

REBELLIONAIRE [EXCERPT]

Written by

Cat Bitteker

catbitteker@gmail.com
505-249-6183

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

A full moon illuminates the quiet city of Altair. Ornate buildings cast dark shadows on the alleys and city streets. Street lights flicker as the occasional person passes by before disappearing back into the darkness.

A clock tower in the city center glows from the moon light. The large clock face reads: 11:46 PM. MARCEL (28) sits at the top of the tower in a spot shadowed from the light. A SNIPER RIFLE is propped in front of her and she looks through the scope.

A THIN BLANKET is draped over her shoulders. She wears a DARK FITTED COAT, TAN JODHPURS, and KNEE HIGH BOOTS secured with dirty WHITE WRAPS. Her hair is short and black and compliments the dark features of her face.

Below her, she surveys the Capitol Building intently. Large, intricate windows line the front of the building, but only one of them is lit up from inside.

THREE MILITARY OFFICIALS are gathered at a large table, discussing amongst each other. They all wear the official Altarian military UNIFORM, an olive green suit with yellow highlights and brown leather boots. They all sport different badges of rank: a lieutenant colonel, colonel, and a major general.

Marcel looks up from the SCOPE, still staring at the building with a cool expression. She pulls the blanket around herself and takes a breath, which she can see in the cold night air.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

KIRAM (34) throws on his green MILITARY JACKET over a white T-shirt and buttons it. He smooths it over his chest and adjusts his badges while taking a breath. He observes himself in the mirror, slicking back his jet black hair.

A large scar is etched across his nose and smaller scars decorate his hands. His expression is serious as he takes in another breath.

Kiram takes a step back in the small bathroom, taking one last look at himself in the mirror, then turns and opens the bathroom door to exit.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - NIGHT

Kiram walks towards the Capitol Building, illuminated by the streetlights as he walks.

He walks with authority, but keeps his head down. He approaches the back gate where a GUARD is on duty. As Kiram moves to the gate, he looks at the soldier and salutes. The soldier returns a salute respectfully.

SOLDIER

Captain.

Kiram nods in respect as he walks through the gate. He then walks to the entrance and pulls the door open, slipping inside.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - NIGHT

Kiram pauses in the lobby and looks around. The building is seemingly empty. Kiram starts towards an office, his footsteps echoing through the empty lobby.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The door opens and Kiram peaks his head inside the office. No one is there. Kiram enters and closes the door behind him, locking it.

With a new sense of urgency, Kiram moves to the desk in the center of the small office. He flips on the TABLE LAMP then reaches in his coat, pulling out a FOLDED MAP.

He unfolds it and spreads it on the desk. An old blueprint labeled *Altair Capitol Building*. He searches the map for where he is, then traces a path with his finger along the paper. He studies it with intense concentration.

KIRAM

(To himself)

From here...by the hall, up the stairs...room 248...there!

His finger lands on a small square on the paper that represents one of the many rooms in the building.

As quickly as he pulled out the blue print, he refolds it and stores it back in his jacket pocket. He straightens his jacket again and takes a breath.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Kiram moves down the hall. The light fixtures lining the walls emit an orange, surprisingly dim, glow. Kiram glances at each door number pasted on plaques.

He marches down the hall with a sense of superiority, his back straight and has hands in fists at his sides.

236...238...242...246...

There it is, room 248. A YOUNG SOLDIER is posted outside the door, keeping watch. He is leaning against the wall with his arms crossed, clearly staring into space. He is a younger man with light brown hair and beady brown eyes.

INT. HALL - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

He notices Kiram moving closer and immediately straightens, putting his hands at his side and clicking his heels together. As Kiram stops in front of him, the young soldier salutes.

YOUNG SOLDIER
(Respectfully)
Good evening, Captain.

Kiram returns the salute quickly and without interest.

KIRAM
(Cooly)
I've been ordered to take over your shift. You are relieved of your duties.

The soldier blinks once in confusion. Kiram's cool stare penetrates the young soldier. The soldier starts, still visibly confused. He grabs his rifle that is leaning against the wall.

YOUNG SOLDIER
(Hesitantly)
Y-yes, sir. May I ask why?

Kiram's expression remains unflinching.

KIRAM
That is confidential, soldier. I suggest you leave now.

The soldier takes a step from his post, his brow knit together in confusion.

YOUNG SOLDIER
(Quietly)
Yes, sir. Understood, sir.

