

FIREBRAND

By

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EXT. SOMEWHERE IN LONDON - NIGHT

SUPER:

DECEMBER 31st, 1989.

11:59PM.

FADE IN:

10 SECONDS UNTIL THE NEW YEAR.

A COLOSSAL ELECTRONIC BALL DISPLAYS THE "UNION JACK" FLAG
and DROPS AS AN ENORMOUS CROWD COUNTS THE SECONDS.

TEN. NINE.

A FATHER (30s) holds his WIFE (30s) and DAUGHTER (5) close.
The light of the BALL *illuminates* them. They count with
joyful anticipation.

EIGHT. SEVEN.

An OLD COUPLE (80s) closes their eyes... they share a ginger
kiss.

SIX. *FIVE*.

The sound of a young woman's voice.

REVERIE (V.O.)
That was the night...

A couple of REDCOATS (30), big men, completely
unidentifiable. Red "Queen's Guard" uniforms. Their
motorcycle helmets have digital visors, scanning the area.
They push and shove through the crowd. *Searching.*
Desperately.

FOUR. *THREE*.

KING WEYLUND (mid 50s) and the PRAETOR (40s) shake hands.
Above them a ROMAN SPQR flag flies alongside a BRITISH
EMPIRE banner.

INT. ABANDONED HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

REVERIE (28) a punk rocker girl with an eye-patch. She's
bleeding. Red drops crash into the cement floor and soak in.

In her hand... a **detonator**. There is a sticker on it, right
next to the killswitch... "Long Live The King".

(CONTINUED)

CRASH. A door nearby is BREACHED. The yelling of BRITISH **GOD KNIGHTS**, this Neo-Fascist Britain's version of a Counter-Terrorism unit.

Reverie's thumb starts to PUSH DOWN onto the detonator's SWITCH.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN LONDON - NIGHT

TWO. **ONE**.

The ball makes CONTACT with its BASE and SHINES in GOLD.

REVERIE (V.O.)
... The night the 80's died.

1990.

CHEERING from the crowd.

"LONDON CALLING" by *THE CLASH*.

A TEENAGE COUPLE (17) kisses with the ball illuminated above them.

SLOW-MOTION.

CONFETTI SNOWS DOWN ON THE GLEEFUL CROWD...

AND THEN **FIRE**.

ALL ARE INCINERATED.

INT. OUTER LONDON WAREHOUSE - UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT

The building rattles from the nearby *explosion*.

Out a shattered window, an inferno spreads through the London Square.

Reverie sheds a tear, which becomes diluted in blood as it rolls down her busted cheek.

She turns her head to a BARRICADED DOOR, which is *BLOWN OPEN* with a charge.

She does her best to stand and face what's coming, dropping the detonator.

It falls and clatters against the ground in slow-motion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3.

GOD KNIGHTS in kevlar and ornate medieval full-helms, armed with assault weapons.

BANG. A single shot.

It splits through Reverie's leg.

She collapses to the ground.

Her face in the dust, a gloved hand reaches in to grab a fistful of her hair, lifting her head up.

WHAP. Her head is thrown into the floor, ENDING THE *MUSIC*.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

OVER BLACK:

REVERIE (V.O.)
If rebellions were like chess...

FADE IN:

Reverie is shackled in electronic restraints.

She moves her hands. The restraints TIGHTEN. She seethes through her teeth at the pain.

The SLAM of a heavy metal sliding door being THROWN OPEN.

Big GUARDS (30s) walk in and MAN-HANDLE her, lifting her up off the ground and carrying her out with no concern.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY - 1776

A white powdered wig lies dirtied on the floor. A pool of blood widens and begins to soak it **red**.

REVERIE (V.O.)
We'd have no dream of victory...

PARTY MEMBERS (50s) all male, lie dead.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN lies dead, too, with a gunshot wound to the head, his shattered glasses lying next to him on the floor.

CRUNCH. The BOOT of a OLD REDCOAT (30) crushes the glasses.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS JEFFERSON drags himself across the floor, as OLD REDCOATS walk towards him leisurely.

An OLD DRAGOON OFFICER (40s) takes out a pistol and EXECUTES HIM.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY - 1776

The Old Redcoats drag a beaten GEORGE WASHINGTON out of the house.

REVERIE (V.O.)
Our pride is in loss...

INT. OLD HOLDING CELL - DAY - 1776

George Washington sits, defeated, in the same exact framing that we just saw Firebrand... possibly the same cell, but a long time ago.

OLD GUARDS (30s) walk in and DRAG him out.

EXT. COURTYARD - EVENING - 1776

A crowd watches. They shout, *furiously*.

TRAITOR!

An EXECUTIONER (40) places a noose around a restrained George Washington's neck.

A wooden painted sign has been tied to Washington's waist that reads: "**The KING of NEW ENGLAND**"

KING GEORGE THE THIRD (38) sits in an impromptu throne. He gives the ORDER.

Washington looks deep into a *setting sun*.

The EXECUTIONER pulls a *lever*.

Washington FALLS through the floor.

SNAP.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - EVENING - 1990

Reverie is on her knees, bound, in the center of a stage.

REVERIE (V.O.)
Because even in defeat...

REDCOATS and GOD KNIGHTS stand in formation. BRITISH ENFORCERS (30s) all male, block an ANGRY MOB. They throw ROCKS at Reverie.

ONE OF THE ROCKS STRIKES HER IN THE FACE.

Blood begins to pour from the open head wound. She slowly looks up.

REVERIE (V.O.)
We did what no one else could...

The CROWDS SCREAM and BURN crimson and gold *flags* that read "**SPQR**".

A DRAGOON (40) takes out a *SERVICE PISTOL* and presses it up to the back of Reverie's head.

She looks at *US*, the audience, and smiles.

REVERIE (V.O.)
We put them in *check*.

BANG.

CUT TO BLACK:

JANUARY 1st, 1990.

The clock winds back as the days count in reverse all the way to:

DECEMBER 1st, 1989.

SUPER:

I: HAIL, CAESAR

INT. BATTLE-READY ZONE - NIGHT

OVER BLACK:

A man's heavy-breathing. Shaken, scared. The sound of a roaring crowd somewhere nearby.

REVEAL:

(CONTINUED)