

Art, War, And Watermelons
Episode 1: "The Execution"
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In darkness we hear the sound of many muffled voices. Then a HEARTBEAT. The beat is quick and it grows even faster.

FADE IN:

EXT. SECTOR-1 - TOWN PLAZA - DAY

A CROWD of duly dressed citizens watches something unknown in horror. Some of them shout and throw their hands up.

On a platform a man lies in a bloodied guillotine. A candy wrapper lays in a puddle of wet blood. Close on the man's hands. They're handcuffed together. On the right hand's wrist the number "1" is tattooed... and for some reason instead of a left hand the Man's arm ends at his wrist and protruding from the fleshy nub is... a KNIFE BLADE?

Finally his face is visible, revealing RODRICK, 20, rocking a sick buzz cut and... well, a knife for a left hand. His eyes stare through us. Sweat drips from his nose. He shakes in anticipation.

The muffled voices crescendo. The shadow of an unknown person standing behind Rodrick raises its arm high in the air and then swings it down.

The guillotine blade catches the red light of the sunset as it's released.

EXT. SECTOR-4 - ABANDONED ANCIENT CASTLE RUINS - NIGHT

A dozen people-shaped silhouettes perch on the top of the tallest portion of an old decrepit castle. A broken castle bridge reaches out over the stone road below. Etched in the stone of the castle READS: SECTOR-4 72 HOURS UNTIL EXECUTION.

In the distance, lights from an automobile convoy gradually approach the castle. One of the silhouettes rises to address the others.

AXEL, 34, donning an old, dented knight helmet covering his face, stands on the rubble and faces the others.

AXEL

Men and women of the Partisans. You are here today because you were all willing to lay down your lives to strike a vital blow to the Regime.

The PARTISANS, a revolutionary movement, watch Axel's speech stone faced. They are dressed in worn and tattered clothes.

Some wear face wraps, concealing their identities. Some do not.

Axel turns and gestures to the convoy, closer now than before.

AXEL (CONT'D)

In that convoy is a member of the Regime council chamber: Dulaine Arten. If we succeed in this attack it will be our first real victory. A moment of history that might be taught to our children.

Axel turns back to his comrades.

AXEL (CONT'D)

That being said, if anyone has any doubts or second thoughts, you may leave now.

The partisans glance amongst themselves, pondering the offer. None leave. CASS, a short partisan with a blonde ponytail steps forward.

CASS

We're with you commander. Until the end.

Axel places his fists together and pulls them to his chest, a salute of some sort. The partisans follow suit.

EXT. BROKEN CASTLE BRIDGE - NIGHT

CHAR, 22, wearing a scarf and aviator goggles with two BLACK PIGTAILS in her hair, sits in a squat on the broken bridge, eyes fixed on the objective. A glint catches her eye. She moves some rubble from the bridge and unearths a knife from an older time. She lifts her leather jacket and stashes it on her belt next to four others. She looks up to Axel and the other Partisan soldiers.

CHAR

Commander. Now or never.

Axel nods.

The convoy is compromised of 3 roofless 1920s-ford-like automobiles and one fancier closed-roof car located safely in the center. The automobiles are each full of about half a dozen KOPICS, identical law enforcers armed with strange looking shields.

The stone road leads the convoy right under the bridge. Axel, now hiding on the bridge points his finger forward in the direction of the enemy. Suddenly, a series of boulders seemingly defy physics and slide right off the bridge. The stones plummet onto the lead automobile, smashing it and its inhabitants and blocking the convoys path forward.

EXT. STONE ROAD - NIGHT

At the convoy's rear, the dozen partisans emerge from rubble. Armed with blades and knives, they charge the rear automobile and its Kopic's head on.

CASS

Now!

PARTISAN #1

Go! Go! Go!

The Kopic's point the tips of their shields at the oncoming partisans and launch cross-bow bolts from a spring system in their shields. Some partisans are hit and crumple to the ground.

At the front of the convoy, Axel jumps off the bridge and seems to almost float before hitting the ground, softening his fall. A Kopic takes aim and fires a bolt at Axel's face. Axel points a finger to the sky and the bolts trajectory changes. It arcs into the air over Axel's head directly where he pointed. A second Kopic fires and Axel points at the first Kopic, leading the bolt right through the Kopic's heart.

Char leaps from the bridge. A black string-like material launches out of the wrists of her sleeves and catch the castle walls. She swings towards the enemy and clicks her heels, unsheathing her SKATE BLADES (retractable knife blades on her roller skates). She swoops right over the Kopic's, almost too fast to see and slashes the throats of two Kopic's during her pass.

EXT. STONE ROAD - DAWN

Warm colors creep into the sky. Hours have passed. The battle is over. Dead partisans and Kopic's alike are scattered around the battle field.

Char glares at the empty center car (the one supposedly holding their objective: Dulaine). She slams the door shut in frustration.

CHAR

Dammit.

She turns her head to find Axel.

Axel sits with Cass, the last survivor of their party. He holds her hand as blood spurts from her mouth. The knight helmet he was wearing earlier is gone, revealing his sharp face and blonde hair.

CASS
Did we do it? Will my death-...

Axel tries to shush her. Char catches up and watches, unfazed.

CASS (CONT'D)
-mean something?

Axel shakes his head.

AXEL
I'm sorry.

Cass looks to Char and she runs her finger along her own throat.

CASS
Please.

Char draws the knife from her belt...

CHAR
Sorry Cass.

and slashes it downwards.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SECTOR 1 - TUNK STREET FRUIT ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

Rodrick's hand-knife crashes down on a watermelon, slicing it like butter. Rodrick spreads the two watermelon halves. In between them, in watermelon seeds, spells: SECTOR 1: 60 HOURS UNTIL EXECUTION.

MAN (V.O.)
Can you please state your name,
class, and current sector of
residence?

Rodrick cuts the two fruit halves again making fourths. He wipes sweat from his brow. The assembly line drags his watermelon pieces away and brings him a fresh, uncut melon.

RODRICK (V.O.)

Hi, uh, I'm Rodrick Vanks. I'm a class 1 citizen currently residing in... well, sector 1 obviously.

The watermelon fourths move down the line and then get diced to pieces by a swift katana belonging to SHIRLEY, 62, aged yet intimidating, equipped with a right arm that can morph into a Katana sword. She cracks her back as the next set of melon pieces scoots her way. She also has a "1" tattoo on her wrist.

The assembly line delivers the diced melon pieces to LEIF, 28, soft and jolly. Leif raises his arm and flicks his fingers with concentration and intent. The diced pieces levitate into the air and swirl around in a double helix shape before delicately landing in a glass box. He has the same "1" tattoo.

