROBIN

This isn't right!

PRESIDENT

Don't talk to me about right and wrong! You are beneath right and wrong, you don't have the option. You've already got your two strikes, don't swing and miss.

They take Sadie out of the room and Robin remains.

PRESIDENT

Tomorrow, you get front row seats. Maybe it'll be a reminder to you of who you are.

ROBIN

I'm not anyone.

PRESIDENT

Exactly.

The President fixes his jacket and checks his watch, he's about to leave but he has one last thing to say.

PRESIDENT

Take her away.

INT. SECTOR M PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Robin stares at her food, she's not hungry. She's pissed about the night before, and with a lot of stares aimed at her, she's not feeling up to the task of working.

AUBURN WEST(33)--a cheeky jokester, with no reserve--slides into the seat next to Robin.

AUBURN

What went on last night?

ROBIN

With the way everyone is looking at me, I'm sure you've heard. Sadie got screwed, she had some info, the illegal kind.

(CONTINUED)

AUBURN

Someone said the President was here, that true?

Robin looks around and leans closer to Auburn so no one is able to listen in.

ROBIN

Yeah, he's the one who gave the order. I've got to stop it-

AUBURN

You can't stop it.

ROBIN

I have to.

AUBURN

Hey we make our choices and you'll make the smart one by staying out of it. No use in meddling in something you can't control.

ROBIN

She didn't have to say anything, it could've been me.

AUBURN

But it's not.

Robin sits back in her chair and runs her fingers through her tangled hair.

AUBURN

Pick your battles.

Robin looks to Auburn, she wants to know more.

ROBIN

So what's next? What happens?

AUBURN

At 12 they take us all outside, we stand and watch her die. Outsiders will be there, *Elites*, you know? They erect a platform for them, so they're above us.

ROBIN

So what do they do? Shoot her?

(CONTINUED)

AUBURN
(with a bitter laugh)
Nah that'd be too humane. It's normally hanging.

ROBIN
(quietly)
But this is different?

AUBURN
She got to choose what happens to her, and homegirl chose wrong.

ROBIN
What's that supposed to mean?

The bell rings and everyone stands up. They pick up their trays and began walking slowly towards the door.

AUBURN
It means she's not just dying she's putting on a show. One we won't forget for a long time.

INT. SECTOR M EXECUTION CHAMBERS - DAY

Sadie continues to pace back in forth in the large room. She's completely alone, save for a chair and an ignored tray of food. She isn't nervous, in fact, she feels more alive than she ever has.

Dr. Hopkins comes into the room.

SADIE
Doc, so nice to see you.

DR. HOPKINS
I hope you realize the mistake you're making.

SADIE
Trust me, I won't live to regret it.

Dr. Hopkins appreciates the little push back but she's not going to fall over, not that easily.

DR. HOPKINS
You should've thrown her under the bus-

(CONTINUED)

SADIE

Look I couldn't give a shit about what you have to say. You branded me when they brought me in here, that meant the Warden owned me, the President owned me, but you...you get nothing. Not from me.

DR. HOPKINS

If you think those pamphlets make you smart, you're dumber than you look. There are rules to follow, you broke them and you lose.

SADIE

Enough talk, what are we waiting for?

Dr. Hopkins hands her a necklace, it's something Sadie had when she came in here. It means a lot to her, but she tries not to show it. Instead she turns away from the doctor and puts it on.

The guards begin to file in, at least twenty at once.

DR. HOPKINS

One last thing.

SADIE

What?

DR. HOPKINS

Don't scream.

SADIE

(sarcastically)
Sound advice.

DR. HOPKINS

People will expect it, you already made the gutsy move by choosing this method, don't prove yourself wrong. If you scream then you lose.

SADIE

Isn't that what you want?

The Doc snaps her fingers and has Sadie surrounded within seconds. As Dr. Hopkins moves towards the exit all Sadie can hear is her heels moving further away from her.

(CONTINUED)

DR. HOPKINS
You have no idea what I want.

