

Rebel
by
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EXT. DENSE FOREST - DAY

A squad of six REBELS cautiously traverse the thick FOREST. ALEX 18, is in the middle of the formation. SERGEANT ABRAHAM Suddenly stops the entire squad. Using hand-gestures he commands the squad to get low and get behind cover.

CORPORAL SIMMONS

Serg, What's up?

Sergeant Abraham shushes the squad behind him without looking back at them. The Sergeant silently moves forward in a crouched position a few feet, gets on his stomach and crawls next to a fallen tree trunk.

Alex's eyes dart from tree to tree.

Just ahead is a small clearing with a toppled canopy mesh on the ground exposing the makeshift rendezvous point.

Sergeant Abraham peaks over the fallen trunk.

After a beat.

SERGEANT ABRAHAM

(Towards The Clearing)

THUNDER!

(Beat)

THUND---

GUNSHOTS. BULLETS pierce the TREE BARK of the fallen trunk.

SERGEANT ABRAHAM

AMBUSH!

Three of the rebels go down in a barrage of gunfire. Corporal Simmons grabs a hold of Alex picking him up to his feet.

CORPORAL SIMMONS

Get the hell out of here!

Simmons shoves Alex into motion. Alex barely has time to duck behind cover as the BULLETS whiz by him.

Alex keeps moving toward Sergeant Abraham who is still taking cover behind the fallen tree trunk as BULLETS hit the trunk.

Behind the trunk Alex, catches his breath.

SERGEANT ABRAHAM

Where's Corporal Simmons!?

ALEX

She was right behind me!

The GUNSHOTS stop suddenly. BATTLE CHATTER. YELLING.

OFF SCREEN EXPLOSION. Sergeant Abraham grabs Alex.

SERGEANT ABRAHAM

Keep moving! Come on!

They both rise out of cover.

All BLACK SCREEN.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE - ALEX AND SERGEANT ABRAHAM RUNNING.

All BLACK SCREEN.

(SOUND FX ONLY)

GUNSHOTS. BULLETS WHIZZING BY.

--They run pass trees and over uneven-ground. Sergeant Abraham looks back and fires off some rounds.

All BLACK SCREEN.

(SOUND FX ONLY)

RUNNING. HEAVY BREATHING.

--Enemies feet rushing passed.

All BLACK SCREEN.

(SOUND FX ONLY)

MORE GUNSHOTS and BULLETS WHIZZING BY. BULLET PENETRATES. Sergeant Abraham BELLOWS out in pain. BODY HITS THE GROUND.

-- Alex ducks and stays low as he runs back to the wounded Sergeant on the ground reloading his pistol. Alex grabs on to the Sergeant barley lifts him to his feet. Both run off camera.

(SOUND FX ONLY)

GUNFIRE, A MAN CRIES OUT IN PAIN. ANOTHER MAN YELLS OUT IN ANGER FROM HIS SLAIN COMRADE. GUNFIRE. THE YELLING STOPS. EVERYTHING STOPS.

DRAGGING THROUGH FOREST OVERGROWTH. HEAVY BREATHING. BODIES THUD ONTO THE FOREST GROUND.

END MONTAGE

EXT. FOREST

Alex drags a bloodied paled Sergeant Abraham a few feet and props him up against a tree.

Sitting up against a tree in the middle of the forest near the demarcation of the current contested territory Sergeant Abraham Washington bloody hands shake as he

slings off a beat up metallic box he had been carrying. Hands it off to Alex.

SERGEANT ABRAHAM

"Make sure... we win..."

Alex sobs...

FADE OUT.

(SFX ONLY)

FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH VEGETATION.

SUPER: LATER.

FADE IN.

EXT. ABANDONED REBEL HIDEOUT - NIGHT

From within, a flickering lantern reveals a CRUMBLING MAKESHIFT SHELTER. Alex silently approaches the makeshift shelter. He opens the makeshift door and peeks inside. Seeing nothing move inside Alex enters and closes the door.

INT. ABANDONED REBEL HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

Dirty, exhausted and riddled with dry blood. Alex slides down the door, clutching a DENTED METAL CASE tightly against his chest, tears begin to swell up around his eyes. Clearing the tears from his eyes. He levels the box in front of him and opens the case.