LEIF

Rodrick, how many more do we got up there?

Rodrick looks up the assembly line.

RODRICK

Ehhh probably three dozen or so.

Leif cocks his head back and groans.

RODRICK (CONT'D)

Hey, if tonight goes well enough this'll be the last three dozen melons we ever have to cut.

Shirley bursts out in laughter, still hard at work.

SHIRLEY

The day your little hobby breaks us out of this damned Sector-1 assembly line is the day Leif can levitate something other than a watermelon.

MANAGER KUZKA, 54, sporting prominent face lines that suggest a lot of frowning, oh and she has six-arms, approaches the assembly line. She carries crates of diced melons in five of her six arms. We can see her "1" tattoo too.

MANAGER KUZKA

Back to work. Shift's not over yet.

She passes by Rodrick with her crates.

MANAGER KUZKA (CONT'D)

And Rodrick, no more talk about leaving this job. If I've been stuck here my whole godforsaken life then you will be too.

Rodrick winces at this jab. Kuzka puts her one free hand on his shoulder.

MANAGER KUZKA (CONT'D)

Really. It's for your own good.

She looks to Leif.

MANAGER KUZKA (CONT'D)

And Leif no more fancy levitation tricks.

A beat. Rodrick soaks this in. Leif's posture slumps in disappointment.

Kuzka points aggressively at the assembly line. Rodrick turns back to his work and halves another melon.

EXT. TOWN PLAZA - DAY

Rodrick, Shirley and Leif stand in a long line for a food vendor.

MAN (V.O.)

Right. Now can you state your ability and profession?

Laughing, Shirley slaps Leif on the shoulder. Rodrick looks at the coins in his hand and then up to the prices.

RODRICK (V.O.)

Yeah, so I was lucky enough to be born with a knife instead of a left hand, and if you're asking me, disability might be a better word for it.

Rodrick closes his hand of coins and exits the line. Shirley watches him slink off and scoffs.

INT. MISC SHOP - DAY

Rodrick enters and a RAVEN, perched on the shoulder of a thirteen-year-old clerk working the register, SQUAWKS. The store is cluttered and has a bit of everything, but all of it looks of the lowest quality.

RAVEN

Paint boy!

Rodrnick gives the bird and clerk an awkward wave. The clerk doesn't even look up from her worn book.

RODRICK (V.O.)

Also no it can't turn back into a regular hand if that's what you were wondering. It's literally just a blade instead of a hand.

Rodrnick puts three buckets of paints on the counter and throws down all his coins from before.

RAVEN

Stole something!

Rodrnick flails his hands, well, hand and knife, up in innocence.

RODRICK

No I didn't!

The Raven mirrors Rodrick and raises his wings.

RAVEN

(mocking Rodrick's voice)

No I didn't!

Rodrnick's arms flop back to his side. Teased by a bird.

The clerk giggles, still not looking up from her book.

CLERK

You're good to go.

Rodrnick lets out a sigh and struggles to leave with the hefty paint buckets.

INT. RODRICK AND LEIF'S QUARTERS - DAY

Leif snores on a top bunk. The room is closet sized with no window and leaking, taped-up, pipes that run along the ceiling. Two completed paintings lean against the back wall.

RODRICK (V.O.)

As for my profession, I was assigned to work at the fruit factory on Tunk street, because cutting things is my only practical use I guess.

Rodrnick, hunkered in a corner of the room, adds some last touches with an over-used brush to a canvas depicting a sliced watermelon. He stands back and admires his work. Then his stomach rumbles loudly.

MAN (V.O.)

And any notable heritage or anything of that sort?

There's a knock on the door. Rodrick opens up and sees Shirley. She hands him some wrapped bread.

SHIRLEY

Good luck with your pictures.

She punches Rodrick on the shoulder.

RODRICK (V.O.)

Well, you can imagine that the whole knife-hand thing didn't really do my mother any favors during childbirth, and my father was never around.

Rodrnick takes a bite of the bread and hugs Shirley while he's still chewing.

A pipe above Leif bursts and spews water. He wakes up and falls from his bed soaked. The three all laugh together.

RODRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I do have some pretty great friends though.

Rodrnick grabs his 3 paintings and waves Shirley and a still-very-wet, Leif goodbye.

INT. TALENT AGENCY - DAY

Rodrnick sits in a dinky chair across from MR. BARNES, 61, a well dressed and overly groomed talent agent. He writes on a clip board and licks his lips. Mr. Barnes has pristine white gloves while Rodrick's hand is paint stained. Mr. Barnes is wearing a grey suit with shined shoes while Rodrick's jacket has a patch over one elbow and the shoulder seem has been poorly resown. Mr. Barnes has a number tattoo as well. Unlike the others we have seen so far, his reads: "5".

The room is neat and clean. It's built with detailed wooden accents and marble. It stands in stark contrast against the other architecture of Sector-1.

Mr. Barnes has a large intimidating desk with various pictures of celebrities and big names. Some of these faces will show up later. Mr. Barnes clears his throat and looks up from the clip board.

MR. BARNES

(who turns out to be MAN)
Right. Ok. And what brings you here today?

RODRICK

I want to get rich and famous so me and my friends can live in Sector 4 at least... maybe even sector 5.

For the first time Mr. Barnes looks up from his clipboard. His face shows no amusement.

MR. BARNES

Mr. Wanks-

RODRICK

(Quietly)
It's Vanks-

MR. BARNES

I mean what is your talent? What do you have for me?

Rodrnick shuffles around in his bag and brings out his 3 pieces. Mr. Barnes puts on glasses and leans over his desk for a better look. One is canvas painting of a cut up watermelon. The second depicts an empty brick wall lit by moonlight. The third shows Rodrick's hand-knife super up-close.

Rodrnick swallows and clenches his fists as he watches Mr. Barnes. After a medium beat Mr. Barnes leans back into his couch chair.

MR. BARNES (CONT'D)

Look kid, its not bad. There's good use of color, interesting shading, I can tell you considered composition-

Rodrnick stands out of his chair in excitement, sending it backwards.

RODRICK

Yeah?

Mr. Barnes removes his glasses and sets them on his desk.

MR. BARNES

Let me finish. Despite this, your peices don't say anything. They don't have any meaning. I feel nothing looking at this.

Rodrick's mouth hangs open but he has no words. Mr. Barnes gestures to a specific painting.

MR. BARNES (CONT'D)

I mean, what is this one? Is this a cut-up watermelon? What am I supposed to get from that?

Rodrick sits back down.