EXT. SECTOR M PRISON WORK YARD - DAY

Robin stands in the work yard beside Auburn and along with the other prisoners. A platform sits fifteen feet to the right of them, upon it sits the Warden and a crowd of about thirty other elites.

In front of them stands a platform as well, resembling the gallows but nothing stands on top except a wooden pole that stands about fifteen feet up.

AUBURN
This'll be good.

ROBIN
A girl's gonna die, *good* isn't the word I'd use.

AUBURN
So what'd she tell you? You weren't just sitting in that room doing nothing. Just like they aren't killing her for nothing. You know something.

ROBIN
I know one thing.

Robin looks towards the prison when she hears whispering. A hoard of guards bring Sadie out of the prison, she walks on the platform like it's her own personal stage. She's systematically tied to the pole.

AUBURN
They want everyone to watch.

ROBIN
I'm not gonna do that.

AUBURN
They'll give you hell for it. It's meant to be a lesson, to learn what not to do.

ROBIN
This isn't right-

(CONTINUED)

AUBURN

Don't say things like that, we're below right and wrong. No choice, didn't you learn anything?

Sadie keeps her eyes straight ahead, as one of the guards pours gasoline on her. Robin watches on, feeling helpless.

ROBIN

We could do something, we could stop this-

AUBURN

No one stops anything.

ROBIN

Where's the ruler?

AUBURN

There.

As the President is escorted in, all of the prisoners and the guards stand at attention to him. No one dares look away. The President stands in front of the middle seat on the platform, looking at the prisoners.

PRESIDENT

Treason is a sectoral offense, a crime punishable by death. This woman was found to have spoken out against me, another prisoner reported her and is now being released. You must always do the right thing because it is your only choice.

Robin's face falls and pales, why was he lying?

ROBIN

He's lying.

AUBURN

That's his job.

PRESIDENT

Now in a few minutes she will burn for her crimes, the cost of her suffering is yours as well. We are a nation of perfect parts, and anything that diverges from this is detrimental to us all. We need her to burn, but more importantly you must want her to burn, for your sake.

(CONTINUED)

The Warden stands up, holding her three finger salute up before putting it over her heart. All the prisoners do the same, and again Robin hesitates, but with one look from the President she conforms.

WARDEN DAY

In honor of this moment you shall
recite your promise.

All the prisoners keep their hands over their hearts and recite, with the clear exception of Robin, in unison-

PRISONERS

Man, army, and country are all
within my heart. I am beneath, I am
a part.

The President waves at his subjects before taking his seat. The Warden stands and holds her arm out towards Sadie.

WARDEN DAY

Inmate, as a last tribute to life,
you may have your last words now.

Everyone turns and focuses on Sadie.

SADIE

(like a true hero)
They've said it my whole life, *your*
whole life. Beneath. We are
beneath. Right now I am beneath,
but I will rise.

The silence that follows is the cue for the guard to light a match. He steps on the platform and stands a short distance away from Sadie. Robin doesn't want to look, instead she looks down at the ground.

SADIE

(shouting)
Long live the King!

Robin looks up just in time for Sadie to be set ablaze, everyone's in shock, including the Elites, especially the President.

Robin chances a glance at him, and he's looking right back, it's not over between them. The President whispers something in the Warden's ear and she nods in agreement.

INT. SECTOR M PRISON - DAY

Just as Robin walks in and is about to get ready for work, she's grabbed by a guard and handcuffed.

ROBIN
 Seriously? Again?!

Robin doesn't protest too much, instead she complies for fear of some retaliation. As Robin is pulled towards the prison exit Auburn watches on with somber eyes.

INT. PRESIDENT'S DINING ROOM SECTOR M - AFTERNOON

The President sits alone, drinking a cup of coffee while he reads the news digitally on a touch screen device. He rings a bell and a maid comes in quickly.

LINDSEY HART(28)--timid and submissive--comes in and stands before him.

PRESIDENT
 Any word?

LINDSEY
 No sir.