Encased in foam a MODIFIED RUSTED TERMINAL AND TRANSCEIVER. A USB on a chain covered in dry blood rested above it all.

A green light blinks faintly inside, everything was still operational just waiting on standby.

Alex shutters-exhales in relief.

A LOW GROAN.

Alex SNAPS up, drawing a familiar looking battered PISTOL.

In the shadows of the dim lantern light a WOUNDED ENEMY, COMMANDER BYRON (30s, hardened, pale from blood loss) is slumped against the wall. His uniform, once pristine, now torn and filthy.

COMMANDER BYRON

You gonna shoot or stare?

Alex hesitates, finger on the trigger. A blinking red light at the top of a device in the commanders hand catches his attention.

Alex eyes quickly scan the dimly lit room. Next to the pale commander is an open satchel charge matching the rhythmic blinking in the commander hand.

ALEX

How did you find this place?

Alex lowers the pistol slightly.

COMMANDER BYRON

I didn't. My squad got shredded a few miles back... I thought I was heading back to base camp... (winces)
But then I woke up on the ground next this shit hole...

So I crawled in and made myself at right at home.
Lucky me huh...

ALEX

Lucky isn't the word I'd use.

COMMANDER BYRON

(smirks, coughs))

All you rebels are the same... Chanting your slogans as you wreck everything that stand in your way to get what you want. "Freedom," "Justice" "Retribution"
Ha! Got a nice ring to it until you're bleeding out huh kid.

(Beat)

ALEX

At least we fight for something real. A new world where the meek will guide the way.

COMMANDER BYRON

Real? Your rebellion torched the last cities with most of the old world schematics and guides.

(Clutching his wound)

We held the line while your rebellion burned the last remaining history of a previous world you wouldn't even now where to begin to try to comprehend or fathom the miracles they lived in... things only our stories and relics can tell us now.

ALEX

The line? You mean the camps? The raids? The public hangings you leader ordained into law!

I watched my family starve while your side hoarded pre-war tech and ate clean food...

The Commander winces, pain rippling through him.

Silence hangs thick.

COMMANDER BYRON

Maybe we're both fools...

Fighting over the ruins and scraps of an old world...

(Grunts)

That no longer serves our current one.

The Rebel studies the dazed commander, conflict on his face. He tucks his gun away and starts to pull out a MED KIT from a pouch on his waist.

ALEX

Hold still.

COMMANDER BYRON

Why help me?

ALEX

I don't know...

Alex patches the Commander up in silence as the wind howls outside.

COMMANDER BYRON

(softly - in and out of
consciousness))

You're not like... the others... Maybe, there's still
hope--

Alex meets the commanders hazy gaze as the commander gives a small smile. Unsure how to respond, Alex waits a moment watching the blinking red light in the commanders limp hand.

FADE TO BLACK.

(SFX ONLY)

A MILITARY TRANSPORT rumbles to a stop. SOMEONE IS BARKING ORDERS.

ARMED ENEMY SOLDIERS BOOTS HIT THE FOREST GROUND.

EXT. ABANDONED REBEL HIDEOUT - DAWN

ARMED ENEMY SOLDIERS fan out.

INT. ABANDONED REBEL HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

The Commander sits alone. Weak and coming back to consciousness as CAPTAIN IRVING (40s, stern) enters.

CAPTAIN IRVING

Where's are the rebels and this war ending device?

The Commander looks down at his dirty empty hand beside him the satchel charge had been disarmed with the detonation device resting on top of it. The Commander then stares at empty corner of the small space ahead of him.

(A long beat)

COMMANDER BYRON

Dead. I was the only one left.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAWN

Alex moves swiftly across the jagged landscape, the metal case secured to his back.

INT. ABANDONED REBEL HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

The Captain Irving eyes Commander, suspicious, and nods reluctantly.

CAPTAIN IRVING

(Toward the men at the door)

Get him in the transport we still have enough time to
debrief him.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

The young rebel emerges over a cliff overlooking a rebel garrison, alive and home free he smiles as he tightly grips the straps attached to the metal case as he makes his way down the cliff-side and out of frame.

FADE OUT.