MR. BARNES (CONT'D)

Sorry kid, If I were you I'd stick to the factory. I don't see you going anywhere with this anytime-

Rodrick clasps his hands together and leans over to Mr. Barnes, who instively leans back away from Rodrick.

RODRICK

But-

Mr. Barnes raises his hand to cut off Rodrick.

MR. BARNES

I'm sorry Mr.-

Rodrick slams his hands on the desk, rattling the celebrity portraits.

RODRICK

Please just lemme-

Mr. Barnes points right in Rodricks face.

MR. BARNES

(gesturing to Rodrick)
That's enough Mr. Wanks! Leave immediately or I'll get some Kopic in here to clear out your class-1 trash.

Rodrick recoils. After a beat, he quickly packs and leaves. Mr. Barnes repositions the pictures on his desk.

EXT. TOWN PLAZA - NIGHT

Rodrnick walks home wiping tears from his face. He passes a large plain brick wall and stops and examines it. Then he continues

INT. RODRICK AND LEIF'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Rodrnick lies in his bed and pulls his blanket over his face. He lets out a pained groan, like a plague patient. There's tape where the pipe bursted earlier. If you look closely around the room you can see this has happened before on other pipes.

Leif sits on his bed counting coins.

LEIF

Come on man. It's really hard to break out of Sector 1. You have to be like crazy talented.

Rodrnick has no reply. Leif catches himself and cringes.

LEIF (CONT'D)

I mean... I'm not saying you don't have talent. You just don't have as much as like, Charlotte for example.

Leif kisses a poster of CHARLOTTE CANDET, a familiar-looking celebrity with long, shiny, black hair biting a microphone. There is a wrinkled, worn part of the poster where Charlotte's lips are, suggesting he kisses it habitually.

LEIF (CONT'D)

She's performing this whole weekend y'know.

Leif drops a small fraction of his coins into a jar with a label that reads: Jarlotte to See Charlotte. It's about one quarter full.

Rodrnick uncovers his face and looks at his paintings which are now turned canvas-away from him. He picks them up...

EXT. RODRICK AND LEIF'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

And throws them out in a dumpster.

END ACT 1

ACT II

EXT. SECTOR 5 THEATER - NIGHT

A massive marble theater decorated with red accents and a dome ceiling stands like a fortress in a massive and densely populated city (think 1920's London). Above the main entrance, a light display flashes words: SECTOR 5: 48 HOURS UNTIL EXECUTION.

Some press waits outside with large clunky cameras. Axel rounds a corner and approaches the door. A fancy car pulls up and the cameras start flashing. Out walks DULAINE, 47, prominent mustache, receding brown hair, and a member of the Regime Council. Axel waits before the entrance as Dulaine catches up escorted by two security guards.

AXEL

Dulaine. Good to see you.

Dulaine shakes his hand. Axel's tattoo reads: "4". Dulaine's reads: "5". The press take more photos.

DULAINE

Ha. The feelings mutual. I didn't expect to see you here. Never would've pinned you as a Charlotte Candet fan.

AXEL

Come on Dulaine, you know I'm full of surprises.

Dulaine laughs and slaps his back...

DULAINE

That you are. Come sit with me on the balcony. They're the nicest seats in the show and trust me a birds eye view is the best when the girl is wearing a dress.

AXEL

Thanks, but I'm afraid I'll have to decline. Let's just say I'm working an angle that I think could smooth things out at our next chamber meeting.

Dulaine scoffs and rolls his eyes.

DULAINE

Of course. Always on the job.

They walk through the entrance.

INT. THEATER - SHOWROOM - NIGHT

A huge audience watches a stage concealed by red curtains. Spotlights flicker on and begin to move around the stage. Axel finds a seat near the front. Dulaine enters a luxurious balcony seat far above the stage.

Axel looks around and gets up. He leaves his coat and walks to an exit. On the door reads: Authorized Persons Only. He slips in.

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Axel walks carefully through the halls. He rounds a corner and finds a door with a tacky wooden star that reads: Hair and Make-up. Axel slips a note under the door and turns to leave. He hears someone coming.

SECURITY GUARD #1

(muffled)

Yeah my daughter asked me to see if Charlotte would spare her a signed poster.

SECURITY GUARD #2

(very close now)

Did you ask Charlotte?

They round the corner. Axel is nowhere to be seen.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Yeah Charlotte gave me the poster all right but no way I'm giving that to my daughter. It's signed by Charlotte Candet!

They continue down the hall. The ceiling is shown revealing Axel laying on it as if it were the floor. He drops back to ground, repositions his collar, and returns the direction he came from.

INT. THEATER - SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Axel returns to his seat. The wandering spotlights line up ground level at the center of the stage.

INTERCOM ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen! The moment you've all been waiting for is almost here. But, before we introduce our performer there's a special person watching the show tonight. Councilman Dulaine Mivoy.

A single spotlight finds Dulaine. He smiles and waves. There is a weak applause, and if you listen really closely, there's a boo or two.

INTERCOM ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Now... Ladies and Gentlemen...

The crowd holds their breath. The spotlights are focused. The room is still like a photograph.

INTERCOM ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Charlotte Candet!

The curtains open... but there's no one there. Confused mutters and frustrated sighs emit from the sea of people. Then, CHARLOTTE, 21, a young celebrity, descends from the ceiling of the stage. She sits on her own black hair that's grown and latched to the ceiling somewhere offscreen. The crowd erupts. Some girls fly up from their seats. Two men sitting next Axel engage in a fist fight.

The spotlights retrain on Charlotte, making her gold dress look like it glows. She grabs the hair loop she's sitting on and starts performing acrobatic flips, spins and twirls until she softly touches the ground. Charlotte brings a microphone up to her lips. She starts to sing an enchanting, catchy, and even subtly creepy song. Her wrist tattoo reads: "2". Neon lights flow through the room.

As she performs, Charlotte finds Axel in the crowd. Axel gestures upwards, towards Dulaine on the balcony. Charlotte's eyes follow instructions and she spots Dulaine. She gives the tiniest nod.

Dulaine looks through a pair of tiny fancy binoculars attached to a rod. THROUGH THE LENSE, Charlotte blows a kiss as a part of her choreography and she aims it right at Dulaine. She gives him a cheeky smile and then continues her performance.

INT. THEATER - SHOWROOM - LATER

The show's over. Some people linger in the showroom and talk. Charlotte does signatures for a line of young girls (and a few guys) on the stage. Axel puts on his coat to leave but Dulaine finds him.

DULAINE

What a show! I'm just going to have to meet her backstage if you know what I mean.

Dulaine winks at Axel. Axel shows no reaction.

