

THE MATRON SAINT

by

Bo Sanders

bosanders@yahoo.com
314-718-2103

FADE IN:

INT. NEW SAINT LOUIS TEMPLE - CAMPER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Pitch black. Silent.

An ORANGE LIGHT from a wristband appears, visible through a thin cotton bed sheet.

The band emits a FAINT BUZZ.

There's a muffled FEMALE GRUNT.

A narration from a future time and place begins with the sound of a HOT MIC being adjusted, then two female voices-

INQUISITOR (V.O.)
We're recording.

CAMPER (V.O.)
So... now?

INQUISITOR (V.O.)
Whenever you're ready.

CAMPER (V.O.)
Okay.

(beat)

My name is Camper Dumont. I was a
loyal Matron to The Evocator at the
Temple of New Saint Louis.

A small counter-top appliance across the room awakens with a BLUE LIGHT and SOFT HUM.

CAMPER (V.O.)(CONT'D)
My service began fifteen years
after the Agnostic Revolution-- a
worldwide movement to bring an end
to the extreme religious and
political divisions that left
millions dead or dying.

A flat-panel wall monitor SWITCHES ON to a BRIGHT GREEN SCREEN that further illuminates the tiny, sterile gray apartment.

The counter gadget dispenses hot liquid into a mug at its base.

CAMPER (V.O.)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)
The Global Evocators quickly came
to power to fill the void.

The female voice responds from beneath the bedsheet with a groggy "Nooo."

CAMPER (V.O.)(CONT'D)
They promised to unite all peoples
by replacing faith with actions,
greed with compassion, and to
pacify any future need for wars or
revolution.

Gentle ORCHESTRAL MUSIC begins to play from the monitor.

CAMPER (V.O.)(CONT'D)
The thing is though, there will
always be revolution. Revolutions
are perpetual. This is the story of
ours.

The image of a woman dressed in a deep purple robe and mitre hat fades in on the monitor. She is the DEACONESS, 60. Her prerecorded greeting commences-

DEACONESS (ON MONITOR)
The Evocator welcomes you to a new
day. The Evocator is grateful for
your service.

CAMPER DUMONT, 22, slowly sits up in her bed. A quiet, confident woman, she wears a long gray nightshirt and a headband to keep her dark shoulder-length hair back from her face. Her tired eyes remain shut.

CAMPER
I'm up. I'm up.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Camper stands relaxed, brushing her teeth in front of a full-length mirror.

SOFT MUSIC continues to play from the main room.

A horizontal RIBBON OF BLUE LIGHT appears across Camper's forehead. It slowly scans downward to her thighs.

A small DIGITAL READOUT at the top left surface of the mirror lists her name and vitals in WHITE:

C. DUMONT
BT: 98.2
HR: 62
RR: 13
BP: 121/80

Below the list, more text appears, FLASHING in YELLOW:
VIT D: 8 NG/ML - DEFICIENT

Followed by:

DISPENSING 2200 IU CHOLECALCIFEROL

A DING sounds.

Camper, still brushing, uses her free hand to lift a small metal door above the sink.

From that nook, she retrieves a clear packet containing two pills.

EXT. NEW SAINT LOUIS TEMPLE - DUSK

An old sprawling campus of tall gray stone walls and steel roofs sits before a decaying skyline of a former metropolis.

EXT. BASTION - CONTINUOUS

Camper stands guard on an allure overlooking an empty courtyard. She is dressed in the Temple's standard-issue gray overcoat and slacks. Her gray billed cap and boots barely fight off the autumn chill.

On the horizon, the skeletal remains of what used to be downtown St. Louis. Mostly abandoned now, the buildings are overgrown with foliage and decay. Their windows long since blown out.

The courtyard lights BUZZ to life with the setting sun.

Camper sees an older female guard, the GATEKEEPER, 40, leave her ground post. She approaches and opens the large Temple gate.

Camper unhooks a pair of macros-or electronic binoculars-from her belt and lifts them to her eyes.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Three YOUNG MEN in thick white robes and slippers file in through the gate with heads down.

They stand motionless as the Gatekeeper uses a handheld device to scan their faces for identification.

EXT. BASTION - CONTINUOUS

Another guard, TELLY FISHER, 20s, shuffles along the allure to Camper's side. She can be heard softly counting her steps as she approaches-

TELLY
(whispering)
Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen.

CAMPER
You're late again, Telly.

TELLY
My apologies, sister. Nature called.

CAMPER
Mmm hmm.

Telly looks down onto the courtyard.

TELLY
Who we got here?

CAMPER
Just some Acceptors being checked in.

TELLY
The first course of many, no doubt.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The Deaconess steps into the courtyard from an opened side door and strolls up to the three young men.

EXT. BASTION - CONTINUOUS

CAMPER
(handing Telly her macros)
That third one looks familiar-- the blonde. Can't place him though.

Telly softly bumps the macros to her chin three times before looking through them to focus on the male in question.

TELLY
I think that's Connor.

CAMPER
Connor from basic? You sure?

Camper snatches her macros back for another look.

CAMPER (CONT'D)
I think you're right.

Telly lifts her arm to show her wristband communicator.

TELLY
I could have the Gatekeeper open
that robe for you to be sure.

Camper lowers her macros.

CAMPER
Very funny. If I remember
correctly, Connor actually had a
thing for you.

TELLY
Not my type. He was quite the
looker though, and one hell of a
marksman.

CAMPER
Always wondered what happened to
him.

TELLY
Once they phased out the male
guards, I guess some were more
valuable for the blasters between
their legs than the ones on their
hips.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The Deaconess escorts the young men across the courtyard and
into the side door of the Temple.

EXT. BASTION - CONTINUOUS

TELLY
I wonder what it's like.

CAMPER
What?

TELLY

You know-- the Acceptors. Doing what they do.

CAMPER

Being asked to directly serve The Evocator? It's a privilege.

Telly gives Camper a raised brow.

TELLY

You are such a company girl, Camp.

Camper goes back to her macros.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The Gatekeeper moves in again to the opened gate.

This time, four YOUNG FEMALES in white robes saunter through.

EXT. BASTION - CONTINUOUS

CAMPER

Here come some more.

TELLY

First the soup, now the salad.

Telly moves past her and starts down the allure.

CAMPER

Where are you going?

TELLY

I'm gonna sneak a peek.

CAMPER

What? You can't leave, Telly.
You're on duty.

TELLY

C'mon... You've got this. Besides,
I won't be long.

CAMPER

If you get caught, you'll face
court-martial or worse.

TELLY

(grinning)
I don't get caught.

Telly shuffles around a corner while softly counting her steps-

TELLY (CONT'D)
Four, five, six...

Alone again, Camper zooms in with her macros to watch the robed young women below being scanned.

EXT. COURTYARD - MORNING

Camper is among ELEVEN MATRONS assembled, all wearing gray sweatshirts and athletic pants.

Medicine balls, heavy bags and other exercise equipment dot the grounds.

The women stand at attention in two rows. They face a flagpole in the middle of the yard where LOGAN SPARKS, 14, pulls a chain to raise the Temple's colors.

Overseeing the group is SERGEANT LARUE, 60, a gray-haired woman with bushy eyebrows, a hint of a mustache, and a whistle on a chain around her neck.

All salute the flag as it inches skyward. The dark purple banner features a gold circle and vertical stripe in its center.

At its peak, young Logan releases the chain, takes a step back and salutes.

LOGAN
Allegiance to The Evocator.

ALL IN UNISON
Allegiance to The Evocator.

Sergeant Larue blows her WHISTLE.

SERGEANT LARUE
Get to work, you clotpoles!

EXT. COURTYARD - LATER

The Matrons train at different stations-- some toss medicine balls, others jump rope.

Camper holds a heavy bag for her partner, ROMAN TEEKS, 20s, a gritty woman with short blonde hair. Both have worked up a sweat.

Roman strikes the bag with ferocious punches and kicks.

Camper's not focused. She loses grip of the bag.

ROMAN
C'mon, Camp. Hold it still.

CAMPER
Sorry, Roman.

ROMAN
Where's your head today?

CAMPER
Telly's a no-show again. Just
wondering where she could be.

ROMAN
Wasn't my turn to watch her. Did
you try her com?

CAMPER
No answer.

From across the yard-

SERGEANT LARUE
Cut the chatter, you two canker-
blossoms!

ROMAN
(quietly)
What did she call us?

CAMPER
No clue.
(then)
Sorry, Sergeant Larue!

Roman gets a few more punches in.

The sergeant again hits her WHISTLE.

SERGEANT LARUE
Time for some one-on-one. Athena,
Roman, you're up.

Roman flashes Camper an eyebrow wiggle.

ROMAN
This should be fun.

Sergeant Larue approaches Roman and hands her a pair of padded gloves.

Larue walks another pair to ATHENA MILLS, 18, a tan, fit woman with a dark crewcut.

The sparring partners slip on their gloves as the meet in the center of the yard.

Camper and the other Matrons form a large circle around them.

Sergeant Larue steps into the circle to go over the rules-

SERGEANT LARUE
You know the drill, ladies. No biting, no hair-pulling, no kicks to the cooch. You got it?

Roman and Athena nod while loosening up and staring each other down.

SERGEANT LARUE (CONT'D)
Good. I'm giving you three minutes.
First one to submit is out and owes me fifty laps around the yard.
(beat)
Ready?

Again, nods from both.

Sergeant Larue steps back and blows her WHISTLE.

The two fighters slowly dance around each other as the spectating Matrons CHEER them on.

ROMAN
Alright, Athena. Whatchu got?

Roman throws a SOLFT RIGHT across Athena's cheek.

No reaction from Athena. No change to her hard stare.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
You like that? How 'bout this?

Another GLANCING BLOW from Roman's left hand.

More HOOTS and HOLLERS from the other Matrons.

Roman lets her guard down for a moment to smile at Camper.

Athena seizes the opening with a SHARP PUNCH to Roman's chin.

Roman stumbles back, surprised.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Thatta girl. I knew you had it in
ya.

Roman rushes up, more determined.

There is an even exchange of HARDER AND HARDER BLOWS to each other's face and stomach.

CHEERS around them grow stronger.

A STRAIGHT RIGHT from Athena lands on Roman's nose.

Camper winces at the sight.

Stunned, Roman wobbles backwards and wipes her face with her glove.

There's blood.

More angry now, Roman dives into Athena with a bear hug.

Athena quickly swings her legs and body around Roman, lands behind her, and applies a headlock.

Roman grits her teeth over Athena's forearm digging into her neck.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
(struggling)
Had... enough... yet?

ATHENA
Not this time. I've got my eye on
you, Roman. You best be careful.

ROMAN
Duly... noted.

In a flash, Roman delivers a HEADBUTT to Athena's chin, SPINS away from her hold, and SWEEPS her legs.

With a guiding left hand around the throat, Roman SLAMS Athena's back to the ground.

The spectators OOOH and AHH.

From a knee, Roman cocks her right fist high threatening a final blow.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Submit.

ATHENA
(gasping)
You better... watch... your back.

Roman tightens her grip around Athena's neck.

ROMAN
Submit!

Athena starts to lose consciousness, then manages to slap the ground twice with her right hand.

Sergeant Larue's WHISTLE BLOWS.

Roman releases Athena, stands, and walks towards a stunned Camper.

CAMPER
What was *that* all about?

ROMAN
Beats me. She probably just needs to get laid.

Two other Matrons help Athena to her feet.

Sergeant Larue steps forward.

SERGEANT LARUE
Good show, Roman.
(beat)
Athena, you owe me laps. The rest of you, clean up for duty or get to bed.

INT. CAMPER'S APARTMENT - DAY

A small lighted wall panel switches from RED to GREEN, and the apartment door opens.

Camper steps inside and flips on a light.

The monitor on the adjacent wall flickers to life. With SOFT ORGAN MUSIC coming from its speakers, the screen displays a bright green background with white letters that read:

SHIFT 3 CALL TO PRAYER

Camper grabs a towel from the counter and wipes her face of sweat.

The tidy apartment features a kitchenette, a small table with two chairs, and a futon couch with its bed pulled out and made to military standards.

