

WAR HORN

An Original Screenplay

By Brent Yontz

Nanuq Original, LLC
CLAY Partners, Burbank, CA
The U.S. Library of Congress
Registration #: PAu 4-180-877

LOGLINE:

A bullied teen discovers a magical horn that has the power to save the world from sinister forces.

SYNOPSIS:

Luke Collins, a U.S. Navy SEAL who was bullied as a teenager, discovers a magical Nazi war horn with the power to save or destroy the world. Now, he must fight to protect the woman he loves from a psychopath who seeks the instrument for global domination. WAR HORN is a love story about family, beauty and one's homeland.

FADE IN

EXT. 2020'S SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

In the rolling waves off the southern California coastline, LUKE COLLINS, a man in his mid 30's in half a wetsuit, tattoos and cowboy hat, sits on the deck of a surfboard as the ocean swells beneath him. He retrieves a cigarette and military grade waterproof zippo from the brim of his hat and lights up. He takes a deep drag into his lungs and releases the smoke from his beard stubbled mouth. In the blue evening light, a blazing orange flicker dances in his eyes, reflecting on the ocean water around him.

The California coastline is on fire. Silhouetted outlines of United States Navy ships are dwarfed by pyro-cumulus clouds blazing red overhead as they drop ash and embers into the ocean. Luke finishes his cigarette and flicks it in the water. In the western sky, Navy F-16 fighter jets ROAR past dark, billowing rain clouds.

Rain PATTERS on Luke's hat and ocean surface. It accelerates into a downpour as it moves towards the burning coastline. He eyes a wave growing on the horizon, lays down on his board and paddles hard toward the coast. The wave picks him up and he explodes to his feet, drops in and turns right into the barrel, riding all the way to the shore before paddling back out.

As he waits for the next set, a black fin appears above the glassy water's surface and glides towards him. The great white shark circles him as he holds eye contact with it's black eyes. The fin dips below the surface. Then, the predator leaps from the sea in a flash of splashing water and teeth. Luke PUNCHES it in the nose.

COUSIN JON (V.O.)

Nuh uh...Did that really happen
Grandpa?

INT. CURRENT DAY RURAL INDIANA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Young kids with mugs of hot chocolate are in their sleeping bags on the floor of a modest rural Indiana living room. A Christmas tree lights the room and a fire CRACKLES in a stone fireplace. On it's mantle sits American Civil War and western cowboy collectible figurines cast in iron and steel, gods and generals from both the Union and Confederate armies. GRANDPA LUKE COLLINS, now 70-years-old, sits in a chair by the fireplace. Parents, aunts and uncles are sitting in the kitchen having their own conversations.

GRANDPA COLLINS
Of course it did, Jon.

Aunt Helen YELLS from across the room in a twangy Indiana accent.

AUNT HELEN
Don't believe everything Grandpa tells you kids. He likes to exaggerate the truth!

Grandpa Luke fires back.

GRANDPA COLLINS
All great stories are exaggerations of the truth, Helen. So I PUNCHED that shark right in the nose. And you know where I learned how to do that?

EXT. 1990'S RURAL NEBRASKA MIDDLE SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

12-year-old Luke Collins is PUNCHED in the face beneath the bleachers by 13-year-old NATE MCCUNE. Two boys hold Luke's arms behind his back.

NATE MCCUNE
You like boys or something, Collins?

Nate grabs Luke's bloodied face and looks into his eyes.

NATE MCCUNE (CONT'D)
Answer me when I'm talking to you, boy.

Nate takes another swing at Luke and punches him in the gut. The two boys drop him to the ground. Nate and his gang climb on their bikes and ride away.

NATE MCCUNE (CONT'D)
Watch yourself, Luke Collins!

Bloodied and beaten, Luke pulls himself up and skateboards home.

EXT. NEBRASKA COUNTRY SIDE - DAY

Luke skates down the road against the backdrop of rolling cornfields, farmlands and golden wheat dwarfed by billowing cumulonimbus clouds in the late afternoon sunlight.

Galloping horses, roaming buffalo and cattle graze freely in the fields. A tractor drives past Luke with an American flag FLAPPING in the wind.

EXT. NEBRASKA SUBURBAN COLDESAC - NIGHT

Luke skates into a suburban coldesac. Street lamps flicker on in the afterglow of the setting sun.

INT. LUKE'S NEBRASKA FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Luke enters. His mom, LYNDA COLLINS, a beautiful blonde-haired woman in her mid to late 30's, enters the living room in a panic.

LYNDA COLLINS

Luke, is that you? Oh, *god*. Who did this to you? Was it Nate McCune again?

LUKE COLLINS

It's nothing, mom.

Luke's dad, PATRICK COLLINS, enters the living room.

PATRICK COLLINS

What happened to you, boy?

LUKE COLLINS

Nothing.

Lynda runs a rag under hot water and wipes off Luke's face.

LYNDA COLLINS

I'm going to the principal tomorrow.

PATRICK COLLINS

Boys will be boys, Lynda. He'll be alright, won't ya.

LYNDA COLLINS

That's enough, Patrick.

PATRICK COLLINS

He just needs to toughen up and fight back. Bullies prey on the weak.

LYNDA COLLINS

That's ENOUGH. Patrick.

PATRICK COLLINS

Well, Lynda, if you wouldn't coddle
him he wouldn't be such a damn
coward!

Luke leaves, SLAMMING the house door behind him.

EXT. LUKE'S FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Luke soothes himself by rolling back and forth on his
skateboard while Lynda and Patrick have a SCREAMING match
inside.

SEAN BOWMAN, a neighborhood kid Luke's age, rolls up on his
skateboard.

SEAN BOWMAN

Hey Luke.

LUKE COLLINS

Hi Sean.

SEAN BOWMAN

Your mom and dad fighting again?

LUKE COLLINS

Yeah.

SEAN BOWMAN

What happened to your ey...

Patrick SLAMS open the front door, climbs into a Chevy
Silverado and peels out in a cloud of burning rubber.

SEAN BOWMAN (CONT'D)

Where's your dad going?

LUKE COLLINS

A hotel for a few days.

SEAN BOWMAN

Days?

LUKE COLLINS

He always comes back. Eventually.
His mom left him when he was young
and never came back. He just
doesn't know the right things to do
sometimes.

Luke looks down the street as his dad drives away.

SEAN BOWMAN
You wanna skate?

EXT. RURAL NEBRASKA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Luke and Sean skate beneath the streetlights of the empty parking lot.

SEAN BOWMAN
Look what I found in my brother's closet.

Sean pulls out a handful of PLAYBOY MAGAZINES from his bag and flips through the pages of beautiful women.

GRANDMA ARIELA COLLINS (V.O.)
Dad!

INT. CURRENT DAY RURAL INDIANA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GRANDMA ARIELA COLLINS yells across the living room to Grandpa Luke.

GRANDMA ARIELA COLLINS
Don't tell the kids these things!

GRANDPA LUKE COLLINS
It's all part of the story, Ariela.
They'll learn about it someday.

To the boys to be men in the room.
You can look, but you can't touch.

GRANDMA ARIELA COLLINS
Oh dad!

INT. RURAL NEBRASKA MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY LOCKERS - DAY

Luke is PUNCHED in the face by NATE MCCUNE. Kids gather to watch.

NATE MCCUNE
No-one wants your *type* here,
Collins.

LUKE COLLINS
I'm not gay, Mccune.

Luke looks around at the kids surrounding him and locks eyes on a beautiful girl in a white dress.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)
I like girls, damn it!

His adrenaline surges and he strikes Nate Mccune across the jaw, knocking out his two front teeth and splattering blood across the girl's white dress.

INT. NEBRASKA MIDDLE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Luke, the Principal MISS HENDERSON, Nate and his mom VICKY MCCUNE, sit in the office. The door opens and a worried Lynda walks in with Patrick following behind.

LYNDA COLLINS
Luke?

Miss Henderson tries to establish control of the room.

MISS HENDERSON
Mrs...

VICKY MCCUNE
Look what your son did to mine.
Knocked out his two front teeth!

PATRICK
Attaboy!

LYNDA COLLINS
Patrick! Well at least he'll have
something to ask Santa for
Christmas.

VICKY MCCUNE
What?

MISS HENDERSON
Vicky. Lynda.

LYNDA COLLINS
Anyhow, your son attacked mine
first. Luke was just defending
himself!

MISS HENDERSON
Ladies!

Both Vicky and Lynda are quiet.

MISS HENDERSON (CONT'D)
Please. Take a breath and let's
talk about this.

Lynda and Patrick sit down.

VICKY MCCUNE
There's nothing to talk about. I'm
suing.

Vicky and Nate leave the office.

INT. NEBRASKA MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The Collins family files into the hallway. Luke watches as his dad, Patrick, disappears out the building's front door. Lynda stays in the hall with Luke. Miss Henderson enters.

MISS HENDERSON
I'll handle Vicky McCune. She's
more bark, if you know what I mean.
I do want to talk about Luke,
though.

You know, this is a small town.
People talk. *Teachers* talk. Luke is
a very, *special* kid.

LYNDA COLLINS
What do you mean by that?

MISS HENDERSON
He excels in all his classes. Math,
science, writing, history. He is
one of the smartest kids in his
grade, Lynda. You have a good son.
Others see it. And some, like the
McCunes, are threatened by it.

LYNDA COLLINS
So. What do I do?

MISS HENDERSON
Have you considered enrolling him
in the school orchestra? He would
be around kids *just* like himself.

LYNDA COLLINS
Band? What would he play?

MISS HENDERSON
What *couldn't* he play?

EXT. OMAHA NEBRASKA ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Lynda and Luke enter the large antique store.

LYNDA COLLINS

Now remember, Luke. We can't afford
to buy a brand new instrument.
Let's see what they have here, ok?

INT. OMAHA NEBRASKA ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Luke walks through shafts of sunlight pouring in the shop's windows onto relics of the past. Shelves are filled with old clowns and a hundred years worth of toys and pictures. A black cat jumps out and startles him.

The cat walks off into the back of the store near an oddly shaped case that catches Luke's attention.

He opens up the French horn case and golden light radiates onto his face. The beautifully curving metal tubes and pipes have his eyes hypnotized as it lays soothingly in red velvet. MADE IN GERMANY 1933 glistens in gold lettering on the interior lid. In the mouthpiece compartment, he discovers a GERMAN NAZI TOY SOLDIER marching with a French Horn. On the bottom reads SCHUSS, GERMANY.

INT. LUKE'S FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

The unwieldy French horn BLASTS, CRACKS and FARTS in the background while Patrick and Lynda attempt to bear the god-awful noises.

PATRICK COLLINS

THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY, LYNDA!

LYNDA COLLINS

YOU HAVE ANY BETTER IDEAS, PATRICK?

Patrick returns to reading his newspaper. Lynda notices a neighborhood dog outside HOWLING to the horn like a wolf.

LYNDA COLLINS (CONT'D)

Oh my.

EXT. OMAHA MUSIC STORE PRACTICE ROOM - DAY

Luke, horn in hand, works with WILLIAM, a French horn music teacher in his mid-sixties as Lynda listens from outside.

INT. OMAHA MUSIC STORE PRACTICE ROOM - DAY

WILLIAM

Ok Luke. Take a deep breath and play a middle C.

Luke cracks his way through middle C.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Ok. Good. Take it up the scale now.
D...E...F...G....

William guides Luke slowly up the scale.

EXT. OMAHA MUSIC STORE PRACTICE ROOM - DAY

Luke packs up inside.

WILLIAM

Well I'll be blunt, Mrs. Collins. It's going to take a lot of work. But it won't be impossible. He's a bright kid. The horn is a tough instrument even for the most talented. I'd be honored to work with Luke.

LYNDA COLLINS

You will? Thank you, William. You don't know what this means to us. What do I owe you for today?

WILLIAM

Fifty.

Lynda pulls out two twenties from her purse.

LYNDA COLLINS

I'm good for the money.

WILLIAM

It's ok. Bring it next time. By the way. Have you two ever been to an orchestra concert?

INT. OMAHA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Luke, Lynda, Patrick and William sit in the nosebleeds of the concert hall. Luke leans over the balcony railing to get a better view of the Omaha Symphony's Performance of STRAVINSKY'S 1919 FIREBIRD SUITE.

The orchestra and theater lights dim as a spotlight illuminates a solo French hornist. Luke's heart and mind is melded to the majestic power of the horn. The orchestra and seven horns rise from the ashes and crescendo into an epic grand finale.

EXT. SEPTEMBER 11, 2001 NEBRASKA MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

It is a clear blue sky and the golden sun shines brightly on the crisp, Nebraska countryside. Lynda drops Luke off at school.

INT. NEBRASKA MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Luke enters the school. The main office, hallways and cafeteria are empty. He looks to the wall clock, 8:15 am. He walks down the desolate hall and peers into classrooms where books and bags have been abandoned.

He walks to the gymnasium. Empty. Down the hall, A TV REPORTER'S VOICE echoes from the library.

INT. NEBRASKA MIDDLE SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Luke enters the library. It is full of teachers, children and staff watching the television in disbelief.

TV REPORTER

If you're just joining us on this morning the eleventh of September, 2001, America is under attack.

Luke watches the screen as New York's World Trade Center towers burn.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

Two hijacked airliners have crashed into the World Trade Center Towers in New York City, a third plane into the Pentagon in Washington D.C., and a fourth plane, we're just getting reports, has crashed into a field in Pennsylvania.

Airlines across the country have been grounded. The skies over Manhattan are being patrolled by U.S. Air Force Fighter jets with direct orders to shoot down aircrafts entering it's airspace.

SIXTH GRADE JIMMY
What is the World Trade Center?

Younger children in the library cry as they are escorted out by teachers. Luke continues to watch, unflinching, the horror on the TV screen.

TV REPORTER
President Bush is currently on
Airforce One traveling to a secure
location at Offutt Airforce Base in
Omaha, Nebraska.

Now, let's go back to New York,
where...

The first World Trade Center Tower collapses on Live TV.
Teachers inside the library GASP.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
My God those poor people...my god,
oh my god...ok, we're going to
pause for a moment....god all
mighty...

