

GIVE & TAKE:
THE TRIBE AGAINST THE GODS

EPISODE 2: THE TOWER

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1 INT. THE TOWER - GROUND-FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The door Bitna opened at the end of Episode 1 swings inward again.
A WOMAN in house slippers enters with three children pressed close behind her. Another woman carries two schoolbags and a rice cooker.
No one asks for papers. No one asks what the first woman did to make a man angry.
Bitna checks the street, locks three separate bolts, then turns to the family.

BITNA
Did anyone follow you?

WOMAN
Not that I saw.

Aera takes the rice cooker. The youngest CHILD refuses to release its cord.

AERA
All right. You hold that end. I have this one.

They move into the dark Tower. Doors open along the corridor. Women appear with blankets, socks, a bowl of tangerines, mismatched thermoses and kettles of hot water — boiled downstairs on portable burners.
One woman pours some into a basin. Another tests it with her wrist before washing the youngest child's face.
The building is ruined. The welcome is not.

SMASH CUT TO MAIN TITLES.

2 INT. THE TOWER - GROUND-FLOOR COMMUNITY ROOM - DAWN

Pale light over Ganghwa. Thirty-five women sit in a circle around kettles and the blue bucket. A hand-painted board shows the consensus signals: twinkles, clarification, objection, block, uncertainty, process point, support with concern.
Yun-hee holds a clipboard. Bitna holds the talking piece, a wooden rice paddle.

BITNA
First question. Who slept without checking the door?

Hands rise. Not all of them.

BITNA (cont'd)
Anyone still checking?

A NEW MOTHER raises an open palm for clarification.

NEW MOTHER

From him? Yes. From that ceiling? Ask me after breakfast.

Nervous laughter. Dust drifts from a cracked beam on cue.

YUN-HEE

The ceiling would like the talking piece.

Bitna passes the rice paddle to a sixteen-year-old, YE-SEUL.

YE-SEUL

Families should choose their own rooms. Near a mother, sister, aunt -- or just someone they trust. An empty room isn't a reason to leave somebody alone.

Twinkles ripple around the circle.

AERA

Good. Bitna can assign--

Ye-seul raises triangle hands. A process point.

YE-SEUL

They choose. Bitna only keeps the map.

Aera catches herself.

AERA

They choose. Bitna keeps the map.

Stronger twinkles.

The Circle moves on.

Aera looks from Ye-seul to Bitna. No one checks her face before the next woman speaks.

Aera surrenders the floor.

3 INT. THE TOWER - RESIDENTIAL FLOORS - MORNING

A moving-day procession climbs unfinished stairs.

A grandmother moves into the apartment beside her daughter and grandchildren. The two doors remain open while they carry bedding back and forth.

Two sisters string a bell line between their doors.

A young woman chooses the room opposite her former teacher, not beside the aunt who insists blood knows best.

Bitna marks every choice on a hand-drawn floor plan. No unit is labeled HUSBAND, HEAD, or OWNER.

The child tapes a paper flower to her door.

CHILD
Can he find us here?

BITNA
He may find the Tower. He does not get your room.

4 INT. THE TOWER - SANITATION CORE - DAY

Steam. Buckets. Broken tile. AUNTIE 1 and AUNTIE 2 supervise women scrubbing years of neglect from the room.

MS. HAN and MS. CHO enter, manicures intact, perfume sharp against bleach and damp concrete.

MS. HAN
I was told contributions could be financial.

MS. CHO
We can pay for a cleaning crew.
The work slows. A few women look over.
Aera enters, sleeves rolled.
Auntie 1 points to two full buckets near the wall.

AUNTIE 1
Good. After your shift, find one.
Ms. Han blinks.

MS. HAN
I can cover the entire sanitation budget.

AUNTIE 1
And today you can carry a bucket.
Ms. Han grips both handles and tries to lift.
It barely moves.
A YOUNGER WORKING-CLASS WOMAN takes one handle.
Not rescuing her. Just splitting the weight.

WORKING-CLASS WOMAN
One each. The stairs don't care what we earn.

AERA
Your money is welcome.

MS. HAN
Then why make us do work we can hire someone else to do?
Several women look to Aera.

AERA

Because--

She stops.

Looks around the room. At the buckets. At the women waiting for her answer.

AERA (cont'd)

No. We haven't decided that.

