

THE RAIDER

Written by

Christopher A. Maher

Based on

ARC Raiders

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MAGIC HOUR

A gloved hand wipes dust from a screen. It's an old portable scanner. A pinging sound intensifies.

RAIDER

Finally.

There's an old house, derelict, and RAIDER is stood outside, looking at the door. Takes a step towards it. Stops.

He inhales.

RAIDER (CONT'D)

I'm friendly!

Raider reaches out and opens the door.

INSERT TITLES.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE, HALLWAY - MAGIC HOUR

Boots crunch over plastic and debris. RAIDER shines his flashlight down the hallway. He stops and cocks his head, listening. Nothing.

He creeps forward. Outside, in the distance, a siren goes off.

EXTRACTION (O.C.)

Hatch opening.

There are four rooms, two rooms two either side of the hallway. Raider shines his light into the first on his left.

He walks in.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE, DINING ROOM - MAGIC HOUR

RAIDER lightly steps in and scans the room with his torch. He approaches a chest of drawers and opens it. He takes out rubber tubes. He takes off his back pack and stores them.

He checks another drawer. Nothing.

Another. Some scrap metal. He puts it in his bag.

He takes out the scanner. Presses a button and it beeps.

RAIDER

It's here somewhere.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE, HALLWAY - MAGIC HOUR

RAIDER steps out of the Dining Room and into the hallway, continuing into the room opposite.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE, LOUNGE - MAGIC HOUR

RAIDER shines his light around the room, still holding the scanner.

He softly moves a curtain and peers through the gap.

Raider turns back to the room.

Drawers open and items are secured. Metal, plastic and rubber.

In one drawer a rusted gear is removed.

RAIDER
Yes! You're coming with me.

Raider puts the rusted gear into an inside pocket in his overalls.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE, HALLWAY - MAGIC HOUR

RAIDER walks down the hallway with less caution than before. He's holding out the scanner, beeping intensifying as he makes his way down.

RAIDER
Talk to me, where are you?

A metallic creak from the rooftop. Raider freezes and holds his breath. He looks up. Nothing.

Letting the air out from his lungs, he takes the room on his right.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE, KITCHEN - MAGIC HOUR

RAIDER scans the room. A computer sits on the worktop.

RAIDER
Please have life in you, baby.

At the computer, Raider starts typing on the keyboard. The screen lights up.

From outside, a yellow beam of light pulses into the room. The sound of a drone startles Raider.

RAIDER (CONT'D)

Not now!

Raider ducks down as the light moves past him. His breath is quick and shallow.

A shadow of a drone moves across the room as the yellow light leaves the area.

Raider puts his hands on the worktop and pulls himself up.

He types.

A loud digital tone emits from the computer. Raider covers his ears.

RAIDER (CONT'D)

Stop, stop!

He glances at the window, then, back at the computer. Typing frantically.

RAIDER (CONT'D)

Stop!

The digital tone does stop. Raider rests his arms and head on the screen. He smiles and laughs.

The house shakes.

There's a mechanical crashing sound outside. Raider ducks down.

On all fours, he crawls across the Kitchen and into the Hallway.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE, HALLWAY - MAGIC HOUR

RAIDER crawls across the hallway and into the room on the opposite side.

Mechanical crashing and hydraulic sounds fill the atmosphere.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE, BEDROOM - MAGIC HOUR

RAIDER crawls to a window on the opposite side of the room. The mechanical noises are fainter in here.

He peers out, turns his back against the wall and leans. He breathes deeply, controlled. The mechanical noises fade out.

The sound of a drone snaps in and a yellow light blasts into the room through the window.

Frozen in fear, Raider's eyes lock onto something on the other side of the room. He edges forward for a better view. The yellow light passes over the object. A rusted gear on top of a dresser. Raider's eyes widen.

He tilts his head up at the window. Then, back to the rusted gear.

Raider scampers towards the item, keeping low and out of the drone's line of sight.

Staying down, he reaches his hand up on the dresser.

He pats around until he is successful. He has the rusted gear in his grasp.

The yellow light moves downward and directly onto his hand. It flicks to red. A screeching noise is let out from the drone.

Raider spins towards the window. A drone silhouette stares back, its red beam fixed squarely on him.

He stands.

Eyes closing in quiet resolve.

RAIDER

Next time.

A gun pops in a quick burst on the other side of the window.

The red light from the drone whips away from Raider back to outside.

Raider opens his eyes.

Shadows of the drone scurry around on the walls.

Raider hears the drone crash. The gun fire stops. It's quiet.

Raider holds his breath and doesn't move. Sweat drips from his forehead.

SCAVENGER (O.C.)

Anyone friendly in here!?

Raider snaps out of his daze.

RAIDER
Yes, yes!

Raider runs out of the room.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE, HALLWAY - DUSK

RAIDER is stood at the bottom of the hallway. The door at the opposite end creeps open.

RAIDER
Don't... don't shoot!

The SCAVENGER steps in and, raises his gun.

END