PRESIDENT
 I'll let it go for now, but I'll be worried by tomorrow. Is everything else in order?

LINDSEY
 (shyly)
 They don't tell me about those things.

PRESIDENT
 Oh god I'm sorry, you're right.

Lindsey takes the coffee mug and a tray of ginger snaps from the table.

PRESIDENT
 I didn't ask you to take those.

LINDSEY
 I'm sorry I-

PRESIDENT
 But for taking the initiative I'm impressed. You're fitting in nicely here, don't you think?

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY

Yes sir. I love it here, I'm grateful for the opportunity.

PRESIDENT

How are the quarters? Is everyone treating you well?

LINDSEY

Yes sir.

The President waves her off, shamelessly watching her body as she walks away.

The President pulls out his cell phone and calls Doctor Hopkins.

PRESIDENT

How are things?

DR. HOPKINS

You know usually I know your endgame but this time I'm clueless.

PRESIDENT

And they say you're smart.

DR. HOPKINS

If I'm meant to go along with this then I have to know more than what you're letting on.

PRESIDENT

You know what you're supposed to know, you have a job, remember?

DR. HOPKINS

How could I forget?

There's a ringing at the front door, and the President pulls out his touchscreen viewer and checks the front gate cameras.

DR. HOPKINS

I do, however, believe that house calls are more or less unnecessary. You don't really need me here, do you?

PRESIDENT

I can't predict the future, and above all I think keeping you in that prison for so long as made you a sadist after all.

(CONTINUED)

DR. HOPKINS
I've always been that way. Prison
didn't change me.

PRESIDENT
(amused)
I think I should be the judge of
that.

DR. HOPKINS
I'm waiting.

Dr. Hopkins stands in the doorway hanging up the phone and smiling at the President. She's got the demeanor of someone who runs things and isn't afraid to do so.

DR. HOPKINS
So go through it with me again. Why
are you going through all the
trouble?

PRESIDENT
Because like you said I have an
endgame.

DR. HOPKINS
Does it involve someone who's
completely against you.

PRESIDENT
You're just like a scientist, only
seeing black and white, right and
wrong. We're headed into the gray,
it might do you some good to tag
along.

INT. PRESIDENT'S CHAMBERS SECTOR M - NIGHT

Robin sits in a comfortable chair, cuffs off, but still wearing the prison uniform. She looks between the two guards and frowns.

ROBIN
Does one of you want to let me know
what's going on?

The guards remain silent, and Robin shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

ROBIN
Where are we? I mean as much as I'm
up for a trip from the prison, I've
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN (cont'd)
only been there for two days, there
are other more deserving
individuals.

Silence again, Robin stands expecting to be thrown back
down, but when she's not her confidence levels increase. She
paces back and forth in the room for a brief moment.

ROBIN
Can I have a glass of water?

GUARD
No.

ROBIN
Oh, he speaks.

The guard lunges forward, but is grabbed swiftly before he
can hurt Robin. She remains wary of the situation at hand.

ROBIN
(shockingly bewildered)
Why are you holding back? Since
when did I gain the upper hand over
anyone?

Robin sits back down with an exasperated huff.

ROBIN
Why doesn't anyone tell me
anything?

INT. PRESIDENT'S DINING ROOM SECTOR M - NIGHT

The President sits across from Dr. Hopkins with a vodka
tonic in her hand. The President settles for a beer.

DR. HOPKINS
So run through it with me again.
Why dispose of Corp 01 sector S?

PRESIDENT
That wasn't my plan actually. Not
from the beginning at least. But
then I realized if I made a martyr
out of the other one, then I'd
screw myself over anyway.

DR. HOPKINS
So why go through with the
execution?

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

I'll admit it, baptism by fire was a little much, but...I think it worked, scared them more than riled them up anyway.

Dr. Hopkins takes a drink and rests in her seat, it's been a long day.

DR. HOPKINS

So how are things going with production in sector NE?

PRESIDENT

Improving but not enough.