The reporter tries to regain composure on live television.
Luke has a fight-or-flight panic attack watching the tower
crumble to the ground as people run for their lives on TV.

A loud RINGING in his ears sends him running out the front
door of the school.

EXT. NEBRASKA MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Luke hears a RUMBLE in the sky overhead. AIRFORCE ONE flies
above him. He can read the lettering, United States of
America on it's fuselage as fighter jets escort the
President. Luke's panic attack escalates.

LYNDA
Luke!

Lynda has been waiting outside. He runs into her arms.

INT. CURRENT DAY RURAL INDIANA LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grandpa Luke Collins sits quietly, wrestling with the
traumatic memories of that day burned into his mind as SIRENS
BLARE, PEOPLE SCREAM, BUILDINGS COLLAPSE and PLANES EXPLODE
over and over again in his head.

All of his family members are gathered around him in the warm, holiday light, listening to his story.

GRANDPA COLLINS

That was a hard day. I didn't know anyone in the towers that day, but for some reason, it just had a real impact on me...not just me but on every American.

People knew *where* they were and *what* they were doing and *who* they were with. We didn't know if other cities would be attacked next.

And...the events of that day set into motion everything that would happen for the rest of my life.

INT. EARLY 2000'S NEBRASKA MUSIC STORE PRACTICE ROOM - DAY

Young Luke and William sit in silence for a moment with their horns. The wall clock TICKS. Luke stares blankly at the notes on the page.

WILLIAM

Tough day.

Silence.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You know...for me...the horn is a tool to help me through difficult times. Do you feel sad right now, Luke?

Luke nods.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Angry...and maybe confused?

LUKE COLLINS

Yes.

WILLIAM

Scared, even?

Luke breaks into tears.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It's ok. You are safe here in this place.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

But, let's see if we can use these feelings and put them into our horns.

LUKE COLLINS

Ok.

WILLIAM

Let's play an F Major scale, beginning with sadness.

Luke plays the scale. A glittering, golden glow of foreign symbols wraps around the bell of the horn. Luke and William do not notice it at first. Luke finishes the scale and the glow fades away.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Good. This time, let's play it with *fear*.

Luke plays the horn again. The bell lights up even brighter.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Now. ANGER.

Luke takes a deep breath. His eyes become focused as he BLOWS with ferocious intensity, recalling the images of the burning towers in his mind. The inscriptions on the horn glow red. Smoke and sparks fly off the outside of the instrument and a FIREBALL EXPLODES from the bell of the horn, setting a trash can on fire.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

What in the HELL!

Both Luke and William are frozen with confusion over what happened as they watch the trashcan burn. William grabs an extinguisher off the wall and puts out the fire.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Where did you get that horn?

Before Luke can answer, the building's sprinkler system activates.

INT. OMAHA PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Shafts of afternoon sunlight stream through the broad, open windows of the old library as Luke and William, both still damp with wet hair and mushy, waterlogged shoes, walk quickly to a table. William SLAMS a big leather book on the table. Someone SHUSHES him.

WILLIAM

(whisper, talking)

During the second World War, the Nazis, including Hitler, became *obsessed* with witchcraft and sorcery. It was all part of the occult.

William points to historical photos in the book of Nazi artifacts.

LUKE COLLINS

My horn is cursed?

WILLIAM

(whisper, talking)

I didn't believe it was possible myself. As a kid I read German fantasies about magical instruments, and studied classical music like Mahler's Youth's Magic Horn. It's been speculated that Hitler, also inspired by these stories, ordered the creation of one or two of these war horns....

William turns the page to an illustration of someone playing a horn, surrounded by fire, hellish creatures and underworld spirits raining terror down upon a group of soldiers.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

An instrument that would strike fear into the hearts and minds of it's enemies. A tool for psychological warfare, if you will.

Luke stares at the terrifying imagery in the book.

EXT. NEBRASKA MIDDLE SCHOOL - NIGHT

Luke leaves school at night. Other children with instrument cases leave the building and are picked up by their parents. The cars drive away and Luke is left alone with his horn and skateboard.

The night is calm and dark. A light breeze rolls across the plains and a windmill CREEKS in the distant cornfield beneath a full moon. He puts his board to the sidewalk and skates home. A lone pickup truck with one headlight REVS it's engine in the distance. It barrels down the country road towards him and passes. SCREEEECH. The truck comes to an abrupt stop. Boys LAUGH inside the cab as it kicks into reverse and spins around towards Luke. It drives up to him and slams on the breaks, revealing Nate McCune at the wheel.

NATE MCCUNE

Well shit. What do we have here,
boys?

BRAD

Waiting for *mommy*, Collins?

Luke darts to the open street behind the truck and skates away, fleeing for his life. Nate REVS the engine and peels out in a cloud of burning rubber after him.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Luke skates to the edge of the open cornfield, leaps from his board and sprints with his horn towards the windmill. The pickup truck barrels into the cornfield and locks its single headlight on him.

LUKE

Help! HELP!

The truck is hot on Luke's trail and drives circles around him. The boys LAUGH WILDLY, YIPPING and HOLLARING from inside like cowboys as they bounce up and down driving over mounds of dirt and mud.

Luke stops running and stands his ground at the base of the windmill. The truck stops and the three boys get out, cornering Luke like an animal. One boy grabs cattle rope from the truck bed.

NATE MCCUNE

It's payback time, Collins.

Nate grins, revealing his two missing front teeth. McCune yanks the horn case from Luke's grasp and opens it. Golden light radiates on his face.

NATE MCCUNE (CONT'D)

Well ain't that *perty*.

BRAD

Yeah, what a *perty* looking bong.

The boys LAUGH. Nate tosses the horn case across the field and grabs the rope from Brad's hands.

NATE MCCUNE

It's time to hang you out to dry,
Collins.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - NIGHT

Sean Bowman rolls up to the school on his skateboard and notices Luke's board on the side of the street. He retrieves it, then sees the commotion in the cornfield.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Luke dives for the horn. Nate raises the lasso over his head and swings a few times as Luke opens the horn case. Nate releases the lasso through the air and latches it around Luke's waist. Luke lifts the War Horn to his lips and BLASTS a FIREBALL from the bell at the McCune boys, knocking them off their feet.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - NIGHT

The FIREBALL shakes the earth and sends plumes of fire, mud and smoke into the sky.

SEAN BOWMAN

Wuh...

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Luke pulls the lasso off his waste.

NATE MCCUNE

WHAT. THE. HELL!?

Luke raises the horn to his lips again, takes a deep breath as the horn's bell throbs intensely with bright inscriptions and smoke. He BLOWS through the instrument and generates a battle cry that rocks both Heaven and Hell. A FIRE TORNADO of Biblical proportions drops from the sky into the middle of the field and sends the McCune boys SCREAMING in different directions.

The flaming tornado jumps, twists, ROARS, SCREECHES and kicks up smoke, fire, dirt and mud as it terrorizes the boys. Luke bends it's fury to his will, directing it into Nate's pickup truck and causing it to EXPLODE.

NATE MCCUNE (CONT'D)

MY TRUCK! YOU'RE A DEAD MAN,
COLLINS!

The ground beneath Nate moves like a serpent. A thorny, black, snake-like creature pierces through the dirt. Luke raises the monster above the boys. It opens its mouth to reveal hundreds of razor sharp teeth. The McCune Boys SCREAM.

EXT. CORNFIELD WINDMILL BASE - NIGHT

Luke ties the three shell-shocked boys together with the cattle rope and places a gag over their mouths. Sean Bowman watches it all.

LUKE COLLINS

Now, you all aren't going to speak
a word of this to *anyone*.

The boys submissively agree. Luke walks away and plays an ominous tri-tone. The wind mill spins violently above them, shooting sparks, smoke and fire into the air. The boys SCREAM again.

Sean pops out from his hiding spot.

SEAN BOWMAN

Holy shit that was AWESOME! How did
you do all tha...

Luke is startled and raises the War Horn at Sean.

SEAN BOWMAN (CONT'D)

Ah! Don't hurt me!

INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

THE LONE RANGER plays on the TV in the background as Luke paces through the room. The war horn case is open on his bed.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)

Sean and Mr. Williams were the only
people who knew about the War Horn
and vowed to keep it's secret at
all cost. God only knew what would
happen if the government found out.
It could *easily* fall into the wrong
hands.

Luke digs through a box of Halloween costumes.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)

I committed myself to only use the
horn's power to help and defend
others who couldn't defend
themselves.

He stands in the mirror wearing a black mask and white cowboy hat like the Lone Ranger.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)
But sometimes it was worth having a
little bit of fun.

AMERICAN HOLIDAY MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Sean, his parents and brothers shoot off fireworks and artillery shells on July 4th. Luke hides where no-one can see him and turns the bell of his horn towards the sky. He launches a massive firework high into the night sky over Omaha and it EXPLODES brilliantly in a rainbow of glittering light and color.

On Halloween night, children trick-or-treat through the neighborhood beneath the light of a full moon. Luke, in his Lone Ranger costume, plays a ghostly tune and produces ghoulish witches from the war horn's bell. They fly around on broom sticks in the night sky and terrorize trick-or-treaters.

It's Christmas and a thick layer of snow blankets the ground. Carolers SING outside the front door of Luke's parent's home to Patrick and Lynda. From his bedroom, Luke adds to the festivities. A caroler can not believe her eyes when she sees a real Santa Claus flying his sleigh and reindeer towards the Collin's family home and lands on the roof.

SANTA CLAUS
Ho! Ho! Ho! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The carolers faint. Confused, Patrick and Lynda step out and look up to the roof, but the illusion is gone.

INT. NEBRASKA HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

An older, high school aged Luke Collins walks the hallway with more confidence and swagger. He observes the McCune boys approaching him and can see in their eyes that they have a mutual understanding. They keep their distance and keep moving to class as the school bell RINGS.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)
But every now and then I would need
to help out a friend...

High school aged Sean Bowman is bullied by upper class-man as other students scurry to class. They knock his books to the ground and slam him into lockers.

Luke sees the scuffle and runs around the corner to the band room locker. He returns to the scene with his Lone Ranger mask, hat and War Horn. He plays low, ominously guttural tones.

JASON VOGEL
What is that shit?

BRAD SHERMAN
Look!

Sean's arms grow dark, animalistic hair. His eyes droop, drop and expand into those of a dog. His body grows larger and bursts through his teenage clothes. His ears transform into those of a wolf and teeth into fangs.

JASON VOGELL
Yo bro...you seeing this?

BRAD SHERMAN
Uh uh.

With the pop of the tail, Sean's teen-wolf transformation is complete. Sean ROARS viscously, spit and slobber dripping from his fangs. Brad and Jason run away SCREAMING.

SEAN BOWMAN
Luke this is badass! Maybe I can stay like this...

Two upperclassman cheerleaders are dumbfounded at the sight the teen-wolf.

SEAN BOWMAN (CONT'D)
Sup, ladies?

HIGH SCHOOL MONTAGE

Luke and Sean dance proudly with their dates at prom.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)
High school flew by. And, naturally, Mr. Williams made me pretty good at the horn.

People APPLAUD for Luke as he stands with his horn at a State Honors Orchestra performance.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)
So good that I won first chair in the state's honor orchestra.

William, Lynda and Patrick Collins CLAP and CHEER for Luke.

EXT. NEBRASKA HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION - DAY

APPLAUSE continues as Luke walks across the stage and receives his high school diploma.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)
But being *good* brought new
opportunities, and challenges.

A United States Navy recruit stands at the end of the graduation stage for Luke.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)
And the United States Navy Band
came knocking.

INT. NOVEMBER 4TH, 2008 CHICAGO UNION STATION - NIGHT

Downtown Chicago. A Metra train pulls into the station and HISSES to a stop. Men and women in white, United States Navy uniforms fill the train cars. The first car door SCREECHES open and Luke, in uniform, steps out, followed by Sean Bowman, also in uniform.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)
Sean and I both joined the Navy to
help pay for college.

SEAN BOWMAN
THIS WAY GREAT LAKES!

EXT. NOVEMBER 4TH, 2008 DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - NIGHT

Snow flurries twist and spiral through the windy city like a snow globe. Thousands of people fill the streets of downtown Chicago. It is election night in America.

The Navy class walk together down to Michigan Avenue beneath the flickering red, white and orange lights of the Chicago theater. They pass illustrative HOPE POSTERS of candidate BARACK OBAMA.

EXT. NOVEMBER 4TH, 2008 CHICAGO GRANT PARK - NIGHT

American flags wave amidst a sea of people in the hundreds of thousands. The Chicago skyline is lit up with USA and RED, WHITE and BLUE. Helicopters BUZZ low overhead and high powered spotlights pierce the night sky. Chants grow louder and louder as they sweep across Grant Park, USA! USA! USA!

LUKE COLLINS
USA! USA! USA!

SEAN BOWMAN
USA! USA! USA!

Large televisions in the park light up and a young, 47-year-old President elect BARACK OBAMA appears to CHEERS. His voice booms over loud speakers and echo off skyscrapers as Luke and Sean listen to their newly elected Commander-in-Chief.

BARACK OBAMA
Hello Chicago!

Crowds CHEER.

BARACK OBAMA (CONT'D)
If there is anyone out there who still doubts that America is a place where all things are possible. Who still wonders, if the dream of our founders is alive in our time. Who still questions the power of our democracy. Tonight is your answer.

CHEERS.

BARACK OBAMA (CONT'D)
Tonight, Americans sent a message to the world that we have never been just a collection of individuals or a collection of red states and blue states. We are and always will be *The United States of America!*

CROWDS CHEER as Barack and Michelle Obama wave to their supporters with Joe and Jill Biden.

INT. SEAN AND LUKE'S GREAT LAKES NAVY BARRACKS - NIGHT

Luke lays in the bottom bunk beneath Sean. His flip phone BUZZES and the screen lights up with DAD.

LUKE COLLINS
Hi dad.

PATRICK COLLINS
Hi boy. Listen. Luke. You know I'm not good with the right things to say. But, here it is. Your mother's sick.