AXEL

See you at the council meeting
Dulaine.

DULAINE

Ooooooo and it's gonna be a good one. I got an idea on how to raise quotas for sector 1, 2 and 3. They won't even notice.

AXEL

Now who's always on the job?

DULAINE

Touche.

Dulaine slinks off towards stage. His escort loosely follow him as he goes.

Charlotte signs a seven year old girl's Charlotte Candet brand hairbrush. Her mother stands beside her with her arms crossed. She looks displeased.

Both the mother and the daughter are dressed in less elaborate, formal clothes than many of the others at the show. Charlotte gives the signed hairbrush back to the girl and she hugs it.

SEVEN YEAR OLD GIRL

I can't believe you're also class 2 just like me. I had to use all my savings to come but it was so worth it!

The girl looks to her mother and grins with all her teeth.

SEVEN YEAR OLD GIRL (CONT'D)

Well mama helped me out too.

The mom gives no smile back.

The little girl looks around at the stage in awe.

SEVEN YEAR OLD GIRL (CONT'D)
 And you get to live here! I don't
 care what mama says I wanna be just
 like you!

The girl's mother scoffs and drags her away.

MOTHER
 (hushed and Offscreen)
 What did we talk about? No class
 2's like us could ever-

Charlotte just smiles and waves. She gives a security worker
 a look.

SECURITY GUARD #1
 Alright everyone, clear out.
 Night's over.

He ushers everyone off stage. Dulaine remains in line.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
 Uh, except you of course, Mr.
 Mivoy.

Dulaine approaches Charlotte. He grabs her hand and kisses
 it. She giggles.

DULAINÉ
 You were fantastic tonight. You
 really know how to work a crowd.

Dulaine scratches at his pants and smirks. Charlotte puts her
 hand on her heart.

CHARLOTTE
 Thank you so much.

A beat.

DULAINÉ
 I don't suppose you know who I am.

Charlotte laughs and slaps Dulaine flirtatiously but still a
 little too hard.

CHARLOTTE
 Of course, Mr. Councilman. You're
 so funny.

Dulaine laughs and wipes his brow. He leans in close to
 Charlotte.

DULAINÉ

(quietly)

Y'know, missus councilman won't be home tomorrow night. If you're lonely after your show tomorrow, I'd love to see a private viewing.

Charlotte leans in even closer.

CHARLOTTE

(whispers)

I can do that.

Dulainé pulls away and sighs.

DULAINÉ

Shit, I'm sorry, I'm really not allowed to be giving away my address at this time. This is confidential info, but partisans attacked a convoy I was supposed to be in just last night.

Char covers her mouth in horror.

CHARLOTTE

Oh my. Well I understand then. That's just such a shame.

Dulainé waits a beat, then leans back in and grabs one of Char's signing markers.

DULAINÉ

But, some things are just that important.

He writes his address on one of her posters and winks.

CHARLOTTE

Don't worry, I can keep a secret.

She pretends to lock a key over her lips. Dulainé waves farewell and Charlotte watches him as he leaves with his escort. The end of her hair flicks like a cat's tail does when it's watching a bird.

INT. THEATER - HAIR AND MAKE-UP - NIGHT

Charlotte enters the room. She notices the note Axel left on the ground and opens it.

EXT. SECTOR 1 TUNK STREET FRUIT FACTORY - DAY

The sun rises on the Tunk street fruit factory.

INT. SECTOR 1 - TUNK STREET FRUIT ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

Leif puts a container of watermelon in an almost full wooden crate. A tape label on the crate reads: SECTOR 1: 36 HOURS UNTIL EXECUTION. Kuzka approaches from a neighboring assembly room. She scoops up the crate in two of her six arms. She's already carrying 3 crates.

KUZKA

Heads up everybody! Spontaneous government inspection today.

Kuzka sits the crates down and starts pointing her six hands at the workers in an accusatory manner.

KUZKA (CONT'D)

Make sure your quotas are on schedule, for all of our sakes.

The workers return to their tasks after this interruption. Kuzka leaves the room with her Tetris stack of crates.

Rodrnick watches Shirley. Her melon dicing looks slower and less accurate than the previous day. She loses her balance and stumbles some but she catches herself.

RODRICK

Shirley, You all right?

SHIRLEY

Fine.

She keeps dicing, but it's slow. Her age is catching up.

The room entrance flies open and INSPECTOR GUDRUN, 41, piercing eyes, formally dressed in a white suit, and tall walks in. He holds a clip board and pen with rigid posture. Kuzka files in behind him. All six of her hands fidgeting nervously.

KUZKA

This is our third assembly line.
This one cuts and packages
watermelon to be shipped to other
sectors.

Gudrun moves down the line. Rodrick, Leif, Shirley, and the other workers keep their eyes on their work.

Gudrun finds the crates at the end of the line and examines them. He picks up a log sheet.

GUDRUN
Six crates behind quotas by
lunchtime...

Kuzka starts nervously shifting her six hands.

KUZKA
My apologies. I'll make sure to get
them back on schedule before the
end of the shift.

Gudrun hands Kuzka his clip board and pen.

GUDRUN
No need. I'm happy to help.

Gudrun starts walking back up the line. Kuzka follows him like a shadow.

KUZKA
Oh! I appreciate it but there's
really no need for you to waste any
of your time...

GUDRUN
If you know what's best for you,
you'll stop telling me how to do my
job.

Kuzka shuts up and watches the scene anxiously. Gudrun examines Leif for a beat. The inspector continues. Gudrun watches Rodrick for a beat, then continues.

Gudrun rounds the assembly line and comes up on Shirley's side. He watches her. She works well at first, but she slows down again. Gudrun keeps watching. The watermelon chunks keep coming and she can't dice them fast enough.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)
Speed up.

SHIRLEY
I'm trying.

She's still behind. Rodrick glances up from his cutting periodically, keeping track of the conversation.

GUDRUN
Kuzka, will you please turn off the
line?

Kuzka stands there nervously.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

Now.

Kuzka pulls a lever and the line shuts off. Gudrun gestures to Shirley.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

You. Face me.

Shirley faces him.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

Do you know why I was made an inspector?

Shirley doesn't answer.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

It's because I have a way with people.

Gudrun lifts an open hand and holds it before Shirley. Kuzka covers her eyes. Gudrun flexes his hand. Shirley grabs the assembly line for support. Something is wrong with her. Her face grimaces. She's in pain.

RODRICK

Hey.

GUDRUN

I got blessed with ability to cause people pain.

Shirley falls to the ground and starts writhing as if she's being burned alive.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

And I find that pain makes excellent motivation.

