

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED FEDERATION

CASE NO. 2193-ABCD-54

OFFICIAL COURT TRANSCRIPT — DAY 1 OF TRIAL PROCEEDINGS
THE PEOPLE V. ELIAS WREN

CHARGES: Unlawful Gathering, Incitement of Disruption, Distribution of Banned Symbols, Subversion of Federal Harmony Act

PRESIDING: Justice Meredith Harrow

PROSECUTION: Agent Loren Strait, Federal Order Bureau

DEFENSE COUNSEL: Mara Kestrel, Public Advocate

DEFENDANT: Elias Wren

[BEGIN TRANSCRIPT: 09:03 AM]

[The gavel crashes, reverberating through the marble chamber. Security drones hum faintly, hovering motionless. The jury sits rigid, pens poised, eyes alert. Light glints off polished chrome surfaces, cold and unforgiving.]

[Opening Statement]

Prosecutor Strait:

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, let us speak plainly.

On January 6th, 2163, Elias Wren gathered over two hundred people in the shadow of City Hall. He distributed banned symbols – the raised black fist, an emblem of defiance, of rebellion, of discord. He incited chanting, he rallied voices, he stoked the flames of disturbance.

This was not a protest in the abstract. It was a contagion. A virus in the bloodstream of civic order. One man's defiance infects the curious, the angry, the resentful. And in a city built on laws meant to protect peace, *infection spreads* like wildfire if we allow it.

Yet, some may whisper: "He did this for justice."

Justice does not hide in the street. Justice does not use law to divide, to disrupt, to dismantle the careful architecture of our society. Obedience is the immune system of civilization.

Without it, the city weakens. Without it, chaos reigns.

If you excuse Mr. Wren today, you send a signal to every hand that trembles with defiance: *Chaos can be noble. Disobedience can be virtuous.* And in that signal lies the erosion of peace itself.

Ladies and gentlemen, a city built on rules cannot survive when rebellion is rewarded. And Elias Wren must answer for his choices, for his audacity, for his **contempt for order**.

[Strait sits. Her eyes glint with satisfaction. The gallery murmurs quietly, a mixture of fear and fascination.]

Kestrel:

Your Honour, ladies and gentlemen, the prosecution would have you believe that Elias Wren is a threat to society. That the mere act of gathering, of speaking, is crime.

But I ask you to consider this: when law enforces cruelty, when law protects comfort instead of justice, is the crime truly rebellion – or is it obedience?

Elias Wren did not gather to incite violence. He gathered to witness suffering. He gathered to demand dignity for the voiceless. And for that, he stands accused.

Laws exist to protect citizens. Not to silence them. Not to render them invisible. If obedience without conscience is the measure of goodness, then we are all complicit in every injustice that passes silently in this city.

Protest is not chaos. Protest is correction. It is the only tool the powerless have to demand fairness. And if we punish those who wield it, we punish humanity itself.

[Her eyes sweep the jury. They are attentive, thoughtful, some troubled.]

[Cross-Examination]

Prosecutor Strait:

Mr. Wren, it says here you led an unlawful gathering in city hall. Did you not know this was prohibited by law?

Elias:

Obviously.

Every law against protest—no gathering, no chanting—it's plastered on every wall in this city. I also know laws that prevent me from taking my child to private school, that enforce curfews on me and others like me.

I have always known the law. But a law that mandates humiliation is not justice. It is control. And those who enforce it, who hide behind it... they should be ashamed.

[Whispers ripple through the courtroom. Mara gestures sharply at Elias; Strait's lips curl into a faint, satisfied smile.]

Judge Harrow: [Banging Gavel]

ORDER!!!!

Confine yourself to the question Mr. Wren.

[Kestrel's face glows bright red]

Kastrel: [sighing]

Your honour, may we request an adjournment?

Judge Harrow:

Very well. Court is recessed for fifteen minutes. The jury will disregard the defendant's latest statement.

[Recess] (Off the record)

[Mara Kestrel and Elias Wren in a secure office.]

Kestrel:

Elias, what the hell was that?

Do you understand what you're doing? You're giving Strait exactly what she wants! She's painting you as an angry radical, a maniac!

Look, I know you're right. Your people should be treated better! But **this is the law**. You can't change that.

If we take a plea of insanity, they'll cut the sentence. You'll be out in a few years, maybe sooner on good behaviour.

Elias:

No.

[Silence]

Kestrel [slamming the table, voice cracking with desperation]:

Elias... I meant every word I said in that courtroom. I believe you. I *do*.

But belief doesn't win trials. Procedure does. And procedure belongs to *them*.

You think standing tall will change hearts, but if they bury you in a cell for twenty years, who will hear you?

Pleading insanity isn't admitting you're wrong. It's buying time.

Live now — fight later. That's not surrender. That's strategy.

Elias [erupts, shouting]:

SHUT.

UP!

I AM NOT INSANE! Don't you dare. They are the ones who are insane! Those men in black suits, those polished judges, those cowards in power who don't give a DAMN about justice.

Refusing this plea is my protest. Signing it would validate them. It would say: 'Yes, resistance is madness. Obedience is sanity.'

I will not lie. I will not bend. If they lock me away, let it be for defiance — not delusion.

[Before she can respond, Elias turns and leaves. Mara closes her eyes, pressing her fingers against her temples]

[Plea Hearing]

Judge Harrow:

On charges of unlawful gathering, incitement of disruption, distribution of banned symbols, and subversion of the Federal Harmony Act, the defendant Mr. Wren, how do you plea?

[silence]

Elias:

Guilty.

[Gasps explode. The prosecution smirks. Mara lowers her head.]

Elias:

Guilty of refusing to stay silent.

Of believing my son deserves better.

Of being a man who's had enough!

Prosecutor strait:

Objection, relevancy. This is a plea deal, not a speech.

Judge Harrow:

Overruled. The defendant has the right to allocution. Continue Mr. Wren.

Elias:

You call me a criminal for gathering, for lifting my voice. But who is the real criminal? The man who breaks a law that chains him, or the hand that forged the chain?

You say I should claim insanity to spare myself. I refuse.

Because what is insanity, if not forcing a man to kneel and thanking you for the boot on his neck?

You say your laws create order. They do not.

They create a cage – polished and legal, but a cage all the same.
They deny us work that feeds our children.
They deny us the right to walk a street without suspicion.
They are not justice. They are cruelty wearing a badge.

Protest is the voice of those shadowed, yet you actively try to take that away from us.
Silence is their shackle. Obedience without conscience is the crime that masquerades as virtue.

You want me to say I was unwell — that only madness would make a man stand and say “*enough.*”

No. I will not pathologise my dignity to comfort your conscience.

You may call me dangerous. You may call me unruly. You may even call me mad.
But history will remember those who *obeyed* injustice as the truly deranged.

Because the disease is not rebellion — the disease is submission.
The sickness is in those who witness suffering and call it stability.
In those who chain their fellow man and call it peace.

So no — I will not plead insanity.
I will not call righteousness an illness.
I will not lower my voice to soothe your shame.
I will not bow.
I will not sit quietly while injustice smiles.
I will not wear your silence as sanity.

[He sits. Silence. The chamber holds its breath.]

[...Elias is led away. The gallery files out. The prosecutors leave, laughter echoing. Mara Kestrel remains at the defense table, staring at the empty chair. She pulls out the plea deal Strait offered, reads it once, then tears it in half. She stands, straightens her jacket, and walks out. Instead of turning left to the exit, she turns right, toward the offices of the Public Advocate. Her heels click decisively on the marble floor.]