The wall monitor transitions to show the Deaconess, who begins her sermon over the soft music-

DEACONESS (ON MONITOR)
The Evocator welcomes you home. The Evocator, the Exalted One, thanks you for your service.

Camper opens a cabinet and pulls out a bowl and box of cereal.

From a small refrigerator, she removes a container of milk, pops its lid and gives it a whiff.

DEACONESS (ON MONITOR) (CONT'D)
Blessed are you, the Matrons, who protect The Evocator. Blessed are you, the Matrons, who protect the Temple at New Saint Louis. Blessed are you, the Matrons, who protect the New Americas from the violent nonbelievers.

Camper sits down at the table with her bowl.

She lazily chews a bite while staring out into her small abode.

DEACONESS (ON MONITOR) (CONT'D)
Let us pray.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Camper wears her nightshirt as she methodically brushes her teeth over a tiny sink.

The Deaconess' broadcast can be heard coming from the main room as Camper's torso is again scanned by a RIBBON OF BLUE LIGHT.

DEACONESS (V.O.)
Praise be to The Evocator for ending the Fourth War. Praise be to The Evocator for negotiating peace between the continents. The Evocator's influence has no boundaries. The Evocator's love for you is true.

The digital readout on the mirror shows Camper's vitals to be normal.

INT. CAMPER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Camper pulls back the sheets on her bed and crawls in.

DEACONESS (ON MONITOR)
May your tomorrow be fruitful. May
your tomorrow be filled with grace.

Camper rubs her eyes, then speaks into her wrist
communicator-

CAMPER
Set alarm for fifteen hundred.

Her wristband responds with an affirmative CHIRP.

DEACONESS (ON MONITOR)
Rest now, blessed Matron, knowing
The Evocator is in complete
control.

The monitor fades to black.

Camper closes her eyes.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

Dozens of CITIZENS mill about the area. They are dressed in tattered coats and pants. GEORGE CARTEAUX, a local revolutionary, stands on a dry fountain pedestal flanked by two large male RECRUITS to the cause. He is a muscular, mustached man in his 40s.

Carteaux speaks to a handful of locals-

CARTEAUX
We've gained small victories
against their fuel stations, supply
caravans and taxation centers. With
your help, we could take our fight
to the Temple itself

The people CHEER.

CARTEAUX (CONT'D)
Together, we can bring justice to
The Evocator and deliver Saint
Louis back to its people.

More CHEERS from the small audience.

Over the fading applause, the sound of a MOTOR ENGINE approaches. All eyes turn to the appearance of a large black van pulling up and stopping near the fountain.

Out from its passenger door steps LIEUTENANT LISETTE, a tall, imposing woman in her 20s. Her short red hair is in stark contrast to her black fatigues.

Lisette slowly walks up to the gathering.

CARTEAUX (CONT'D)
Hello to our sister-in-arms. Have you come to join the right side of history?

A few laughs come from the onlookers.

LISETTE
I'm looking for George Carteaux, a citizen of this block. Do you know him, good sir?

Carteaux glances at his two partners with a smile.

CARTEAUX
I believe I do. He's about this tall...

Carteaux uses a hand to gesture his same height.

CARTEAUX (CONT'D)
He sports a striking mustache, and he's handsome as all get out.

More laughter from his audience.

Lisette isn't amused.

CARTEAUX (CONT'D)
I'm only kidding, my new beautiful friend. I am George Carteaux. How may I be of service?

LISETTE
George Carteaux, I am entrusted by the Temple of New Saint Louis to place you under arrest.

CARTEAUX
Is that so? On what charges?

LISETTE

Domestic terrorism, stemming from
the October tenth attack on the
Wellston District.

CARTEAUX

A revolution isn't decided with a
game of cards, girl, but I
certainly wouldn't call that event
an act of terrorism.

LISETTE

Your actions that night caused the
deaths of two of my Matron sisters,
Carteaux.

CARTEAUX

That is a lie. That grain facility
was vacant. I made sure of that
personally.

LISETTE

You can argue your case in front of
the Temple Counsel. I may only be a
simple officer of The Evocator, but
what you did is the very definition
of terrorism. Any loyal citizen
would agree.

CARTEAUX

Then you better be prepared to
arrest us all, for I was not alone
that night.

LISETTE

My arrest order is for you only,
Carteaux. Give yourself up
peacefully.

CARTEAUX

We don't recognize the authority of
The Evocator out here, or any of
his minions.

LISETTE

I'm going to count of five.

CARTEAUX

Oh yeah? Then what?

LISETTE

One...

CARTEAUX
I suggest you leave before
something happens to that pretty
face of yours.

LISETTE
Two... Three...

The people around the fountain begin to move away.

CARTEAUX
You're vastly outnumbered here,
girl.

LISETTE
Four...

Carteaux defiantly flips her the bird.

LISETTE (CONT'D)
Five.

Lisette reaches behind her back, pulls out a hidden blaster from her waistband, takes aim and FIRES into Carteaux's forehead.

He falls into the dry fountain. The other two revolutionaries dive off the pedestal and hit the ground flat. The small crowd around them stand frozen in shock.

LISETTE (CONT'D)
A confessed terrorist has been lawfully executed for failing to comply with an arrest order. The rest of you loyal citizens should stay well away from his type.

EXT. BASTION - DUSK

Camper stands guard in her coat and hat. She gazes up to see dozens of tiny objects crisscrossing the dark blue sky-- a pattern of airships moving to and from unknown destinations.

Her wrist communicator sounds an ALERT. She checks it, then darts along the allure towards the front of the Temple.

EXT. OUTER ALLURE - CONTINUOUS

Camper rushes up to Roman who's peering over the edge of the Temple wall. Roman's pistol is drawn.

Camper follows suit by unstrapping hers.

CAMPER
What's going on?

ROMAN
Nonbelievers at it again. Coterie
maggots.

Camper looks down to see a group of PROTESTORS lined up thirty feet below at the edge of the grounds outside the main gate.

The Temple property is bright green with synthetic grass. Beyond are dirty gray streets and the rusty framework of the surrounding city structures.

The protesters vary in sex and age. Some are holding hand-painted signs that read: "THE EVOCATOR IS NO GOD" and "FALSE PROPHET."

CAMPER
At least I don't see any arms.

ROMAN
They don't usually carry until well after dark.

CAMPER
What are the orders, Roman?

ROMAN
We hold. This is a small group. The good citizens usually police their own.

As if on cue, other RESIDENTS begin to show up behind the protesters. First a pair of men, then four more males and females. They start SHOUTING down the protesters.

One man rushes up to the group swinging a metal fence post. He strikes one of the protesters, who falls to the ground. The rest scatter and are chased by the other residents.

Camper and Roman casually watch as the attacker violently kicks and beats the fallen protester with the post.

Roman shouts down to the attacker-

ROMAN (CONT'D)
That's enough! Go on! Get that scum away from here!

The attacker drops the post and drags the unconscious victim away.

CAMPER
That poor soul.

ROMAN
Those pariah have no souls, sister.
Between them and the native savages
out there, it's a wonder how we can
keep any peace at all.

CAMPER
The Evocator loves and welcomes
all. Why do they resist to the
point of death?

ROMAN
The Coterie only worship death.

EXT. BASTION - NIGHT

Camper is alone back at her post.

Something catches her eye down on the courtyard.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The Gatekeeper walks up to unlock and swing open the gate.

CONNOR SHAW, 20s, steps in wearing the same white robe. This time, he is by himself and carrying a basket of fruit.

EXT. BASTION - CONTINUOUS

With her macros up to her eyes, Camper perks up at the sight of Connor and shows a smile.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The Gatekeeper holds up her device to scan Connor's face, then pulls out a separate scanning wand to inspect the basket.

EXT. BASTION - CONTINUOUS

Telly rushes up to her preoccupied friend-

TELLY
Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. I
know, I know, I'm late. You don't
have to--

CAMPER

Shh!

Telly follows Camper's gaze down to Connor and the Gatekeeper.

TELLY

Wow. He's back again.

CAMPER

Second night in a row.

TELLY

And alone this time.

CAMPER

He must have really impressed The Evocator.

TELLY

Impressed is too small a word, sister.

Camper lowers her macros and gives Telly a shove.

CAMPER

You never came back last night, and you missed training. It must've been quite a show.

TELLY

Oh, it was.

CAMPER

I don't want to hear it.

(beat)

No, tell me everything. No don't.

Okay, tell me a little.

Telly giggles.

TELLY

Let's just say Connor was the life of the party.

CAMPER

Oh yeah?

TELLY

Mmm hmm. He hit every target. The Evocator, the females... the other males.

Camper throws her hand up to her own mouth to muffle a SHRIEK.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Reacting to the shriek, the Gatekeeper and Connor both look up to the dark bastion to see two shadowy figures standing still and silent.

EXT. BASTION - CONTINUOUS

Camper and Telly remain motionless with their backs firmly against the bastion wall.

Down below, Connor is led away by the Deaconess, who again escorts him through the side door.

Camper and Telly loosen up with their exit.

TELLY

You wanna go take a look?

CAMPER

You're not leaving me again.

TELLY

I'll stay. It's your turn.

CAMPER

There's no way, Telly.

TELLY

Sure there is. Go on. I've got you covered.

CAMPER

How? Where would I even go?

TELLY

Take the rafters. There's a hole in a ceiling tile over the south end of the room.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Camper moves slowly and quietly up the dimly lit corridor. She pauses for a moment, then darts into a utility room.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Camper activates a penlight from her pocket and checks her surroundings. The small room is lined with mops, brooms and rakes. Shelves store various bottles and boxes. In the far corner, a ladder reaches up into a passage through the ceiling.

INT. RAFTERS - CONTINUOUS

On her knees, Camper inches across the steel rafters. Ahead, she sees a TINY LIGHT coming up from below. The muted sound of ORGAN MUSIC grows louder as she moves forward.

Camper reaches the source of the light and music. She shuts her eyes and mumbles a silent prayer, then peers down into the small hole.

She sees movement-- a form moves left, another moves right, but there is no clear definition.

Suddenly from the room comes the sound of GLASS BREAKING, followed by a loud MALE SCREAM and other MUFFLED SHOUTING.

Camper pulls her eye away from the hole and scampers back on her knees down the rafters from where she came.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Camper jumps down from the ceiling and hits the floor hard.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Camper dashes out of the utility room and nearly runs into Telly.

TELLY
What was that?

CAMPER
I don't know, but follow me.

Camper and Telly rush down the corridor with their sidearms drawn.

INT. SEPARATE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Camper and Telly turn a corner to find Connor and the Deaconess walking towards them.

Conner has a bruised eye, busted lip, and one arm of his white robe is red with blood.

CAMPER
What happened here?

DEACONESS
Put away your weapons. The matter is under control.

Camper and Telly comply by holstering their blasters.

TELLY
This Acceptor needs medical attention, Deaconess.

DEACONESS
That has been arranged, Sister Fisher. You and Sister Dumont may return to your posts.

CAMPER
What of The Evocator?

DEACONESS
The Evocator is unharmed and of no concern to you. Again, go back to your post.

Connor lets out a soft moan.

CAMPER
He's losing blood.

DEACONESS
(forcefully)
This Acceptor will be tended to. Now be on your way, Matrons. That is an order.

TELLY
Yes, Deaconess. Of course.

Telly grabs Camper's arm and leads her back down the corridor.

Camper turns to see the Deaconess and Connor still standing there, as if waiting for them to completely exit the Temple.

TELLY (CONT'D)
C'mon, Camp. He'll be alright.

The pair continue on their way.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

A spacious classroom with rock walls and a mix of antiquities and new tech.

CHAPLAIN ROWE, 40s, taps at a handheld data pad while standing in front of her class. She is dressed in a long gray robe. Her dark hair is pulled tight into a bun.

Behind her, on a large white display screen that fills the wall, the day's lesson appears as she types:

ONE WORLD NATIONS

Camper sits at a small desk in the back of the room. There are ten other female students at desks. All are dressed in gray jumpers.

Camper looks to an empty desk to her left.

CHAPLAIN ROWE
Who can tell me when and where One
World Nations was chartered?

Hands go up.

CHAPLAIN ROWE (CONT'D)
Matron Lacombe.