Shirley lets out a scream.

RODRICK

Hey! That's enough.

Rodrnick slams his knife hand down on the assembly line. Gudrun turns his attention towards him. Gudrun releases Shirley. She gasps for air. Gudrun brings his hand to Rodrick and flexes it. Rodrick falls over shaking and seizing.

After a beat, Rodrick bites his tongue and gains some composure. He is still in pain but his panic is gone.

Rodrnick stares at Gudrun. Gudrun's eyebrows furrow, he concentrates harder on his ability. Rodrick winces and shivers but he doesn't break eye contact. Gudrun's hand relaxes and his spell over Rodrick is done.

Shirley laughs and weakly pulls herself up to the assembly line.

SHIRLEY

Damn! That's got a kick to it.

Gudrun looks a bit perplexed. He scoffs and moves towards the exit. He gets his pen and clipboard from Kuzka.

GUDRUN

Get those quotas met or I'll have to visit again...

He stops before the door.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

... and if I have to come back it will much be worse.

He leaves.

EXT. TOWN PLAZA - DAY

Rodrnick, Leif, and Shirley wait in line for the food vendor again. The three of them stand in silence this time. Shirley holds her arm like it still hurts. Rodrick looks at the coins in his hand and balls it into a fist. He leaves the line. Shirley and Leif watch him go.

INT. MISC SHOP

Rodrnick enters. The clerk is reading a new book. The raven flies from its perch to her shoulder.

RAVEN

Paint boy!

Rodrnick waves at the bird. He grabs his objective and comes up to the counter with three more paint buckets. He slides his coins over and makes his way towards the door.

CLERK

Hey paint boy!

The Clerk reaches into a candy jar on the register and grabs one. She runs up to him and puts it in his jacket pocket.

CLERK (CONT'D)

On the house.

Rodrick musters a smile.

RODRICK

Thanks.

The clerk gestures to Rodrick's paint buckets.

CLERK

You better make something cool with those.

Rodrick nods and leaves.

EXT. TOWN PLAZA - DAY

Rodrick passes the plain brick wall again. He stops for a beat then continues.

INT. RODRICK AND LEIF'S QUARTERS - DAY

Leif snores on his top bunk. A pipe drips rhythmically in the corner. Rodrick quietly paints on a new canvas. It looks like he's painting a flexed hand. It's Gudrun's.

Rodrick's thin, worn brush snaps. He chucks the broken pieces across the room but his inertia causes him to accidentally scrape the canvas with his knife-hand. He looks at his painting, which now has a huge, unflattering knife slice, in disappointment.

Rodrick's face slowly grows from disappointment to rage. He stabs the canvas with his knife hand and freezes for a beat. Then he stabs it again and again and again, sending canvas scraps all over the room.

Rodrick lays in his mess breathing hard. Leif still snores, having slept through it all. Rodrick gets up, grabs the three paint buckets, and exits through the door.

INT. SECTOR 5 THEATER - HAIR AND MAKE-UP ROOM

Charlotte Candet sits in her stage chair across from a lit mirror. On the back of the chair is a label that reads:
SECTOR 5, 20 HOURS UNTIL EXECUTION.

Charlotte wipes the makeup from her face. Her warm, colorful features get wiped away to reveal cold pale skin. The letter Axel left lays open in front of her.

It reads: When you get your chance, take it. Break a leg.
Under the message, there is a doodle of a familiar prominent
mustache. The letter is signed "-X".

Next to the letter is the poster Dulaine wrote his address
onto.

Charlotte unlocks an old trunk placed against the wall.

BEGIN a MONTAGE of Charlotte preparing.

- Her gold dress and high heels fall to the ground.
- She zips up a black leather jacket.
- She ties the laces to a pair of black boots that seem to
have retractable wheels (think "heelys" but goth and cooler).
- She attaches the last knife to her belt revealing another
half dozen already strapped in.
- She wraps a scarf over her face and places old aerial
goggles over her eyes.
- Finally she takes the hairbands from her wrists and ties
her hair up into two pigtails.

END MONTAGE

If it isn't clear already, this is CHAR, the Partisan fighter
from the teaser. She looks in the hair and makeup-mirror.
She's pretty much completely unrecognizable from her famous
persona. After a beat she walks to the door.

Char steps and wrinkles a poster of Charlotte Candet as she
exits.

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Char walks in the empty theater building. It must be late.
She goes up an exposed metal staircase.

EXT. SECTOR 5 THEATER - NIGHT

Char stands on the apex of the dome roof to the massive
building, holding a flag pole for balance. She watches the
busy night city below her. Char pulls a cord at her waist,
triggering her roller blades to protract from her boots. She
takes a smooth step and begins to slowly slide down the dome.
CHAR by crystal castles plays.

Char picks up speed as she rolls down the dome. She reaches the roof ledge going very fast. She leaps from the building, twisting her body into slow, controlled back flip. Her black shiny pigtails grow into her jacket and launch from her sleeves like grappling hooks made of black string. They latch onto nearby structures and Char swings to the busy road beneath her.

EXT. SECTOR 5 CITY STREETS - NIGHT

She's skating against traffic. The 1920's esque automobiles honk and swerve. Char easily maneuvers between them, unscathed. Char latches her hair to a stoplight and uses it to propel her into a quick sharp turn. (think Spiderman but pigtails instead of webslingers, oh, and this Spiderman is on rollerblades).

EXT. SECTOR 1 TOWN PLAZA - NIGHT

Rodrnick returns to the plain brick wall with his paints. It looks blue-green in the moonlight. He pops the paint buckets open with his knife hand. There is a sense of determination on his face.

EXT. SECTOR 5 CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Char propels down a steep, busy road. She swerves out of the way of a truck, placing her on the side walk. She leaps and ducks over angry patrons.

EXT. SECTOR 1 TOWN PLAZA - NIGHT

Rodrnick starts painting on the wall. He has no brush. Instead he dips his knife in the paint and applies the paint to the wall, one dip at a time.

EXT. SECTOR 5 CITY STREETS - NIGHT

There's a dead end at the bottom of the steep road. If Char keeps going at this speed it looks like she'll be a pancake against a store's wall. Char spots a wooden plank laid haphazardly against a bin on the curb making a ramp of sorts. She gets aerodynamic and speeds up.

Char launches her pigtails and connects to two cars ahead of her. With a strong tug she zooms down the hill, passing every car, bus, and motorcycle in her path. She hits the ramp and goes airborne. She rises over the street and buildings and lands on the rooftops.