The soldier starts to walk down the hallway, glancing behind him once before turning and continuing down the hall with his eyes cast to the ground. Kiram stares at him as he turns down the stairwell and disappears.

Kiram takes up the young soldiers post, his back straight. He stares at the wall in front of him with a serious expression. His eyes stray as he glances at a clock to his right.

TICK, TICK, TICK

It reads: 11:58 PM.

Kiram looks to the wall again. Muffled conversation can be heard through the thick, oak door.

Kiram glances at the clock again.

11:59 PM.

Kiram adjusts himself impatiently. He wipes the palms of his hands on his trousers, still looking at the clock.

12:00 AM.

Outside, the clocktower begins to toll. A melody begins to chime.

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Marcel grabs some BALLED COTTON from her bag and shoves some in each ear.

The melody ends, quickly followed by the bell tolling the hour.

She positions herself behind the sniper.

MARCEL
(To herself)
Finally. Let's get this show on the road.

The first powerful CLANG rings through the sleepy city.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Kiram straightens at the sound of the first toll. He takes a breath in.

KIRAM
(Whispering to himself)
One.

CLANG!

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Marcel pulls back the bolt of her sniper and loads a single round into the breach. She thrusts the bolt back into place before positioning her hand near the trigger, ready. She looks through the scope simultaneously.

CLANG!

Marcel aims for the official with his back to the window: the Major General. The three men continue to talk, unfazed by the tolling bell tower and oblivious to the sniper aimed at the General.

CLANG!

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Kiram pulls a KNIFE from his coat sleeve inconspicuously. He keeps it hidden from view. The blade is sharp and glints in the dim light. He takes a deep breath, still looking at the same spot on the wall.

CLANG!

Kiram's grip on the knife tightens.

KIRAM
(Barley audible)
Five.

Kiram closes his eyes, taking in the sound of the next six tolls with anticipation. Before the twelfth, he opens his eyes again. He is more calm than he appeared to be earlier.

CLANG!

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Marcel wraps her finger around the trigger. Target locked.

MARCEL
(Matter-of-factly)
Twelve.

Marcel pulls the trigger as the bell's last toll rings out.

The jolt from the gun travels through Marcel's shoulder, but does not affect her. She continues to look through the scope, watching the window shatter and the man face plant on the table as instantaneously as she pulled the trigger.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The three officials sit at the large conference table. PAPERS, FILES, and MISCELLANEOUS FOLDERS are spread out on the table as they discuss amongst each other.

They are speaking so hushed, only an occasionally "yes I agree" can be heard.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The major general sits at the head of the table, his back facing the window. He is reviewing a DOCUMENT in front of him. His GLASSES sit low on his nose as he reads. His short, slicked back hair is graying. He sports a thick mustache that is curled slightly at each end.

He grunts to himself, satisfied by what he is reading. He then slides the document to the lieutenant colonel.

MAJOR GENERAL

What do you think, Lieutenant
Colonel? I believe it meets our
terms.

The major general removes his glasses and pockets them in his breast pocket.

The lieutenant colonel, the youngest of the three, gingerly takes the document and skims it. His hair is dark and short, shaved on the sides, and pushed to the side. His cheeks are red with rosacea, contrasting with his pale skin.

He carries himself with an air of professionalism. The lieutenant colonel nods.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL

(Mellow)

Yes, yes. Colonel?

The lieutenant colonel looks up from the document and slides it to the colonel across from him. The colonel grabs it and begins to read.

The colonel is a gruff looking man, with deep wrinkles etched into his face. He studies the document with a furrowed brow, while puffing on a PIPE in his other hand. His hair is shaved close to his scalp, a receding hairline is visible.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Before the colonel can say anything, the window behind them shatters. Shards of glass fly through the room.

THWIT!

A bullet lands in the back of the major general's head. He face plants on the table, a pool of blood quickly forms around him and soaks the documents laid out on the table.

Both the lieutenant colonel and colonel scream.

In fright, the lieutenant colonel quickly leaps from his chair and onto the ground, covering his head.

The colonel drops both the document and his pipe and stumbles from his chair. He quickly moves away from the major general with wide eyes. He backs into the wall.

The major general lay motionless in his chair. Blood runs down his neck and soaks into his uniform. A steady drip runs from his jaw and produces a puddle on the floor.

Shards of glass litter the floor. A fresh hole in the window is accented by a web of broken glass around it.

The colonel looks to the hole in the window, breathing heavy.

COLONEL

(In shock)

We are under attack!