INT. MODERN DAY RURAL INDIANA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grandpa Collins uncomfortably rearranges his Civil War figurines as the fireplace CRACKLES and a warm glow illuminates his grief-ridden face.

INT. 2010'S LUKE'S OMAHA FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

It's Christmas. Snow lines the neighborhood streets where Luke and Sean grew up. Holiday lights and a Christmas tree illuminate the house. Luke and Sean, in uniform, walk in the front door.

PATRICK COLLINS

Look who's home!

SEAN BOWMAN

How are you doing, Mr. Collins.
Merry Christmas.

PATRICK COLLINS

Merry Christmas Sean, good to see
you.

Luke enters the living room. Lynda is resting on the couch watching DR. WHO on television.

LYNDA COLLINS

(raspy voice)
Luke?

LUKE COLLINS

Hi mother. How are you doing -
please don't get up.

Lynda get's up anyway, hugs Luke, and lays back down.

LYNDA COLLINS

(raspy voice)
Hi Sean.

SEAN BOWMAN

Mrs. Collins.

LYNDA COLLINS

Look at you both. My young men in
uniform.

INT. MODERN DAY RURAL INDIANA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grandpa Luke Collins examines an old picture of his mom on the fireplace mantle next to the Civil War figures.

GRANDPA COLLINS

Mom had gotten the *same* thyroid cancer that her mom died of. And *her* mom and *her mother's mom* died of before that. Anyway. It moved fast. And the doctors couldn't do much.

EXT. 2010'S NEBRASKA FUNERAL GROUNDS - DAY

It's a bright and sunny day on the snow covered Nebraska plains. Luke, Sean and Patrick are surrounded by friends and family. A casket is lowered into the earth in front of a headstone that reads LYNDA COLLINS 1961-2009 and PATRICK COLLINS 1961-. As people depart the funeral grounds, Luke and Patrick embrace each other.

LUKE COLLINS

I'm *so* sorry, dad.

The two dry their tears.

PATRICK COLLINS

I need to go away for a while.

LUKE COLLINS

Ok.

PATRICK COLLINS

I've put the house up for sale. I can't stay there after all this. Not by myself, you know?

Luke struggles to hold his tears.

LUKE COLLINS

Understandable.

PATRICK COLLINS

Damn it. A man can only take so much heartbreak for one lifetime! Anyway. I'll be ok. I have the truck and my trailer. I can put everything else into storage and just see where the open road takes me, maybe go west on 66.

LUKE COLLINS

You want me to go with you?

PATRICK COLLINS

No. This is something I need to do on my own.

(MORE)

PATRICK COLLINS (CONT'D)

I'll be back someday, though. I'm
so proud of you, Luke. I love you.

LUKE COLLINS

I love you too, dad.

PATRICK COLLINS

Sean.

SEAN BOWMAN

Mr. Collins.

Luke and Sean watch as Patrick walks away, climbs into his Chevy Silverado and drives away.

EXT. GREAT LAKES NAVY BASE LAKE MICHIGAN SHORELINE - DAY

Luke's shoes CRUNCH beneath him as he walks on a thin layer of fresh snow covering the beach. The crisp, orange sun rises on the frigid waters of Lake Michigan, casting golden rays of light across the base as steam rises from smoke stacks along the lakefront.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)

A few months after mom died, I received a notification that Mr. Williams had passed away in his sleep. Before he did, he sent me this letter.

Luke reads the letter to himself.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

Luke. I am sorry to hear of your mother's passing. She was a wonderful mother and very lucky to have you as her son. It has been a privilege and honor to train you on the horn. Take it's lessons with you into *all* aspects of your life. Use it to make the world a more beautiful place, and harness it's strengths to stand up to evil. You are a *good* man, with a *good* heart. I believe you will always do the right thing. Best of luck in the Navy and thank you for your service to America. William.

Luke watches as the shimmering waves lap against the shore.

INT. SEAN AND LUKE'S GREAT LAKES NAVY BARRACKS - NIGHT

Luke and Sean lay in their bunks.

LUKE COLLINS
I'll be trying out for BUD/S in
Coronado.

There is a long pause.

SEAN BOWMAN
What about me?

LUKE COLLINS
You could try out, too.

SEAN BOWMAN
Did you think to talk this over
with me before deciding, man?

LUKE COLLINS
We're talking now.

SEAN BOWMAN
You can't just *run* away from your
problems like your dad, Luke.

Silence.

SEAN BOWMAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

LUKE COLLINS
You're right. I didn't think of
you, Sean. I'm sorry. But, I *HAVE*
to do this. After mom's death and
Mr. Williams', I *need* to get out of
Chicago and see the world!

SEAN BOWMAN
They might send you to Iraq or
Afghanistan.

LUKE COLLINS
I'm ready. I don't care how or if I
die. *Not* trying is worse than
death.

Sean listens to his childhood friend.

SEAN BOWMAN
Do what you need to do, my friend.
You've been through a lot of loss.
I love you man.

(MORE)

SEAN BOWMAN (CONT'D)

You're like a brother to me and I would go to the ends of the earth for you. But, I have my own future to look out for. I want to get through the service, pay for college and settle down with a wife, house and kids. You know, a family of my own.

LUKE COLLINS

I respect that.

EXT. GREAT LAKES NAVY BASE BUD/S PREP LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

4:30 AM: Luke and fellow SEAL hopefuls stand on the beach.

BUD/S PREP INSTRUCTOR

Ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to BUD/S prep. Over the next two months, myself and the other instructors will physically, mentally and emotionally train you for the rigors of the program. Those of you who make it through this phase will move on to Coronado in San Diego. Any questions?

Silence.

BUD/S PREP INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Good. Let's begin. HOOYAH!

Collective BUD/S prep class yells HOOYAH! Another instructor is spraying sand down with a hose.

BUD/S PREP INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Now. Cover yourselves in mud! I only want to see white teeth, white eyes!

The trainees are hesitant at first, and then Luke takes the first plunge, aggressively covering himself in cold, wet mud. Next, they do push-ups, hundreds. Sit-ups, hundreds. Pull-ups in the dozens. Lunges in the hundreds. Running for miles.

BUD/S PREP INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

You think you have what it takes to be THE BEST fighting force the world has ever seen? Prove it!

An instructor sprays Luke and fellow classmates down with a hose.

People shake and shiver around him as steam rises from their bodies. Some tap out and are escorted away with warm blankets.

BUD/S PREP INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
 (to Luke)
 Open your mouth and let's brush
 your teeth!

Luke opens his mouth and allows the blast of the hose to engulf his face.

LUKE COLLINS
 HOOYAH!

EXT. NAVAL AMPHIBIOUS BASE CORONADO, SAN DIEGO - DAY

The golden California sun rises on the sandy beaches filled with palm trees against the backdrop of mighty U.S. Battleships and destroyers. Luke and other prospective SEAL trainees are shown around the Coronado grounds.

BUD/S INSTRUCTOR
 Welcome to BUD/S!

The instructor walks the group past men and women training on the obstacle courses and ocean front where inflatable boats full of sailers battle against the raging, San Diego surf.

BUD/S INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
 Look around you. Take it in. THIS is where you all will begin Phase 1 of your training. Some of you will rise to the challenge, some of you will not. We'll see who has what it takes to CONQUER!

INT. SAN DIEGO TATTOO SHOP - DAY

Gradual time lapse of Luke getting his body tattooed till eventually most of him is covered in ink.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)
 I committed myself *fully* to the Navy, and told myself every single day that I would succeed, or die trying.

EXT. CORONADO SURF BREAK - DAY

Luke struggles in the Pacific ocean waves with a surfboard. Another SEAL trainee shows him how to paddle, sit on the board, turtle-roll and pop-up. Luke takes a series of wipeouts, one after another. Then, he finally sticks the landing and rides his first wave as his fellow classmates CHEER him on.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)

And it was one of the first times
in my life that I found social
acceptance and encouragement from
my peers. We were a *family*.

INT. CORONADO BEACH HELL WEEK ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

4:00 AM: Luke sleeps in his cot to the sound of the WAVES CRASHING outside his canvas tent. He is woken up by MACHINE GUN FIRE, EXPLOSIONS and instructors SCREAMING on the beach.

BUD/S INSTRUCTOR

WELCOME TO HELL WEEK!

EXT. CORONADO BEACH HELL WEEK - DAY

Luke crawls in the mud on the beach with other SEAL trainees beneath barbed wire as instructors fire live rounds over their heads. One person RINGS THE BELL and taps out.

EXT. CORONADO BEACH HELL WEEK - DAY

Luke and other trainees pick up an inflatable raft, put it on their heads and run into the crashing surf. They paddle out into the break against ten to twelve foot high waves. Other rafts capsize against the force of the water, tossing men and women into the water like rag dolls. Luke's raft successfully breaks through the surf and reaches the other side. More trainees RING THE BELL and tap out.

INT. CORONADO BEACH HELL WEEK ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

4:00 AM: Luke is asleep again in his cot, shivering from the cold.

BUD/S INSTRUCTOR

WHITE EYES! WHITE TEETH!

Luke stumbles out of bed and rolls on the ground as EXPLOSIONS and MACHINE GUN FIRE erupts in the background.

Instructors bombard the camp with flashing lights to stun and disorient people.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)

The week blended together into one, long, hellish day. But I kept going. If I could move my body even just a little, then I was capable of anything. I didn't need to be the best. I just needed to survive.

EXT. CORONADO BEACH HELL WEEK - DAY

Luke locks arms with other soldiers as they lay on their backs in the ocean surf.

BUD/S INSTRUCTOR

DON'T BE THE WEAKEST LINK! YOUR BUDDIES ARE COUNTING ON YOU!

Luke fights through the cold and pain. A trainee next to him unlocks his arms, sits up and vomits. Luke locks arms with the next person over and keeps going.

EXT. CORONADO HELL WEEK - DAY

Luke runs on the beach. More people RING THE BELL. Push-ups. THE BELL RINGS. Sit-ups. BELL. Burpees. People vomit and RING THE BELL. In a cloud of colored smoke, Luke and other soldiers, weapons in hand, navigate through the dense and disorienting fog as live rounds are FIRED from every direction. More people RING THE BELL with frazzled nerves.

EXT. CORONADO FIRING RANGE - DAY

Luke does target practice, demolitions and hand-to-hand combat training.

INT. CORONADO NAVY SEAL TRAINING SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Hands and feet tied together, Luke CRASHES into the swimming pool with a dozen other hopefuls and sinks to the bottom. He pushes off the floor of the pool, surfaces, takes a deep breath, then sinks again. He repeats it over and over. More people RING THE BELL.

EXT. CORONADO HELL WEEK PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Luke treads water in the open ocean with the remaining four soldiers.

BUD/S INSTRUCTOR
THERE'S HOT COFFEE AND WARM JELLY
DONUTS ON THE BEACH! ALL YOU HAVE
TO DO IS QUIT NOW! YOU'VE ALL BEEN
THROUGH ENOUGH. IT'S HONORABLE.
JUST GIVE UP!

Luke and the other's are ironclad. No. One. Quits.

EXT. CORONADO NAVY SEAL BEACH TRAINING - DAY

Luke and the four trainees paddle their blown up raft ferociously into the crashing ocean waves near a cliffside and capsize against the rocks. Luke, locking arms with his team, helps pull them and the raft up the cliff to safety.

EXT. CORONADO BEACH - DAY

Four shadowy figures emerge from beneath the ocean surface in combat wetsuits with oxygen tanks and weapons.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)
I just kept going until one day, I
called myself a U.S. Navy SEAL.

INT. SAN DIEGO TATTOO SHOP - DAY

Luke has the Navy Seal Golden Trident tattooed on his arm.

NAVY SEAL GRADUATING CLASS (V.O.)
HOOYAH! HOOYAH! HOOYAH!

EXT. U.S. NAVY MILITARY PLANE - NIGHT

Luke and four other SEALS stand in the red light of the plane's open belly as the fuselage BUZZES, HUMS, BUMPS and CREEKS around them from heavy turbulence.

SEAL TEAM COMMANDER JACOBS
Let's go.

Luke and his team jump into the abyss. They fall over the middle-eastern landscape. Luke's BREATH is measured and controlled as he uses box breathing. In unison, the team pull their parachutes and land delicately on the desert's surface.

With night vision goggles on, they pack-up their chutes and trek across enemy terrain.

SEAL TEAM COMMANDER JACOBS (CONT'D)
We all know the mission. Secure a
convoy of U.S. Assets out of
Baghdad and get home safely.

EXT. BAGHDAD, IRAQ VILLAGE - DAY

A U.S. Military convoy of tanks, hummers and other vehicles move slowly through the hot desert near a village on the outskirts of Baghdad. Luke and his team, among other U.S. Soldiers, supervise the convoy.

Luke watches a suspicious Iraqi man approach the convoy.

LUKE COLLINS
There's movement at the head of the
convoy. Looks to be a local.

Luke walks closer and he can see that the man is holding something.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)
Sir, subject appears to be holding
something in his right hand.

SEAL TEAM COMMANDER JACOBS
Detonator?

Luke carefully inches closer. He can see a trigger and wire extending from the device.

LUKE COLLINS
Affirmative. What are the rules of
engagement?

SEAL TEAM COMMANDER JACOBS
Engage.

Luke raises his weapon at the Iraqi man, startling him and sending him running through the village.

LUKE COLLINS
WE'VE GOT A RUNNER!

Luke and his team pursue the man. The men breath heavy in the hot desert sun. The Iraqi man's white robe blows and FLAPS in the wind as he weaves in and out of village streets attempting to get closer to the convoy.

The foot pursuit ends as the Iraqi man finds himself cornered among children playing in the village. He removes his white robe and reveals his entire body is strapped with explosives. He grabs a little Iraqi girl and takes her as a human shield.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)
NO! PUT HER DOWN!

The other four SEAL Team members drop to their knees and keep their rifles aimed at the man's head, but no one has a clear shot. The man thrashes the SCREAMING girl around and places her in front of his head.