EXT. SECTOR 1 TOWN PLAZA - NIGHT

Rodrick stands on a barrel so he can paint higher. We still can't quite make out what he's working on but he's made progress, and it looks like a big piece.

EXT. SECTOR 5 CITY ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Char expertly parkours and skates over the buildings. The structures get closer together and taller as she goes. She's in the heart of the city now.

EXT. SECTOR 1 TOWN PLAZA - NIGHT

Rodrick's tongue hangs out of his mouth in concentration. He wets his knife and adds more paint, covering the camera lens we see him through.

EXT. DULAINE'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Char finally stops. She stares from a rooftop towards a marble balcony with curtains blowing out the open door. She swings over and sneaks in.

INT. DULAINE'S ESTATE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dulaine sips a martini in his oversized, fluffy bed. He is the bed's only occupant. He's only wearing socks and robes, revealing his curly brown chest hair. Char slowly enters through the balcony in the background.

Dulaine does not see her. He finishes his drink and reaches to his nightstand for his refill pitcher. He yelps when he finally notices Char, now standing with her arms crossed by his bed. He scrambles to get up and spills the pitcher on himself in the process. Dulaine picks up a broken pitcher shard and points it Char.

DULAINE

What are you doing here? I am a very powerful person I'll have you know!

Char laughs, not her Charlotte Candet giggle from before, this is almost sinister. She pulls her goggles onto her forehead and pulls her scarf down to her neck, revealing her identity.

CHAR

Relax. It's just me.

Dulaine stares trying to recognize her. After a beat he realizes it's Charlotte Candet and eases some.

DULAINE
 (laughing)
 Oh. You really do know how to make
 an entrance.

Char shrugs. Dulaine closes the distance.

DULAINE (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 Oh, I've wanted to do this for so
 long.

He licks his lips and reaches towards Char. She grabs his wrist, her hair slowly snaking from her sleeve up his arm. He moves his lips towards her chest but she puts a finger to his lips and stops him.

CHAR
 (whispering)
 I know. I've waited way too long...

Her hair keeps circling up Dulaine's arm. It entwines his torso too and moves down his legs.

CHAR (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 ...for this.

She yanks his arm and snaps it at the elbow in one swift motion. Dulaine screams out in terror. He pivots and tries to run, but his legs are far too intertwined in Char's hair. The oaf falls to floor. He panics as he's encased head to toe in the black silk - like a cocoon.

DULAINE
 Uhg! You bitch! Lemme go-

Char steps on his soft belly and presses her weight in. Dulaine's words turn into a strange guttural groan. She takes another step so now her other foot is on his chest. She presses a button on the back of her heel and a blade retracts from under her toes. The blade stops just under Dulaine's chin.

DULAINE (CONT'D)
 (weakly because Char is
 standing on him)
 Whoa whoa whoa whoa. Please, I can
 give you anything. Whatever you
 want.

Char presses the blade on his chin. Not hard enough to break the skin... yet.

CHAR
This is what I want.

Dulaine's at a loss. He just starts crying and oozing snot. Char shushes him.

CHAR (CONT'D)
Don't ruin my favorite part.

She moves her front foot.

EXT. DULAINE'S ESTATE - NIGHT

We hear a squish followed by some liquid trickling onto a hard floor.

EXT. SECTOR 1 TOWN PLAZA - NIGHT

Three nearly empty and quite messy paint buckets lay on the ground. Rodrick dips his brush in one and applies the paint to his piece. He steps back to examine it.

Rodricks puts his hands, well one hand actually, on his hip. He looks proud.

Two patrolling Kopics round the corner. They spot Rodrick and the vandalized wall. Rodrick slips into the shadows of a dark alley.

KOPIC #1
Hey. You. Stop!

The Kopics start to give chase but Rodrick has too great of a head start. They lose him. The Kopics look up at the art. It's a huge mural showing a crowd of sector 1 citizens stoning Inspector Gudrun in the town plaza.

END ACT II

ACT III

EXT. SECTOR 5 - THE SPIRE - DAY

A colossal structure towers over the city, nearly spearing into the clouds. This is the SPIRE, the Regime's capitol building.. The morning sun reflects off of its curving white walls making it seem to glow. We close in on a room just below the top floor.

INT. THE SPIRE - CHAMBER MEETING ROOM - DAY

Three suited men and one suited woman sit at a rectangular table in a bright room with a large window overlooking the pale city of sector 5. Behind each of these councilmen stands a quiet apprentice.

There are two empty seats at the table. One is at the end of the table with red accents resembling a throne. The other empty seat is on the side of the table next to one of the suited men.

Axel slips through the door, holding a steaming drink. He places the drink down next to DR. SPEILG, one of the five councilmen, head of technology and innovation, with whacky hair and circular glasses. Dr. Speilg stands out from the slick haircuts and proper nature of the others in the room.

DR. SPEILG

Thanks Axel.

Axel nods and takes his position standing behind Dr. Speilg like the other apprentices.

The suited woman, LOAKE NARVAN, head of military and security leans forward in her seat.

LOAKE

I'm sure you've all heard the rumors.

Another of the suited men chimes in, KHETT TIPLER, head of health and human services.

KHETT

But if they're true-

GELTAN FURL, head of land and resources slams his palm on the table.

GELTAN

It's impossible! We haven't had an
assassination like this since -

In walks MIRA LAVIT, 31, glasses, bun, pen behind her ear and papers in hand. She's followed by JARL SIGMAR, 40, red hair, imposing figure, and the guy who runs this entire world. Mira is his right hand woman.

MIRA

I'm afraid it is quite possible and
the rumors are quite true.

The council folk shut up and straighten up. They quickly rise from their seats and bow their heads to Sigmar. Sigmar sits in his throne and leans his head on his fist, his pupils half covered by his eye lids. He looks bored. The councilmen slide back into their seats.

Mira moves to the window and adjusts the blinds and the room becomes dark, casting harsh shadows over the councilmen and their silent apprentices.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Dulaine, our fellow councilman, was
murdered last night.

Everyone's eyes dart all around the room. Axel watches Mira intensely. She takes her place at Sigmar's side.

MIRA (CONT'D)

We do suspect partisan activity,
but we all knew Dulaine and we all
know that it also could have been
any of the hundreds of woman he's
pissed off or fucked over. Hell,
his wife would be a suspect if she
wasn't out of town.

Mira sits her papers down on the table

MIRA (CONT'D)

That being said, Dulaine's always
been a weak link here in the
chamber.

She eyes the other councilmen and councilwoman.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Well one of the weak links at
least.

Loake side eyes Geltan. He tugs at his collar nervously.