A dark-skinned student, 16, answers proudly from her seat-

LACOMBE
Twenty ninety-four, in what was
then the United States of America,
Washington D-C.

CHAPLAIN ROWE
And who makes up One World Nations
today?

LACOMBE
New Africa, New Europe, New China
and, of course, the New Americas.

Telly slides into the vacant desk next to Camper.

CAMPER
(whispering to Telly)
Nature call again?

TELLY
(softly)
What can I say?

Chaplain Rowe turns her attention to the late arrival-

CHAPLAIN ROWE
Fifth time this semester, Matron
Fisher.

TELLY
My apologies, Chaplain Rowe, to you
and the class.

The lesson continues-

CHAPLAIN ROWE
Now, today we will be covering the
more recent governmental policy
shifts pertaining to the New
Americas, which originated from our
Temple here in New Saint Louis.

TELLY
(under her breath)
She means the male purge.

Chaplain Rowe again looks to Telly.

CHAPLAIN ROWE
Do you have a comment to share with
the whole class, Matron Fisher?

TELLY
No, Chaplain Rowe.

CHAPLAIN ROWE
It's quite alright. Please tell us
your thoughts on the Societal
Restructuring Act.

TELLY
I think it stinks.

Camper's head drops.

A few other students SNICKER.

CHAPLAIN ROWE
You dare question the authority and
decisions made by The Evocator?

TELLY
Of course not, Chaplain Rowe.

The chaplain walks up to Telly's seat.

CHAPLAIN ROWE

Do you not remember the grave state
of our population prior to the S-R-
A?

(beat)

It was not that long ago when our
people were killing each other for
scraps of food and fresh water.

Behind the chaplain, a MONTAGE OF IMAGES showing breadlines,
riots and malnourished children appears on the large display
screen.

CHAPLAIN ROWE (CONT'D)

(to the class)

Regulations were needed to control
the population explosion around us
and bring order to our lands. The
Evocator rightfully decided
reproductive limitations were the
most humane remedy to this dire
situation.

(back to Telly)

The *male purge*, as you put it, was
deemed a necessary component of the
Act to remove the more aggressive
distractions from our ranks.

Chaplain Rowe swipes at her data pad.

As she continues the lecture, the large screen displays a new
MONTAGE of smiling Temple nurses, happy pregnant patients
laying in hospital beds, and a nursery filled with bundled
babies.

CHAPLAIN ROWE (CONT'D)

(to the class)

Only strictly authorized
pregnancies enable our society to
better feed, house and care for our
populations. In essence, these
limitations were, and still are,
the key to our survival.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

CAMPER

You're such a horn-dog.

Camper and Telly sit on a bench outside the classroom as
fellow students shuffle past.

TELLY
I can't help it.

CAMPER
Well, help it.

Camper thumbs through a data pad while Telly makes time for a protein bar. She unwraps the bar and taps it to her chin three times before taking a bite.

CAMPER (CONT'D)
You're always late for class,
constantly late for duty...

TELLY
I'm an adult with natural urges.

CAMPER
Can't you take care of them before bed?

TELLY
I do. And when I awake. Then sometimes before class, after class, before work...

CAMPER
You're insatiable.

TELLY
When do you do it then?

CAMPER
I make better use of my alone-time.

TELLY
Who says I'm always alone?

CAMPER
Shut up.
(beat)
Who is it? Samantha?

TELLY
Gross.

CAMPER
Cora?

TELLY
Hell no.

Chaplain Rowe approaches and stands before Telly.

CHAPLAIN ROWE
You must do something about your
tardiness, Matron Fisher.

TELLY
Yes, Chaplain Rowe. I won't let it
happen again.

CHAPLAIN ROWE
That is good to hear.
(beat)
Are you still available before
supper to help me with that issue
I'm having in my quarters?

Camper gives Telly a look.

TELLY
Of course, Chaplain Rowe. I'll be
there.

CHAPLAIN ROWE
Good. I shall be expecting you.
(then, nodding to Camper)
Matron Dumont.

CAMPER
Chaplain Rowe.

The chaplain walks away.

Telly goes back to finishing her protein bar while Camper
stares her down.

CAMPER (CONT'D)
Shut -- up.

Telly chuckles.

TELLY
What?
CAMPER
You little bitch. Chaplain Rowe?

TELLY
Hey, don't knock her.

CAMPER
Until I try her? I can't believe
you.

TELLY

It's no biggie, Camp. Besides, the chaplain gave me some valuable information about our friend, Connor.

Camper peps up-

CAMPER

She did? How is he? What did she tell you?

TELLY

He's okay. Rowe said The Evocator just got a little rough with him after he refused to perform again.

CAMPER

A little rough? You saw him. He was bloodied.

TELLY

I know. He's fine now though. And, he's still here.

CAMPER

Here at the Temple? You mean he's still in the infirmary? Is he in jail?

TELLY

I don't know, but he's apparently scheduled to be part of some kind of exchange.

CAMPER

What do you mean exchange?

TELLY

Like a group exchange of Acceptors.

CAMPER

Is that even a thing?

TELLY

I've never heard of it, but I guess so.

Camper ponders the thought.

CAMPER

You need to find out more.

TELLY

I'll try, but Rowe seemed pretty nervous about the whole subject.

CAMPER

I'm still not cool with you and the chaplain though.

TELLY

You jealous?

CAMPER

She's a superior, Telly. She could get in a lot of trouble for forcing herself on a Matron.

TELLY

Who said anything about forcing? If anything, I'm in control.

CAMPER

How do ya figure?

Telly takes a final bite of her bar.

TELLY

(chewing)

I'm the pitcher, she's the catcher.

CAMPER

I did not need to know that.

INT. EVOCATOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The space is lit by candlelight. There is ORGAN MUSIC.

Only the back of a purple-hooded figure is visible, standing with arms stretched forward.

The figure makes rhythmic motions to and fro. Growing with each motion, there is a PAINFUL MALE MOAN.

In the background, the Deaconess stands attentively next to an ornate wooden chair. Seated there, a YOUNG WOMAN dressed in a white robe looks on with a cold, blank stare as the MOANS continue.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Chaplain Rowe stands outside a large wooden door and presses a button on the wall to its right.

The door UNLOCKS and opens to the Deaconess just inside its threshold.

CHAPLAIN ROWE
Good evening, Deaconess. I came as soon as I could. You said it was urgent?

The Deaconess turns to grant Rowe access to the darkened room.

Rowe briefly hesitates, then steps inside.

The heavy door closes and LOCKS.

INT. CAMPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Camper, in her nightshirt, lays in bed with her eyes wide open.

Her wrist communicator CHIMES. She glances at it, jumps out of bed and heads for her door.

Camper cracks open the door, and Telly, still in her gray jumper, rushes in from the hallway.

CAMPER
What are you doing here? It's still lights-out.

TELLY
I couldn't sleep either.

CAMPER
You coulda got caught.

TELLY
I don't get caught.

Camper moves to her table and takes a chair.

Telly follows, softly counting her steps-

TELLY (CONT'D)
One, two, three, four.

Telly taps the back of the other chair three times with two closed fingers, then sits.

CAMPER
So... did you find out anything more from Chaplain Rowe?

TELLY

Nope.

CAMPER

She wouldn't tell you?

TELLY

Didn't see her.

CAMPER

You didn't go?

TELLY

I did. She wasn't there. I was
stood up.

CAMPER

That stinks.

TELLY

The whole thing stinks. What kind
of operation are they running here?

CAMPER

Who?

TELLY

The upper ranks. The Deaconess, The
Evocator.

CAMPER

I don't like where you're going
with this.

TELLY

Think about it, Camp. Serving the
deviant needs of The Evocator is
one thing, but beating and selling
off groups of Acceptors to who
knows where is all kinds of wrong.
It's slavery.

CAMPER

You don't know if any of that's
happening.

TELLY

Well I've been questioning a lot
lately. Ever since Stori died.

Camper reaches across the table to hold Telly's hand.

CAMPER

I know you miss your sister. I do too. But she was very ill, Telly. Surely you don't think...

TELLY

Stori was pregnant.

Camper releases Telly's hand.

CAMPER

What? That's impossible.

TELLY

It's true. She told me. Stori was pregnant and afraid.

CAMPER

That would've been...

TELLY

Right after the restrictions took effect.

CAMPER

You told me she was just sick.

TELLY

That's just what they wanted everyone to think. I was the only one she told, and that next morning she was taken away to the infirmary.

CAMPER

Telly, I'm so sorry. Who was the father?

TELLY

Never said. She was too scared to trust anyone with a name. Even her little sister.

CAMPER

I don't know what to say.

TELLY

You can start by saying it's evil and wrong.

CAMPER

It's heartbreaking, Telly, I know, but how is it related to Connor's situation?

TELLY
The purge, the population control--
it's all tied together.

CAMPER
It's the law. There's nothing we
can do about it.

Telly takes in a deep breath.

TELLY
(carefully)
I've got some friends on the
outside.

CAMPER
What kind of friends?

TELLY
More like acquaintances really.
They're part of a movement.

CAMPER
What are you saying?

TELLY
The Coterie.

CAMPER
(sternly)
The Cotes? Those rebels are
dangerous, Telly. Don't tell me
you're mixed up with *them*.

TELLY
I'm not. Just talking. They're the
ones who told me about Stori's
fate. She was killed, Camper.
Executed for an unauthorized
pregnancy.

Camper stands and wipes both hands down her face.

CAMPER
You better go, Telly. The Coterie
are cowards and liars.

TELLY
They just want to help, Camp.
They're fighting to bring some
sanity back to this world.

CAMPER

I'm going to forget about this conversation. You better do the same.

TELLY

Or what?

CAMPER

Just forget about it, Telly, and stay away from the Cotes.

TELLY

What about Connor?

CAMPER

If Connor disobeyed or disappointed The Evocator, his fate will be just.

Camper walks to her door and opens it.

Telly taps the table three times with two closed fingers, then slowly rises to her feet.

She moves past Camper to exit.

TELLY

You are such a company girl, Camper. It's just too bad you don't see how rotten this company has become.

Camper closes the door behind Telly, then leans against it in silent contemplation.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Camper, dressed in her gray jumper, stares down through a glass window at three metal serving trays holding food-paste in varying shades of brown.

The temple cook, ELOISE, stands behind the trays. The silver-haired woman in her 70s wears a white apron over her gray fatigues. She smiles through the glass at Camper.

CAMPER

Any fresh fruit back there today, Eloise?

Eloise jokingly glances underneath her counter.

ELOISE
I'm afraid someone took the last
orange a few years ago, dear.

CAMPER
The middle one today then, I guess.

Eloise produces a ladle and dips it into Camper's selection.

ELOISE
A fine choice, Camper. Very few
complaints with this one.

CAMPER
Any sign of Telly today?

Eloise plops a scoop of the brown paste onto a small plate
and passes it over the glass to Camper.

ELOISE
I haven't seen her. Not unusual for
her to skip a meal or two though.

Camper accepts the plate.

CAMPER
Yeah. Thank you, Eloise.

INT. MESS HALL - LATER

Camper sits alone at a long table in an otherwise empty
cafeteria. She spoons the last bit of brown paste from her
plate and lifts it into her mouth.

EXT. COURTYARD - MORNING

A fog creeps across the quiet yard.

Lieutenant Lisette wheels a long cart towards the main gate.

The Gatekeeper waits there. She releases the large bolt lock,
then opens the gate.

EXT. TEMPLE GATE - CONTINUOUS

A black transport van is parked just outside. Two female
DRIVERS, 20S, in black fatigues, step out of the vehicle and
race back to its rear.

The drivers take control of the cart from Lieutenant Lisette, collapse its legs, and push the cart into the van's open tailgate.

The action momentarily causes the cart's metal cover to slide open, revealing its contents-- a pale and lifeless Chaplain Rowe.

One of the drivers hastily slides the cart's cover back in place as Lisette turns and walks back through the gate and into the courtyard.

The drivers secure the tailgate, rush back to their seats, and drive away.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Camper settles into her desk as the other students find their seats.

Camper looks dolefully to Telly's vacant desk by her side.