SEAL TEAM COMMANDER JACOBS
SEND IT, COLLINS!

Luke looks through his scope and it is filled with the little girl as both the man and girl SCREAM in Iraqi.

LUKE COLLINS
SIR, I DON'T HAVE A CLEAR SHOT!

SEAL TEAM COMMANDER JACOBS
EXECUTE, COLLINS. THAT'S AN ORDER.
OR SOMEONE ELSE WILL!

Time slows down as Luke watches the innocent little Iraqi girl flailing and SCREAMING.

LUKE COLLINS
I'M SORRY, SIR, I CAN'T!

The Iraqi man BLOWS himself up with the little girl.

INT. MAY 2, 2011 CORONADO NAVY SEAL COMMANDER OFFICE - DAY

Inside, a Senior Commanding Naval Officer sits at a light brown desk that resembles the Resolute Desk in the Oval Office of the White House. There is a KNOCK at the door.

COMMANDER RICHARDS
Come in.

Luke enters the office and snaps to attention.

LUKE COLLINS
Sir!

Commander Richards opens his desk and pulls out a white envelope.

COMMANDER RICHARDS

At ease. Here are your discharge papers. Your country thanks you for your service, as do I.

LUKE COLLINS

Thank you, sir.

COMMANDER RICHARDS

Did you hear the news? Seals got Bin Laden.

The commander drops a Los Angeles Times Newspaper down on his desk for Luke to see.

INSERT: LOS ANGELES TIMES NEWSPAPER HEADLINE - U.S. KILLS BIN LADEN

LUKE COLLINS

That's wonderful news, sir.

COMMANDER RICHARDS

Yes it is. Some great *fucking* news for once. You take care of yourself, Collins.

LUKE COLLINS

Thank you, sir.

COMMANDER RICHARDS

Hooyah.

LUKE COLLINS

Hooyah.

EXT. NAVAL AMPHIBIOUS BASE CORONADO - DAY

Luke exits the Navy Headquarters building and stands outside with his papers in hand. People CELEBRATE Bin Laden's death as they wave around the historic newspapers. He opens the white envelope and looks at his discharge papers.

INSERT: U.S. NAVY DISCHARGE PAPER - REASON FOR DISCHARGE: SHELL SHOCK / PTSD

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Luke stands alone in the grocery store looking at food on the shelves. The mundane BUZZ of the green, florescent lighting HUMS overhead.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Luke walks down the street past an apartment complex FOR LEASE sign.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)
 After my honorable discharge from the NAVY, I bought a motorcycle and moved to Los Angeles for a change of scenery, doing odd jobs here and there to make ends meet.

He pulls out his flip phone and dials the number.

INT. LUKE'S DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES LOFT - DAY

Luke moves what little he has into the loft apartment. He picks a corner by the window to place a chair, music stand and the War Horn. He calls his dad. RING. RING. RING.

PATRICK COLLINS VOICEMAIL
 Hi. You've reached Patrick Collins. Please leave a message and I will get back to you as soon as possible.

BEEP.

LUKE COLLINS
 Hi dad. Just calling to check in and see where you are in the world. Hope you're doing good. Ok. Bye.

BEEP. Luke hangs up. He sprawls out on the bed as the ceiling fans circle above him like propellers. He picks up the phone again and dials. RING. RING. RING.

SEAN BOWMAN VOICEMAIL
 Hey. You've reached Sean. Leave a message.

BEEP.

LUKE COLLINS
 Hey man, it's Luke. Just calling to say hi. Hit me up when you're free.

Luke hangs up. He lays back down on the bed. The sunlight outside rakes across his loft, changing from white to gold to deep orange as the sun sets and eventually transitions into mercury vapor from streetlights.

He turns on a desk lamp and sits in the chair by the War Horn. Opening the case, he removes the instrument from it's velvet slumber.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)
Hello old friend.

He brings the horn to his lips, takes a breath, and digs down into his soul to produce a soft melody. Out of the darkness, the face of the little Iraqi girl killed in Baghdad appears. Luke looks into the little girl's face and innocent eyes staring back at him. Gently, he quiets the horn and let's her go as she fades away again into the darkness.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Luke weaves in and out of downtown LA traffic on his motorcycle, dodging pedestrians and distracted drivers.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES DINER - NIGHT

Luke rolls up his sleeves in the kitchen, revealing his tattooed forearms as he cuts ingredients and cooks cheese burgers over a flaming stove.

LUKE COLLINS
Orders up!

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES DINER - NIGHT

Luke turns the diner's OPEN sign to CLOSED. He clears dishes, wipes tables, vacuums, cleans counter tops, washes dishes and cleans the bathroom.

EXT. INGLEWOOD RANDY'S DONUTS OCTOBER 12, 2012 - NIGHT

Luke sits on his motorcycle and eats a donut. SPACE SHUTTLE ENDEAVOUR, en-route from LAX to the California Science Center, is pulled slowly through the streets past Randy's Donuts, the American flag and United States of America marked proudly on it's white payload bay fuselage as it CREEKS and HUMS through the streets.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES DINER - NIGHT

Luke exits the diner and locks up again for the night. He gives a homeless man scraps of food from the restaurant, then climbs on his motorcycle and drives away.

INT. LUKE'S DOWNTOWN LA STUDIO LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Luke arrives home and walks upstairs to his rundown, 1970's era studio loft apartment. He practices his War Horn, effortlessly gliding through scales amidst the shimmering backdrop of downtown Los Angeles. BANG! BANG! BANG! From the floor below.

DOWNSTAIRS NEIGHBOR
(muffled)
Shut up!

Luke sneaks a ghost out of his horn through the floorboards into the apartment below.

DOWNSTAIRS NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
(muffled)
Ah! What in the hell!

INT. LUKE'S DOWNTOWN LA STUDIO LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

Morning light streams across Luke's apartment. His alarm BUZZES as he jolts awake. He dresses in business casual LA chic and slips on his horn backpack.

INT. MUSIC AUDITION MONTAGE - DAY

Luke goes on a series of horn auditions. Rejection after rejection. Heads shake no. Doors close one after another.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES DINER MONTAGE - NIGHT

The cycle continues, day after day. Luke works at the diner, cooks, serves food, picks up after messy children, calms unruly customers and cleans up works of art in the bathroom.

INT. LUKE'S DOWNTOWN LA STUDIO LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

Luke wakes up morning after morning after morning to his BUZZING alarm clock.

INT. MUSIC AUDITION MONTAGE - DAY

Luke auditions. Rejection. Door SLAM. Rejection. Luke CRUMPLES his sheet music and dumps it in the trash.

INT. LUKE'S DOWNTOWN LA STUDIO LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Luke falls asleep practicing the horn.

INT. LUKE'S DOWNTOWN LA STUDIO LOFT APARTMENT - MORNING

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. Luke shuts off his alarm clock from the floor where he fell asleep. The War Horn is on the bed and sheet music scattered everywhere.

LUKE COLLINS

Shit.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Luke zips in and out of traffic, REVING his motorcycle's engine as he races past cars and towering skyscrapers.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT HALL - DAY

Luke pulls up in front of the large hall and admires it's massive presence as it rises into the sky above him.

INT. LOS ANGELES SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT HALL - DAY

Luke enters the building. JESSICA, a female assistant in a revealing, tight mini-skirt and heels, stands at the top of a large, winding, red carpet staircase.

JESSICA

Luke Collins?

LUKE COLLINS

Yes.

JESSICA

I'm Jessica. This way, please.

INT. LOS ANGELES SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Luke slides his mouthpiece into the lead-pipe. He arranges his music as Jessica perks up in her chair, sensually aroused by Luke's disheveled, bad-boy look and the way he manhandles the horn. He rolls up his sleeves revealing his tattoos, and then, majestically and confidently performs his audition, STRAUSS CONCERTO NO.1 FOR HORN. After he finishes, Jessica is silent for a moment.

JESSICA

Excuse me.

Jessica leaves the room. Luke, expecting another quick and ruthless rejection, begins packing up. He sits in silence for a moment listening to the TRAFFIC and CARS HONKING below. A MAN'S MUFFLED VOICE can be heard. Luke notices someone else's shadow in the hall with Jessica. She appears to be talking to a superior. She enters the room again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Welcome to the LA Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Collins. You will sub-in for tonight's performance on 4th horn. Are you good at sight reading?

LUKE COLLINS

I am.

JESSICA

Good. Arrive promptly at 6:30 p.m.

LUKE COLLINS

Just like that, huh? Well, thank you.

JESSICA

(seductively)

I know talent when I see it, Mr. Collins.

Jessica shuts the door behind Luke as he exits.

INT. LOS ANGELES SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

The hall buzzes with frenetic energy. Men in their best suits, shoes, ties and watches. Women in colorful, artistically revealing dresses draped over perfect bodies and flawless skin dripping in platinum, gold, diamonds, purses and high heels. This is the cultural elite's playground of high society, entertainment professionals, politicians and corporate business executives. Materialism and unapologetic individual displays of high status fill the balconies and staircases.

The ORCHESTRA can be heard warming up in the background while people socialize with food, wine and cocktails. The house lights blink.

INT. LA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT HALL STAGE - NIGHT

As Luke warms up, the War Horn's inscriptions glow faintly with his nervous energy.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)

I felt out of my league among world class musicians and elite members of America's high society. You could cut the overwhelming scent of cologne and perfume in the air with a knife.

The concert hall grows SILENT as people take their seats and the lights dim. The CONDUCTOR takes the stage to APPLAUSE and CHEERS. He steps on the podium and the orchestra members rise to their feet. He gestures in appreciation to the CLAPPING audience and cues the orchestra to take their seats again. Luke settles in and calms his breath.

On the conductor's downbeat, the orchestra comes to life with Beethoven's Symphony No. 5. A few sparks fly off the War Horn as Luke plays, but he gets it under control before anyone else notices.

The conductor points to the upper balcony as a spotlight reveals MARCUS J MAXIMUS, the owner of the LA Symphony Orchestra, in an EDM booth. He is 28-years-old, attractive with slick, black hair and muscular build. The audience goes WILD. They CLAP and HOLLAR as Marcus DJ's and the house lights transition into those of a nightclub.

The horns take a rest while the strings and EDM beats reverberate through the concert hall. People get out of their seats and dance to the music. Beautiful women slip their dresses to their thighs, moving their hips and bodies erotically to the music.

Another spotlight points to the ceiling of the hall where 24-year-old ARIELA JOHNSON, a glittering ballerina, is hoisted down on wire above the orchestra. The audience watches her in awe as she spins and dances in mid-air to the strobing lights. The audience captures her performance with hundreds of iPhone camera flashes.

Ariela SINGS AN ORIGINAL SONG. Luke is entranced with her beauty and voice like an angel. The horns roar to life in a glorious fanfare as the piece concludes to overwhelming APPLAUSE and ovation. BRAVO! BRAVO! BRAVO!

INT. LOS ANGELES SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA RECEPTION PARTY - NIGHT

Luke enters the party. People celebrate drunkenly like it's the roaring 20's. Marcus sits in the back of the room on a plush, velvet couch surrounded by gorgeous women. Luke grabs a drink at the bar. He catches a glimpse of Ariela across the room with Marcus and other men.

She glances in his direction multiple times and then locks eyes with Luke, holding his gaze. She approaches the bar.

 ARIELA JOHNSON
I'm Ariela.

 LUKE COLLINS
Luke Collins.

 ARIELA JOHNSON
You're the new horn player.

 LUKE COLLINS
Yes. That was a beautiful
performance tonight.

 ARIELA JOHNSON
Thank you. You want to get some
fresh air with me?

Luke finishes his drink. Marcus eyes them as they leave.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Ariela pulls out a cigarette.

 ARIELA JOHNSON
You have a light?

 LUKE COLLINS
I don't smoke.

 ARIELA JOHNSON
You should.

Ariela approaches another man on the street who is smoking and he lights her cigarette.

 ARIELA JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Thank you.

They continue walking together as she takes a drag and releases the smooth, silky white smoke from her cherry red lips.

 ARIELA JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Here.

She hands Luke the cigarette and he confidently takes his first drag.

ARIELA JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Mmm, you're a natural. Where are
you from, Luke Collins?

LUKE COLLINS
Nebraska.

They share the cigarette together, handing it back and forth
as they walk.

ARIELA JOHNSON
Can't say I know many people from
Nebraska.

LUKE COLLINS
How about you.

ARIELA JOHNSON
New York.

LUKE COLLINS
You go to Juilliard?

ARIELA JOHNSON
You're sweet. No. I was an erotic
dancer before this believe it or
not. Now I'm a *classy* gal.

LUKE COLLINS
Wow. I mean, you're very talented.

ARIELA JOHNSON
Marcus thought so. Have you met
Marcus yet?

LUKE COLLINS
No.

ARIELA JOHNSON
You will. Anyway, Marcus saw me
performing in Manhattan at an
upscale penthouse event for the
city's *elite* and took me under his
wing. Four years later, here I am.

LUKE COLLINS
Hold that thought. I really need to
take a piss.

Ariela LAUGHS.

Luke hurries around the corner to an alley near the concert hall, UNZIPS his suit pants and PEES. He notices a line of spray paint on the wall and reads it aloud.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)
Rot. Of. Society.

He finishes his business and ZIPS up his pants. A light breeze travels through the alley. He hears the CREAKING OF ROPE, sending his mind FLASHING BACK to the cattle rope from Nate McCune's cornfield scuffle in middle school.

FLASHBACK

Nate McCune grabs the cattle rope from Brad and stretches it in his hands.

NATE MCCUNE
Time to hang you out to dry,
Collins!

END FLASHBACK.

Luke turns around and is startled to find a dead homeless man hanging from a building escape staircase.

LUKE COLLINS
SHIT.

EXT. LA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT HALL ALLEY - NIGHT

Police and detectives are on the scene. A white blanket is draped over the body and people from the party are gathered outside the crime scene.

Ariela stands alone with a blanket draped over her shoulders under a streetlamp, her body bathed in warm light.

Marcus arrives and approaches DETECTIVE RICHARDS.