5 INT. THE TOWER - GROUND-FLOOR COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

Word has traveled quickly.

Women come in from other floors carrying mops, tools, laundry, a sleeping baby. Nobody has dressed for a meeting. The hand-painted consensus board is propped against the wall.

Ms. Han's untouched bucket sits beside her chair.

Yun-hee has the rice paddle.

YUN-HEE

Ms. Han can contribute more money. She wants to know whether that means she does fewer work shifts.

AN OLDER WOMAN with swollen hands taps her cane against the floor.

OLDER WOMAN

I can't carry those buckets. I can cook.

A NIGHT NURSE raises a hand.

NIGHT NURSE

I finish work at seven in the morning. If I'm asleep at eight, nobody wake me up to scrub a floor.

A few women nod.

MS. HAN

I can pay somebody who needs the work.

WORKING-CLASS WOMAN

Then she's working for you again.

A DOORWAY WOMAN near the doorway speaks up.

DOORWAY WOMAN

We still need money.

MS. HAN

Exactly.

Yun-hee thinks it through.

YUN-HEE

All right. Money counts. Childcare counts.
Cooking, repairs, nursing, cleaning. Whatever
you can actually do.

She looks around the Circle.

YUN-HEE (cont'd)

But putting in money doesn't buy you
somebody to work under you.

Ye-seul raises a hand.

YE-SEUL

What if somebody puts in ten times more
money?

YUN-HEE

She still gets one vote.

That settles something.

Twinkles spread through the room.

Yun-hee looks around.

YUN-HEE (cont'd)

Any blocks?

No crossed arms.

Ms. Han hesitates, then gives support with concern.

Yun-hee nods to her.

Consensus.

6 INT. THE TOWER - SANITATION CORE - DAY

Back where they started, the buckets are still waiting.

Auntie 1 hands Aera a scrub brush. Aera gets down on her knees and goes
back to work.

Ms. Han looks at the bucket.

MS. HAN

I'm still writing the check.

AUNTIE 1

Good.

Ms. Han waits.

MS. HAN

And I still have to do a shift.

WORKING-CLASS WOMAN

If you can.

Ms. Han looks at the bucket. Then toward the corridor.

MS. HAN

Then this may not be the place for me.

She leaves.

Ms. Cho watches her go.

Then removes her rings.

MS. CHO

One bucket?

WORKING-CLASS WOMAN

One each.

Ms. Cho takes the other handle.

They lift together.

7 INT. THE TOWER - POWER ROOM - LATER

A damp, narrow chamber crowded with patched cable, extension cords and salvaged electrical equipment.

The Tower already has enough power for scattered lights and outlets. Airiseu is trying to add another circuit without knocking out what they have.

An inverter sits open on a crate. Airiseu works inside it while Aera holds a wrench she isn't entirely sure how to use.

A TEEN stands ready with electrical tape.

AIRISEU

If that cable turns blue, pull the main.

AERA

Which one is the main?

The Teen snorts.

Auntie 2 swats her lightly with a rag.

AUNTIE 2

Point first. Mock her after.

The Teen points.

Airiseu makes the connection.

The inverter HUMS.

Aera looks up as electricity runs through the patched cables.

A flicker of amusement.

Mortals caught lightning, put it in wires, and taught it to boil rice.

A second bank of LEDs comes alive down the corridor.

The charge holds steady.

The Teen WHOOPS.

Aera startles, then laughs.

AERA
What does that give us?

AIRISEU
Kitchen lights. One burner. Maybe two if
nobody gets ambitious.

AERA
Rice cooker?

AIRISEU
One.

Auntie 2 points a warning finger toward the ceiling.

AUNTIE 2
Nobody plug in a hair dryer.

8 INT. THE TOWER - VARIOUS - OVER THE NEXT FOUR DAYS - MONTAGE

A communal kitchen takes shape from restaurant tables, mismatched burners and donated cookware.

The Older Woman from the Circle tends a stockpot while a teenager lifts the heavy pot when it needs moving.

The Night Nurse sleeps behind a closed door. On the work rota outside, somebody quietly moves her name from MORNING CLEANING to EVENING CLINIC.

A nursery fills with floor mats, donated toys and a sleeping schedule. One woman rocks two babies while another child's mother showers.

