

The Resistance TV Series

written by

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ACT 1 SCENE 1

FADE IN:

INT. GRANT PREPARATORY - CLASSROOM - DAY

A rigid, sterile classroom. Surveillance drones hover outside the window, their lenses shifting, recording everything. A MASSIVE GOLDEN CROSS looms on the back wall, its polished surface reflecting artificial light.

Two podiums stand at the front. Shepherd MARCUS REEVES (40s, imposing but weary) stands between them, unreadable.

MARCUS

Let's get started. The debate topic: The Founding Principles of America: Christian Enlightenment vs. Old Enlightenment Ideals.

He gestures to FRED THOMPSON (17, nervous but devout) on his right.

MARCUS

Fred, you'll argue for Christian Enlightenment.

On the left, ZOE CHEN (17, fierce, holding her tension just beneath the surface) grips the edges of her podium.

MARCUS

Zoe, you'll defend the Old Enlightenment Ideals. Opening statements—Fred, go.

Fred adjusts his collar, his voice gaining confidence.

FRED

America was founded on Christian principles. John Adams stated the Revolution was won on the principles of the Christian religion.

ZOE

Objection. Source verification?

MARCUS

Noted. Fred, provide more context
in the future. Zoe, your turn.

ZOE

The Founders, including Jefferson
and Franklin, embraced
Enlightenment ideals. We hold
these truths to be self-evident .
. . That's reason, not religious
doctrine.

Fred fires back, voice rising.

FRED

But they were still religious men!
Even Deists built their values on
Judeo-Christian morals.

ZOE

And yet, they championed
separation of church and state.
Franklin fought for religious
tolerance, not theocracy.

Zoe gives a clap.

MARCUS

Not Tournament Debate.

ZOE

Sorry.

Marcus nods to Fred.

FRED

The Enlightenment led to chaos!
The
French Revolution—

ZOE

The American Revolution, inspired
by the same ideals, built
democracy.

MARCUS

Time for closing statements. Fred?

FRED

America is a Christian nation. To deny this is to deny our heritage.

ZOE

America was built on reason, individual rights, and freedom of belief—without dominance of any faith.

MARCUS

Thought-provoking. But we must dig deeper. Fred, sit. Zoe, stay.

Zoe tenses. The GOLDEN CROSS behind Marcus looms larger.

MARCUS

Zoe, can Enlightenment ideals alone create an ethical society?

ZOE

Yes. Reason and ... oh yeah, humanism provide moral structure without divine command.

MARCUS

But history says otherwise. Before Christian Enlightenment, justice was arbitrary, dictated by power, not principle.

Zoe shifts slightly, sweat on her temple. Marcus leans in.

MARCUS

And Christianity built hospitals, fought slavery, transformed hearts. Can secular humanism claim the same?

ZOE

Scientific progress, democracy—

MARCUS

Progress isn't morality. Where are your great secular saints? The MLKs? The Mother Teresas? Sure you may have philanthropists, but where are the great movements?

Zoe opens her mouth but hesitates.

Silence.

MARCUS

Ladies and gentlemen, a round of applause for our petitioners. Zoe defended a hopeless position admirably. Remember, the historical record is tremendous evidence for why the Christian religion morphed into the New Christian Enlightenment which is the maturation of the noble American experiment.

The class claps. Zoe remains motionless, hands gripping her podium.

BELL RINGS. Zoe gathers her things and leaves with the other students. Marcus watches them go. Then—

He reaches under his desk, pulls out a BOTTLE. The amber liquid sloshes as he pours a drink. A small PILL follows.

His fingers tighten around the glass—tighter, tighter, until a FAINT GRINDING SOUND is heard.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT 1, SCENE 2

FADE IN:

INT. MARCUS REEVES' APARTMENT - DAWN

His room is a wreck with his clothes strewn across the floor, and empty liquor bottles stacked in the trash. The acrid scent of stale alcohol lingers, mixing with the faint metallic tang of recycled air.

The dim morning light filters through the cracked blinds, casting harsh lines across the space. A digital alarm clicks on, blaring a government-mandated broadcast.

CONVENANT RECORDING (V.O.)

We believe in one Divine
Authority, vast and eternal...

Marcus groans, rubbing his temples. Hungover. His mouth tastes of old whiskey and regret.

He slaps at the bedside table, knocking over an empty glass before finally silencing the alarm. The prayer service continues through the home speakers, unyielding.

CONVENANT RECORDING

...True vision from True vision.
appointed, not elected...

Marcus pushes himself up, wincing. His muscles ache, stiff from a restless sleep.