CHAPLAIN YORK, 80s, slowly walks in wearing the standard long gray robe and clutching a data pad.

The heavily wrinkled woman turns to face the students from the front of the hall. Her voice is seasoned and stern-

CHAPLAIN YORK

Good day, Matrons. In case we've never met, or for those who have blocked me from your hippocampus, my name is Chaplain York. I have been called back to lead you through the rest of your semester.

Camper slouches a bit in her chair. Her face shows a hint of concern.

The rest of the class responds to the Chaplain in unison-

CLASS

Good day, Chaplain York.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Camper sits by herself on the bench outside the classroom, sluggishly thumbing her data pad.

Her wristband CHIMES.

She takes a quick look at it, then darts from the bench and dashes up the hallway.

INT. DORMATORY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Camper runs to a door marked with Telly's name:
T. FISHER

She presses a button next to the door.

A moment later, the door unlocks and opens to Telly standing inside.

Telly pops her head out to look up and down the hallway, then-

TELLY
Get in.

INT. TELLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is a carbon copy of Camper's, except for Telly's unkept bed.

Camper sits across from Telly at her table.

CAMPER
What do you mean she's dead?

TELLY
Chaplain Rowe is gone. They killed her.

CAMPER
Who did?

TELLY
One of the Temple drivers is part of the resistance. They were ordered by Lieutenant Lisette to dispose of her body.

CAMPER
(angrily)
Again with the Cotes? What is wrong with you?

TELLY
This is serious, Camp.

CAMPER
Why would they kill her?

TELLY

Probably for talking to me.

CAMPER

That's crazy.

TELLY

Is it? They have eyes everywhere.
The Evocator's become too powerful.
Too dangerous.

CAMPER

You're speaking like a nonbeliever.
It's blasphemous.

TELLY

There's more.

CAMPER

What?

TELLY

Connor is one of about a hundred
Acceptors scheduled to be traded
off.

CAMPER

A hundred? There aren't that many
of them.

TELLY

Not from just this Temple, Camp.
From all over. Fifteen operate in
our region alone.

CAMPER

That doesn't make sense.

TELLY

It's a slave trade. They're
estimating thousands may be traded
off from all around the New
Americas.

CAMPER

To whom? For what purpose?

TELLY

I don't know yet, but we're going
to find out.

CAMPER

Who's we?

TELLY

I want you to come with me.

CAMPER

To see the Coterie? No way. It's against the law to affiliate with any of them.

TELLY

Screw the law. This is about doing what's right.

Camper ponders in silence for a bit, then-

CAMPER

Where do you even meet up with them?

TELLY

The Cotes have an agent within our ranks.

CAMPER

A spy? One of the Matrons?

TELLY

She's been taking me to their hideout.

CAMPER

You could get killed out there. Where is their base even located?

TELLY

I don't really know. It's very covert. Bag over the head, lead through the dark of night. It's actually kind of kinky.

CAMPER

Who's the spy?

TELLY

I can't tell you.

Camper scoffs.

CAMPER

You're kidding, right?

TELLY

Don't worry. I'll talk to her. She'll have to know that you're on board though.

Camper stands up from her chair and paces around the table.

CAMPER
You're in over your head, Telly.

TELLY
I'm in because of my sister. We should be in together because of Connor.

Camper struggles in silence for a bit, then-

CAMPER
When can I meet your contact?

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Telly leads Camper down the vacant corridor.

CAMPER
I don't like this.

TELLY
You worry too much. We've got two more nights on leave. We'll be back in plenty of time for the next rotation.

They turn a corner.

CAMPER
Where are we supposed to meet her?

ROMAN (O.S.)
You're here.

Telly and Camper stop in their tracks.

Just ahead of them, Roman steps forward from the shadows.

CAMPER
Matron Teeks. Telly and I were just, uh...

TELLY
Calm down, Camper. Roman is our contact.

CAMPER
(to Roman)
You're the spy?

ROMAN
I'm with the resistance, yes. Now
c'mon. We've got a hike ahead of
us.

Roman produces two black cloth sacks and moves to put one over Camper's head.

Camper ducks away.

TELLY
It's okay, Camp. I told you...
(grinning)
This is the kinky part.

Camper reluctantly moves back to face Roman.

Roman applies the sacks, first to Camper then to Telly.

EXT. TEMPLE WALL - NIGHT

Roman exits a small door and checks her surroundings.

She pulls Camper and Telly out, then all three hold hands as they quietly move alongside the outer wall.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Roman leads Camper and Telly across the Temple grounds.

They cross a debris-filled street and disappear into an alley.

They cut through a vacant lot where two HOODED FIGURES with blaster rifles pick up their tail.

All five march through a muddy field, up a hill, and approach a large stainless steel structure.

The group steps down a wide set of stairs to the base of the compound.

END MONTAGE

INT. COTERIE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Roman removes the black hoods from Camper and Telly. Both are seated on metal folding chairs in a large lantern-lit room.

It's walls stripped bare, this was a lobby of some kind in its past life.

Armed with rifles, two male COTERIE GUARDS stand against a plywood-lined wall with a steel door between them.

CAMPER
Where are we?

ROMAN
You're safe.

CAMPER
What happens now?

ROMAN
We wait for Artus.

CAMPER
Artus?

TELLY
Leader of the Coterie.

CAMPER
I would've never guessed you were one of *them*, Roman. You watched with me as one of your Cotes was nearly killed just outside the wall.

ROMAN
That was unfortunate, true, but those protestors weren't any of ours. We're a bit more organized. You'll see.

The steel door slides open, and in walks ARTUS MOLAY, 35, wearing a black trench coat and military cap. He is tall and lean, with a dapper look.

Telly reacts to his entrance with a blushing smile. Camper looks unimpressed.

Artus walks past the pair, grabs a chair from against the wall, and seats himself before the Matrons.

ARTUS
Nice to see you again, Matron Fisher.

TELLY
Likewise.

ARTUS
And you must be Matron Dumont.

CAMPER
And you are?

ARTUS
My name is Artus Molay. It's a
pleasure to meet you.

Artus offers a hand to Camper. She tentatively accepts the handshake.

ARTUS (CONT'D)
You must have questions.

CAMPER
Lots.

ARTUS
Fire away.

CAMPER
Who the hell are you people?

TELLY
(snapping)
Camper.

ARTUS
It's fine, Telly, really.
(beat)
We are the Saint Louis Resistance.

CAMPER
The Cotes. I know that much. What
exactly can you do about our friend
though?

ARTUS
(looking to Roman)
Your friend?

ROMAN
An Acceptor they know is among the
group to be traded off to the
Chinese.

CAMPER
His name is Connor, and wait-- how
is New China involved?

ARTUS
You truly are in the dark about all
of this aren't you?

CAMPER
All of what?

ARTUS
That's a shame. I was hoping you'd
be able to help us.

Artus gets up to leave.

CAMPER
That's it?

Roman approaches with the black hoods in hand.

TELLY
Please, Commander, don't leave. We
can help you.

Camper's frustration grows.

CAMPER
They were supposed to help us. Who
does this guy think he is?

TELLY
Commander Molay is the son of
President Oswald Molay.

CAMPER
(to Artus' back)
Your father was the last president
of the New Americas?

Artus stops short of the door and turns back around to his
guests.

ARTUS
He was.

CAMPER
No wonder you fight.

TELLY
President Molay was pulled from the
Temple and slaughtered in the
streets when The Evocator took
reign.

ARTUS
My fight runs deeper than blood
ties. What the Evocators and their
ascendancy have done to this
continent-to this world-is
unpardonable.

Artus sits back down in front of the women.

ARTUS (CONT'D)
And now, with the escalating abuse,
murders and eminent slave trade,
they must be stopped.

CAMPER
The Evocators have armies across
the globe. What can your band of
Cotes do against them?

ARTUS
There are pockets of resistance
fighters like us worldwide, plus we
have friends on the inside. We need
to expose these frauds for what
they are-- fascist dictators
blinded by greed and power.

TELLY
What do you need us to do?

ARTUS
For starters, we need access to the
Temple's media center. If we can
override their broadcast network,
we could convince many others to
join us.

CAMPER
Interesting idea, but we don't even
know how or where those recordings
are produced.

TELLY
The Temple is big, but not *that*
big, Camp. We can find it.

CAMPER
And what about Connor? You're going
to set him free, aren't you?

ARTUS
You get us what we want, we'll get
you what you want.

CAMPER
You want to bargain for his life?

ARTUS
I barely know you, Matron Dumont.
That's how it has to be until I can
trust you.

Artus nods to Roman.

The black hoods go back on.

INT. CAMPER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Camper lays wide awake in her bed, dressed in uniform.

Her daily routine begins again: Her wristband glows ORANGE and BUZZES; the appliance on her counter HUMS to life; and the wall monitor SWITCHES ON to its bright green screen.

Camper hops out of bed and stands facing the screen.

She stares intently at the Deaconess as her greeting commences-

DEACONESS (ON MONITOR)
The Evocator welcomes you to a new
day. The Evocator is grateful for
your service.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Eloise wipes down her area while Camper and Telly sit at a table and strategize over their plates of gruel.

CAMPER
What about under the East Armory?

TELLY
Uh-uh. Nothing but emergency cots
and mattresses.

CAMPER
Your kind of place.

TELLY
Harsh, but fair.

Eloise approaches with a dish towel on her shoulder.

ELOISE
You two need anything else before I
lock down?

TELLY
Any fresh fruit back there today?

ELOISE
Not today, Telly. You keep dreamin'
though.

TELLY
We're good then.

Eloise starts to turn away.

CAMPER
Oh, Eloise? There may be something
you can help us with.

ELOISE
What's that, dear?

CAMPER
You've been here a while, right?

ELOISE
Here at the Temple?

CAMPER
Mmm hmm.

ELOISE
Going on thirty years, I think.
Lost count after the revolution.

CAMPER
So you know this place pretty well.

ELOISE
Le connaitre par coeur. Like the
back of my hand, Camper. Why?

CAMPER
Telly and I were just wondering
where all the videos are produced.

ELOISE
The what now?

TELLY
The messages and daily devotionals
from the Deaconess.

ELOISE
Oh, the T-V shows. Why, I haven't
seen those in years.

CAMPER
I thought everyone received those
videos.

ELOISE

Just between you and me, I have a pillowcase over that thing in my room.

(then, with a wink)
I think the speaker's busted too.

CAMPER

Still, do you know where the Deaconess makes those recordings?

ELOISE

Couldn't tell you for sure, but I have seen some electronic doodads delivered over the years to the sanctuary.

TELLY

Who accepts those deliveries?

ELOISE

The electricians do.

CAMPER

Of course.

TELLY

That makes sense.

ELOISE

Why the interest? You two looking for a transfer or something?

Telly and Camper briefly look at each other.

TELLY

They do that?

ELOISE

They used to. Not too often these days though. You'd need to speak to the Deaconess directly for that.

INT. DEACONESS' OFFICE - DAY

Telly sits nervously in the plush office. She paws at the arms of her black leather chair.

Before her, the Deaconess sits behind a large desk. She scrolls through data displayed on a large computer screen that makes up its entire surface.

DEACONESS
We don't just offer transfers,
Matron Fisher.

TELLY
I understand that, Deaconess. It's just that I believe I could better serve The Evocator elsewhere.

DEACONESS
Is that so? What do you have in mind?

TELLY
I'm very gifted with electronics and stuff. I figure my talents are better suited for something like, I don't know, maybe helping you with your videos.

The Deaconess scrolls through to another page of data.

DEACONESS
Your scores in math and communication suggest otherwise. Besides, you're much too old. Electronic media apprenticeships are delegated only to select Matrons at the age of fifteen.

Telly's eyes move up and down the Deaconess' face with curiosity.

DEACONESS (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

TELLY
Oh nothing. I'm just admiring your cheek bones. You're much more visually appealing in person, if you don't mind me saying.

DEACONESS
What do you mean?

TELLY
It's just that those videos don't do your facial features justice.

DEACONESS
Oh?

TELLY
It must be the lighting they use.

DEACONESS
The lighting?

TELLY
It's not very flattering. With some
adjustments, I bet I could knock
ten, maybe twenty years off the way
you look.