Yun-hee turns a bright corner into CLINIC IAMBIE. A RETIRED NURSE sorts medicine while a MIDWIFE tests a salvaged blood-pressure cuff.

Teachers roll chalkboards into a schoolroom. Children write their names beside subjects they want to learn.

At a folding table, women count cash, receipts and donated grocery cards. No pile is very large. Together, they are enough to buy what barter cannot provide.

Airiseu and a team open narrow passages through adjoining storage rooms. False shelves conceal connecting doors.

On the roof, women fill broken bathtubs with soil.

Aera kneels beside a dead seedling. Her fingers hover over it.
 Aera's leaf-and-gold mask begins to form.
 She lets her hand fall.
 The mask disappears.
 Then:

AERA

Water first.

A child pours from a dented watering can.
 A beat.
 The seedling lifts on its own, barely.
 Aera notices.
 So does the child.
 Neither says anything.

9 INT. THE TOWER - CLINIC IAMBE - FIFTH MORNING

A bright corner, walls patched with white cloth. A poster hand-painted: NO SHAME, ONLY CARE. Shelves of mismatched jars and salvaged medicine.
 A TEEN sits trembling. Aera pours tea into a chipped cup.

AERA

You don't have to decide anything today. Drink first.

Silence. Then Yun-hee breezes in, holding up a roll of bandages.

YUN-HEE

Bandages. Anyone who uses these to clean a window answers to me.

The teen lets out a shaky laugh through tears. Aera smiles, relieved.

10 INT. MIN-JUN'S PENTHOUSE - MORNING

Floor-to-ceiling glass. Bong-cha, dressed for a university landscape-studio critique, crosses toward the private elevator with her portfolio. Min-jun eats breakfast at a table laid for twelve.
 Beside Min-jun's breakfast plate lies the cream gala invitation from last night, Bong-cha's name printed beside his.

MIN-JUN

Sit. You haven't eaten.

BONG-CHA

I'll miss studio.

MIN-JUN
You hate morning critique.

BONG-CHA
I like leaving the house.

MIN-JUN
The driver is waiting.
He taps his phone. The elevator opens.
Inside waits a DRIVER. Two guards stand behind him.

BONG-CHA
We agreed. No escort.

MIN-JUN
I changed the security.

BONG-CHA
Without asking me?
Bong-cha steps into the elevator. A guard follows.

BONG-CHA (cont'd)
He stays behind me?

MIN-JUN
They're not watching you.

BONG-CHA
No. They're watching everyone I speak to.
The doors close on her face.

11 EXT. GANGHWA MARKET - DAY

Women trade beneath striped awnings. No cash changes hands at one quiet corner.

A FARMER hands over crates of radish and napa cabbage. In return, a Tower mechanic repairs her cultivator starter.

A MIDWIFE receives antibiotics and gives Bitna three addresses where women can sleep without questions.

An ELDERLY HERBALIST places dried mugwort into Aera's basket.

HERBALIST
You are the woman from the mountain.

AERA
Today I am hauling cabbage.

HERBALIST

More useful.

Aera smiles. Across the market, a MAN photographs them.

Bitna sees him. She does not confront him. She changes the route home.

12 EXT. THE TOWER - AFTERNOON

From the road, the Tower still looks condemned. Plastic covers broken windows. Graffiti remains. One official warning sign hangs crooked. Behind a sheet of cracked plywood, a hidden delivery slot opens. Vegetables disappear inside.

Through one filthy window, we glimpse warm light, shelves of food, children reading, women repairing coats.

Airiseu splashes a line of dirty mop water across the door to the CLOSED WING, then sweeps dust and trash right up to it. A crooked warning sign hangs loose.

AIRISEU

Too clean attracts attention.

13 INT. THE TOWER - GROUND-FLOOR COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

Women sixteen and older sit in concentric circles. Younger children occupy a nearby play area within earshot.

Yun-hee facilitates. ANOTHER ELDER holds the rice paddle.

ELDER

Keep the clinic on the second floor. My knees object. Fire would object louder.

Laughter. Yun-hee records the advice.

AERA

Then we move it.

Ye-seul raises an open palm.

YE-SEUL

Decision or proposal?

Aera exhales through her nose.

AERA

Proposal.

YUN-HEE

Record: Aera made a proposal on her second attempt.