The colonel snaps his head to the lieutenant colonel. The lieutenant colonel is still on the ground, cowering.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

(Panicked)

Quick, boy! Call for a medic! Call for backup!

The lieutenant colonel stumbles to his feet and runs to the door. He quickly unlocks it and flings the door open. The door hits the wall with a thud.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL

(Yelling)

Guard! Guard!

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT COLONEL (CONT'D)

Send a medic, the general has been
shot! Send backup! Guard!

INT. HALL - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The lieutenant colonel runs through the door, but is stopped by an outstretched arm in front of him. The lieutenant stops, wide eyed, and looks at Kiram.

Kiram's glare is unsympathetic, his blue eyes glinting in the light. The lieutenant's breathing hitches as he gets a look at Kiram's features.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL

(Hushed)

A Nyvian?!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Kiram turns and pushes the lieutenant colonel back into the room. The lieutenant stumbles back, all the color, including the rosacea, is drained from his face.

Kiram enters the room. He closes the door behind him and locks the door.

The lieutenant puts his hands in the air and looks to the ground, visibly shaking.

The colonel gasps, caught off guard. Kiram shoots him a look. The colonel straightens, taking a step closer to Kiram.

COLONEL

(Angry)

What is the meaning of this!? Where
is the other guard!

Kiram stays silent, his eyes narrow as he studies the colonel.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

(Harsh)

Answer me, Niv! I command you to
answer me!

Kiram sneers at the slur. He adjust his grip on his knife, which is still hidden from sight.

KIRAM

(Cooly)

Get on the ground.

The colonel does not move.

COLONEL

(Spitting)

Who the hell do you think you are--

In one swift motion, Kiram moves to the colonel and wraps his arm across the colonel's chest. He puts his foot behind the colonel's and the officer trips backwards. Kiram drops him to his back. The colonel grunts from the force, now in shock.

Kiram puts the knife to the colonel's throat.

KIRAM

(Hissing)

I *said* get on the ground.

The colonel is gasping now, sweat is beading on his forehead. His eyes are pleading as he stares at Kiram. His lip quivers. He puts his hands in the air to the best of his abilities.

COLONEL

(Pleading)

I'm sorry. I'll stay on the ground.
Please! I didn't mean it!

Kiram's brow tightens with annoyance. He slices the colonel's throat. Blood pours from the fresh wound.

The colonel quickly brings his hands to his throat, trying to stop the blood. To no avail, his hands are covered in blood as it keeps pooling from his neck. He gurgles meaningless sounds, still looking at Kiram.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL (O.C.)

(Rushed)

Send help! We need backup in room
248! Hurry! Active terrorist in the
building!

Kiram's ears prick and he stands, whipping his head to the other side of the room. The lieutenant is at a PHONE on a table near the door. He is on his knees and the receiver is to his ear. Both hands clasp the receiver, but he is still shaking.

Kiram sneers. He wipes the blood from the knife onto his sleeve before putting it back in his coat. He appears behind the lieutenant and wraps his hands around the lieutenant's head.

In one swift motion, Kiram snaps the mans neck. The lieutenant crumples to the ground, lifeless.

The receiver falls from his hand, landing on the ground next to him. A static-y, muffled voice speaks from the phone.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Hello? Sir? Hello are you there?

Kiram pays no mind to the voice on the other end of the line. He picks up the receiver and hangs up.

Kiram runs his hand through his hair, relaxing a little. He looks at the mess around him and sighs.

KIRAM
(Muttering)
Goddammit.

Kiram steps over the dead body in front of him and walks to the window of the conference room. He opens one of the windows that is not shattered, the cool night breeze drifts into the room, shuffling papers on the table.

Kiram's hair is messy and strands fall in his face. The breeze blows his hair as he looks out the window at the courtyard below him, then to the clocktower across from the council building.

He reaches behind him and pulls a FLARE GUN from his belt. He aims it out the window and fires it into the sky. A bright explosion of red light lights up the night sky. The red glow shines on Kiram's face as he watches it fly through the sky.

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Marcel looks up from her scope at the flare burning in the sky. Her brow furrows.

MARCEL
Shit, something's wrong.

She quickly gets up from her position and grabs her sniper. She stuffs her belongings in her BAG and sling it over her shoulder, then puts her sniper over her other shoulder.

She looks at the council building.

MARCEL (CONT'D)
(Quietly)
See you soon, Kiram.