The Deaconess lifts a hand and gently fiddles with the hair
behind her ear.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

TELLY
I'm in.

Telly stands above Camper seated on the bench outside their
classroom.

She takes a seat next to her.

CAMPER
That didn't seem too hard.

TELLY
Luckily The Evocator hasn't
outlawed vanity yet.

CAMPER
Good. I'll let Roman know and
hopefully that'll get them moving
on Connor's rescue.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

An extended finger moves in to press a button on a wall.

Roman looks uneasy as she stands outside a large door.

The door opens.

ROMAN
Good day, Deaconess. You called for
me?

The Deaconess stands within the doorway.

DEACONESS
We need to have a little talk,
Matron Teeks.

The Deaconess moves aside to reveal a bruised and scowling Athena standing behind her.

Lieutenant Lisette also looms by Athena's side.

EXT. BASTION - DUSK

Camper stands at her post. With her macros up to her eyes, she searches the far wall.

She spies Athena arriving to Roman's usual spot.

Camper makes the long walk to her.

EXT. OUTER ALLURE - CONTINUOUS

CAMPER

Matron Mills. What are you doing up here?

ATHENA

Just got transferred. Actually, they called it a promotion.

CAMPER

Will you be working with Matron Teeks then?

ATHENA

Nope. I believe they said Roman was decommissioned.

CAMPER

What does that mean?

ATHENA

Beats me. Sounds kind of ominous though, right?

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

A video camera on a tripod points at an empty table and chair in front of a green wall.

The LIGHTS in the studio FADE UP AND DOWN, UP AND DOWN.

Through a glass wall to the control room, Telly can be seen seated at a mixing board, admiring her light show.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matron "SNIPE" BOUCHER, 18, stands over Telly.

SNIPE
You sure you know what you're
doing?

TELLY
No probs, Snipe. I got this.

SNIPE
The mixing board isn't a toy.

TELLY
What's this button do?

Telly reaches over and presses a green button on the board.

ORGAN MUSIC fills the studio.

SNIPE
That would be her music bed.

TELLY
Cool. And what does this do?

Telly moves a slider forward.

The music speeds up to a cartoonish tempo.

Telly grins wide and bounces to the beat.

SNIPE
Stop that.

Snipe pulls the slider back and shuts off the music.

TELLY
Awe, c'mon, Snipe. I'm just having
a little fun. You remember what
that is, don't you? Fun?

SNIPE
You can't be messing around once
The Deaconess gets here.

TELLY
When is she supposed to get here,
anyway?

A BUZZ sounds in the room

SNIPE

Now.

Snipe reaches over Telly to press another button on the console.

Through the glass wall, a light panel over the studio door switches from RED to GREEN.

The door opens and in walks the Deaconess carrying a leather-bound notebook.

Snipe presses and holds a different button on the mixing board.

SNIPE (CONT'D)

Good evening, Deaconess. We're ready when you are.

The Deaconess sits down at the table, opens her notebook and begins to study its contents.

DEACONESS (ON SPEAKER)

Is Matron Fisher with you back there?

Telly presses the com button.

TELLY

I'm here, Deaconess.

DEACONESS (ON SPEAKER)

Good. See me when we're through, okay? We need to talk.

Telly again hits the com button.

TELLY

Of course, Deaconess.

EXT. BASTION - CONTINUOUS

Camper rushes across the bastion, tapping at her wrist communicator.

CAMPER

(to herself)

C'mon, Telly... Where are you?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Telly's wristband flashes ORANGE. She's too preoccupied to notice.

Snipe directs her to another spot on the board, and Telly flips a switch.

Seen through the glass wall, a RED LIGHT atop the video camera turns on.

DEACONESS (ON SPEAKER)
The Evocator welcomes you to a new day. The Evocator is grateful for your service, and your loyalty is needed now more than ever.

The recording is underway.

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The Deaconess speaks directly into the camera-

DEACONESS (CONT'D)
Today we begin preparations that will lead to our final and decisive victory over the nonbelievers. All Matrons are to report to your commanding officers at oh-nine-hundred hours.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SNIPE
This is new.

Telly glances up at Snipe, then notices her glowing wristband.

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

DEACONESS
At that time, you will be briefed on our plans to take the fight directly to the Coterie, and bring an end to their violent uprising once and for all.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TELLY
Hey, Snipe. When is this video
supposed to run?

SNIPE
The Deaconess usually records her
messages to play the following day.

Telly jumps up from her seat and heads for the back door.

SNIPE (CONT'D)
Where do you think you're going?
The Deaconess asked that you wait
for her.

TELLY
Tell her something's come up.

Telly yanks open the door and exits.

DEACONESS (ON SPEAKER)
She ran, didn't she, Matron
Boucher?

SNIPE
She did, Deaconess. Just like you
predicted.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Telly jogs down the corridor with her wrist communicator up to her mouth.

TELLY
Camper, you there?

INT. SEPARATE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Camper, also on the move, answers into her wristband-

CAMPER
Where have you been? I've been
trying to reach you.

TELLY (ON COMMUNICATOR)
Just left the studio. Something
big's about the go down. Are you
with Roman?

CAMPER
(into her communicator)
She wasn't at her post.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Telly picks up her pace.

CAMPER (ON COMMUNICATOR) (CONT'D)
I think they got to her.

TELLY
(into her communicator)
Wouldn't surprise me.

CAMPER (ON COMMUNICATOR)
What do we do now?

TELLY
(into her communicator)
We gotta get to the Cotes. Meet me
at the utility exit.

INT. SEPARATE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Camper rushes around a corner.

INT. UTILITY EXIT - LATER

Telly paces back and forth.

Camper arrives out of breath.

CAMPER
I thought they caught you too.

TELLY
I don't get caught, remember?

CAMPER
What happened at the studio?

TELLY
I'll tell you on the way to the
Cotes' compound.

CAMPER
How do we find them without Roman
to lead us?

Telly taps her temple three times with two fingers, then-

TELLY
It's all up here.

EXT. TEMPLE WALL - NIGHT

The pair exits and sneaks along the wall as Telly softly counts her steps-

TELLY
Four, five, six...

CAMPER
(quietly)
I apologize for ever making fun of
your O-C-D.

EXT. COTERIE COMPOUND - DAWN

Camper and Telly crest a hill to reveal two large triangular-shaped structures made of stainless steel. One a bit taller than the other, the properties sit two hundred plus yards apart and have jagged roofs where the metal has long been ripped away.

This dilapidated compound is all that remains of the famed St. Louis Gateway Arch.

TELLY
C'mon. It's this one.

As Telly leads Camper down the steps towards what was the southern Arch leg, two Coterie guards approach.

INT. COTERIE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The compound's large steel door slides open. Camper and Telly are pushed through.

Inside, Artus leans over a data table, scrolling through a schematics display of what appears to be the Temple.

ARTUS
(without looking up)
How did you find us?

TELLY
I'm pretty good with my bearings.

CAMPER
We think Roman's been captured.

ARTUS
She's dead.

CAMPER
You know this for sure?

ARTUS
Yes. Tortured then killed.

TELLY
We've got more bad news.

ARTUS
The Evocator is planning an attack
on us. I know.

Artus looks up from the table to Telly.

ARTUS (CONT'D)
Do you have the access card to the
media room?

Telly retrieves the card from a pocket and tosses it to
Artus.

ARTUS (CONT'D)
Good. Follow me.

Artus walks to a set of doors on the other side of the room.

Camper and Telly follow.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The doors open to show a group of FREED ACCEPTORS being fed
and cared for by COTERIE SOLDIERS.

Camper and Telly looks upon the group with wide eyes, then-

CAMPER
Connor!

Camper rushes into the middle of the room to find Connor
being tended to on one of the auditorium chairs.

CONNOR
Camper? What are you doing here?

She gives him a hug.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Ouch, ouch. Be careful.

CAMPER
I'm so sorry. Are you okay?

TELLY
(to Artus)
When did you free them?

ARTUS
I had a team extract them last
night.

TELLY
We didn't hear a thing. Was there
much of a fight?

ARTUS
Not yet.

Camper sits down next to Connor and rocks him in her arms.

INT. COTERIE COMPOUND - LATER

Telly and Artus stand over his data table.

ARTUS
How many are we talking about?

TELLY
At least a hundred Matron soldiers
and another thirty in training.

ARTUS
We may a day or two. They won't
attack with the Chinese delegation
in town.

TELLY
They're here now?

ARTUS
Arriving today. The slave exchange
is scheduled to happen tomorrow.

CAMPER (O.S.)
They're going to be pissed to learn
the trade is off.

Camper and Connor have exited the auditorium and walk into
the room hand-in-hand.

TELLY
How you feeling, Connor?

CONNOR

I'm fine, thanks. You mentioned a slave exchange?

CAMPER

You and the others were going to be traded off to New China, but Artus stopped that from happening.

ARTUS

Oh, the exchange is still on. There are several hundred slaves still being held around the district.

CONNOR

We've got to do something. We have to free them all.

ARTUS

That's the plan. First things first though. We've got to record a new message for the Temple network.

CAMPER

Who's going to read it?

ARTUS

You are.

CAMPER

Why me?

ARTUS

It's best if the message comes from a fellow Matron.

CAMPER

Why not Telly then?

TELLY

I already told him no way. I'd screw it up. Besides, you've got a much cleaner rep.

ARTUS

It's got to be you, Camper. We have a camera and equipment prepared.

CONNOR

Does someone want to fill me in?

EXT. NEW SAINT LOUIS TEMPLE GATE - DAY

A black SUV pulls up outside the gate. Trailing behind, is a large black bus filled with FEMALE SLAVES of Chinese and Asian descent.

Both vehicles fly the flag of New China.

The Deaconess is there to welcome them.

Out of the back seat of the SUV step GAO PINGYANG, 25, and her mother HUANQI DE, 45-- the New China equivalent to The Evocator. Both wear matching bright yellow and floral outfits, reminiscent of the traditional Chinese Tang suit.

As her mother's personal guard, Gao also sports a holstered blaster.

DEACONESS

Welcome to the Temple of New Saint Louis. Madam Huanqi De, I presume?

Huanqi De bows.

HUANQI DE

You must be the Deaconess.

(then, gesturing to Gao)

This is my daughter and royal general, Gao Pingyang.

DEACONESS

The Evocator looks forward to meeting you both. We have much to discuss.

HUANQI DE

What of the news that some of your merchandise may no longer be available?

DEACONESS

A very small group of males did manage to escape. But no worries. Replacements are already being arranged. Our part of the bargain will be fulfilled.

HUANQI DE

I hope that is true. After all, we need your male stock. You need our females to fill your ranks. I hope bringing them here was worth our expense.

The Deaconess extends an arm towards the open gate.

DEACONESS
I assure you The Evocator is
prepared to make the exchange. Now,
please follow me inside.

The three make their way into the Temple courtyard.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The freed Acceptors lay sleeping on the floor.

Connor, wrapped in a blanket, sits up against a wall.

Camper approaches.

CAMPER
Can I get you any more food or
water?

CONNOR
No, I'm good. Thank you.

CAMPER
Still doing okay?

CONNOR
I am. How did the recording go?

Camper sits down next to him.

CAMPER
It took a few tries, but we'll see.
Artus sent a team out with it as
soon as I was done.

CONNOR
That guy doesn't waste any time.

CAMPER
With Telly's key to the studio, he
says it shouldn't be a problem
taking over the Temple's entire
broadcast network across the
continent.

CONNOR
You're going to be a star.

CAMPER

Hardly. I still think Telly
would've been a better choice.
She's much more photogenic.

CONNOR

I don't know about that, Camp. I'd
much prefer seeing your face
delivering the daily devotional.

CAMPER

Don't tease me.

CONNOR

I mean, compared to the Deaconess
and her frightening mug.

CAMPER

Hardy-har-har.

CONNOR

Just sayin'.

Camper leans into Connor.

CAMPER

Do you want to talk about it?

CONNOR

What, the rescue? Not much to tell.
Two Cotes carded into our chamber
and we snuck out as a group.

CAMPER

I mean before that-- your time as
an Acceptor.

Connor takes a moment to choose his words.