AERA

Record: Yun-hee gets no tea.

Twinkles. Even Aera's.

14 INT. MIN-JUN'S CRIMINAL HEADQUARTERS - INITIATION ROOM - NIGHT

A low-ceilinged room beneath the private club. Min-jun's MEN form a semicircle. A frightened new RECRUIT kneels over a white cloth, a knife and a bowl before him.

Bong-cha enters beside Min-jun in a black dress chosen for her.

MIN-JUN

You asked what I do.

BONG-CHA

I asked why everyone is afraid of you.

Min-jun offers her the knife.

MIN-JUN

One cut. Then there's no line between my life and yours.

Every man watches her.

BONG-CHA

There are guards on my side of that line.

A few men lower their eyes. Min-jun keeps the knife extended.

MIN-JUN

Take it.

BONG-CHA

No.

The word lands harder than a shout.

15 EXT. THE TOWER - SERVICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Rain needles the alley. A SCHOOLGIRL, ARETO, pounds twice, pauses, then pounds three times.

Bitna opens the inner slot.

BITNA

Who sent you?

ARETO

No one. My mother thinks I'm at hagwon.

Areto holds up a phone with a cracked screen. Video plays: a MAN shoving her mother into a kitchen cabinet. A calendar on the wall. Today's date.

ARETO (cont'd)
He found her envelope. He said tonight he'd finish teaching her.

Bitna opens the door.

16 INT. THE TOWER - CLINIC IAMBE - NIGHT

Yun-hee photographs bruises on Areto's arms with consent at each step. A retired nurse examines her wrist. Aera watches the video again, fury tightening the room.

AERA
We go now.

BITNA
Yes.

ARETO
He's got every key. The police drink with him.
He owes Min-jun's people money.

AERA
Then we do not use the front door.

Aera heads for the corridor.

YUN-HEE
The Circle is already waking up.

AERA
We don't have time for a meeting.

YUN-HEE
That's exactly when people who are used to being obeyed skip it.

Aera stops.

17 INT. THE TOWER - GROUND-FLOOR COMMUNITY ROOM - NIGHT

Coats over pajamas. Children asleep against shoulders. Areto sits between Yun-hee and the retired nurse.

Bitna proposes forced removal of Areto's father. Aera signals strong agreement.

Twinkles flare, then Ye-seul crosses her arms. A BLOCK.

The room stills.

BITNA

Principle?

YE-SEUL

We haven't asked her mother.

AERA

You saw the video.

YE-SEUL

I saw what he did. I didn't hear what she wants.

AERA

She may not have time to answer politely.

YE-SEUL

Then ask now. But do not make her disappear
because we decided it is safer.

Aera's gaze sharpens. Ye-seul trembles but keeps her arms crossed.

Yun-hee raises hands crossed over her heart: support with concern.

YUN-HEE

I want us moving. I also do not want rescue to
feel like another abduction.

One by one, more hands cross over hearts.

Aera lowers her agreement sign.

AERA

The block stands.

18 INT. THE TOWER - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Aera descends fast. Bitna follows.

AERA

That girl crossed the island alone in the rain.
Now we put her back on the phone.

BITNA

We put her mother's choice back in the room.

AERA

He could kill her while we're having a meeting.

BITNA

And we could drag her out without asking her.
That's not better.

Aera wheels on her.

AERA

I am not him.

BITNA
No. But we still have to be able to stop you.
That wounds. Bitna lets it.

BITNA (cont'd)
Ten minutes.

19 INT. MIN-JUN'S CRIMINAL HEADQUARTERS - INITIATION ROOM - SAME NIGHT

The knife remains between Min-jun and Bong-cha.

MIN-JUN
Every man here did it.

BONG-CHA
Did they know they could refuse?

RECRUIT
Could we?

A dangerous silence. One low-level GANGSTER watches from the back. He has kind eyes he works hard to hide.

MIN-JUN
All of you. Out.

The men file out. The gangster is last. Bong-cha sees the blood already dried across his palm.

20 INT. THE TOWER - SCHOOLROOM - NIGHT

Areto video-calls her mother, MI-SOOK, from a borrowed phone. The Tower women stay outside the camera frame.

ARETO
Eomma. Is Dori under the table?

A code question. Mi-sook looks toward a closed door.

