

RESIST

by
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Note: The entire scene takes place on the second-story roof of the Institute's Sumtuar LIFE SCIENCE CLINIC.

The rooftop podium stage is visible to the crowds in the TOWN SQUARE below, and the vantage allows dignitaries like HEIR CLIENTS #1 and #2 (whose commissioned finery was finished just in time) an unsurpassed view of the Runway.

PAGE 16 - (6 PANELS)

Panel 1 - As GUARD #1 pulls BRIDJO away to resume arresting DENAS, we see that her embrace has printed his Protect symbol in reverse on her robe, creating an Unprotect curse.

Panel 2 - DENAS, appalled, lunges out of GUARD #2's grip towards Bridjo.

DENAS

No! Take it off! The semka--turn it inside out!

HEIR CLIENT #1

He's got a knife!

Panel 3 - GUARD #1 moves to protect BRIDJO, swinging his halberd to knock DENAS's arm away. As he does, the blade slashes DENAS across the chest.

Panel 4 - DENAS looks down to see the blood already blooming through the bisected Protect symbol on his tunic. His hands are empty. There was no knife.

Panel 5 - LEYWI instinctively swings into action, dropping the act of Institute delegate for her true calling as director of the clinic. As DENAS lies bleeding and LEYWI and BRIDJO apply pressure to the wound, she shouts at her GUARDS:

LEYWI

Get a stretcher! We're going down to surgery.

(as the guard hesitates)

Now!

RADICAL PRENTICE

(off panel)

No.

Panel 6 - An incredulous LEYWI looks up at the RADICAL PRENTICE, looming over her beside HEIR CLIENT #1.

RADICAL PRENTICE

Our people go in your clinic. They don't come out.

LEYWI

Well, by the time they're willing--
Oh, for Vadis's sake! There's no
time for this. The semka isn't
going to save him!

HEIR CLIENT #1

(grimly, to the Prentice)
Maybe that was her plan all
along...

PAGE 17 - (6 PANELS)

Panel 1 - On HEIR CLIENT #1 and the RADICAL PRENTICE,
watching as other PRENTICES from the Runway surge up the ramp
and onto the CLINIC ROOF, overpowering the Institute GUARDS
through sheer force of numbers.

HEIR CLIENT #1

First they cut you down.
Then they cut you up.

RADICAL PRENTICE

(to the crowd below)
They cut him down!

BRIDJO

Let her help him!

RADICAL PRENTICE

(still to the crowd)
No interference! No Institute!

Panel 2 - HEIR CLIENT #1 turns to LEYWI and BRIDJO, still
trying to keep DENAS from bleeding out.

HEIR CLIENT #1

Why don't you just stitch him up
here where they can keep an eye on
you?

LEYWI

This isn't--

BRIDJO

He'll die!

Panel 3 - On LEYWI, dawning.

LEYWI

That was her plan all along.

Panel 4 - The RADICAL PRENTICE organizes the other PRENTICES.

RADICAL PRENTICE
Smash the comms array. The
Institute won't listen to Sumtuar?
Well, now it can't.

HEIR CLIENT #1
Bright boy. No more offworld
orders. No more Ordo lies.

Panel 5 - BRIDJO appeals to the RADICAL PRENTICE.

BRIDJO
He's dying! Let her take him
downstairs and I'll stay here with
you. I'll be your hostage.

DENAS
(weakly)
Don't be... idiot.

RADICAL PRENTICE
You actually trust them?

DENAS
Wasn't talking... to you.

Panel 6 - Newly-armed PRENTICES escort HEIR CLIENT #2 and a CLINIC EMPLOYEE as they carry DENAS's stretcher through the door to the clinic below. LEYWI pauses by HEIR CLIENT #1 for a low exchange.

LEYWI
I see you now.

The Sisterhood's Khor might buy you
immunity, but I swear on my
daughter's life--

HEIR CLIENT #1 / SISTER BENEFICENT
(slight smile)
I won't be needing immunity,
Doctor. I'm here for communion.

PAGE 18 - (6 PANELS)

Panel 1 - With LEYWI and DENAS gone, BRIDJO takes off her robe and hands it to the MAJSTRO, while the RADICAL PRENTICE stands on the parapet, fist raised to the crowd below.

RADICAL PRENTICE
Hold Denas in your prayers!

MAJSTRO
 (quietly, over the robe)
Malprotekto reiru al protekto.

RADICAL PRENTICE
 And if we don't get him back soon,
 remember his last words...

"Turn it inside out!"

Panel 2 - BRIDJO, back in her reversed robe, grabs the RADICAL PRENTICE's arm. (Unnoticed in the background, HEIR CLIENT #1 is writing something on the inside parapet.)

BRIDJO
 Would you stop?! If they invade the
 clinic and kill my mother, he's
 lock-sure dead!

Panel 3 - The RADICAL PRENTICE fixes cold, deliberate eyes on BRIDJO as he feeds a chant to the crowd below. (In the background, a group of PRENTICES have joined in writing on the parapet.)

RADICAL PRENTICE
No! More! Offworld orders!
No! More! Ordo lies!

CROWD
 (off panel)
 No! More! Offworld orders! No!
 More! Ordo lies!