CONNOR

It was pretty horrible. I was
expecting to serve someone saintly.
Divine even. But The Evocator is
nothing like that at all. The
Temple is being ruled by pure,
deviant evil.

Camper grabs hold of his hand.

CAMPER

You're safe now.

CONNOR

How 'bout you? How'd you get
involved with the Cotes?

CAMPER

Someone had to save your skin.

Connor and Camper share a smile. He then rests his head on
her shoulder.

INT. COTERIE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Artus finishes speaking to a Coterie soldier as Telly hovers
over the data table.

Dismissed, the soldier exits through the main door.

TELLY

We can't just stay here. We're
sitting ducks.

ARTUS

Patience, Matron Fisher.

Artus sits back at his desk and taps at the screen.

TELLY

You can stop calling me that. I'm
never going back there.

ARTUS

We never thought you'd put up with
them as long as you did.

TELLY

What's that?

(beat)

How long have you been keeping tabs
on me?

Artus ignores the question.

ARTUS

Early start tomorrow. You should
get some rest. There are bunks set
up in the hall.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Camper and Connor share his blanket now.

They giggle while reminiscing about simpler times.

CONNOR
That look on Sergeant Larue's face
though.

CAMPER
All those explosions.

CONNOR
She must've jumped ten feet.

CAMPER
You nearly blew her mustache off.

CONNOR
Pretty sure I singed it at least.

CAMPER
You know, Telly was blamed for that
little stunt.

CONNOR
She wishes she came up with it.

CAMPER
When did you manage to sneak all
that Tannerite into our targets?

CONNOR
During the written exam. I finished
early, remember?

CAMPER
You were always smarter than the
rest of us.

CONNOR
A better shot too. Don't you forget
that.

CAMPER
Oh, you'd never let us.

The giggles end and smiles fade as the pair stare out into
the darkness of their current state.

CONNOR
I miss those days.

CAMPER
Yeah.

CONNOR
Missed you too.

Connor glances up, locking eyes with Camper.

There is fondness for each other. A longing.

CAMPER

What happened to us? I mean *all* of us. How'd we get in this mess?

CONNOR

We fell under their spell-- their promise of utopia. It was all a lie.

CAMPER

Where do we go from here?

CONNOR

We join the fight. We can't let them win, Camp. You know that now, right?

Camper snuggles closer to Connor.

She kisses the top of his head.

Connor raises his chin to offer his lips.

She accepts, and they passionately kiss.

Telly enters the auditorium and interrupts the moment.

TELLY

You two look comfy.

Camper and Connor release their embrace and adjust themselves.

CAMPER

Any news?

TELLY

Not sure what Artus is planning yet. Guess we'll learn more in the morning. You want to go find a cot with me?

CAMPER

I'll stay here with Connor, if that's okay.

TELLY

Okay by me. No messing around though. I'm thinking you'll both need your strength tomorrow.

Camper rolls her eyes.

CAMPER
Goodnight, Telly.

Telly turns to leave.

TELLY
Nighty night, lovebirds.

EXT. NEW SAINT LOUIS TEMPLE - NIGHT

The campus is brightly lit amid its dark surroundings.

INT. GRAND HALL - NIGHT

The large rock-walled room is lit by LED chandeliers and lanterns.

The New Chinese delegation sits on one side of a long wooden table facing an identical empty table on the opposite side of the room.

Gao and Huanqi De sit side-by-side and are flanked by two fierce-looking female ROYAL GUARDS of New China.

All are feasting on a variety of colorful fruits, vegetables and meats placed in decorative platters and bowls before them.

A young MALE SERVER in a white robe and sandals bobs around the guests with a copper pitcher to fill their wine goblets.

The Deaconess enters the room through its open arched doorway and stands aside to announce the Temple leadership-

DEACONESS
Our dear guests, I present to you
the Grand Matriarchal Counsel.

The five female members of the MATRIARCHAL COUNSEL, all middle-aged, file in. Dressed in dark red velvet robes with white collars, they line up behind chairs at the empty table facing the New Chinese guests.

DEACONESS (CONT'D)
It is now my honor and pleasure to introduce to you the Exalted One, the omnificent, the all-loving ruler of New Saint Louis-- The Evocator.

The Deaconess and Matriarchal Counsel all bow their heads as the former reaches her hand out toward the arched doorway.

Huanqi De and her Royal Guards look on with anticipation. Gao, impervious to the pageantry, takes a LOUD BITE of some crusty bread.

In walks a tall purple-hooded figure whose face hides behind the garment.

The Evocator seemingly floats past the two tables and steps onto a dais at the head of the great hall.

The mysterious individual turns, then pulls back the hood to reveal a pale, 60 year old female face with a head of very short, spiked, bright white hair.

The Evocator sits at her table facing the room.

The Matriarchal Counsel take their seats, while the Deaconess shuffles across the floor and onto the dais to stand at The Evocator's side.

EVOCATOR
I trust your journey was pleasant,
Empress Huanqi De.

Huanqi De cuts to the chase-

HUANQI DE
Have you lost any more of your
slaves, Evocator?

EVOCATOR
A minor setback. No worries though.
We still have a healthy supply of
males for you, empress.

HUANQI DE
For this initial bargain, no doubt.
Our concern lies with how future
negotiations may be impacted. After
all, the surge of rebellious
activity in this hemisphere--

EVOCATOR
The rebel bands are small and
easily managed. They pose no real
threat to our partnership.

HUANQI DE
Their influence is already reaching
across the sea and into my empire.
(MORE)

HUANQI DE (CONT'D)

Some in my party are beginning to question whether the New Americas are capable of holding onto their control of its citizenry.

EVOCATOR

My rule remains sound, empress. The rebels' days are numbered. They will soon be stomped out.

HUANQI DE

Ah, but dying embers can still start a fire.

EXT. COTERIE COMPOUND - DAWN

All quiet.

A heavy fog surrounds the stainless steel structures.

A dozen Coterie Soldiers are assembled outside the main doors.

Artus walks out with Telly en tow.

TELLY

Is this it?

ARTUS

Is what it?

TELLY

Your soldiers. Is this all we got?

ARTUS

We're not going to war today, Telly. It's just another extraction mission.

TELLY

This time's going to be different. New China is there.

ARTUS

We'll be okay. Besides, we've got you now. Plus some others.

Camper steps outside, followed by Connor and a dozen of the freed Acceptors, all armed and dressed for battle.

CAMPER

What's our orders?

TELLY
Are you all really up for this?

CONNOR
(motioning to the other
Acceptors)
These are. The rest will be with
time.

ARTUS
My team will take the lead. We've
confirmed our targets' location and
secured an access point. Telly and
Camper, we'll need your group to
stage just outside the Temple's
perimeter as support.

TELLY
In case things go tilted? Well, I
can tell you things are going to go
tilted.

CAMPER
They should be preoccupied with the
negotiations.

ARTUS
We'll take them by surprise. We get
in, we get out.

TELLY
And hopefully send them a message.

As soon as those words leave Telly's lips-

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP!

Three small blasts tightly trace the ground towards Telly.
The third strikes her in the chest, leaving a smoldering hole
in her vest.

Telly collapses into Camper's arms.

CAMPER
Telly, no!

Artus and Connor cover and pull them both behind the other
side of the compound wall. The rest of the soldiers and
Acceptors scatter with weapons drawn.

EXT. HIGH-RISE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

From the tenth floor of the dilapidated structure, Matron Snipe lowers her blaster rifle. Her face shows a combination of duty and regret.

Below, a large group of MATRON SOLDIERS flood out from a darkened alleyway and rush towards the hill to the Coterie compound in the distance.

EXT. COTERIE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Coterie soldiers and the newly enlisted Acceptors take defensive positions.

Camper, Connor and Artus huddle over and tend to Telly.

ARTUS
Hold on, Telly.

CAMPER
Don't you die on me.

Telly fights for air.

TELLY
Those bitches. They caught me good.

CONNOR
Shh. Save your strength.

Telly grabs Artus' arm.

TELLY
It was you, wasn't it?

CAMPER
What do you mean it was him?

TELLY
Stori... My sister... It was you.

Artus responds with a subtle nod.

TELLY (CONT'D)
(smiling)
I knew it.

Artus lets go of a tear.

TELLY (CONT'D)
She picked a winner.

CAMPER
We gotta get her some help.

A FIRE-FIGHT begins behind them.

Two Coterie victims fall.

TELLY
It's okay Camp. Let me go.

CAMPER
Never.

TELLY
You gotta go fight them.

CAMPER
I'm not leaving you.

TELLY
Just promise me this...

Telly reaches up and uses two fingers to tap three times on Camper's cheek.

TELLY (CONT'D)
Put an end to all this shit, will ya?

With sounds of GUNFIRE swelling in the background, Telly quietly passes away.

Camper leans in and sobs upon Telly's chest.

CONNOR
C'mon, Camper. She's gone.

Artus reaches in to close Telly's eyes.

He gives a quick, silent prayer, then rushes off to join the fight.

Connor pulls Camper off of her fallen friend.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Let's go, Camp. Now!

Camper rises, wipes her eyes and face, and POWERS UP her blaster rifle.

EXT. HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

The battle rages.

Matron soldiers are slowly advancing from positions behind burnt out vehicles, a vacant bus shelter and other large debris.

Laying belly-down atop the hill, Artus picks off a Matron with a SHOT from his rifle.

A Coterie soldier next to him gets hit and falls.

Artus trains his sights in the direction of that shot and FIRES.

Other Coterie and Acceptors are gunned down.

Camper and Telly plop down next to Artus and get off SHOTS of their own.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Two more Matrons fall while the others move forward.

One pulls a grenade from her belt clip and tosses it towards the hill. The resulting EXPLOSION throws four rebels into the air.

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A wall monitor switches on with a green screen.

A moment later, Camper appears on the display-

CAMPER (ON MONITOR)
Hello, my sisters. This is Camper Dumont, Matron Guard here at the Temple of New Saint Louis. I probably don't have much time, but I need you to hear this message.

From her bed across the room, young Logan pops up, hits the floor, and walks to the monitor for a closer look.

She stares wide-eyed into the screen with a look of disbelief.

INT. ELOISE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Camper's face is obscured by thin fabric draped over a wall monitor. The images have no sound.

Eloise sits at her table in a bathrobe and drinks from a mug. She's reading from a distressed copy of the Christian Bible.

Her eyes catch a portion of the blurry video through the cloth. She first dismisses the sight, then gives it a second look.

As if calling to her, Eloise gets up from her chair and pulls the pillow case down from the screen.

Seeing it's Camper, Eloise frantically reaches below the monitor to turn up its volume.

CAMPER (ON MONITOR)
The Evocator, the Deaconess, and the other Temple leaders are not who you think they are. They've brainwashed us into believing they are our protectors and the only keys to our salvation.

Eloise grins big at the screen.

INT. LISETTE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

CAMPER (ON MONITOR)
In truth, they are involved with the abuse, slavery, and possibly even the murder of our fellow sisters and others. I'm asking for your help. We must stand together against The Evocator and bring an end to her oppressive regime.

Lisette stares angrily at Camper's recording as she buttons up her black fatigues.

CAMPER (ON MONITOR) (CONT'D)
Please do what's right. Join the resistance. Join me, and God willing, we will be the light that drives out the darkness.

The video abruptly cuts off and is replaced with white letters on a black background:

FEED INTERRUPTED

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

More BLASTER FIRE, SMOKE and another EXPLOSION near the compound.

CAMPER
There's too many of them. We should retreat into the compound.

ARTUS
They'll just wait us out or burn us alive.

CONNOR
Watch out!

Over Camper's shoulder, a Matron soldier reaches their position and FIRES wide.

Connor BLASTS the attacker in the chest.

Unfazed, the three continue to SHOOT towards the approaching Matrons while more of their comrades are struck down.

Camper spots a familiar Matron, Athena, who has breached the hill some twenty yard away and is now struggling with a female Coterie soldier. Both have tight grips on the other's blaster as they fight to gain an advantage.

Athena sweeps the leg of her opponent, who loses hold of her blaster and falls.

As the aggressor stands over the soldier, preparing to fire a kill-shot-

CAMPER
Athena, stop!