MIRA (CONT'D)

The partisans may see this as their first major blow to our regime, but I see it as an opportunity to innovate our chamber-

A kopic barges in with a clunky radio device.

KOPIC

Sorry for the interruption. We are being transferred a message from communications. It's from sector 1 and we think you may want to hear it.

MIRA

Play it.

The Kopic places the radio on the table and adjusts it. After some static, a voice comes through.

GUDRUN

(over radio)

Inspector Gudrun, class 4, I work in the labor division and was providing a routine inspection in Tunk Town. There's some artistic vandalization here that's gathering a lot of patron interest.

Mira puts a hand on her hip.

MIRA

I'm certain this call didn't interrupt our chamber meeting just to report some graffiti, inspector. Get to the point.

EXT. SECTOR 1 TOWN PLAZA - DAY

A growing crowd examines Rodrick's mural and talk amongst themselves. They become more and more rowdy and energized. A man points to Gudrun's depiction in the painting.

CLASS 1 CITIZEN #1

I know that guy! He inspected our factory last week.

CLASS 2 CITIZEN #2

Fuck him! Hear what he did to that woman for missing quotas?

CLASS 3 CITIZEN

Fuck quotas!

Gudrun watches the scene from a corner in the plaza. Two concerned Kopics accompany him. He brings the radio piece up to his mouth.

GUDRUN

It seems to be instigating an unhealthy amount of anti-regime sentiment. I fear we may have a riot on our hands unless something is done.

INT. THE SPIRE - CHAMBER ROOM - DAY

Mira thinks for a beat. Loake clears her throat.

LOAKE

A sector 1 riot right after Dulaine's assassination would be problematic. I've worked with Gudrun in the past, he wasn't always just an inspector and I believe he's capable of handling this.

Mira nods.

MIRA

Gudrun, you have full permission to act on this threat. Snuff this out at it's source. I'll get you a unit of Kopics and whatever else you may need.

A pause.

GUDRUN

Yes ma'am.

The transmission ends. Axel, still standing quietly behind Dr. Speilg, crosses his arms.

INT. SECTOR 1 - TUNK TOWN FRUIT FACTORY - DAY

Shirley and Leif wait at the assembly line. Kuzka comes in the assembly room.

KUZKA

Assembly line goes on in two minutes. Rodrick better be here.

Shirley gives a Leif a look.

SHIRLEY
Leif, where is he?

Leif shrugs, looking guilty.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)
You don't know? He's your roommate!

LEIF
He said five more minutes. I-

Rodrnick comes jogging in with circles under his eyes.

RODRICK
I'm here!

Kuzka pulls the lever starting the line.

KUZKA
Fine. Great. Whatever. Just get
your quotas done.

The six armed woman grabs some crates and exits. Rodrick
finds his place and begins cutting.

SHIRLEY
What the hell did you do?

Rodrnick shrugs.

RODRICK
I got some artistic inspiration
last night.

LEIF
(quietly)
That was you?

RODRICK
Wait you heard-

Shirley shushes them both.

SHIRLEY
(quietly)
Rodrick, keep your mouth shut. That
thing you made drew a crowd. People
are saying the Kopic's are
investigating it. I promised your
mother I'd keep you out of-

Kuzka runs in panicked.

KUZKA

He's back!

The door flies open and eight Kopicis enter the room and surround the workers. One of them shuts off the line. Gudrun patiently struts in.

GUDRUN

If you aren't aware already, there is a pretty little picture of me in the plaza.

Gudrun passes behind Kuzka. She gulps.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

And I'm thinking it was made by someone in this room considering the events of yesterday.

He passes behind Shirley. She looks through the corners of her eyes as he does so.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

So, whoever it was, just come out with it and only one of you gets punished.

Gudrun passes behind Leif. He's a sweaty mess.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

Oh come on. Don't make me ask twice.

Gudrun arrives at Rodrick. Gudrun holds his hand out, preparing to cause pain.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

Actually, I want to show that I'm serious.

Gudrun's arm lowers back to his side and he faces the Kopicis.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

Take this one's other hand.

Two Kopicis grab Rodrick and force him on his knees. Leif looks away.

SHIRLEY

Hey prick.

Gudrun turns to face her. Her face completely devoid of fear.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

It was me.

RODRICK

Shirley n-

A Kopic kicks Rodrick in the gut and he crumples.

GUDRUN

Thank you for your honesty.

He snaps at the Kopics.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

Take her to the plaza. I want everyone to see this.

Rodrick struggles to pull himself to his feet. Two Kopics grab Shirley.

RODRICK

No please. It was m-

A Kopic slams his shield into Rodricks head. CUT TO BLACK

EXT. SECTOR 5 - NEWS BUILDING SIDEWALK - DAY

Charlotte Candet exits a limo. Lights flash all around her from cameras. A group of waiting fans scream and reach for her.

Her two security guards usher a path for her as she smiles and waves, gradually making her way towards the door of the marble news building. It has a couple massive metal dishes on the roof.

INT. NEWS BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Charlotte and her security guards enter a bustling room, filled with suited people and frantic assistants running scripts around. JOANE RESK, a celebrity interviewer, greets Charlotte at the door.

JOANE

Oh my goodness, so good to finally meet you. Joane Resk. We're on in five.

They shake hands. Charlotte looks around the building.

CHARLOTTE

Could I run to the bathroom real quick please?

Joane points to a hall at the back of the room.

JOANE

Right around the corner dear. Just don't run out on me!

Joane laughs at her own joke. Charlotte provides a smile and goes to the bathroom.

INT. NEWS BUILDING - BATHROOM - DAY

Charlotte enters a stall. We see her feet under the door but then they disappear, like she was sucked away. We move upwards and see Char and Axel sitting on the ceiling of the bathroom above the stall (Axel is using his gravity powers).

CHAR

Right now? Here? This better be important. I'm on in five y'know

AXEL

It's time sensitive.

CHAR

So the Dulaine situation?

AXEL

It was a success. They don't have any leads, but there's something else. Something's happening in sector 1 and we need to go, now.

Char sighs in frustration.

CHAR

Promise me this'll be worth it.

Axel looks down to the ceiling (we are still upside down).

AXEL

I can't. But my gut is telling me we need to do this.

They sit in silence, staring at each other for a beat.

CHAR

Dammnit.

She points at the stall beneath her.

CHAR (CONT'D)

And I still have to pee you know.

Axel releases his power and they both float to the ground.

INT. NEWS BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Charlotte comes flying out of the bathroom. Her make-up is running and she's carrying her heels. Joane moves to intercept.

JOANE

What! No! Honey what's wrong.