Panel 4 - HEIR CLIENT #2 bursts through the roof door.

HEIR CLIENT #2
 They got a wave off before the
 comms went down! A helicARRIER from
 the Institute hill station is ten
 minutes out.

Panel 5 - BRIDJO appeals to the MAJSTRO.

BRIDJO
 You can stop this! The prentices
 will listen to you! All the
 Majstroj will listen to you!

Panel 6 - On HEIR CLIENT #1, the disguised SISTER BENEFICENT, as she gestures toward the parapet where she and the PRENTICES have been writing. BRIDJO hears the echo of her grandfather's words to her mother before his death.

SISTER BENEFICENT
 Or, you could make your mark... and
Trust in the Sacrifice.

PAGE 19 - (9 PANELS)

Panel 1 - An inscription in blood on the inside of the parapet reads, "TO THE GLORY OF THE GODS AND IN PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE OF THOSE WHO SACRIFICED FOR SUMTUAR."

Yet another PRENTICE is printing her name-sign while two more dip their hands in the blood where Denas lay.

Panel 2 - On BRIDJO's quiet shock as she reads.

BRIDJO
 (to the Majstro)
 In that convent school on Akva,
 every boring field trip we got
 dragged to was a monument for some
 battle or atrocity.

Every single one used the exact
 same words.

Panel 3 - The SISTER BENEFICENT stands beside her, admiring the inscription.

SISTER BENEFICENT
 Battles are expensive. Today I will
 prove--by the grace of Vadis
 through whom all stories are told--
 with that you can buy a whole war
 nothing but words.

As a novice in ministry, I was
 taught the best bait was a lie.

But now, at the end of a long life
 as a fisher of souls, I know the
 hook that holds a piece of truth
 is...

Panel 4 - The SISTER BENEFICENT wraps her arm around BRIDJO's waist.

SISTER BENEFICENT
...irresistible.

Panel 5 - As the SISTER BENEFICENT pulls BRIDJO over the edge with her, HEIR CLIENT #2 lunges forward.

Panel 6 - Anchored by the MAJSTRO to the parapet, HEIR CLIENT #2 holds BRIDJO's wrist as she strains against the weight of the SISTER BENEFICENT's death grip on her robe below.

Panel 7 - On the MAJSTRO's dismay as HEIR CLIENT #2 pulls out a knife with his free hand.

HEIR CLIENT #2
If Cursed Voda and Cruel Vatra
desire this sacrifice...

Panel 8 - On BRIDJO's terror as the knife descends.

HEIR CLIENT #2
*...it is Ardar's mercy to deny it
them.*

Panel 9 - On the SISTER BENEFICENT's surprise as she realizes HEIR CLIENT #2 is in fact a SANKTA SOLDATO... and that the slashed robe she holds is no longer attached to BRIDJO.

PAGE 20 - (7 PANELS)

Panel 1 - From below, as BRIDJO, the MAJSTRO, and the SANKTA SOLDATO look over the parapet with expressions ranging from horrified to impassive.

SANKTA SOLDATO
The tactical troops will be here in minutes. You and the other Majstroj need to clear the square and hide your prentices.

MAJSTRO
You have not been listening.

The Institute has always been deaf to our words. Whatever her ends, that... woman... at least heard us.

Panel 2 - On BRIDJO, shaken, but following.

BRIDJO
"Trust in the Sacrifice."

MAJSTRO (SURPRISED)
So. You have heard us too.

If we must stand to open their ears, we will stand. If we must fall--

BRIDJO

Please, Majstro. Will you let me
tell you something else I've heard?

Panel 3 - Bird's-eye view on the CLINIC ROOFTOP, as the troop carrier descends toward a helipad surrounded with the scattered bodies of PRENTICES in pools of blood. From the air, these resemble the carmine dye of Kaoso's ofero rampas, the insects whose sacrifice, Sumtuar's artisans insist, is the source of any "magic" their painted symbols may hold.

CAPTION

"When I apprenticed in the
clothyards of Sumtuar, I learned,
Your lifeblood makes your mark."

Panel 4 - Wide on the puzzled TACTICAL TROOPS looking out over the TOWN SQUARE, packed with still, silent people standing in the negative space that forms a huge Protection symbol. BRIDJO, stripped to Ordo undergarments to look as un-Sumtuar as possible, is speaking, hands raised, to the COMMANDER.

CAPTION

"In the convent schools of Akva, I
learned, *A lie in blood drowns out
a truth in breath.*"

Panel 5 - BRIDJO opens the door from the roof to the clinic, and LEYWI emerges, still in scrubs. From her relieved expression we can tell the operation went well--DENAS lives.

CAPTION

"But what if blood itself can be a
lie..."

Panel 6 - BRIDJO, having prepared the COMMANDER and TROOPS for the reveal, cues the dye-bombed PRENTICES to raise their hands and rise from the "dead".

CAPTION

"...to buy some breathing room for
truth and life?"

Panel 7 - Close on an ofero rampas crawling along the parapet.

CAPTION

"Because if the Sankta Soldato
taught me anything, it's that..."

*...There's more than one way to gut
a fish.*"