Athena looks toward Camper and instantly recognizes her.

ATHENA
Traitor!

CAMPER
Don't do it!

Athena makes a move to take aim at Camper.

Camper is faster with her draw though and FIRES into her former comrade.

Athena drops lifeless onto the Coterie soldier who then kicks her off to get free.

Camper fights to suppress a look of shock and sadness, then quickly rejoins the larger battle.

There are more losses on each side--

Artus picks off a Matron rushing in from his left.

An Acceptor next to Connor is struck down.

Another grenade EXPLODES behind Camper, killing two more.

CONNOR
(pointing to the horizon)
Look there!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Another twenty armed Matrons run forward from an alley.

EXT. HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Artus shouts out to his surviving party-

ARTUS
Stay alert! More are coming!

The fresh Matron troops take positions near the hill and FIRE into the compound.

Another rebel falls.

CONNOR
We need to move.

The Matrons advance in mass to the foot of the hill.

EXT. HIGH-RISE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Two more Matrons with long rifles appear inside separate busted out windows next to Snipe high above the ground.

EXT. HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Artus spots the snipers.

ARTUS
Just stay low.

More BLASTS land near our heroes.

CAMPER
We're not going to make it.

Suddenly, a RAIN OF ARROWS shower down on the Matrons, killing or wounding most of them where they stand.

Camper, Connor and Artus, still low to the ground, turn their heads to the sound of REVVING MOTORCYCLE ENGINES behind them.

EXT. RIVERFRONT - CONTINUOUS

From the western bank of the Mississippi River, and up the broken concrete steps of the former national monument, dozens of motorcycles carrying black leather-clad warriors race to the compound.

EXT. COTERIE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The bikers split up, circling the compound, and head down the hill.

Camper, Connor and Artus spin round to follow the action.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The warriors ride back and forth, dispatching the remaining Matrons in their path.

Some use spears. Others strike with knives and hatchets.

EXT. HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

CAMPER
Who are they?

ARTUS
The Illini. And not a moment too soon.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

From the high-rise building above, Snipe and the two other Matrons take aim with their long guns at the new fighters below.

Three bikers are GUNNED DOWN.

One helmeted warrior on his parked bike spots the snipers and readies his bow.

Snipe and her companions are each met with a QUICK SUCCESSION OF ARROWS to their chests.

EXT. HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

As the battle winds down, a spear-wielding cyclist with a brightly feathered Mohawk helmet powers up the hill to Artus, Camper and Connor.

He stops before them, shuts off his bike and removes his helmet and goggles.

It is WIZAKA, 40. His dark hair trails back into a ponytail. His tanned, grizzled face reflects many battles.

WIZAKA
Are you alright, old friend?

ARTUS
We've suffered some losses, but I'm
damn happy to see you.

Wizaka measures up Camper and Connor's weakened and frazzled state.

WIZAKA
Scraping the barrel for recruits
these days, aren't you Artus?

CONNOR
(taking offense)
Hey!

CAMPER
(angrily)
We just lost a dear friend,
mister...

ARTUS
Camper, Connor, this is Wizaka--
chief of the Illini.

WIZAKA
I'm sorry about your friend. We got
here as soon as we could.

CAMPER
You're with the Coterie too?

WIZAKA
Same goals. Different name.

INT. EVOCATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Evocator sits at a large ornate wooden desk. Huanqi De sits in a chair facing her. Gao stands at her mother's side.

Both The Evocator and Huanqi De hold data pads, thumbing through their displays.

EVOCATOR

Mankind failed because its entire political philosophy was flawed. It mistakenly blamed the world's sin on society rather than man himself.

Huanqi De lowers her device to give The Evocator her full attention.

EVOCATOR (CONT'D)

Their utopian vision was that man is good by nature, and that society was the root of his corruption. The revolutionaries therefore thought if they could destroy our social institutions and authorities, voila! -- there would forever be peace and harmony.

HUANQI DE

(raising her data pad)

These agreement documents appear to be in order.

EVOCATOR

Their entire premise was backwards. Society is only corrupt due to man's inherent corruption. Men are born greedy, weak and selfish. The job of authoritarians is to keep man and his natural defects oppressed for the greater good of the rest of us.

HUANQI DE

Your view of mankind is certainly bleak, Evocator.

EVOCATOR

My dear empress, we cannot afford to consider them any more favorably.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The Deaconess hurriedly approaches The Evocator's office.

She stops the door and takes a deep breath.

INT. EVOCATOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door CHIMES

EVOCATOR
Enter.

The door opens. The Deaconess enters.

DEACONESS
Forgive my intrusion, Your Excellency. We have news from the field.

EVOCATOR
Ah, good. Please share this news.

The Deaconess uncomfortably shifts her weight.

DEACONESS
Perhaps it would be best to do so in private.

The Evocator scowls, then looks to Huanqi De.

The empress sits up in her chair.

HUANQI DE
I'd prefer that we stay.

The Evocator looks back to the Deaconess.

EVOCATOR
You heard our guest. Out with it.

DEACONESS
There were losses on both sides.

EVOCATOR
And the rebels suffered more?

DEACONESS
(timidly)
The Coterie had help.

EVOCATOR
From whom?

DEACONESS
The Illini, Your Majesty.

The Evocator deflates back in her chair.

EVOCATOR
They will be coming then. Collect your remaining Matrons and check on the Acceptors. The slaves are their objective.

Huanqi De looks up to her daughter.

Gao nods to her mother, places her hand on her holstered blaster, and rushes out of the room.

EXT. COTERIE COMPOUND - DAY

Coterie, Acceptors and Illini soldiers tend to the wounded and use blankets to cover the dead.

On the spot where Telly passed, Connor uses a shovel to pack the dirt over a simple grave.

Camper stands over it in somber contemplation.

Artus approaches with a makeshift cross of wood and stakes it into the ground.

He then produces a gold crucifix on a chain from his pocket and drapes it over the cross.

CAMPER

I haven't seen one of those in a long time.

ARTUS

It belonged to her sister.

Wizaka rounds the corner of the compound to them.

WIZAKA

It's time.

EXT. HILLTOP - LATER

Artus, Camper and Connor stand next Wizaka on his motorcycle.

They overlook their combined armies below as Coterie and Acceptors climb on the backs of Illini warrior bikes.

Two other Illini ride up the hill to them.

ARTUS

This is no longer an extraction mission. Today, we finish it.

The two motorcycles pull up and stop.

Camper and Connor climb on behind separate bikers. Artus hitches on the back of Wizaka's ride.

WIZAKA
Not one step back, my brother.

ARTUS
Not one step back.

The three motorcycles speed down the hill, split the rest of the group, and tear off into the cityscape.

The others REV THEIR ENGINES and peel off to follow.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW SAINT LOUIS - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE

The ROARING MOTORCYCLES flood the streets and alleyways like a tsunami, kicking up dust and debris in their wake.

Wizaka and Artus have looks of chiselled determination as they motor up the road.

Connor seems uneasy on the back of his rider. He nearly loses his grip, then clutches tighter to the back of the warrior.

Camper looks up and marvels at the ugly beauty of the city's dying architecture passing overhead.

She briefly gets lost in the moment, then refocuses on the road ahead.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NEW SAINT LOUIS TEMPLE - DAY

The bikes pull up and take positions well short of the property line.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Artus, Wizaka, and Camper and Connor with their riders, park side-by-side in idle.

They look towards the Temple.

There is an eerie silence. No sign of activity outside the gate. No guards atop the walls.

CAMPER
I don't like this. Where are their defenses?

CONNOR
Maybe they used them all in the
raid.

CAMPER
Not likely. That was only one
platoon.

ARTUS
(to Wizaka)
Ready your people. We're moving up.

Wizaka lifts his spear high and WHISTLES LOUDLY.

He cautiously motors forward onto the Temple grounds.

The other bikers follow.

EXT. TEMPLE GATE - CONTINUOUS

Our heroes pull up to the closed gate.

CONNOR
What do we do? We can't just knock.

WIZAKA
We've got this.

The Illini chief turns from his bike to the gathering
warriors behind them.

WIZAKA (CONT'D)
Rabbit!

With his call, a lone female Wizaka warrior, RABBIT, 25,
maneuvers her bike to the front of the line and dismounts.

Rabbit opens her saddlebag and retrieves a brick of gray
clay, a spool of wires and a small detonator box.

She's all business as she strides past Camper and the others
to set up at the gate.

Rabbit sticks the clay brick to the massive door, then
affixes one end of the wire to her detonator.

Artus, Camper and Connor look on with worried curiosity.

Wizaka looks on with pride.

WIZAKA (CONT'D)
Rabbit lives for this stuff.

As Rabbit sticks the wire's other end into the clay, there is a LOUD CLANK coming from inside the gate.

She and the others jump back.

Nothing.

Rabbit slowly approaches the gate again, then presses her ear to the door.

The door creaks open to reveal the young Matron Logan.

Artus pulls and points his blaster at her.

LOGAN

Please. It's okay. I got your message.

Camper dismounts and approaches Logan.

CAMPER

Where is everyone, Logan?

LOGAN

I believe they're in the Grand Hall.

Camper gives Logan a hug.

CAMPER

It's so good to see you. Are there any other friendlies in there?

LOGAN

I don't know, but I'm ready to fight.

CAMPER

Not today, my dear young sister.

Logan shows her disappointment.

Camper considers for a moment, then-

CAMPER (CONT'D)

I tell you what, Logan. I need you to get back to your apartment, lock your door and wait for my call. I'll give you your mission then.

LOGAN

Those are your orders?

CAMPER
They are.

LOGAN
I copy that. Thank you, Camper.

With a smile, Logan scurries back through the courtyard and disappears into a side door.

Camper turns back to Artus, Wizaka and Connor.

CAMPER
Everyone ready?

Artus and Connor nod affirmative.

CAMPER (CONT'D)
For Telly.

ARTUS AND CONNOR
For Telly.

Wizaka lifts his spear and shakes it high in the air.

He and Artus dismount their bike.

The other warriors and their companions follow.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Camper leads the group of rebels through the courtyard and into the side door.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

They run through the long, arched passageway and around a corner.

INT. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS

Camper rushes into the room and comes to a dead stop.

Artus, Wizaka, Connor and the others flow in behind her and begin to line up on either side.

Each has a muted look of surprise.

Before them, a large group of Acceptor slaves sit corralled in a circle on the floor.

Standing guard over the group, Lieutenant Lisset holds her blaster rifle pointed at the huddled slaves.

At the far end of the hall on the dais stage, stand The Evocator, Deaconess, Huanqi De and her two royal guards.

EVOCATOR
Welcome, citizens. We've been expecting you.

As more of the rebels make their way into the room-

EVOCATOR (CONT'D)
That's right, everyone. Please come in. No pushing. There's plenty of room.

A few Illini move in next to Wizaka.

EVOCATOR (CONT'D)
Yes, even you filthy natives are welcome here. However, I do insist you all drop your weapons.

With that, Lisette powers up her rifle with an audible ELECTRONIC WHINE.

The slaves cower on the floor to the sound.

Camper lowers and tosses her blaster to the floor.

The other rebels do the same.

ARTUS
You're greatly outnumbered, Evocator. Your rule here is over.

The Evocator squints her eyes.

EVOCATOR
Who is that speaking? I could not tell. Please, show yourself.

Artus steps forward.

EVOCATOR (CONT'D)
Ah. Is that you Artus Molay? Son of Oswald Molay? My goodness. How long has it been?

ARTUS
It's been fifteen years since you killed my father.

EVOCATOR
Fifteen, really? Where does the
time go?
(beat)
Shoot him.

Lieutenant Lisette lifts her rifle and fires a BLAST into Artus' gut.

He doubles over and falls.

CAMPER
No!

Camper rushes to Artus' aid as he writhes in pain.

EVOCATOR
Just look at that, Deaconess. He
has so much of his father in him.

DEACONESS
(grinning)
He certainly does.

While holding Artus, Camper eyes her blaster just a few feet away.

The Evocator takes notice-

EVOCATOR
I wouldn't do that, my dear.

High above the floor, along the arched cloister surrounding the hall, twenty Matron guards appear with blaster rifles at the ready.