MARCUS MAXIMUS
Richards. Thank you for coming down this evening. What a *ghastly* tragedy, poor fella taking his own life like that. These streets are a tough place. Probably just *drug* related, you know.

DETECTIVE RICHARDS
Yes.

MARCUS MAXIMUS
 Anyway. If I can be of any
 assistance, you have my number.
 Please excuse me.

Marcus approaches Luke.

MARCUS MAXIMUS (CONT'D)
 Luke Collins, the new hornist,
 right?

LUKE COLLINS
 Yes.

MARCUS MAXIMUS
 Marcus J. Maximus. *Great* to meet
 you, bro. I've heard nothing but
 good things from Jessica.

LUKE COLLINS
 Thank you. Likewise. Your EDM
 skills are very impressive.

Luke notice's Marcus's gold Rolex Submariner with a navy blue
 face and rotating bezel.

MARCUS MAXIMUS
 Thank you, thank you. I have fun.
 Sorry we had to meet under these
horrible circumstances.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Luke and Ariela walk down the sidewalk together.

ARIELA JOHNSON
 Thanks for walking me home.

LUKE COLLINS
 Of course.

ARIELA JOHNSON
 This is me.

LUKE COLLINS
 Short commute.

ARIELA JOHNSON
 Good to meet you, Luke Collins.

Ariela turns to go in her apartment

LUKE COLLINS

Ariela.

She turns back to Luke.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)

You wanna grab dinner with me
tomorrow?

She pauses.

ARIELA JOHNSON

Yeah. Ok.

EXT. VANDENBERG, CALIFORNIA AIRFORCE BASE - NIGHT

A SpaceX Falcon 9 rocket sits on a launch pad, exhaust and steam pouring into the air around it.

SPACEX CONTROLLER

6...5...4...3...2...1...LIFT OFF!

The SpaceX Falcon 9 rocket BLASTS off the launch pad in smoke and fire, ROARING into outer space.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

Luke's motorcycle ROARS through the city street as the sun sets, the Falcon 9 rocket's contrail and residual low earth orbit multi-stage rocket booster separation particles vibrantly fills the air over downtown Los Angeles like someone took a marker and scribbled across the sky.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Luke and Ariela sit across from one another, their bodies intimately illuminated by candlelit. EVAN, the waiter, approaches.

WAITER EVAN

The Merlot.

Evan presents Luke with the bottle and a taste. Luke playfully swirls the wine and takes a sip.

Time fades and Evan returns to remove empty dinner plates from the table. Ariela is LAUGHING as her and Luke enjoy a second bottle of wine.

LUKE COLLINS

So I'm sitting in the back of my aunt's van while she drives me and my cousins slowly down a rural Indiana neighborhood. It's overcast, cold, raining. This little Chihuahua, out of nowhere, walks into the middle of the street and just stands there, wet and shivering, in front of the car.

ARIELA JOHNSON

Awwww.

LUKE COLLINS

My cousin is like, "oh, he needs help." So I get out and walk towards this dog, but something doesn't feel right, you know? All of a sudden, from the corner of my eye, thirty to forty yapping Chihuahuas run into the street from behind a wooden fence.

ARIELA JOHNSON

Oh my *god*, what did you do?

LUKE COLLINS

My cousins were all screaming at me, "get back in the car!" So I jump back in and slam the sliding door shut. These little yapping dogs begin to surround the sides of the van. My aunt is like, "are there any behind us?" But before anyone can answer, she just *floors* it in reverse, turns around and drives off. Out of the back window we can all see dozens of Chihuahuas trying to chase us.

Ariela LAUGHS.

ARIELA JOHNSON

That's *amazing*. And *who* had that many dogs! Seems suspicious.

Ariela eyes Luke's tattoos and playfully twirls her hair as she sips her wine.

ARIELA JOHNSON (CONT'D)

So, Marcus is having a party tonight at his place in the hills. You wanna go with me?

EXT. MARCUS'S HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE MASQUARADE - NIGHT

Expensive cars line the driveway of the mansion at the base of the Hollywood sign. Ferrari, Porsche, Mercedes. EDM BLARES loudly and colorful lights flash throughout the house as silhouettes of bodies dance to the music. Ariela and Luke arrive on his motorcycle, her body wrapped around his.

INT. MARCUS'S HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE MASQUARADE - NIGHT

Luke and Ariela enter and put on a plain, white mask from a pile of a dozen other masks sitting on a table by the front door. The house is dark with strobing lights and disorienting hallways. Ariela takes Luke's hand and leads him through a labyrinth of masked bodies dancing and grinding sensually to the music.

They climb a spiral staircase and enter a large room full of more plush furniture, animal rugs and mirrors. She leads Luke into the middle of the room and dances seductively around him. Luke puts his arms around Ariela and slides his hands down her hips as she grinds sensually against his body. She makes eye contact through her white mask with a man in the back corner of the room. Another woman has her body draped over his as he holds Ariela's gaze. He approaches.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

May I cut in?

Luke notices Marcus's gold Rolex Submariner with a blue dial and surrenders Ariela to him. She wraps her body around Marcus's, moving as one with him to the music. Luke observes as Marcus slides his big hand up Ariela's chest and wraps it firmly around her throat as she dances submissively beneath his grasp.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Luke's motorcycle ROARS through the streets of Los Angeles with Ariela hanging onto him. She wears her white, masquarade mask on the backside of her head. They drive over city bridges across the LA River and underground tunnels with fluorescent lighting flashing above. Ariela's dress and hair flow freely in the heat of the summer night.

EXT. LUKE'S DOWNTOWN LA STUDIO LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Luke pulls up to his apartment and climbs off.

LUKE COLLINS

Stay here, I'll be right back.

Luke goes up to his place.

INT. LUKE'S DOWNTOWN LA STUDIO LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

He grabs the War Horn from the corner.

EXT. LUKE'S DOWNTOWN LA STUDIO LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Luke returns with the horn on his back and climbs on the bike.

 ARIELA JOHNSON
What are you doing?

 LUKE COLLINS
You'll see.

Ariela struggles to wrap her arms around him and the horn case.

 ARIELA JOHNSON
I think *something* is coming between
us.

 LUKE COLLINS
Hold on.

Ariela LAUGHS and then playfully SCREAMS as Luke REVS the bike and drives off.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

Ariela and Luke arrive at the pier.

 LUKE COLLINS
Come with me.

They walk along the beach with their feet in the sand as the glow of the Santa Monica Pier's flashing lights reflect on the crashing waves.

 LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)
Put your mask on.

 ARIELA JOHNSON
What?

 LUKE COLLINS
Put your mask on.

ARIELA JOHNSON

Ok. I'm beginning to think this is something *kinky*.

Ariela puts her masquerade mask back on, and Luke puts on his black Lone Ranger mask. He removes the War Horn and brings it to his lips. He plays a soft melody, it's magical, foreign inscriptions glowing red as a beautiful figure of a female ballerina appears in the sky over the ocean. Ariela is taken aback.

ARIELA JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Oh my god how are you doing that?

Luke continues to play. The figure dances beautifully, changing colors and textures. It draws attention from bystanders on the beach and pier. People point and watch. Two women rollerblade past on the boardwalk with illuminated skates.

ROLLERBLADING WOMAN

Look at that *drone* display!

ARIELA JOHNSON

Seriously, Luke. How are you doing this?

Luke continues to play. The display becomes clearer as the figure changes, morphs and transforms to reveal Ariela's face, her seductive eyes and long lashes appear to look right into Ariela's very own soul. Then, gently, Luke concludes the music and the illusion fades from the night sky. People CLAP and APPLAUD.

Ariela is frozen, trying to make sense of it all. She lifts up her mask to reveal her lips and presses herself up against Luke's body.

ARIELA JOHNSON (CONT'D)

(whispering)

What black magic is this?

She kisses Luke. He embraces her body into his and they affectionately kiss on the beach.

A black limousine is parked overlooking the beach. Marcus's hand, wrapped in his gold Rolex, hangs out the window as he watches Ariela and Luke kiss.

LA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT MONTAGE

Time passes as Luke plays concert after concert, watching Ariela twirl, spin and dance as Marcus entertains his adoring fans at the concert hall and Hollywood house parties.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)
Weeks turned into months, and
months into years. Life was good.

Luke kisses Ariela at the end of each concert sequence.

INT. LUKE'S DOWNTOWN LA STUDIO LOFT APARTMENT 2019 - DAY

Luke wakes up. Ariela's naked body lays across him beneath silky, white sheets. He gets up.

ARIELA JOHNSON
(moaning)
Mmmmm. Come back to bed.

Luke puts some clothes on and goes to the kitchen. He put's a skillet on the stove, lights the gas burner and CRACKS eggs into the pan. He admires the light falling onto Ariela's back while she sleeps.

Ariela and Luke eat breakfast together at the kitchen table. Luke turns up the TV.

TV NEWS ANCHOR
President Trump has been IMPEACHED. The U.S. House of Representatives voted last night on Articles I and II, charging the President for Abuse of Power and Obstruction of Congress in an attempt to increase his re-election chances by seeking *political dirt* on former vice president and 2020 Presidential candidate Joe Biden in connection with his son, Hunter Biden's, business dealings in Ukraine. President Trump threatened to withhold military aid to the newly elected Ukrainian President, Volodymyr Zelenskyy, that would help the war torn country defend itself against growing Russian aggression. Trump is one of only *three* U.S. Presidents in history to be impeached....

Luke turns off the TV. They sit together, listening to the BIRDS outside. Ariela looks out the window where two mourning doves sit together.

ARIELA JOHNSON

Look at them. They're just like us.
You know mourning doves mate for
life?

LUKE COLLINS

No, I didn't know that. Listen. I
think I'm going to head down to San
Diego this weekend by myself to do
some surfing before we leave on our
European tour with the orchestra.

ARIELA JOHNSON

Yeah. Ok. Sure.

EXT. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY 1 - DAY

Luke drives his motorcycle south towards San Diego along the coast. The air is filled with wildfire smoke from dozens of fires that have been burning across the state since November. He sees lines of CAL FIRE HOTSHOT trucks traveling north.

EXT. CORONADO BEACH PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Luke slips into his half wetsuit, puts his cowboy hat on and tucks a cigarette and waterproof lighter into the brim. He waxes up his board and paddles out into the surf. The coast burns on the horizon as he catches wave, after, wave, after wave. A black shark fin appears above the surface.

EXT. CORONADO BEACH - DAY

Luke sits alone on the beach as rain patters on his hat. He looks to the south as a group of Navy SEAL trainees practice in their blown up rafts battling the ocean surf. The ROAR of an F-16 on the horizon approaches, growing louder and louder.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT LAX - DAY

A 747 ROARS off the runway from LAX.

INT. 747 AIRPLANE - DAY

Luke looks out the window. He watches as downtown LA and the Hollywood sign slip away and land turns into water.

The Pacific Ocean moves quickly beneath the plane, large ships appear to shrink as the plane ascends higher and higher into the clouds.

INT. 747 AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The cabin is half-full, filled exclusively with LA Symphony Orchestra members. Luke sleeps alone in the dimly lit cabin.

Ariela sits by herself towards the front of the plane. She looks back at Luke, unbuckles her seat belt and walks back to his row. She quietly sits down next to him. He startles awake, his dilated pupils piercing her soul as he BREATHES heavy.

ARIELA JOHNSON
(whispering)
You're ok. It's just me.

Ariela looks deeply into Luke's eyes as he slows his breath and pupils grow larger again. She runs her hand over his forearm tattoo of the U.S. Navy SEAL eagle clutching an anchor, trident, and flintlock-style pistol, then lays her body against his as they fall sleep. CLASSICAL MUSIC CRESHENDOS.

LONDON, ENGLAND MONTAGE - ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Luke and Ariela sit next to each other on a London double-decker bus touring downtown. They LAUGH and take pictures of iconic locations.

At night, the orchestra performs for QUEEN ELIZABETH outside Buckingham Palace. Marcus DJ's to colorfully illuminated drones flying in patterned formations overhead and timed FIREWORKS. Ariela dances and stuns the Queen with her beauty.

ROME, ITALY MONTAGE - ORCHESTRA MUSIC

Luke and Ariela ride an Italian moped through the streets of Rome, passing the Colosseum, Vatican and Pantheon.

They travel through the Mediterranean countryside with sprawling vineyards and olive tree orchards, eating food, dancing and drinking wine.

The orchestra performs for POPE FRANCIS, who kisses Ariela's hands afterwards.

SANTORINI, GREECE MONTAGE - ORCHESTRA MUSIC

On the Mediterranean island of Santorini, the orchestra performs for the locals. At night after the sun has set, Luke and Ariela sneak away to a volcanic rock pummeled beach and make love in the waves of the Aegean sea beneath the moonlight.

SWITZERLAND MONTAGE - ORCHESTRA MUSIC

At night, the symphony performs against the backdrop display of the Matterhorn illuminated with the Swiss and American flags. Ariela figure skates with other dancers, STACY and CELINE.

PARIS, FRANCE MONTAGE - ORCHESTRA MUSIC

Luke and Ariela tour the cathedral of Notre Dame on a boat along the Seine River.

At night they make love, the silhouette of their bodies flowing as one in their Parisian flat against the backdrop of the glowing Eiffel Tower.

The orchestra performs the FRENCH NATIONAL ANTHEM for President EMMANUEL MACRON.

EXT. PARIS SEINE RIVER - DAY

Luke walks by himself along the Seine River during the early morning. In the mist, he sees Marcus approaching.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

Luke Collins. How the hell are you?

LUKE COLLINS

Marcus. Doing good. How are you?

The two men walk together along the river. Luke's presence towers over Marcus's.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

Great, bro, great. Tell me. Where in the world are you from, Collins?

LUKE COLLINS

Nebraska.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

Ah. Nice guy from the heartland. Ever cow-tipped?

LUKE COLLINS

Cows don't tip. They sleep laying down. How about you, where are you from, Marcus?