He staggers toward the bathroom, splashes water on his face, and stares at his reflection in the smudged mirror. Hollow eyes, unshaven stubble.

A sigh. He reaches for a bottle of pills and pops one then shoves the bottle back into the medicine cabinet. He grips the sink, steadying himself.

MARCUS walks to the window and looks outside.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

The world outside is sterile and orderly. Drones hum through the air, their mechanical eyes scanning the streets. The static hum vibrates through the glass, grating against Marcus' ears.

ENFORCER KNIGHTS, their light grey armor edged in gold trim, patrol the sidewalks. Massive digital billboards project The Moral Code in glowing text.

Civilians, dressed in muted tones, move in quiet compliance.

Marcus watches, his jaw clenching. A drone passes directly in front of his window, its lens shifting, scanning, searching his room inside. Marcus smiles before the drone drifts away.

He rubs his five-day shadow with slow, deliberate strokes, eyes dark and heavy. He looks down at the street—orderly, controlled, lifeless.

His fingers tighten against the window frame. He exhales sharply and turns away.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT - LIVING AREA

Marcus moves through his morning routine mechanically sipping black coffee and he makes a squeamish face, slipping into slacks, washing his pits and privates with a damp rag. The government broadcast shifts to the day's news:

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Today's top stories: The Holy Herald reaffirms his commitment to ideological purity. A new education initiative will ensure that young minds embrace the New Contract.

Marcus downs another drink and swipes the projection off his AR Space with a dismissible wave.

MARCUS

Enough of that.

The news feed vanishes. He sighs, rubbing his face with his hand to wake himself up, before turning back to his desk. A blinking message awaits.

INT. MARCUS' APARTMENT - DESK AREA

The holographic display flickers to life. A recorded message from MASTER Shepherd XAVIER FORTON of Grant Prep fills the screen.

Forton is immaculate—silver hair slicked back, eyes cold and piercing.

XAVIER

(ON SCREEN)

Hello Shepherd Marcus, I wanted to contact you about the increasing interest in live-action debates from the Holy Herald's administration and the polls of the people we surveyed. Live-action debates are popular. Grant Prep requires your involvement in forming a team for next year. I want Grant preparatory to win that league trophy!

XAVIER

Think carefully about your responsibility in leading Grant Prep to victory. I expect a response soon that you will start student selection for next year.

The message ends. Marcus rubs his face, then mutters to himself:

MARCUS

Uck.

He closes the screen and leans back in his chair, staring at the ceiling. His hand gropes for the drink and takes a swig.

Marcus hand reaches into AR space and pulls his lesson plan folder towards him, the glowing text hovering in the air before him. His fingers twitch as he speaks into the void, his voice low and gravelly.

MARCUS

Lesson objectives: Analyzing critical thought ... historical rhetoric. Case studies—Lincoln, King, and the Holy Hearld's addresses. Compare and contrast their discourses, impact and intention.

COVENANT V.O.

Transcribing ...adjusting ... phrases for ideological compliance ... replacing critical thought with faithful analysis, ... discourse with moral discussion.

He exhales through his nose, a quiet act of rebellion, and deliberately re-edits the text, forcing it into his new phrasing.

He exhales, grabbing his coffee, draining the last of it.

Finally, he grabs his bag, and exits the apartment.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT 1, SCENE 3

INT. GRANT PREPARATION - CLASSROOM - DAY

Marcus stands at the front of the room, his posture relaxed yet commanding. The overhead screen displays Theocratic Dialectics: The Techno-Enlightenment and Christian Nationalism in crisp golden letters.

The walls are adorned with banners displaying Faith, Order, Progress and The Holy Herald Guides Us. Students sit in rows, their visors projecting live annotations and state-approved resources. The air hums with quiet compliance.

Marcus scans the room. His gaze lingers on Zoe Chen, who listens intently, her fingers twitching as if itching to raise a point.

The door slides open, and Elizabeth Gritter enters. Marcus notices her, a small, knowing smile flickering across his face before he turns back to the lesson.

MARCUS

The history of the Techno-Enlightenment is one of synthesis. The ideals of Christian Nationalism merged with technocratic efficiency, forming the 22nd-century expression of the New America.

Marcus gestures to a timeline on the screen, where the collapse of secular liberalism transitions into the rise of the Sanctified Order.

MARCUS

This transformation was not sudden. It was the inevitable course correction—a civilization realigning itself with divine law, refined by logic and technological stewardship.

Zoe finally raises her hand. Marcus nods.