MI-SOOK (ON PHONE)
He won't come out.

Areto's face falls. Immediate danger.

ARETO
I found a place. We can come now. Do you want us to?

Mi-sook cannot answer. A male SHADOW crosses behind her.

MI-SOOK (ON PHONE)
Get Jun-ho out. I'll come if I can bring
Halmeoni's sewing box.

ARETO
Leave it.

MI-SOOK (ON PHONE)
No. It's mine.

Areto understands.

ARETO
Okay. The box comes.

The call ends.

21 INT. THE TOWER - GROUND-FLOOR COMMUNITY ROOM - NIGHT

The Circle reconvenes. Areto states her mother's decision herself.

ARETO
She said yes. Jun-ho too. And the sewing box.
Ye-seul uncrosses her arms.

BITNA
Change of plan. We don't remove Dong-sik. We
take Mi-sook and Jun-ho because she asked us
to. We record what happens. After that, every
choice is hers.

AIRISEU
School transfer. Clinic referral. Moving order. By
dawn.

YUN-HEE
And a legal identity?

AIRISEU
Breakfast.

A few women laugh despite the fear.

AERA
I support it.
Aera looks directly at Ye-seul.

AERA (cont'd)
Including the part that stopped us.
Twinkles fill the room. No block. Consensus.

22 INT. THE TOWER - AIRISEU'S WORKROOM - PRE-DAWN

Printers chatter. Laminators glow. Airiseu builds an ordinary-looking wall of legitimacy: school forms, clinic documents, courier labels, municipal notices. In the building file, she finds an old municipal violation: INTERIOR WALL REMOVED WITHOUT PERMIT. STRUCTURAL REVIEW REQUIRED. Bitna studies a floor plan of Mi-sook's apartment building. Aera reaches for the route marker.

BITNA
You stay here.

AERA
I can protect them.

BITNA
You can't enter quietly. Not anymore.

Aera slowly releases the marker.

AERA
Then what do you need?

BITNA
Make porridge. If they come here, let the first thing they see be breakfast.

AERA
I burn porridge.

BITNA
Then watch it.

Aera nods. It may be the hardest assignment in the room.

23 EXT. RURAL WOMEN'S COOPERATIVE - DAWN

A modest farmhouse beyond the rice fields. Women load produce for market while a back room is prepared with three clean mats. The farmer from the market gives Bitna an unregistered key.

FARMER
If anyone's watching the Tower, bring them here.

BITNA
What do you need?

FARMER
Send the midwife Thursday. And fix the boiler before it kills us.

AIRISEU
Send me a picture first.

The women seal the agreement with shared tea, not signatures.

24 INT. MI-SOOK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

A tired 1990s walk-up awaiting redevelopment. Hairline cracks vein the stairwell.

Areto, in uniform, walks openly toward her apartment carrying a convenience-store bag. She is bait and hates that she agreed to it.

Bitna and two women in moving-company jackets wait one floor below. Yun-hee wears clinic scrubs. Airiseu monitors cameras from a van.

Across the street, the gangster from the initiation sits on a motorbike. Min-jun has sent him to collect a debt from Areto's father.

The gangster sees Bitna. Bitna sees him.

Neither moves first.

25 INT. MI-SOOK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Areto enters. Her father, DONG-SIK, sits at the kitchen table with Mi-sook's bankbook and phone.

DONG-SIK
Where were you?

ARETO
School.

DONG-SIK
Your homeroom teacher called.

JUN-HO, eight, crouches beneath the table with a small stone lion from a temple gift shop.

Mi-sook stands beside the sink. Her sewing box is at her feet.

MI-SOOK
She was with me.

Dong-sik rises. The building CREAKS.

DONG-SIK
Did you two practice that?

He grabs Mi-sook's hair.

Areto presses SEND on the phone inside her pocket.

26 INT. MI-SOOK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Bitna receives the signal. The extraction moves.

Yun-hee pounds on the door with a medical referral. The movers ring every buzzer on the floor. Airiseu triggers a smoke detector two apartments down.

Dong-sik opens the door to chaos and official-looking paper.

YUN-HEE
Structural evacuation. Your unit is on the
medical priority list.

DONG-SIK
Who says?

YUN-HEE
The wall behind you.

A chunk of plaster drops behind him.