She turns and vanishes into the shadows of the clock tower.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Kiram reenters the room from the window and crouches out of view below the window. He grabs another flare from his belt and quickly loads it

Footsteps can be heard from the hallway marching towards the conference room. Kiram straightens and looks to the door. His face becomes serious.

Shouting is heard outside the window. Kiram peaks his head out the window. A group of military personnel swarms the courtyard. Some carry RIFLES, others have PISTOLS at their sides. Kiram's eyes widen.

EXT. COURTYARD FROM WINDOW - NIGHT

Kiram's eyes land on SCOTT THORNE (37), a lieutenant giving orders to the group of soldiers.

SCOTT

(Yelling)

Keep your eyes peeled for the
assassin! He is armed and
dangerous, be prepared to use force
if you find him!

Scott puts his hands on his hips. He is a thin, yet well built man with wavy auburn hair that is slicked back and a mustache to match. He is a jovial man with a light spray of freckles across his nose.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Let's go, soldiers! Spread out!
Search the perimeter! No one leaves
and no one comes in!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Kiram pulls his head back into the conference room, taking in a deep breath.

KIRAM

(Quietly)

Shit.

Kiram starts to show signs of worry now. Sweat beads on his forehead and his teeth are clenched.

Footsteps can be heard marching through the hall outside the conference room. Kiram snaps his attention to the door.

BANG BANG BANG!

The conference room door rattles as the military personnel bang on the door. The sound of the knocking echoes through the room.

SOLDIER 1(O.S.)
OPEN THE DOOR NOW! THIS IS THE
MILITARY POLICE! YOU ARE
SURROUNDED!

Kiram gulps.

SOLDIER 2(O.S.)
KICK THE DOOR DOWN!

BAM! The door rattles violently on its hinges, but does not give way.

Kiram stands, putting his finger on the trigger of flare gun.

BAM! The door creaks and starts to splinter.

Kiram raises the gun towards the door, his eyes narrow.

BAM! The door flies open, the wood cracked and the hinges broken.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

MAVERICK THORNE (37) enters the room, PISTOL raised. He looks strikingly similar to Scott, though his face is set in a constant frown. His hair is greying at his temples, mixing with his auburn hair. The freckles across his face are prominent, but do not offset his harsh demeanor.

A few soldiers enter behind him, also armed.

MAVERICK
(Harsh)
Put the gun down and get on the
ground, NOW! You are surrounded!

Kiram takes a step back towards the open window, still pointing the gun at them.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
Don't even think about it, buddy! I
got my men waiting for you outside!

Kiram glances at the papers spread across the table. Without second thought, Kiram aims at the table and fires before lunging out of the way.

The papers and folders spread across the table quickly erupt into flames. The flare burns bright as it skids onto the floor.

Maverick, blinded, covers his eyes. A few of the soldiers fire their weapons in surprise. Smoke starts to fill the room.

Kiram climbs out the window and quickly scales the side of the council building, disappearing into the darkness.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)

Hold your fire!

Maverick covers his nose, squinting through the smoke and flare light. He can't see anything. He puts his gun in his holster and turns.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)

(Coughing)

Get out, go! Call the fire department! Now!

Maverick ushers the soldiers out of the burning room. He looks back in the room, covering his nose with the crook of his arm. He watches the flames grow and envelope every scrap of paper on the table along with the three corpses.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Maverick turns towards the group of soldiers, who are awaiting command.

MAVERICK

(Commanding)

Don't just stand there! Go get a bucket of water and put this goddamn fire out!

He strides down the hall, his fists balled and his teeth gritting.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)

Did anyone call the fire department!?

A soldier following him, struggling to keep up with Maverick's pace, nods.

SOLDIER 1

Yes, sir. They are on the way as we speak, sir.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

Maverick grumbles as he quickly descends the stairs. A few soldiers closely follow him with their rifles at their sides.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Maverick slams open the doors to the council building and makes his way over to Scott. The soldiers in the courtyard are looking up at the burning window, commenting to each other.

Scott is also looking up at the window with concern.

SCOTT

(Yelling)

Call the fire department right now!

Maverick stops next to him. The twins are the same height, but Maverick is slouching so he looks slightly shorter.

MAVERICK

(Angry)

They are on the way. That damn Niv had a flare gun.

Scott looks at him.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)

He escaped. We need to extend the perimeter to the other side of the building.

Scott straightens, he motions for a few soldiers to come his way. They run up to him.

SCOTT

(Serious)

The assassin has escaped. Set up a perimeter by the west entrance. And you, go to the north side. Keep your men close! Everyone else stays here.