DR. HOPKINS

You know what that means-

PRESIDENT

Yeah I do, and the two options are weak at best. One will only limit our production for a few months anyway.

DR. HOPKINS

What about the other option?

PRESIDENT

It's hardly an option, it might hurt more than help. We'll look into it after The Summit.

DR. HOPKINS

We?

PRESIDENT

You don't think ol Roderick is my only go to, do you?

Dr. Hopkins is flattered. And particularly annoyed when Lindsey returns, even if it's to bring her another drink.

LINDSEY

Another, ma'am?

Dr. Hopkins nods and as Lindsey sets the drink down, she observes the maid like she's a scientific project.

DR. HOPKINS

Quite the specimen I'd say actually. Rare, is the word I would use.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

Lindsey I think I'll have another
as well.

LINDSEY

Yes sir.

Lindsey exits the room and The President gives the Doc a
look like she's acting out of line.

DR. HOPKINS

Is there a problem?

PRESIDENT

She heard you, you know?

DR. HOPKINS

I should be proud of my work,
shouldn't I? Now once you get that
second drink in you, I think you
ought to go into your chambers.

PRESIDENT

I thought it might wait until
morning.

DR. HOPKINS

Yeah well you thought wrong. You've
got to be a player in your own game
Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

Stick around, though, I might need
a pawn or two.

DR. HOPKINS

I'll be in here.

INT. PRESIDENT'S CHAMBERS SECTOR M - NIGHT

Robin continues to sit there, arms crossed, stewing in her
own frustration. When the door opens she doesn't even look
to see who it is.

The guards are asked, quietly to leave by the President, and
as he comes into Robin's field of vision a whole range of
emotions pass over her, most notably confusion.

ROBIN

Jokes on me I guess.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

Who did you think would show up?

ROBIN

The Doc...maybe the Warden...I
didn't realize where I was.

The President pulls out his nameplate from in his desk and sets it down for her to see.

ROBIN

I also thought I might be in sector
NE at some point. I seem to
have...lost some time.

PRESIDENT

They kept you sedated, so you
wouldn't worry.

ROBIN

Didn't work.

Robin notices an object questionably similar to the picture of a book from the pamphlet sitting on the desk. She doesn't say anything about it, but she's intrigued.

PRESIDENT

Do you know why you're here?

ROBIN

My first thought? Maybe you were
going to kill me, but then again
why go through all the trouble? And
why keep it under wraps, the first
execution was pretty unforgettable
after all.

PRESIDENT

It was her choice.

ROBIN

(skeptically)
Of course it was.

PRESIDENT

Let's talk about your past.

Robin's confusion is evident, she's a smart young woman, but this doesn't add up.

ROBIN

Why?

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT
(ignoring the question)
You've lived in sector NE your
whole life?

ROBIN
Yes.

PRESIDENT
Friends?

ROBIN
None.

PRESIDENT
So your act of insolence was an
isolated one? You did it because
you lost control of your impulses?

ROBIN
They'd just increased the hours
that day, I couldn't take it
anymore, I was tired and nothing
would be done. I thought if I-

PRESIDENT
You've heard stories about prison
then. The wrong ones. That they
keep you locked in cells 24/7. It's
a myth that's going around. A few
rebels began to spread it, thinking
it might cause some kind of
distraction. And you fell for it.

ROBIN
I guess I did.

Robin puts her head down and rubs the back of her neck. It only occurs to her a moment later that she hasn't gone to work that day. A light laugh escapes her lips.

PRESIDENT
Want to let me in on what's so
funny?

ROBIN
I didn't work today. First time in
seven years. So I guess the real
question has to be why am I here?

PRESIDENT
What do you think your potential
is?

(CONTINUED)

Robin looks at him like he's just asked her to end world hunger, she has no idea what he means.

ROBIN

Potential? I-I don't...I don't understand.

PRESIDENT

Oh right of course you don't know what that means, potential is essentially growth. Where do you think you'll be in five years?