MARCUS MAXIMUS

New York. My parents inherited a SHIT TON of money from my grandparents and passed *most of it* to me. I am LOADED. My children and their children's children will never have to work a day in their lives. I just bought the LA Symphony Orchestra to give myself something to do so I wouldn't get bored, you know?

LUKE COLLINS

Lucky. Good for you.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

Screw luck. *Winners* work hard for what they deserve. That's all my family did. They achieved the American dream and passed it to me. It's what ALL parents should do. How about you, what did you do before the symphony?

LUKE COLLINS

I was a Navy SEAL.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

So you know what I mean. It's survival of the fittest. We're cut from the same cloth you and I. We're LIONS, not *sheep*. Most people don't want to work hard for anything anymore. They just want someone to hand it all to them. Mark my words. It will be the downfall of this great country, these socialist welfare programs.

Luke listens to Marcus's ideology.

LUKE COLLINS

Mmm.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

You don't agree?

LUKE COLLINS

I mean, I just don't think it's that simple.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

Of course it's *that simple*. That's the problem, everyone tries to make it more complicated. *Capitalism* can only work when the STRONGEST of us in society rise to the top. The *weak* must be filtered out for *us* to survive. The "rot of society" as I call them.

Luke's memory flashes back to the spray painted "rot of society" graffiti by the deceased homeless man.

MARCUS MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

And if we need to help *filter* them out ourselves, so be it. We must TAKE BACK what is ours! Look at nature. God rewards the strong, and so does capitalism.

LUKE COLLINS

So if you're not the strongest, you have no value in America.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

Exactly. You're just taking resources from the rest of us. The only value poor people have is getting *democrats* elected. The liberal elites in media and politics *use* the poor and social programs to win campaigns...it's all just a numbers game! There are more *losers* than there are winners like you and I. But when you look at what's happening in California and the rest of this country, the poor get poorer, and the dirty democratic elites get richer. They use regulation, culture wars and bureaucracy to *hold* the poor down, exactly where they want them so they can keep running this narrative that they are the "Robin Hood" *party of the people* stealing money from the rich to feed the poor. I'm just calling it like it is. At the end of the day, it's all just rich people on *both* sides fighting for more power.

(MORE)

MARCUS MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

More money. More influence. And that's exactly how it should be. THAT is capitalism at it's best. Why fight it? Just play the game. Give into competition, greed, lust, envy and jealousy. It's human nature. And America rewards it. If you *don't* play the game, you lose. It's really. That. Simple.

LUKE COLLINS

And if you don't win, game over.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

You die. Yes. It's war. AMERICA is war. You should know this better than anyone, Collins. This nation is a BEAST that has thrived on the blood of those who could not *win* the war. So, why not embrace it? Be the BEAST.

EXT. PARIS CAFE - DAY

Luke sits alone at the Cafe drinking coffee. He watches people on the street, lovers, friends, family, children. A man behind him looks at his phone, speaking in english to his wife.

BILL

Have you heard of this, *coronavirus*?

NANCY

No, what is that?

BILL

It's like the flu. China is quarantining Wuhan because of an outbreak.

NANCY

Good thing we don't live *there*.

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIA - NIGHT

Early 2020's, Moscow, Russia. Classical music instruments warm-up for a concert.

INT. MOSCOW CONCERT HALL BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

There is hustle and bustle backstage. Musicians and ballerinas, including Ariela, get ready for the performance. From a dark corner of the stage, Marcus watches Luke. The house lights blink and people take their positions. Ariela is with the other dancers, STACY and CELINE.

STACY

(whispering)

Oh, my necklace. I forgot to take it off.

ARIELA JOHNSON

(whispering)

Luke can hang onto it for you.

Stacy hands the necklace to Ariela, who passes it to Luke. He places the necklace in his coat pocket. Marcus disappears like a phantom.

INT. MOSCOW CONCERT HALL STAGE - NIGHT

The Russian audience APPLAUDS as the dancers and musicians take to the stage. Kremlin military guards line the concert hall's entrances and exits.

The conductor takes to the podium. He turns his attention to the VIP booth and acknowledges Russian President VLADIMIR PUTIN. The musicians take their seats, and the conductor raises his baton and the orchestra plays TCHAIKOVSKY'S 1812 OVERTURE.

Spot lights are aimed at the ceiling as the beautiful figures of Ariela, Stacy and Celine are hoisted down above the audience to Putin's delight. Marcus makes his EDM entrance.

On an extended break from the performance, Marcus sneaks away from his booth and climbs into the rafters high above the hall. He slithers across the metal support beams.

Stacy and Celine are hoisted back up above the stage. They unclip from their wires and rest, watching the performance below them from their high perch. Ariela continues performing below for Putin and his commanders, then is hoisted back up into the rafters.

In the shadows, Marcus ties one end of a stage curtain rope to a support beam and creeps up slowly behind Stacy with the other end of the rope. He wraps it around her neck and ties it off into a knot, her eyes bulging in terror as she GASPS and struggles for air, grabbing and pulling hard on Marcus's hair in desperation.

Celine can hear Stacy struggling from the other side of the rafters as the metal RATTLES and SHAKES beneath her.

CELINE
(whispering)
Stacy. What's going on?

Celine walks around the dark corner through pooling shafts of stage lights and curtains as the orchestra continues playing below. She stops in her footsteps at the horror of Stacy being strangled by Marcus.

Marcus lifts Stacy over the railing and drops her to the stage below. Her neck SNAPS immediately and the orchestra stops playing as chaos ensues and people SCREAM at the sight of her lifeless body swinging over the stage. Putin rises from his seat and is escorted out of his VIP booth by guards.

Marcus chases after Celine. She runs away SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER, but no-one can hear her in all the commotion. He grabs her as she struggles against his strength.

CELINE (CONT'D)
No no no no no, ARIELA!

Ariela looks over the railing in horror and see's Stacy's body hanging over the stage. There is another SCREAM as Celine's body is thrown from the rafters and CRASHES into the seating below, CRACKING and BREAKING on impact.

Marcus quickly exits the rafters and the hall dissolves into SCREAMING and pandemonium.

INT. MOSCOW CONCERT HALL STAGE - NIGHT

The concert hall is on lockdown. Exits are surrounded by armed Russian military guards.

Luke watches as Marcus approaches Putin and whispers something into his ear. Putin acknowledges the information and then commands his military guards in Luke's direction.

Russian guards hold Luke's hands behind his back while one searches his pocket and pulls out Stacy's necklace.

RUSSIAN MILITARY GUARD
(russian accent)
Take him away.

LUKE COLLINS
I was on stage the whole time.
Ariela. ARIELA!

Ariela watches from the rafters as Luke is taken away.

ARIELA JOHNSON

LUKE!

Marcus approaches Luke's empty chair and takes the War Horn.

INT. RUSSIAN JAIL CELL - DAY / NIGHT

Luke sits in his cell. Day turns to night as the blue overcast sky outside darkens. Food is pushed through a small opening in the metal cell door. He eats a bite of the mystery sludge and spits it out.

INT. LUKE'S JAIL CELL - DAY

He lays in the fetal position on the ground. His body is thin and malnourished. He COUGHS and experiences shaking and full body convulsions. He can hear other prisoners COUGHING through the walls.

The small delivery door to his cell opens and a Russian cook slides in another bowl of sludge and a Russian newspaper.

Luke lethargically crawls to the door and grabs the newspaper. The text is all in Russian. He looks through the pictures of locations from around the world going into COVID-19 pandemic lockdowns and people in biohazard suits. London. New York. Los Angeles. Moscow. Beijing. Paris.

INT. LUKE'S JAIL CELL - DAY

Luke lays in his bed. He is even thinner now as he breathes slowly, WHEEZING and COUGHING violently between gasps of air. His vision grows blurry as his oxygen levels decrease. He can hear MUFFLED RUSSIAN VOICES in the hallway BREATHING and TALKING through heavy face masks.

He drags himself across the floor and opens the small window in his door. He sees Russian guards in biohazard suits spraying down the hallway and empty jail cell with disinfectant. They roll out an inmate's dead body. Luke shuts the delivery window.

INT. LUKE'S JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Luke lays in bed shivering uncontrollably. He tries to catch his breath, desperately GASPING for air.

LUKE COLLINS
Help me, please.

Luke's vision continues to go blurry as bright lights dance in his eyes.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)
Someone help me.

The flickering hallucinations become clear as his mother's face, Lynda Collins, comes into focus. A warm light washes over him.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)
Mom?

LUKE'S HALLUCINATION DREAM

LYNDA COLLINS
Hi my sweet boy. It's going to be
ok. Take a deep breath with me.

Luke calms his breathing. His surroundings dissolve into lush, green forests bathed in golden sunlight. He finds himself standing with Lynda in the solace of nature as the wind rustles through the trees.

LYNDA COLLINS (CONT'D)
You remember when we would go to
the north woods of Wisconsin in the
summer?

LUKE COLLINS
Yes. I do.

They both watch in third person as a childhood version of young Luke and a younger Lynda Collins fade into the scene.

Young Luke and young Lynda walk together down a wooded trail by a RAGING RIVER. A mother black bear and her two cubs cross the trail in front of them.

The mother bear pauses, looking into young Lynda's eyes.

YOUNG LYNDA COLLINS
This is their home too.

The momma bear and cubs continue on their way

The older Luke and Lynda follow their younger selves as they come to the edge of a large, fresh water lake surrounded by birch trees, autumn colors and millions of smooth stones. Young Lynda picks up a granite rock and hands it to young Luke.

YOUNG LYNDA COLLINS (CONT'D)
 Just as *that* stone has a place, so
 do you.

Older Luke and Lynda look up as the sky transforms above them into night and the milky-way reveals itself layered beneath dancing auroras.

But the calming nature around them suddenly dissolves again and the older versions find themselves in the hospital.

22-year-old Luke feeds his dying mother in her bed. Machines BEEP in the background. Lynda's hair and eyebrows are gone from failed chemotherapy and radiation treatments.

YOUNG LYNDA COLLINS (CONT'D)
 Don't worry.

The memory fades to darkness as Luke is left alone with a distant vision of his mother, the Russian jail cell fading back into his current reality.

LUKE COLLINS
 Take me with you, mom.

LYNDA COLLINS
 Your work here isn't done yet.

Lynda Collin's image fades away, disappearing into the darkness. Luke is left alone in his cell.

LUKE COLLINS
 Please. I'm so tired.

END LUKE'S HALLUCINATION DREAM

INT. JANUARY 6, 2021 LUKE'S JAIL CELL - DAY

The cell delivery door CREEKS open and a guard slides a Russian newspaper in across the floor. Luke lethargically gets out of bed and drags himself to it. He picks up the newspaper and his soul fills with anger.

INSERT - RUSSIAN NEWSPAPER: JANUARY 6, 2021

A picture of the United States Capital building under siege from a crowd carrying confederate flags, crosses and Nazi symbols. A hangman's gallows has been erected on the steps. The only lettering not in Russian is the headline in big, bold, type, ANARCHY!

LUKE TRAINING MONTAGE - DAY / NIGHT

Luke has more color in his face and an increased sense of purpose. He lowers himself to the ground and proceeds with a military push-up. One. Two. Three. He falls to his stomach, exhausted and out of breath. He rests for a moment, then gets back up and continues his training.

Days, weeks, months pass as Luke trains his body with intensive core workouts, crunches, sit ups, planks. Leg workouts, squats, lunges. He works out his arms, chest and back doing pull ups, military pushups and leg barbell curls.

He meditates and trains his mind and moves through warrior yoga poses to improve his balance and flexibility.

He holds a bowl of mystery sludge in front of him. Taking a deep breath, he holds his nose and slurps it down with a glass of water. Eyes watering and face red, he holds it down and shakes it off.

LUKE

Hooyah.

EXT. WOODED RUSSIAN FOREST OUTSIDE PRISON YARD - DAY

Luke and other burly inmates cut down trees and saw them into pieces for firewood. They are surrounded by armed guards. The men move slowly but methodically to conserve their energy in the snow. There are twice as many inmates as their are guards. Time passes as the men are worked into exhaustion.

They finally take a break. The guards crack open a bottle of Russian vodka and drink in front of the inmates, taunting them.

Luke senses something in the woods. He scans the forest. Two eyes behind camouflage pierce his soul.

RUSSIAN GUARD 1

(in russian)

Vas! Translation: You!

The guard motions for Luke to come to him.

RUSSIAN GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

(in russian)

Idite syuda! Translation: Come here!

Luke obeys. The guard, smoking a cigarette, grins while holding a rifle in one hand and a shot of vodka in the other.

He hands Luke a shot glass full of vodka and motions him to hold it out to one side. Then, the guard aims his rifle at the glass.

In the tree, the camouflaged man raises a sniper weapon and takes aim at the guard's head.

RUSSIAN GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
 (in russian)
 Zhdat. Translation: Stay.

The guard lowers his rifle and walks back over to Luke. He pulls a lighter from his pocket and sets the glass on fire, then raises his rifle again.

RUSSIAN GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
 (in russian)
 Bóo-deem zda-ró-vye! Translation:
 To our health!

The camouflaged man tracks the guard's head in his sniper scope's crosshair.

The guard fires a shot and misses. His head EXPLODES in front of Luke. The camouflaged sniper reloads and takes out two other guards. The remaining guards realize they are under attack and pull their weapons. Luke throws the flaming vodka onto one and sets him on fire, sending him SCREAMING into the forest.

The inmates seize the opportunity. Some run into the woods, others rush the guards for their weapons. BULLETS are flying and WHIZING in every direction. A Russian inmate uses his tree axe and dismembers a guard, then takes his rifle.

SIRENS BLARE and bullets rain down on the inmates from fortified watch towers, POP, POP, POP! Luke grabs a rifle and runs into the forest.

EXT. RUSSIAN FOREST - DAY

Luke runs through the forest, zig zagging through the snow and hiding behind trees. Branches and tree trunks SPLINTER, POP, CRACK and EXPLODE from the oncoming bullets. An inmate is shot dead and his body falls at Luke's feet, turning the snow red with blood.

Determined to survive, Luke runs for his life, gaining further distance away from the battle as the sounds of GUN SHOTS, SCREAMING and SIRENS fade. He does not. Stop. Running.