The movers enter. One takes Jun-ho. The other takes the sewing box before Dong-sik realizes Mi-sook is leaving too.

DONG-SIK
My wife stays.

MI-SOOK
No.

Her first clear word in the episode.

27 INT./EXT. MI-SOOK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Dong-sik lunges for Mi-sook. Bitna catches his wrist, redirects him into the corridor, and releases him rather than striking.

BITNA
You heard her.

Dong-sik sees the gangster below.

DONG-SIK
They are taking my family!

GANGSTER
I'm here for Min-jun's money.

DONG-SIK
Help me. I'll get it.

Dong-sik charges down the stairs. The damaged landing SHUDDERS. Rebar GROANS inside the cracked concrete.

It gives way.

Concrete, dust, screams.

28 INT. COLLAPSED STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Bitna and Mi-sook land on the upper side of the break. Areto clings to the rail. Jun-ho slides toward the open shaft.

The gangster dives across falling concrete and catches the child's coat.

His injured hand tears open. Blood runs down his wrist.

He hauls Jun-ho against his chest as another slab crashes where they were.

Dust turns morning black.

JUN-HO
You're bleeding.

GANGSTER
Keep the lion.

Jun-ho presses the little stone lion into the gangster's bloody palm.

JUN-HO
No. It caught me. You are Stone Lion.

The gangster stares at the toy in his bloody palm.

29 EXT. MI-SOOK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Fire crews and police flood the street. Airiseu's forged structural notice is suddenly indistinguishable from prophecy.

Mi-sook gives an officer her phone. The abuse video uploads simultaneously to three servers and a reporter.

Dong-sik tries to seize the phone. Police restrain him in front of witnesses.

DONG-SIK
She's my wife!

MI-SOOK
I'm not missing. I left.

STONE LION stands apart, dust-white, holding Jun-ho until Mi-sook asks for her son.

He returns the child immediately.

BITNA
You caught him.

STONE LION
Anyone would've.

JUN-HO

He did.

Stone Lion looks toward Min-jun's headquarters in the distance, then walks away from it.

30 INT. THE TOWER - COMMUNAL KITCHEN - DAY

Aera has made too much porridge and burned half of it. Women eat around the scorched layer without complaint.

The service door opens. Mi-sook enters first, carrying her sewing box. Areto and Jun-ho follow.

Aera moves toward them, then stops herself from embracing a stranger who has not invited it.

AERA

Come in. The porridge is bad, but it's hot.

AERA (cont'd)

Where do you want to sleep?

Mi-sook looks at the women waiting nearby: a midwife, a mechanic, a grandmother, Areto.

MI-SOOK

Near Areto. Across from someone who wakes easily.

BITNA

I know the room.

Jun-ho tastes the porridge.

JUN-HO

It's burned.

YUN-HEE

She's had a difficult morning.

JUN-HO

The porridge?

YUN-HEE

The goddess.

Laughter cracks the fear open.

31 INT. THE TOWER - GROUND-FLOOR COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

The rescue team reports. No one sits above anyone else. Mi-sook holds the talking piece.

MI-SOOK

Do not give the police my address. Keep copies of the video. I want my bankbook back. About charges -- do not ask me today.

AERA

We will protect--

Aera stops. Reframes.

AERA (cont'd)

What would help you feel safe tonight?

MI-SOOK

Time. And a lock I can turn myself.

Aera nods.

AERA

You get both.

She turns to Ye-seul.

AERA (cont'd)

You were right to block us.

YE-SEUL

We still almost got there too late.

AERA

I know.

Hands cross over hearts: support with concern.

32 INT. MIN-JUN'S CRIMINAL HEADQUARTERS - INITIATION ROOM - NIGHT

The men have assembled again. The recruit has been summoned back and kneels before a fresh white cloth. Min-jun offers Bong-cha the cleaned knife once more.

MIN-JUN

If you refuse me, do it without an audience.

BONG-CHA

You brought the audience.

She takes the knife. Every man braces.

In the polished blade, Bong-cha's reflection changes.

For a heartbeat, a luminous porcelain mask — pale petals at its edges.

Min-jun sees it.

His blackened mask flickers into being in answer.

Bong-cha lays it flat on the white cloth.

BONG-CHA (cont'd)
I'm not cutting myself so your men know who I
belong to.

Stone Lion's place in the semicircle is empty.