ROBIN

This is a trick, isn't it?

PRESIDENT

It's a real question.

ROBIN

I'll be in sector NE, like always.

PRESIDENT

What if I were to offer you something different?

ROBIN

Like what?

PRESIDENT

Ever heard of The Summit?

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENT'S MEETING ROOM SECTOR M - NIGHT

Roderick walks in and sees the Doc working on her laptop, glasses on, and completely focused.

RODERICK

If I had known you'd be here, I would've dressed to impress.

DR. HOPKINS

Save the shit Roderick, we don't have time for this.

RODERICK

(to the point)

Do you know what's going on?

(CONTINUED)

DR. HOPKINS

Do you?

RODERICK

The Summit starts in a week, if he thinks he can use her as the last piece then he will fail.

DR. HOPKINS

We ought to jump ship then.

Dr. Hopkins closes her computer and looks over at her ally, it's risky business they're both involved in.

RODERICK

If I jump ship then you wouldn't follow. I know you Jordan, better than you think I do.

DR. HOPKINS

Regardless, it would be stupid of us not to prepare anyway. What are our other options? Sector NE is filled with unappealing pricks who are about as personable as my last lab rat.

RODERICK

Chester Andrews?

DR. HOPKINS

Would you ever trust someone named Chester? Let alone someone with two first names? The other four are decent, not great but we can mold them. But pulling someone out of our ass is a bold move.

RODERICK

It's President Key's move.

DR. HOPKINS

Even if we do go international-

RODERICK

Hey, hey I need you to hear this right now. I need you to understand what I'm saying right now. The *I* word doesn't exist here, okay? International means they'll want to know why the Elites and the Beneaths are living in two different worlds, you wanna explain that? Be my guest.

(CONTINUED)

DR. HOPKINS
Fine, but I won't put up with this
charade.

She stands and packs her laptop up.

DR. HOPKINS
Not for long.

INT. PRESIDENT'S CHAMBERS SECTOR M - NIGHT

Robin's completely apprehensive, she's still on the fence
about even giving the man sitting in front of her a chance.

ROBIN
The Summit? Of course I've heard of
it. It's required viewing, the only
time we've seen Sector M.

PRESIDENT
So then you understand it's
significance?

ROBIN
I understand that five Elites meet
and discuss matters that I have no
ability to understand.

PRESIDENT
We've yet to select someone to
represent Sector NE.

ROBIN
So what? Are you looking for my
input.

PRESIDENT
(earnestly)
I'm looking for your inclusion.

Robin laughs, hard. What the hell does he mean by that?
Robin even tries to understand, she honestly believes he's
lost his mind.

ROBIN
Alright, take me back to the
prison. Now.

PRESIDENT
It's a serious offer.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

President Key if you don't mind me saying, it's a crock of shit. Look at me, do I look like an Elite to you? I am Beneath Corp 47RMH1 Sector NE-

PRESIDENT

I'm offering to change that.

ROBIN

Well I decline.

PRESIDENT

You think you have a choice?

ROBIN

So then why ask?

She has the President right where she wants him, this is the first time that she's had the upper hand. Ever.

ROBIN

Because you *need* me?

PRESIDENT

I would never go that far.

ROBIN

(with a smirk)

I cannot be apart of The Summit, and denying you this only makes it all the better.

PRESIDENT

You don't have a choice in this.

ROBIN

(curiously)

Why are we alone?

Robin stands up and paces back and forth. She looks around the room, out the window, and then back to the President.

ROBIN

Aren't you afraid?

PRESIDENT

Do I have reason to be?

ROBIN

Yes.

Now it's his turn to laugh.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

You over estimate your power right now.

ROBIN

Do I?

PRESIDENT

Don't get cryptic now, you've lost all necessity for formalities already, you want to hurt me? Is that correct?

ROBIN

If I had the chance to...why not?

PRESIDENT

So do I have my answer? You'll do The Summit?

ROBIN

No.

Robin looks down at her uniform and then to her brand briefly.