Charlotte pretends to sob as she gains on the exit.

CHARLOTTE

My secret boyfriend broke up with me! I have to go!

And Charlotte leaves through the front. Joane turns to some assistants.

JOANE

Well did you guys hear that? We won't have Charlotte on show today but we definitely have something to talk about. They'll eat up this secret boyfriend shit. Get me a new script now.

The assistants mobilize.

EXT. SECTOR 5 CITY STREETS - DAY

Charlotte launches out of the building crying. The remaining press struggle to get their camera's ready to get some more pictures. Charlotte passes her security guards.

CHAR

I need to be alone!

Charlotte weaves into an alley. The photographers try to pursue her but Charlotte's body guards block their path with their arms crossed intimidatingly.

Axel is waiting in a motorcycle with a sidecar. He's dressed in his soldier clothes with the old knight helmet covering his face. Char gets in and Axel hands Char her disguise. They drive off and Char pulls her scarf over her mouth.

INT. SECTOR 1 - TUNK TOWN FRUIT FACTORY - DAY

Rodrnick comes to. Leif is standing over him, tear stained and red-eyed. They're the last two left in the building.

LEIF
Oh thank god.

Rodrnick looks around for a beat, then frantically scrambles to his feet.

RODRICK
Shirley!

LEIF
They all went to the plaza.

Rodrnick storms towards the exit.

LEIF (CONT'D)
What are you gonna do?

Rodrnick doesn't respond or stop. Leif scuttles to catch up.

LEIF (CONT'D)
If you tell them the truth they'll
kill you.

RODRICK
Well I have to do something.

They go through the door.

EXT. SECTOR 1 TOWN PLAZA - DAY

The plaza is packed with a dense crowd. In its center is a stage with a guillotine.

WE ARE BACK TO THE SCENE FROM THE TEASER.

Carved into wood on the top of guillotine reads: THE
EXECUTION:

Shirley stands on the devices' left, her hands in cuffs. Gudrun stands on the guillotine's right. Half a dozen Kopic litter the stage space behind them, shields at the ready. Another dozen or so Kopic provide riot control on the ground.

GUDRUN
Today we find Shirley Gindald
guilty for the crime of treason
against the regime.

Gudrun gestures to Rodrick's mural, still very visible in the town plaza.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

This mural is a mockery of our Government that provides peace and stability to the people. The class 1 citizens have the regime to thank for your employment, despite your limited abilities. Do not forget it again.

He turns to Shirley. The Kopic force her on her knees, her throat against the bottom of the guillotine.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

Any last words?

Shirley spits on his pants. The crowd chitters. A Kopic hastily wipes it off of Gudrun for him.

SHIRLEY

Fuck you.

RODRICK

(distant and offscreen)

Stop!

Gudrun looks around.

SHIRLEY

(under her breath)

No.

Rodrick pushes through the sea of people, closing in on the stage.

RODRICK

It was me! Stop!

Gasps and whispers emit from the crowd. Rodrick reaches the line of Kopics guarding the stage.

RODRICK (CONT'D)

I painted the mural. She's innocent. If there's a punishment to be given...

Rodrick's gaze fixes at Shirley. She shakes her head and mouths "no." He looks back up to Gudrun.

RODRICK (CONT'D)

It should be me.

A beat. Gudrun sighs and rolls his eyes.

GUDRUN

Do it now.

A Kopic activates the guillotine. The blade falls and Shirley's head rolls into a basket. The crowd shrieks and screams. Rodrick's eye's grow wide and unfocused.

Gudrun throws his hands up in innocence.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

Oh come on people? Lying to the law to protect a criminal is still a crime.

Gudrun gestures to Rodrick.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

Bring him up.

Two Kopics grab Rodrick by the shoulders and escort him on stage. Rodrick doesn't resist.

He's forced down to the guillotine.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

Now, any last words from you...?

Gudrun reads Rodrick's ID card from his wallet.

GUDRUN (CONT'D)

Rodrick Vanks?

Rodrick stares into the sea of people. Some of them shout and throw their hands up.

CLASS 1 CITIZEN #1

It's not fair!

CLASS 1 CTIZEN #2

Why'd they kill her?

Boos erupt from the crowd.

CLASS 1 CITIZEN #3

This is how they treat us?

A citizen chucks a stone that hits a Kopic behind Gudrun. Gudrun looks at the stone and grits his teeth.

Rodrick sees Leif, covering his eyes with wet hands.

The clerk from the misc store's lip quivers as she watches with her Raven.

Kuzka pulls at her hair with three of her arms.

Mr. Barnes, the talent agent, stands in the crowd too but can't take his eyes off Rodrick's mural.

Rodrick looks up to Gudrun, glossy eyed and confused.

RODRICK

You didn't have to kill her.

The crowd grows rowdier.

CLASS 1 CITIZEN #4

No more killing!

CLASS 1 CITIZEN #5

You've done enough!

Gudrun gives no response. He raises his hand and lets it fall. The device activates and the blade releases.

IN SLOW MOTION:

The blade falls. The faces shown before flash quickly: The Clerk, Mr. Barnes, Manager Kuzka, Leif.

BEGIN FLASHBACKS

INT. MISC STORE - DAY

Rodrick is eight years old and his entire head is doused in paint. He stands next to a spilled paint bucket. Shirley scrubs his neck with a rag and mutters words we can't hear angrily.

INT. SECTOR 1 - TUNK TOWN FRUIT FACTORY - DAY

Rodrick, now twelve, runs up to Shirley at the end of her shift. Leif is with him. He shows her a picture he drew of Shirley, Leif, and himself. It's a pretty bad drawing. Shirley holds back a laugh.

INT. RODRICK AND LEIF'S QUARTERS

Rodrick, Shirley, and Leif all laugh together just before Rodrick left to show his art to Mr. Barnes.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. TOWN PLAZA - DAY

Shirley's head lies in the basket under the guillotine. She looks at peace.

The blade slows as it approaches Rodrick's neck. It stops just as it makes contact with his skin, barely cutting it. A couple drops of Shirley's blood float upwards in front of Rodrick's face.

Rodrick tracks the blood with his eyes. Behind him, the blade rises back towards the top of the guillotine.

END SLOW MOTION:

Suddenly Rodrick, the guillotine, Gudrun, and everyone else on the stage are sucked into the sky.

Axel appears in the crowd, with both hands pointing straight up. His body shakes from exertion.

Black hair engulfs Rodrick. Char, in her disguise, pulls herself to him and joins him in the sky.

CHAR

Time to go.

Rodrick flails in terror as the mess of people rising in the air start their descent back to the ground.

END ACT III