BONG-CHA (cont'd)
And neither is he. Not for me.

The recruit looks at Min-jun.

RECRUIT
Can I leave?

Min-jun sees his authority waiting for an answer.

MIN-JUN
Go.

The recruit scrambles up. Bong-cha walks out with him. The other men
witness Min-jun let them go.

33 INT. MIN-JUN'S CRIMINAL HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDORS / EXITS - CONTINUOUS

Bong-cha walks toward the main elevator. Two guards fall in behind her.
She changes direction. Service elevator. Another guard blocks it politely.
She takes the stairs. A keypad rejects her code.
She crosses the casino floor toward the public entrance. The doors open. A
black sedan pulls across the threshold.
Min-jun catches up, composed again.

MIN-JUN
You wanted out of the room.

BONG-CHA
I want out of the building.

MIN-JUN
Not tonight.

BONG-CHA
You said I was free.

MIN-JUN
You are.

BONG-CHA
Then move the car.

Around them, dealers, guards, hostesses, and cleaners hear her.

34 INT. MIN-JUN'S PENTHOUSE - LATER

Bong-cha stands at the glass wall, one hand over her pregnancy. Below, guards circle the building like a moving fence.

Her phone has no signal. A landline waits on a lacquered table.

She dials Aera's number from memory, then hangs up before it connects.

She dials again. INTERCUT - TOWER COMMUNAL KITCHEN: Aera's phone vibrates beside the sink. Bitna sees the same private number calling again and answers.

Are you hurt? BITNA (ON PHONE)

No. BONG-CHA

She looks at the guards below.

He says I can leave. BONG-CHA (cont'd)

Can you? BITNA (ON PHONE)

No. BONG-CHA

What do you want? BITNA (ON PHONE)

I want to be able to leave when I want. BONG-CHA

Bong-cha closes her eyes.

35 EXT./INT. GANGHWA - VARIOUS - MORNING - MONTAGE

Bitna's hand-drawn map has changed.

The three safe addresses from the market are now twelve. Lines run from the Tower to the rural cooperative, the clinic, apartment blocks and shops.

A phone passes from woman to woman. An address is copied. A key changes hands.

In one apartment, a man opens an empty rice cooker. A note reads: Feed yourself.

At a seafood restaurant, the owner, cook, bookkeeper, and two servers fail to arrive. All are women. The male manager cannot open the register.

A grandmother collects three grandchildren from school and drives past their father's house.

A municipal office operates with half its counters dark. Male supervisors search for passwords their female staff always remembered.

At the docks, lunchboxes do not arrive. Men complain before realizing no one knows where the women went.

A rural clinic closes early because its nurses are escorting a patient to the Tower network.

36 INT. MANISAN - TEMPLE OF THE GODS - CHUN-DEUNG'S OFFICE - DAY

Chun-deung reviews complaints with Min-jun. A CLERK stands at the edge of the room. Officials bow as they enter, though Chun-deung never looks up.

CLERK

Restaurants closed. Offices slow. Children collected by grandmothers.

CHUN-DEUNG

I said a week. Once the laundry piles up, they'll go home.

MIN-JUN

Bong-cha refused the oath.

CHUN-DEUNG

Then she wants to know what refusal costs.

MIN-JUN

So do I.

CHUN-DEUNG

Nothing. Yet.

The clerk lays down a single-page list.

CLERK

These are the missing person reports connected to the Tower.

Chun-deung takes it. Almost amused.

CHUN-DEUNG

A bad week is not a rebellion.

The printer behind the clerk starts again.

**37 INT. MANISAN - TEMPLE OF THE GODS - CHUN-DEUNG'S OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS**

A second page slides out. Then a third.

The clerk feeds the pages across Chun-deung's desk. Different surnames.
Different neighborhoods. Villages beyond the city. Women with children.
Women alone. Nurses, teachers, vendors, civil servants, wives of police
officers.

The printer keeps going.

Min-jun finds an internal crew-absence report clipped to the stack. One of
his low-level men is gone.

Min-jun moves to the window. Far across Ganghwa, the Tower looks dead.
A faint line of steam rises from its roof.

Chun-deung's storm mask flashes across his face.

Thunder cracks over Manisan.

The printer keeps going.

The pages slide beneath his palm anyway.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE 2.