PRESIDENT

Your sentence will be revoked. They have ways of removing the brand too, skin graphs. You'll be among Elites-

ROBIN

I don't want to be among you people! You think I'd want to be around the people who enslaved me? Isn't it enough to just let me live my life?

PRESIDENT

You don't even want to live your life. A part of you wanted me to have you killed. We both know that.

ROBIN

I could just expose you, the things you're keeping hidden from us.

PRESIDENT

(amused)

Like what?

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN
Books. Like that.

Robin points to the book on the table. He picks it up and holds it out to Robin, she's too nervous to take it.

PRESIDENT
You won't do that.

ROBIN
Oh yeah, and who's stopping me? You asked me here, you even asked for my help, as far as I can tell you're the one who needs me.

PRESIDENT
Is that so?

ROBIN
Yeah it's-

Robin's cut off, by the sudden feeling of suffocation that overtakes her. She claws at her chest, the pain is coming from her heart.

The President sits completely unfazed.

PRESIDENT
It's a pacemaker, well it's actually reprogrammed. It took me a couple of weeks and a few test runs before it worked properly.

ROBIN
H-how are you...-

The President holds up a hand held technological activation and deactivation device.

PRESIDENT
It allows me to control your heart rate. It's rather brilliant I think.

He shuts off the device and it takes a few moments for Robin to regain her composure, let alone stand up.

PRESIDENT
You may have thought you were ready to die, but you aren't. And while you're here you'll do as I say. Understand?

ROBIN
(quietly)
Yeah.

PRESIDENT
More professionally, please.

ROBIN
Yes Mr. President, sir.

INT. MIA'S BEDROOM SECTOR M - NIGHT

MIA KEY(23)--goodhearted, sweet, and almost impossibly naive to much of the world around her--lays on her stomach in her bed reading.

Lindsey walks in and Mia sits up.

MIA
Hi, I'm not objecting to your being here but...I didn't call for you.

LINDSEY
I know I just...you told me that if something weird was ever going on then I'd tell you.

MIA
What is it?

LINDSEY
I-...

Mia stands up and walks over to close her door so that they have some privacy.

MIA
Go on Lindsey. What happened?

LINDSEY
They brought someone in to the house, which of course wouldn't be such a big deal if it weren't so late.

MIA
Who's they?

LINDSEY
The Doctor. And Mr. Roderick is still here too. All I know is it has something to do with The Summit.

(CONTINUED)

MIA

But The Summit is in a week, and why would they bring one of the representatives here so late at night?

Lindsey doesn't want to get into it, she feels an obligation to Mia, but she doesn't want any trouble.

LINDSEY

I couldn't say Ms. Key.

MIA

Please. Don't call me that, you know how it makes me feel.

LINDSEY

I'm sorry M-...Mia.

MIA

I have to go look into it.

LINDSEY

Should you be doing that? I mean he does have his own personal matters.

MIA

I like to be informed. And besides whatever he does, he'll do without my input anyway.

LINDSEY

I'm sure he cares about your opinion, you're his daughter after all.

MIA

It's a little more complicated than that.

Mia walks over and closes her book, she sets it down on her nightstand. Lindsey remains standing, waiting for an order.

MIA

Were you serving them?

LINDSEY

Yes, they asked for drinks and I-

MIA

Well you're *my* maid, they could've asked Abby or Maggie. From now on I only want you to serve me.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY
Won't I be punished?

MIA
No, and I'll make sure of it. Now
you might get more free time too.

LINDSEY
Thank you.

Mia smiles genuinely.

MIA
Now where is this guest?

LINDSEY
I think in the President's chambers
right now but they did have a few
of the maids getting a room
cleaned, so maybe later they'll
move him there.

MIA
Pop in when they do.

LINDSEY
Yes M...Mia.

INT. PRESIDENT'S CHAMBERS SECTOR M - NIGHT

Robin takes her seat and crosses her arms over her chest,
she realizes she's lost this fight, now she just wants to
know the details of her defeat.