Luke crosses remote terrain through snow covered meadows and dense forests, following the longer tree branches south and only stopping to drink fresh water from cold mountain streams.

EXT. RUSSIAN FOREST - NIGHT

Gathering downed tree limbs and logs, he builds a shelter for the night, creating insulation from the snow out of tree moss. He stacks limbs and logs against the trunk of a tree to create a teepee style shelter, then crawls in for the night and falls asleep with his rifle to the eerie sound of the wind HOWLING outside his hut.

EXT. LUKE'S SURVIVAL HUT - DAY

Luke wakes up to a TWIG SNAPPING outside his shelter. He watches two sets of feet walking around outside. He emerges from his hut and draws his rifle.

LUKE COLLINS
Hold it right there.

It is the camouflaged sniper, MAXIM, and his twin brother NIKITA in Russian prison clothing.

MAXIM
Kämrad!

Luke lowers his weapon.

EXT. RUSSIAN FOREST - DAY

The three men sit around a fire roasting a small animal over the flame and feast on the meat.

MAXIM
(russian accent)
American?

LUKE COLLINS
Yes. I'm American.

NIKITA
(russian accent)
John Wayne! Bang, bang!

MAXIM
(russian accent)
Why you in Russian jail?

LUKE COLLINS
It's a LONG story. You?

MAXIM
(russian accent)
Nikita, how do you say this. *Pissed*
off the man.

LUKE COLLINS
What man?

NIKITA
(russian accent)
PUTIN. Pissed him off! Stupid *WAR!*

LUKE COLLINS
What war?

Nikita and Maxim point into the woods.

MAXIM
(russian accent)
Ukraine. Family in Kyiv.

NIKITA
(russian accent)
PUTIN, how do you say this, *BOOMED*
Ukraine.

LUKE COLLINS
Bombed Ukraine?

NIKITA
(russian accent)
Yes. Will you help us, *Kämrad?*

EXT. RUSSIAN FOREST - NIGHT

Under the cover of darkness, the three men travel through dense forest towards the Ukrainian border. *EXPLOSIONS* light up the night sky followed by *POPS*, *BURSTS* and *RUMBLES*. Luke trips over the body of a dead Russian soldier in his early twenties with *Z* insignias on his uniform.

NIKITA
(russian accent)
John Wayne.

Maxim and Nikita remove weapons, grenades and handguns from the bodies of the dead Russian soldiers. Luke follows their lead. On the horizon they watch Russian tank and military movements. They hunker down in a trench overlooking the warfront.

Russian advanced rocket systems are loaded with missiles. In the quiet calmness of the night, REVVING GEARS CLICK, CLICK, CLICK the rocket launchers into firing position. SILENCE. Then, IGNITION! A dozen missiles light up, ROARING from their silos and tear across the night sky with SCREAMING trails of fire and smoke. The ground RUMBLES and SHAKES beneath Luke and the brothers. The missiles reach their destinations as mushroom clouds EXPLODE on the horizon.

The ground beneath them SHAKES and RUMBLES again as a Ukrainian fighter jet ROARS overhead and drops HELLFIRE onto the rocket launchers, sending POPPING and CRACKLING fireballs into the night sky.

LUKE COLLINS

We need to move. Let's GO!

Weapons in tow and a new sense of energetic adrenaline drive the men forward through the war front, flanking the Russian army from behind through patches of dense forest.

They charge down through the aftermath of the burning rocket launchers and dead Russian soldiers.

Bullets rain down on them from the Russian side as they cross into no-man's land. They can see the bunkers and trenches of the Ukrainian army.

NIKITA

THERE! UKRAINE!

The three men are now caught in the middle of the battle running for their lives to the Ukrainian side.

They successfully cross the battlefield and jump into a trench at the base of a bunker to take cover. Nakita and Maxim yell at the bunker above them.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

(russian accent)

UKRAINE!

MAXIM

(russian accent)

UKRAINE!

Bullets WHIZ and BUZZ past them.

LUKE COLLINS

AMERICAN! AMERICAN!

Luke YELLS FOR HIS LIFE.

NIKITA
 (russian accent)
 AMERICAN! AMERICAN!

MAXIM
 (russian accent)
 AMERICAN! AMERICAN!

EXT. UKRAINIAN FRONT LINE - DAY

Morning light breaks over the fog of war. Ukrainian soldiers drape Luke, Maxim and Nikita with blankets, give them food, water and hot coffee. Luke looks around at the fighters. Men, women, children, Russian, Ukrainian, British, American, Polish.

Occasional POPS, BOOMS and RIFLE FIRE continue from the Russian side and are met with return fire from Ukraine.

COMMANDER KNIHAL
 Where's the American!

COMMANDER KNIHAL, a fellow American volunteer soldier, approaches Luke.

LUKE COLLINS
 Here!

COMMANDER KNIHAL
 I'm Commander Knihal.

LUKE COLLINS
 Luke Collins, sir.

COMMANDER KNIHAL
 That took some BALLS to come over
 no-mans land like that last night.
 Wolken! McCune! Meet the American!

MATT WOLKEN, another American volunteer fighter, and Nate McCune, from Luke's Nebraska childhood past, approach Luke.

MATT WOLKEN
 Howdy.

Luke is flabbergasted to see Nate McCune.

NATE MCCUNE
 Holy Shit. COLLINS? Is that really
 you?

COMMANDER KNIHAL
 You two know each other?

LUKE COLLINS

What the hell are you doing here,
McCune?

NATE MCCUNE

Well I'll be DAMNED!

COMMANDER KNIHAL

Mccune, get our guys here some
proper clothing.

NATE MCCUNE

Yes sir.

INT. UKRAINIAN BUNKER - DAY

Nate McCune hands out camouflaged uniforms, helmets and guns
to Luke, Nikita and Maxim.

NATE MCCUNE

It's all-hands-on-deck around here.
Hey Collins, check it out.

Nate pulls out his two fake teeth where Luke punched him in
middle school.

LUKE COLLINS

This is, INSANE. I didn't expect to
run into you in this part of the
world.

The men change into their uniforms.

NATE MCCUNE

I know. Listen, man. I'm not the
same person I was back in Nebraska.
I've *changed*. The ARMY changed me.
GOD changed me. Hell, my wife and
kids changed me. What I'm trying to
say is, I'm sorry.

LUKE COLLINS

Thank you. But, why the HELL are
you here?

NATE MCCUNE

I felt a calling to volunteer.
Ironic, isn't it? The bully becomes
the defender.

EXT. UKRANIAN BATTLEFRONT TRENCH - DAY

Luke and Nate examine the Russian side through binoculars. All of a sudden, a HORN BLARES across no-man's land, scattering thousands of birds into the sky from the trees.

NATE MCCUNE

What the hell was that?

The HORN BLARES again. This time, Luke and Nate both know exactly what it is, the WAR HORN.

The figure of a man rises above the trees and levitates in the air. Ukranian soldiers raise their weapons as the figure, cloaked in black, floats across no-man's land towards them.

LUKE COLLINS

HOLD YOUR FIRE!

Breaking rank, Luke delivers an order, and they obey. The figure coming into view is MARCUS, and he goes right to Luke.

He hovers over the trench with a black War Horn engraved in golden symbols and golden swastika on the bell.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

Beautiful, isn't it? This one was Hitler's *personal* War Horn. I found this exquisite piece in Luxembourg. You didn't think you were the only one, did you, Collins?

Luke holds his intense gaze on Marcus. His pupils dilate like sharpened knives ready to kill. His primal, Navy SEAL instincts identify Marcus as the true enemy.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)

Like the smoothly refined stone on the Wisconsin lakeshore, I realized, for the first time, MY PLACE in the grand scheme of the universe. I was BATTLEBORNE for *that* moment.

NATE MCCUNE

Can we kill this asshole already?

MARCUS MAXIMUS

Well, I can't expect a Nebraska cowboy to appreciate the finer things in life now can I?

NATE MCCUNE

I'll shove your finer things up
your a...

LUKE COLLINS

McCune.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

Oh I like that one, he's got some
FIGHT in him.

LUKE COLLINS

What do you want, Marcus.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

I came over here, *Luke*, to tell you
how much I admire and respect you.
You made it look so easy! But, I
knew the moment I saw your horn
from the hallway during your
audition. You played that
instrument of death so *eloquently*.
Bravo, seriously. Just imagine what
you and I could do TOGETHER.
Nations would FALL to our RULE!

LUKE COLLINS

I'm not interested in your quest
for power, Marcus.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

That's a shame. All I *wanted* was a
duet. I'll just serenade Ariela by
myself I suppose.

This strikes a nerve.

LUKE COLLINS

Send it.

NATE MCCUNE

Hell yeah.

Hell fire is unleashed on Marcus. His body disappears behind
EXPLOSIONS, smoke and ARTILLERY BLASTS. The barrage stops. As
the dust settles, Marcus's body fades back into view,
unharmmed.

Marcus allows the War Horn to hover next to him as he removes
his black cloak, revealing a large Russian Z on his chest. He
lifts the War Horn to his lips and plays an unsettling tri-
tone that causes the Ukrainian soldiers to grab their ears in
pain.

Then, Marcus levitates dozens of Ukranian soldiers into the air as they SCREAM and struggle against his power. He SNAPS their necks and drops their corpses into the trench.

MARCUS MAXIMUS
ROT OF SOCIETY!

Marcus levitates back across no-man's land to the Russian front.

INT. UKRAINIAN FRONT LINE WAR ROOM - DAY

The battle room is swarming with military leaders. Commander Knihal is surrounded by Luke, Nate McCune, Matt Wolken, Maxim and Nikita as BOMBS BLAST outside and dust falls from the ceiling with each explosion.

COMMANDER KNIHAL
Alright people, quiet down.
Collins, what HELL are we dealing
with here?

LUKE COLLINS
Sir, we're up against two Nazi
instruments of war.

NATE MCCUNE
Two? Does he have yours?

COMMANDER KNIHAL
McCune.

NATE MCCUNE
Sorry sir.

LUKE COLLINS
Yes he does.

COMMANDER KNIHAL
You're telling me we're dealing
with witchcraft, Collins?

LUKE COLLINS
It's all a part of the Nazi occult
but for the lack of a better word,
yes sir.

COMMANDER KNIHAL
So, witches, vampires, werewolves,
that kinda thing?

NATE MCCUNE

Sir, listen to him. I've seen him use a War Horn like this before.

COMMANDER KNIHAL

Shit. Ok, what do we do, Collins?

LUKE COLLINS

We must ISOLATE Marcus from the Russian army. If you get me to him, I can take control of the War Horns.

INT. RUSSIAN MILITARY FRONTLINE BATTLE ROOM - DAY

Marcus sits at the center of the room with both War Horns like Lucifer in the ninth level of hell speaking to high ranking Russian generals.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

Send word to the Kremlin. Ukraine will fall TONIGHT.

EXT. RUSSIAN / UKRAINE FRONT LINES - NIGHT

Night has fallen on the battlefield. The occasional EXPLOSION and GUNFIRE erupts across no-man's land. Commander Knihal reveals to Luke a large tunnel that is in progress of being built to the Russian military's side.

INT. NO-MAN'S LAND UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

The tunnel is lined with lights, supplies, soldiers and hand crews digging frantically to the other side.

LUKE COLLINS

This is incredible.

COMMANDER KNIHAL

The hand crews have been at this for about two-months. Soon, we can start moving heavy explosives to the other side and catch the Russians by surprise.

LUKE COLLINS

Brilliant, just like the Battle of the Crater during the Civil War.

COMMANDER KNIHAL

Exactly.

INT. MARCUS'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - NIGHT

Marcus and two Russian women have sex in a dimly lit room beneath silky, red satin sheets. He ties their hands together and pours oils over their bodies, rubbing them down as they glisten, squirm and MOAN beneath his touch.

INT. NO-MAN'S LAND UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

Weapons, explosives, ammunition and heavy machinery is moved into the tunnel. A soldier puts his ear to the dirt and listens through to the other side as Russian soldiers drink vodka and SING SONGS.

EXT. UKRAINIAN FRONT LINE - NIGHT

Ukrainian soldiers stock pile explosives throughout the trench and tie wires together that extend through the tunnel, feeding into a central ignition command center beneath no-man's land.

EXT. RUSSIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Marcus exits his private quarters. He observes movement on the Ukrainian side through night vision binoculars. Extending out his hand, he commands the black War Horn to his grasp and sounds a BATTLE CRY across the land.

EXT. UKRAINIAN FRONT LINE - NIGHT

All is quite, except for GUTTERAL GROWLS, SNARLS, YIPS and YAPS growing louder and louder in the distance.

NATE MCCUNE

What the hell is that.

Luke, Nate, Commander Knihal, Matt Wolken, Nikita and Maxim ready their weapons, turning them towards the Russian front.

COMMANDER KNIHAL

Ready yourselves, soldiers!

Out of the darkness, a terrifying army of supernatural underworld creatures approaches. Vampires expose their blood sucking fangs. Werewolves lick their lips, BARK, YIP and HOWL to the moon. Devilish, winged creatures GIGGLE maniacally and breathe fiery flames from their mouths and noses.

MATT WOLKEN

What now.

LUKE COLLINS

Steady. He's just trying to get
into our heads with hallucinations.

NATE MCCUNE

They look pretty DAMN real to me,
man!

EXT. RUSSIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Marcus delivers a high pitched fanfare on the War Horn and
his monstrous army advances on the Ukrainian troops.

EXT. UKRAINIAN FRONT LINE - NIGHT

Hundreds of creatures CHARGE the Ukrainian front line,
ROARING, GROWLING, YIPPING, YAPPING.

LUKE COLLINS

Hold!

The creatures run faster. Ukrainian soldiers tremble with
fear, but hold steady under Luke's command. The monsters now
sprint towards the front line.

NATE MCCUNE

Collins!

Just before reaching the trench, the creatures vanish into
millions of micro-particles, floating through the Ukrainian
army and behind it's front line. Silence.

