//Scott sits in the bed of the pickup along with Brett and 2 other guys. Brett sits in front of Scott.

Scott:   
Who are you people?

Brett:   
I told you, we’re part of the resistance.

Scott:   
What resistance?

Brett:   
\*sigh\* The resistance against the U.N. Ya know. Sticking it to the man. America’s been doing it for years.

Scott:   
So..you guys are like soldiers?   
  
Brett:

I guess you could call us that. We do more than that though. We communicate, we strategize. We do what we can to help our country.

Scott:  
Sounds….

CHOICE 1:

Great! I’m in!

Brett:   
Awesome! We could use the extra help!

CHOICE 2:

Dangerous…

Brett:

Yeah it is...but we can’t afford being scared. And neither can you.

Brett:

I guess we better do introductions. This \*slaps the shoulder of a guy beside him\* Is D.J. He’s our tech know-how guy and all that crap. That \*points to man beside Scott\* That’s Bill. Best con artist on the east coast. You need to lose your identity, Bill knows just where to put it. The girl up front, that’s Connie. She doesn’t talk much. Her dad was in the nuclear explosion...but she’s handy with a wrench. And I guess that leaves me. \*He extends his hand to Scott\* I’m Brett. I guess you could call me the leader.

CHOICE 1:  
//Scott takes his hand

Scott:  
I’m Scott.

Brett: Scott, huh? Well welcome to our little family.

Scott:

So where are we going?

CHOICE 2:

//stay silent.

Brett:

Hey! Amigo! When a man extends his arm, you’re supposed to shake it! \*lets his arm fall\* whatever. If you were wondering…

//

Brett:

We’re heading to a small cabin outside the city. Nothing fancy, but it’s better than this place...I have a feeling we might run into some trouble along the way, just be ready with a story, got it?

Scott:  
G-got it..

Brett:

Once we get there, we can make plans to head west. That’s where the resistance is.

Scott:   
...Where are they exactly?

Brett:   
Everywhere. Rebels across the country, willing to fight against the U.N! We shall not lose...we can’t lose…

//as the pickup leaves the town, they notice a gate system set up. They will not be able to leave without passing through it first

Brett:

Quick! Hide the guns!

//everyone throws their guns into a container toward the front of the pickup bed. Brett locks it.

//when they drive up, an armed soldier stops the vehicle.   
  
U.N. 1:

Stop! You are to exit the vehicle and follow me to a safely secured area.

Bill:   
That won’t be necessary.

//he holds up a badge to the soldier, who instantly snaps to position.

U.N. 1:

C-commander Farragut! I didn’t realize such a legendary leader s-such as yourself would arrive in the U.S. so soon! But, who are all these people with you?   
  
Bill:

That’s classified information soldier, now open this gate. That’s an order.

CHOICE 1:

//Scott says nothing

U.N. 1:

Yes sir

//The guard opens the gate, and the pickup drives through. Everyone pats bill on the shoulder.

Brett:

Nice one man!

Bill:   
\*smirks\* That’s my job

//time passes. Eventually, they arrive at a log cabin in the woods. Smoke is blowing out a rooftop and the lights are on.

Brett:   
Welcome to el fuego incontrolado! The Uncontrollable Fire!

//The five exit the pickup. As Scott is walking, he sees two other vehicles, what seems to be a firepit towards the back, and a weathered trail leading off into the woods.

//Brett opens the door, where everyone files in. Inside, he sees a nicely decorated living area: Rugs, a large t.v, paintings, even a mounted animal head. They breeze past it though. They walk over to the clock in the kitchen directly behind the living room. The clock doesn’t tick, it sits dead. Brett leans up and moves the long hand up 5 minutes. An audible click is heard as the wall right beside it pops ajar.

Scott:   
Woah…  
  
Brett: I know right? Connie hooked this up for us awhile back. Super slick.

//walking down, things change very quickly. They have constructed a multi room bunker. Food and water supplies stack the wall. Peg boards around the rest of the wall hold weapons, strange trophies, and maps with classic thumbtacks and string. There is also a t.v. in front of a couch and some chairs. In a seperate room, theres a shooting range, and another one with a room full of 6 bunk beds. The ceiling is not high in any room and no carpet, windows, or anything of the sort.

Brett:   
This is our base of operations. If you ever find trouble, come back here. One of the safest places in America if i say so myself.

Scott:   
This is so cool!

Brett:

Glad you like it. That’s the shooting range and that’s the bunk room. Theres 3 bathrooms, one in the shooting range and two in the bunk room. Right now though, we need sleep. We have an early day tomorrow.

Scott:   
What are we doing tommorrow?

Brett:   
\*smirk\* You’ll see...

//The 5 file into the bunk room, where they select a bunk each. Each one that the 4 choose are decorated with pictures of friends and family, as well as a bedside table, even the top bunks with one mounted off the wall. Scott choses and empty one on the bottom, and falls asleep.

CHOICE 2:

Scott:

He’s lying! They’re rebels!

//everyone gives scott a glaring look, then Bill throws him out of the back of the pickup.

Brett:   
You had your chance.

//they then drive straight through the fence, while the U.N. shoots at them. When they drive out of sight, the soldier approaches Scott and helps you up.

U.N. 1:

Are you alright, sir?  
  
Scott:   
I’m alright.

U.N. 1:   
C’mon. Let’s get you to safety.

//The soldier leads him back to a vehicle with a soldier in the driver’s seat.

Scott:   
Okay...so where are we going?   
  
U.N. 3:

Our temporary headquarters just on the outside of the town. We set up an area in which you’ll be staying until further notice.

Scott:   
What’s gonna happen to me..?

U.N. 3:   
You’ll be well taken care for, but you will be kept as a prisoner of war. You will not be allowed to leave camp unless permission is given. Don’t worry, you’re in good hands.

Scott:

How long will we be here?  
  
U.N. 3:  
Hard to tell at this point. Could be a few days. Could be a few months. We won’t really know until project Omega has initiated.   
  
Scott:   
What’s project Omega?

U.N. 3:   
Heh. Now that is classified kid. Maybe one day you’ll find out.

//by now, they have reached the outskirts of the base. Quickly assembled walls surround a large open area. We can see guards crawling around, packages being unloaded and large tents being set up. In the center of the base, there what appears to be a large communications disk towering high up into the air.   
  
U.N. 3:   
Here we are. Your new home for awhile.

//Continued on 1B