ROBIN
So what exactly do I do? I don't
know a thing about economics or
politics, I think it's all bullshit
anyway.

PRESIDENT
That's the first rule, it is all
bullshit. As long as you don't
blink when you speak you're already
miles ahead.

ROBIN
They ask about production rates, I
don't know about that either.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

I wouldn't let you go in unprepared, that'd be suicide for me. You shouldn't worry too much anyway.

The President pulls out a folder and takes out photographs of the other Summit members. Robin's eyes widen at the pictures, she jumps up and stands as far away from them as she can.

ROBIN

What are those?! Are those people in there?

PRESIDENT

(muttering)

Oh Jesus.

He massages his temples.

PRESIDENT

They're called photographs, think of it as a duplication of what they look like. Like in the pamphlet.

ROBIN

But those were objects, those are people, you can't represent people in an image, unless it's projected on a screen as a video.

PRESIDENT

Yeah well surprise. Now sit down and look at these photos.

Robin walks back over and picks up the first one tentatively.

ROBIN

So these are the other four members?

(beat)

They're older than me.

PRESIDENT

Don't be intimidated, it doesn't seem like your style. And frankly there's no reason to be.

ROBIN

Why? You wouldn't know, you're a politician you lie for a living.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

You'll only need to speak to them once.

Robin sets the photo down and slides it back over to the President.

ROBIN

Once? The Summit lasts a week.

PRESIDENT

(casually)

Yeah and they'll be dead within the first day.

ROBIN

(shocked)

What? Why? What's going to happen to them?

PRESIDENT

(calmly)

You're going to kill them.

They have a stare off before Robin laughs, it's out of place, and it feels like a cop out but it's certainly better than believing what he's just said.

ROBIN

Kill them?

PRESIDENT

Shoot them, to be more specific.

ROBIN

No.

PRESIDENT

No choice, remember?

He holds up the pacemaker activation device and smirks.

PRESIDENT

You *will* kill them, I say early on because it'll make it easier for you, but you can take your time if you want.

ROBIN

But why?

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

It'll...relieve some pressure, put people in the right mindset. The Elites will start to fear those below them, people like you will start to fear themselves. They'll see rebels as murderers, and they'll be more submissive because of you. Fear keeps people in check.

ROBIN

(horrified)

And you think you can get away with it?

PRESIDENT

Can't I?

ROBIN

I hate to break it to you but I'm not like every one of them, I resisted, I went to prison...people will see the difference between me and the rest of the population.

PRESIDENT

You overestimate people.

ROBIN

Yeah and I also value their lives.

PRESIDENT

We'll value yours more. So if that's all, we should both get some rest.

Robin stands up and two guards come in, grabbing at her arms. She roughly pulls away from them before they can take her out of the room.

ROBIN

I won't do it.

PRESIDENT

We'll see about that.

INT. MIA'S BEDROOM SECTOR M - NIGHT

Lindsey walks in and closes the door quickly behind her. She has a look of worry on her face.

(CONTINUED)

MIA
Lindsey? Are you okay?

LINDSEY
The guest, she's...well she's being escorted by guards.

MIA
She?

LINDSEY
Yeah she's sort of rugged, and like...well she was wearing...

MIA
What?

LINDSEY
It's not important.

Mia remains skeptical, but Lindsey doesn't want to say anymore.

MIA
So where is she?

LINDSEY
East wing, third down on the right.

Mia's already up and halfway out the door when Lindsey shouts after her.

LINDSEY
What about the guards?!

MIA
They work for me, they have no say in what I do.

Lindsey's face falls but Mia's too focused on her goal to notice.

MIA
Stay in here just in case, I don't want you getting in trouble.

Mia sneaks out of the room without saying another word. Lindsey's left with a worried frown stuck on her face.

INT. ROBIN'S GUEST ROOM SECTOR M - NIGHT

Robin's thrown onto the ground by one of the guards, she's too tired to fight back, and even if she did; the guards leave as quickly as they came.

