

The Revolutionary

written by

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**EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

A harsh wind WHISTLES through the night air. A pair of boots step on broken glass as they make their way to the edge.

SAM STRIKER (34), disheveled dark hair, tired eyes, dirty bomber jacket, looks down the DIZZYING drop.

It's a SPRAWLING metropolis, glimmering in the darkness. His boots are half-way off now. He EXHALES. Hesitates. Steps back. He fishes a FLASK out of his pocket. Sits down and takes a sip.

SAM (V.O)

It wasn't supposed to end this way.

His voice is deep and scratchy.

SAM (V.O) (CONT'D)

Can't say I didn't expect it.

(beat)

These things aren't easy.

He drops the flask. Takes out a cigarette carton. He empties it, but only one falls out.

SAM (CONT'D)

(Under his breath)

Shit.

He lights it. Drags it. Approaches the edge again. With an arm outstretched, he drops the carton, watching it float down, navigated by the wind.

SAM (V.O) (CONT'D)

There's a lot they don't tell you.

About a man's last moments.

(Chuckles)

How could you ever know anyways?

You aren't them.

He backs away. Takes out a cell-phone. He just stares at it for a second.

SAM (V.O) (CONT'D)

Rational or not, you can't understand what they're thinking.

How they're feeling.

(beat)

What led them to this.

He finally dials a number. He takes a few more drags as it rings. A female voice answers the voice mail.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hi. You must be worried. Please don't be. I... I have to do this. Hopefully you understand...

His voice trails off. He shakes his head. Ends the call.

SIRENS sound in the distance. Getting louder.

SAM (V.O) (CONT'D)

Sometimes, you really are out of options. These things happen. It could've been bad luck. Sometimes, you just can't deal with it. The stagnation. Sitting on your ass and doing nothing.

He looks to the stars, twinkling in the black sky. A slight grin creeps across his face. He takes his last drag of the cigarette. Flicks it away.

SAM (V.O) (CONT'D)

That's the worst part. Doing nothing. Watching it all happen, feeling your sanity slip away. Knowing you won't do shit. Knowing you *can't* do shit.

The sirens are louder now. Sam paces around.

SAM (V.O) (CONT'D)

Things were looking bleak here.  
(beat)  
But I *had* options.

Again, he starts towards the edge. BLUE and RED flashing lights are visible now, travelling along the maze of streets.

SAM (V.O) (CONT'D)

Most right here would have done it. Just like the ones before me. They were finished. Nothing to lose, but nothing to gain.

He walks back over to the flask. Takes another swig.

SAM (V.O) (CONT'D)

I was close.

The sirens are DEAFENING at this point.

SAM (V.O) (CONT'D)  
But something kept me from taking  
the plunge. Once in a life-time, a  
Man's gotta prove himself.

He takes off his jacket, revealing a blood-soaked white t-shirt. Bandages are wrapped across his waist. He winces.

A BOOMING speakerphone echoes from below.

SPEAKERPHONE  
WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! SURRENDER  
NOW!

He looks towards a duffel bag a few feet away. He scrambles towards it.

#### **INT. STAIRWELL**

About a dozen men, armed to the teeth with grey armor and big, black guns ascend the steps with torrid ferocity. They all sport a symbol on their armbands - a single red X in a black circle over a white background.

#### **EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Sam takes out a small syringe filled with a clear liquid. Injects it into his arm. His pupils dilate. He EXHALES.

SAM (V.O)  
I had nothing left to lose, sure.

He takes a large RIFLE out of the bag. Multiple handguns follow suit. He holsters them. Two more grenades. Clips them to his belt.

Lastly, he takes out a small flag - multiple gold stars enclosed in a green square. He ties it around his arm.

The loud WHIRS of a rotor cause him to look to the sky. The helicopter, which has the same flag draped around the exterior, circles him.

The helicopter door slides open, revealing a multitude of armed men, weapons pointed at the rooftop. But not at Sam. One of them salutes him. He reciprocates, looking somewhat relieved.

The sounds of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS bolting upwards are audible now. He takes the clip off a grenade. Rolls it towards the door. Aims his rifle. And waits.

SAM (V.O) (CONT'D)  
But nobody ever stops fighting. I  
had *everything* to gain.

The door is KICKED open.

**CUT TO BLACK.**