The soldiers both nod.

SOLDIER 1 & 2

Yes, sir!

They turn and leave the courtyard with a small group of soldiers following each of them. They go in different directions around the council building and disappear into the night.

Scott turns back to Maverick with his hands behind his back, awaiting instruction. Maverick watches the soldiers disappear with a sour look on his face. Maverick looks at Scott.

MAVERICK

You check the back gate. There should be a guard posted there, he will have a higher chance of seeing the assassin. Check in with him and report back to me...I'll take care of the fire.

Scott nods.

SCOTT

Yes, sir.

Scott starts towards the back gate. He marches at a steady pace until he disappears behind the building.

Maverick watches as he leaves, then he turns his attention to the glowing flare still flickering in the sky. Maverick frowns.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Sirens whirl in the distance. Kiram jumps from a balcony onto the ground, rolling on his shoulder and landing on his feet. He looks around, staying low to the ground. The shadows of the building keep Kiram hidden.

He hides behind a bush and peers towards the gate. The same guard from earlier is there, but now looks more alert and carries a rifle.

Kiram grits his teeth. He glances at the main stone path then looks at the high stone wall surrounding the perimeter of the building. He sneaks around the bush and starts towards the wall, moving quickly yet quietly.

He looks behind him to see if the guard at the gate had noticed. He hadn't.

SCOTT (O.C.)

Hey, you!

Kiram stops in his tracks with wide eyes and turns towards the noise.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Scott is standing a few feet away from Kiram, his PISTOL drawn and aimed at the assassin. Scott's joyful demeanor is gone and he stares at Kiram with ill fitting seriousness.

SCOTT

(Serious)

Get on the ground now! You are under arrest!

Kiram does not budge. Scott moves closer to Kiram.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I don't wanna have to shoot you!

Kiram's eyes narrow.

KIRAM

(Cooly)

Then that's your mistake.

Without a hiccup, Kiram pulls his knife from jacket and lunges towards Scott. He attempts to slash Scott across the face, but the lieutenant evades his attack. Scott kicks Kiram square in the chest and the assassin flies back.

Kiram rolls backwards on the ground and lands on his feet, staying crouched. Kiram is breathing heavy and his brow is knit in anger.

Scott resets his pistol, aiming at Kiram again. Scott fires at Kiram, and Kiram dives out of the way. He stands straight and sprints across the pathway. Kiram hurls his knife towards Scott. Scott moves out of the way, but is not quick enough.

The blade skims Scott's leg, slicing through his pants. The knife clatters on the stone next to him. Blood starts to soak through. Scott cringes, looking down at his leg.

Kiram barrels into Scott while he is distracted. Scott falls to the ground and lands on his back with a thud. Scott aims his gun at Kiram, but the assassin kicks the weapon from his hands.

The pistol skids across the pathway, far away from the lieutenant. Kiram quickly straddles Scott and grabs the knife that is laying next to Scott's head. He raises the knife over his head, ready to bring it down on Scott. Kiram's eyes flash with malice.

THUNK!

The butt of a RIFLE slams into the side of Kiram's head. Kiram rolls off of Scott and falls to the ground, releasing the knife. The knife clicks on the stone next to Kiram.

Kiram passes out, his body limp on the cold stone ground.

The guard that was posted at the gate holds his rifle in both hands, the butt aimed in Kiram's direction. The guard has a serious yet proud look on his face.

The guard slings his rifle onto his shoulder before turning to Scott and reaching his hand towards him.

GUARD

My God, are you ok, sir? Let me help you up.

Scott grabs the outstretched hand heartily and the guard helps him to his feet. Scott cringes from his fresh wound as he supports himself on his feet.

SCOTT

(Mellow)

Yes, I'm fine. Thank you for helping me, soldier.

Scott straightens, now balanced on both feet, but putting more weight on his good leg. Blood has soaked through Scott's pant leg to make a decent stain around his wound, but Scott pays no mind to it.

The guard straightens.

GUARD

Of course, Lieutenant...what about him?

The guard motions towards Kiram, who lay motionless on the ground.

Scott looks at Kiram, his face suddenly becomes more serious.

SCOTT

(To the guard)

Call for Colonel Thorne. We will apprehend the assassin and take him in for questioning.

The guard nods and turns, jogging back to his post for the radio.

Scott grabs a pair of HANDCUFFS from his belt and turns Kiram onto his stomach. He clicks the handcuffs on both of Kiram's wrists.

CLICK! CLICK!

END.