Robin gets to her feet and looks around. It's a grandiose room, queen sized bed, large space, wardrobe, footlocker, and elaborate lamps at both sides of the bed. Robin's never seen a place like this.

ROBIN
This is ridiculous.

Robin walks over and opens up the drawers, one by one, quickly looking for papers, documents, or weapons. Anything to get her out of there.

She jogs over to the window, but she's too far up to jump. Even so she tries to unlock the window but it won't budge. She's readying herself to punch through the window when she hears noises from outside the door.

MIA
(in the hallway)
...that's not how this goes. You work for me, do you understand that?

Robin slowly begins to walk over towards the door, but she stops when she sees the knob turning. Robin takes a step back as Mia slides in the room.

Robin looks at her, already on the defensive. Mia gives her a smile.

MIA
Hi.

ROBIN
Do you work for him too?

MIA
Who?

ROBIN
Don't act stupid. President Key, you work for him don't you? What are you a lawyer, a politician-

MIA
I'm only 23.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

You didn't answer my question.

MIA

I don't have to. Why are you staying here?

ROBIN

I didn't exactly have a choice. Seems to be a reoccurring theme, actually.

Mia shrugs and takes a seat on the bed. Robin still doesn't understand who she is.

ROBIN

How do I get out of here?

MIA

(confused)

Um...the front door.

ROBIN

No I mean, I can't go past the guards, and it's too far of a jump, and I-

MIA

Why do you want to leave?

ROBIN

Because I have to. I don't belong here. I live in sector NE-

MIA

Why are you here-

ROBIN

I don't know. It's...it's complicated, I just...I need to leave. Now.

Mia studies Robin for a moment, she's certainly not what she's use to. Robin's hair isn't combed, her lip is busted, and it's only now that she notices the uniform Robin's wearing.

Mia's never been to an execution, and she's never seen a prison uniform, her interest remains evident on her face.

MIA

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN
My...name?

MIA
(with a laugh)
Yeah, unless you've forgotten it.

Robin's eyes darken and she turns away from Mia, looking out the window again. Even if she could jump, there are at least four guards standing outside.

ROBIN
You first.

MIA
Mia.

ROBIN
Why are you in here?

MIA
This is my turf, I ask the questions.

Robin's impressed, for a girl who's sitting in her pjs, Mia's got an aura of power and, unknowingly, superiority.

MIA
Sector NE is for industrial work.
Why on earth would you be here?

ROBIN
Ask the President.

MIA
I will.

ROBIN
I'm a part of The Summit.

MIA
(shocked)
You?

ROBIN
Yes me.

Mia stands up again, approaching Robin until she's only a few inches from her.

MIA
Check you out. Bold as can be.

ROBIN
You should get out of here.

MIA
Why?

ROBIN
Because you have no idea what's
going on.

Mia looks back towards the closed door and then to Robin.
She knows she's lost her upper hand, if she ever had one,
but she's doesn't back down.

MIA
Enlighten me.

ROBIN
Maybe some other time.

The guards knock on the door before two of them enter
quickly.

GUARD
Ma'am you should get out of here,
the Doc might pass through.

MIA
(quietly)
Okay.

Mia looks at Robin's uniform one last time.

MIA
I'll get you some new clothes
tomorrow.

ROBIN
(unsure)
Thanks.

MIA
My pleasure.

Mia rushes out of the room, escorted by two guards on her
way back to her own room.

INT. PRIVATE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Lindsey flinches when she hears the door open but calms when she sees Dr. Hopkins step into the room.

LINDSEY

We still don't know what she said to her.

DR. HOPKINS

It doesn't matter, not to you at least.

LINDSEY

But-

DR. HOPKINS

Let it go. And do your job, everything's fine. Everything's normal. When The Summit hits, be ready.

Lindsey fixes her uniform and heads back towards Mia's room. Dr. Hopkins scans the hallway before gathering herself, and walking down the hallway.

FADE OUT