Camper redirects her attention to Artus.

EVOCATOR (CONT'D)
Now why would all of you want to
make such a fuss in front of our
distinguished guests.

Artus fights to stay conscious. Camper grabs his hands to apply pressure on his wound.

He gives her a slight nod.

As they look into each others' eyes, there is the sound of quick, MUZZLED BEEPS.

Camper stands.

CAMPER

What you are doing here is wrong.
 You promised us a new world of
 peace and love for all. Instead,
 you've only brought fear, suffering
 and death.

EVOCATOR

(angrily)

I brought order to this world.
 You're much too young to remember
 how things were. Suffering? Fear?
 Death? These are not new to our
 society. What I've done is bring
 structure to the chaos.

CAMPER

You took away our freedoms-- our
 freedom to be who we want to be,
 live how we want to live, and to
 love who we want to love.

Camper catches eyes with Connor.

EVOCATOR

Ha! The people cannot be trusted
 with such things. Besides, I give
 you all the love you need.

(beat)

What do you think, empress? You can
 have your pick from this lot as
 well. You'd have to agree, there
 are some fine male specimens here.
 A bit rough around the edges
 perhaps, but I'm sure you can mold
 them to your liking.

Huanqi De shows an uneasy smile.

DEACONESS

What about the rest, Your
 Excellency?

EVOCATOR

They are traitors, Deaconess, and
 will be dealt with as such.

There is a COMMOTION up above.

Twenty female CHINESE SLAVES rush in behind the Matrons on
 the cloister, all carrying kitchen knives.

INT. CLOISTER - CONTINUOUS

The Chinese slaves each grab hold of a Matron and press their knives to their throats.

INT. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS

Back on the floor, Lieutenant Lisette takes aim at the rebels.

With no time to spare, Gao appears from a passage behind the dais and fires a SHOT from her blaster.

Lisette falls to the ground.

Huanqi De fumbles for her personal blaster hidden under her Tang suit.

In a flash, Gao spins around and aims her weapon at the empress' head.

GAO
Stand down, mother.

The two royal guards then turn coat. One disarms Huanqi De. The other restrains her by the arms.

INT. CLOISTER - CONTINUOUS

Eloise shuffles in to collect the Matrons' blasters.

ELOISE
That'll be enough, girls. That's right... hand 'em over. You don't want to dirty up my steak knives.

With her arms filled with weapons, Eloise leans over the cloister and shouts down to Camper-

INT. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS

ELOISE
I removed the pillowcase, dear. I caught your show. You did well, kiddo!

Camper and Connor smile up to Eloise.

EVOCATOR
You ungrateful little...

The Evocator swiftly produces a small holdout blaster from her robe and raises it towards Camper and Connor.

A SHOT rings out.

Camper turns to cover Connor. Her wristband displays a FLASHING YELLOW LIGHT.

The Evocator slowly lowers her gun.

There's a scorched hole between her eyes.

The Evocator collapses.

On the cloister directly above the rebels, young Logan leans over with a blaster in hand.

LOGAN
How'd I do Camp?

CAMPER
Top notch shot, Logan. Thank you.

LOGAN
(smiling)
Roger that.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

The Deaconess, Huanqi De and the Matron prisoners are marched through the yard by Coterie soldiers and the royal guards towards the main gate.

Camper and Wizaka stand over a bandaged Artus laying on a gurney. A MATRON NURSE is prepping him for transport.

CAMPER
You hang in there, Artus. We've lost enough already.

ARTUS
But we won the day.
(then, to Wizaka)
Couldn't have done it without you and your people, Wizaka.

WIZAKA
Ain't that the truth?

Artus and Wizaka share a smile.

WIZAKA (CONT'D)
Be sure to remember that when you
get around to forming a new
government.

ARTUS
Rest assured, the Illini will
definitely have a seat at my table.

WIZAKA
I'm counting on that, old friend.

Gao and Connor walk up to the group.

CAMPER
(looking to Gao)
This one here deserves our thanks
as well.

CONNOR
Yeah, Gao tells me she's leader of
her own band of rebels back home.

ARTUS
The White Lotus. It's a pleasure to
finally meet you, Gao.

CAMPER
You two know each other?

GAO
The Coterie have been in
communication with the White Lotus
for some time.

ARTUS
You've proven to be a great ally,
and I thank you.

CAMPER
What about your mother?

GAO
With your permission, I hope you'll
trust me with her custody. Any
reforms to our own government will
be much easier to achieve with her
cooperation.

ARTUS
I'm sure that can be arranged. Safe
travels to you, Gao, and thanks
again.

GAO
I shall be in touch, Artus Molay.

Gao bows to Artus, then walks off to join her mother as the prisoners exit the gate.

ARTUS
How about you two?

CAMPER
What about us?

ARTUS
Can I count on you both moving forward? We've got a lot of work ahead of us as well.

Camper takes Connor by both hands and looks him in the eyes.

CAMPER
For Telly?

CONNOR
Of course. For Telly, and for you.

The Matron nurse pushes the gurney towards the main gate with Camper and Connor walking hand-in-hand at Artus' side.

CAMPER (V.O.)
Within days of our victory, the other Temples in the New Americas fell. And with the help of Chairman Gao, the White Lotus and other rebel groups in the network, the movement continued to spread around the globe.

INT. COURTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Camper sits at a table behind a desktop microphone.

A female INQUISITOR and male STENOGRAPHER sit on the other side.

INQUISITOR
Do you feel your participation in this action was justified?

CAMPER
I absolutely do. Citizens should trust their government, not fear it. Everyone should have the right to live and love how they want.

In separate chairs to Camper's right sit Artus, Connor and Wizaka.

All in the room are wearing formal business attire. Even Wizaka, who tugs uncomfortably at the tie and collar on his dress shirt.

INQUISITOR
What about families?

CAMPER
I don't understand the question.

INQUISITOR
What is your position on
procreation?

CAMPER
I'm all for it.

Connor tries poorly to suppress a snicker.

INQUISITOR
Do you believe society can sustain
itself without reproductive
restrictions, given our history and
continued limited resources?

CAMPER
With proper guidance from
compassionate, nurturing leaders
instead of tyrants, I like our
chances.

INQUISITOR
We're almost done here, Matron
Dumont.

CAMPER
Please, it's just Camper.

INQUISITOR
Of course. My apologies.
(beat)
What will your official position be
once the new government is
installed?

CAMPER
As President-elect Molay already testified, I'm currently leading the transitional team as negotiations continue for a new constitution. After that? We'll see.

EXT. OLD COURTHOUSE - DAY

There is fresh activity with PEOPLE milling about. Some work to clean up the urban decay: a MAN SWEEPS the sidewalk; a WOMAN WHEELS a trash bin; a group of CHILDREN tend a freshly planted patch of flowers on the street corner.

EXT. STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Camper, Connor, Artus and Wizaka walk out of the courthouse.

Camper lifts her head up to take in the sunshine.

ARTUS
So that's that.

CONNOR
Yeah. It wasn't as bad as I thought.

WIZAKA
I'm glad they at least allowed us to tell our side of the story.

ARTUS
It's a start.

WIZAKA
A start of better things to come,
I'm sure of it.
(beat)
Well, I will catch up with you all soon.

Wizaka shakes Artus and Connor's hands. He gets a big hug from Camper.

CAMPER
Heading home?

WIZAKA
I am. Can't wait to share the news that I'll be part of your cabinet.

ARTUS

It'll be an honor to have you.

WIZAKA

Just one more demand though.

ARTUS

What's that?

WIZAKA

A relaxed dress code. Please don't make me wear this monkey suit on the job.

ARTUS

I'll see what I can do.

Wizaka trots down the steps to his awaiting mountain bicycle chained to a street sign. He removes the chain, unclips and straps on a small bike helmet, and straddles the seat.

CONNOR

(shouting down to Wizaka)

Love the new wheels!

WIZAKA

I know, right? It's good exercise too!

Wizaka laughs as he peddles off.

ARTUS

What's next for you two? Still planning on finding a place of your own?

CAMPER

Eventually.

CONNOR

I've been trying to get her to move out of the Temple right away. I found a nice little loft apartment up north. Got a line on a job too.

ARTUS

Oh yeah? Doing what?

CONNOR

Peace officer. The city is forming a unit of former resistance fighters.

CAMPER

I was hoping you'd never have to
use a blaster again.

CONNOR

Well, with any luck, I won't.

ARTUS

Why wait then, Camper? You don't
need to stay at the Temple anymore.

CONNOR

That's what I've been telling her.
Too many ghosts there.

CAMPER

It's okay. I need to stay for a
while longer at least. The
remaining girls there have no place
to go. They'll need help
transitioning into normal society.

ARTUS

But you're still living under their
rules. The hardliners in the
counsel remain in control. You've
made some real enemies there,
Camper.

CAMPER

I'll keep my nose clean. Besides,
it should motivate all of us to
work harder to get the new
government in place sooner than
later.

CONNOR

That's could take months.

CAMPER

Don't worry. I've got a feeling
you'll wait for me.

Camper smiles and gives Connor a gentle kiss on his lips.

INT. CAMPER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The room is dark and silent.

The counter-top beverage maker switches on with its blue
light.

Liquid pours from the device into a mug at its base.

The wall monitor powers on to its bright green screen.

Camper, lying in bed in her nightshirt, opens her eyes and sits up.

UPBEAT INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC plays out of the monitor, and a lively Logan appears on the screen.

LOGAN (ON MONITOR)
Good morning, ladies. Welcome to a new day. It's Saturday, June twenty fifth and time for me to dish out your morning news.

Camper walks to the counter, grabs the mug and takes a sip.

LOGAN (ON MONITOR) (CONT'D)
You can expect sunny skies today with temperatures again near eighty. For those of you who signed up for yoga class in the courtyard at ten, good news-- the new mats are in, so no more getting dirt on your bottoms.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Logan's broadcast is heard from the main room as Camper stands at the mirror brushing her teeth.

Camper stares at her reflection with serine contemplation.

LOGAN (V.O.)
Don't forget, tomorrow is the Telly Fisher Memorial Fun Run to benefit our new Women's Health and Libido Clinic.

Camper smiles through the strokes of her toothbrush.

LOGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You can pick up your packets from the always cheerful Sergeant Larue starting at eleven. But first, breakfast starts in thirty minutes, and Eloise has another scrumptious spread planned for us.

A BLUE RIBBON OF LIGHT slowly scans downward across Camper's head and torso.

It's readings are displayed at the top left of the mirror in WHITE:

C. DUMONT
BT: 98.7
HR: 61
RR: 12
BP: 120/80

That readout is then replaced with a new reading in ORANGE:
STAND BY

Then:

RE-SCANNING

Camper, still brushing, is oblivious to the scanner as it makes another pass.

LOGAN (V.O.)(CONT'D)
The menu includes bacon and eggs, pancakes with real maple syrup and, of course, lots of fresh fruit to get you going. I'm talking strawberries, peaches, oranges and bananas.

As the ribbon of light tracks downward, a small ILLUMINATED RED BLOB appears centered on the reflection of Camper's stomach.

This catches her eye.

Camper slowly lowers her toothbrush from her mouth as she stares at the PULSATING anomaly displayed on her reflection.

Another readout appears in RED and SLOWLY FLASHES:
UNAUTHORIZED FERTILIZATION

Camper steps back in shock.

INT. CAMPER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The light panel to the left of the apartment door TURNS RED with the sound of an activated BOLT LOCK.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Camper spins away from the mirror to look out into the main room.

INT. CAMPER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

LOGAN (ON MONITOR)
That'll do it for now, my sisters.
This is Logan Sparks signing off,
and remember-- always be the light
that drives out the darkness.

On the monitor, Logan's smiling face is replaced by a BRIGHT RED screen.

Text appears in WHITE over the red background while an ELECTRONIC FEMALE VOICE reads the message on repeat:

FEMALE VOICE (ON MONITOR)
Please remain calm. An attendant
will be with you shortly. Please
remain calm. An attendant will be
with you shortly...

Camper slowly steps out of the bathroom and walks towards the table.

She leisurely pulls back a chair and sits to await her fate.

FADE OUT.