Then, the War Horn BLARES and the particles quickly re-
assemble behind the trench, flanking the Ukrainians.

LUKE

FIRE!

The creatures appear again and a firefight commences inside
the trench. POP! POP! POP! MACHINE GUN FIRE erupts in every
direction.

EXT. RUSSIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Marcus watches the battle and communicates with his generals.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

We'll be in Kyiv by tomorrow
morning, gentlemen.

EXT. UKRAINIAN TRENCH WARFARE - NIGHT

A desperate battle takes place between Ukraine and the army of darkness. Luke pulls out a serrated knife and kills the creatures with both that and a handgun. He drives his knife into the heart of a vampire and shoots a werewolf through the head, then SLICES it's throat.

Winged demons take to the air above the trench and rain down fire like hundreds of flame throwers.

Nate McCune climbs behind an AEK-99 machine gun and engages the belt-fed cartridge, CLICKING it into place. He takes aim at the winged demons and FIRES, POP, POP, POP, hitting a few of the creatures and causing them to self-combust into fiery EXPLOSIONS themselves.

Nikita and Maxim work together using their brute force and pistols to take out the enemy. Nikita restrains a ghoulish, Frankenstein's monster looking creature and Maxim comes in for the kill, SNAPPING the creature's neck.

MAXIM

RA!!

Commander Knihal, with two pistols, moves through the trench with the efficiency of a gun slinging cowboy.

Matt Wolken perches himself on a hill above the trench with a sniper weapon and frames the cross-hairs on individual creatures, picking one off at a time.

EXT. RUSSIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Marcus raises the War Horn to his lips again, delivering another terrifying fanfare across the battlefield.

EXT. UKRAINIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Luke turns his attention to the sky as shadowy, winged creatures resembling the Nazi Third Reich's black eagle soar overhead. Witches ride the birds, GIGGLING maniacally with glee as they drop hand grenades into the trench that EXPLODE with green fireballs.

LUKE COLLINS

HOWITZERS TO THE SKY!

Dozens of howitzer canons CLICKITY, CLACK, CLACK, CLICK up into position, taking aim at the black eagles. Soldiers load the canons. Then, BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Deep, heavy EXPLOSIONS erupt overhead.

A black eagle EXPLODES from a direct howitzer hit and the witch SCREAMS as she is sucked back down into the underworld.

The sky lights up with multiple howitzer canon fire EXPLOSIONS. Some witches dodge them, others EXPLODE and SCREAM.

EXT. RUSSIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Marcus turns to his generals.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

Ready your men for the first,
second and third wave assaults.

INT. NO-MAN'S LAND UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

Ukrainian soldiers move through the tunnel with a new sense of urgency, getting weapons and ammunition stockpiles in place as the ground shakes and RUMBLES above them from the raging battle.

EXT. UKRAINIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

The Ukrainian army continues to fight desperately.

LUKE COLLINS

WE MUST MOVE TO THE TUNNEL,
TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

EXT. RUSSIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Russian troops line up along the trench facing no-man's land and prepare their weapons and heavy artillery.

INT. NO-MAN'S LAND UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

Commander Knihal leads Ukrainian soldiers into the tunnel.

COMMANDER KNIHAL

LET'S GO!

They finish wiring explosives and trip wires around the outside of the trench.

EXT. UKRAINIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

The firefight continues above as Ukrainian troops evacuate. Luke, Maxim, Nikita, Nate Mccune and Matt Wolken are the last ones standing, overseeing the transfer of troops from the trench into the tunnel.

Their heavy artillery take direct hits from above, exploding into green fireballs. Black eagles sweep in for the kill, picking off soldiers who haven't made it into the tunnel and carrying them off into the night.

EXT. RUSSIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Marcus speaks to his generals.

MARCUS MAXIMUS
Initiate the first wave, general.

Russian tanks RUMBLE and CLICK as they roll across no-man's land.

EXT. UKRAINIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

LUKE COLLINS
LET'S GO!

Luke and his team run into the tunnel, firing their weapons at the creatures for cover. They roll a large, iron-plated blast door across the entrance and seal themselves off from the trench.

EXT. RUSSIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Marcus signals the second wave charge by BLARING the War Horn.

MARCUS MAXIMUS
CHARGE!!!

WHISTLES SCREAM to initiate the charge as Russian soldiers charge down the hillside all yelling CHARGE! Marcus stays in the trench, watching his grand plan in action.

INT. NO-MAN'S LAND UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

The remaining Ukrainian fighters are huddled together in the middle of the tunnel. The ground above them shakes and RUMBLES, causing dirt to crumble down around them as they listen to the YELLING above.

EXT. UKRAINIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

The Russian Army arrives at the Ukrainian trench, only to find it filled with dead bodies.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
(russian accent)
They are all dead!

EXT. RUSSIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Marcus proudly stands with his generals, his black War Horn in hand. He watches and listens as the Russian army slows and the yelling stops. Silence.

MARCUS MAXIMUS
What's wrong. Why have they
stopped?

INT. NO-MAN'S LAND UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

A dozen men with detonation switches are on standby awaiting Luke's command.

LUKE COLLINS
Steady...steady.

EXT. RUSSIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

MARCUS MAXIMUS
Pull your men back now, general!

Marcus grabs the general's walkie-talkie and radios to the other side.

MARCUS MAXIMUS (CONT'D)
PULL BACK! GET THE HELL OUT OF
THERE!

EXT. UKRAINIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

PULL BACK! PULL BACK! Marcus's voice can be heard booming over multiple walkie-talkies to the Russian Army. Then, a Russian soldier sets off a trip wire that sends an electrical signal to a light bulb in the tunnel.

INT. NO-MAN'S LAND UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

The light bulb turns on.

LUKE

Execute.

The Ukrainian soldiers turn their detonation keys.

EXT. UKRAINIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

RUSSIAN COMMANDER

PULL BACK! IT'S A TRA....

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

EXT. RUSSIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Marcus watches as one massive EXPLOSION after another after another obliterates his army.

INT. NO-MAN'S LAND UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

The tunnel shakes and rumbles violently as dust and debris fills the chamber. Luke turns to another set of Ukrainian soldiers on the Russian side with detonators awaiting his command.

LUKE COLLINS

Execute!

They detonate the charges.

EXT. / INT. RUSSIAN TRENCH - NIGHT

A large EXPLOSION erupts through the Russian trench and throws Marcus from his perch back down into the trench.

Covered in dust and debris, bloodied and burned, Marcus doesn't know what hit him. He attempts to regain control through a DEAFENING RINGING in his ears from the blast.

The black War Horn hovers safely above the ground, unharmed by the explosion. Marcus can see shadowy figures running towards him through the fog of war. It's Luke, followed by Commander Knihal, Nate, Matt, Maxim, Nakita, and the remaining Ukrainian army.

Marcus desperately fires a pistol into the tunnel in defiance as his Russian generals flee. Luke sees the black War Horn.

LUKE COLLINS

Nate, the horn!

Marcus, adrenaline surging, rises to his feet. Nate captures the black War Horn. Time slows as guns POP and explosions BOOM around him. For the last time, Nate McCune is entranced by the horn's beauty.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)

MCCUNE!

Marcus raises his hand and commands the War Horn to himself, ripping it from Nate McCune's grasp. He raises it to his lips and BREAKS Nate McCune's body in half.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)

NOOOOOOOO!

Marcus raises his other arm and summons Luke's War Horn. Both are now in his control.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

I tried to bargain with you,
Collins. I *really* tried.

Luke attempts to summon his War Horn for the first time, just like Marcus. To his surprise, it tugs violently against Marcus's grasp. He recruits the last bit of strength he has inside him as Marcus tries to hold on.

LUKE

AHHHHHHH!

Luke's power wins and his War Horn is ripped from Marcus's hand and lands in Luke's grasp again.

He raises it to his lips and delivers a powerful war cry. Lightning EXPLODES from the sky and strikes Marcus, sending him flying through the air, separating him from the black War Horn.

LUKE COLLINS

It's over, Marcus.

Marcus won't quit. He summons his horn again and delivers another BATTLE CRY.

Trees in the forest shake violently from something big. A wall of ROARING fire sweeps through the forest and a black, fire-breathing DRAGON emerges.

MARCUS MAXIMUS

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, COLLINS!?

Luke watches as the ferocious dragon flaps it's wings and rises over the battlefield.

An EXPLOSION hits the Dragon's head and sends it fleeing into the sky. Nakita and Maxim have just fired a Russian howitzer at it.

MAXIM

RA!

NAKITA

JOHN WAYNE!

LUKE COLLINS

HOOYAH!

Luke runs to an adjacent hill top overlooking the battlefield. He lifts his War Horn to his lips and releases a tritone. A WHITE DRAGON rises above the battlefield and ROARS, confronting Marcus's BLACK DRAGON.

Luke commands control of his White Dragon as it NIPS and CHOMPS at the Black Dragon's wings. The Black Dragon unleashes it's burning hell fire onto the White Dragon.

Higher and higher the creatures fly into the night sky, the White Dragon now gaining speed on the Black Dragon, their battling silhouettes are now visible from the ground against the full moon.

Luke delivers a final battle cry on the War Horn and his White Dragon latches it's mouth onto the Black Dragon's mouth, locking his fangs into it's flesh.

The White Dragon generates an explosive fire inside his belly and unleashes it into the Black Dragon's mouth, causing it to EXPLODE, and with it, Hitler's black War Horn EXPLODES in a brilliant display of light as both Marcus and the metal instrument are obliterated into millions of pieces. The Ukrainian army CHEERS victoriously as Luke looks to the sun rising in the eastern sky and lowers his War Horn.

EXT. ARIELA'S BURBANK, CALIFORNIA HOUSE - NIGHT

Luke rolls up to the front of Ariela's house and parks his motorcycle out front. CRICKETS and CICADAS can be heard in the hot summer night on this all-American suburban street.

He walks to the front door and RINGS the doorbell. He hears a CREEK and a young boy, about three-years-old with blonde hair and blue eyes, looks up at him from behind the cracked door.

GERALDINE

(in the background)

Coming!

GERALDINE, a woman in her mid-forties, answers the door.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)
Hi there. Sorry about that, he just likes to open the door to strangers. How can I help you?

LUKE COLLINS
I think I have the wrong house. Does Ariela live here by any chance?

Geraldine is warm, inviting and friendly.

GERALDINE
You have the right place! We'll go get her. Let's go kiddo.

Geraldine picks up the young boy and carries him off, leaving Luke standing alone at the open door. With his back turned to the door, Ariela, bathed in warm house light and wearing a white dress like an angel, slowly exits the doorway. She knows Luke's figure. He can sense her presence behind him as he turns to face her again after many years.

ARIELA JOHNSON
(under her breath)
Luke...

Ariela loses her breath as if she's seen a ghost. Luke embraces her in his arms.

Geraldine holds LUKE JR. and watches from inside the house. Realizing the situation, she takes him upstairs.

GERALDINE
It's past your bed time, kiddo.

LUKE JR.
(in the background)
No it's not.

Geraldine gently closes the door to give Luke and Ariela their privacy.

ARIELA JOHNSON
(through the tears)
I thought you were dead.

She pounds on Luke's chest in anger and frustration.

ARIELA JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I thought you were dead!

Luke embraces her again, pulling her close to him as she SOBS in his arms.

EXT. BURBANK, CALIFORNIA SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Luke and Ariela walk the desolate Burbank street. Warm suburban houselights glisten beneath the treelined streets with all-American white picket fences. Silence.

ARIELA JOHNSON

I don't know what to say. These last few years I've mourned your death.

Luke is quiet and reserved.

LUKE COLLINS

You don't have to say anything.

An older woman sweeps her front porch beneath an American flag. She notices Ariela and waves.

PEARL

Evening Ariela.

ARIELA JOHNSON

Hi Pearl.

LUKE COLLINS

Ma'am.

PEARL

Nice young man you have there.

ARIELA JOHNSON

Thanks. How are you doing this evening?

PEARL

Oh just fine darling. Have a good night.

ARIELA JOHNSON

You too, Pearl.

Luke and Ariela reach the end of the street and walk into a park with benches, picnic tables and a playground. They sit together in silence again beneath the lights.

LUKE COLLINS

You have a great community here.

ARIELA JOHNSON

I do. It's been a good place to raise a kid.

Ariela pauses.

ARIELA JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Luke. I don't know how to say this. He's *yours*.

She looks into Luke's eyes, holding his gaze just like she did the first time they met.

LUKE COLLINS

I know, Ariela. I knew from the moment he answered the door.

Ariela fights back tears.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)

But I'm here now. For both of you. We can settle down and be a family.

Ariela composes herself.

ARIELA JOHNSON

Luke. Geraldine is my family.

LUKE COLLINS

That's great. The more the merrier. I will welcome Geraldine into our family as well.

ARIELA JOHNSON

Luke. I *love* Geraldine. I'm *with* Geraldine.

Luke realizes he has lost everything in that moment.

LUKE COLLINS

(defeated)

How did you two meet?

ARIELA JOHNSON

Geraldine was my nurse. She helped deliver Luke, Jr.

LUKE COLLINS

Luke, Jr? Wow.

ARIELA JOHNSON

I know this all is a lot for you right now. These last few years have changed *everything*.

(MORE)

ARIELA JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I'm not the same person I was when
I met you. When I, lost you.

Ariela tries to hold Luke's hand, but he pulls away from her.

LUKE COLLINS
So. What does this mean. Will I be
Luke Jr.'s father?

Ariela is uncomfortably silent.

ARIELA JOHNSON
Biological, yes.

LUKE COLLINS
(trying to stay calm)
Ok.

Luke is trying to stay calm, but everyone has their breaking point, and Luke has reached his.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)
So I'm just your DAMN sperm donor?

Ariela tries to embrace Luke.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)
Don't touch me.

He stares into her eyes with sharpened pupils ready to fight.

ARIELA JOHNSON
Luke. I...

LUKE COLLINS
Don't you think I should get a say
in this? For *god's* sake you gave
him my name!

ARIELA JOHNSON
(defensive)
You. Weren't. Here. I thought you
were dead. I gave him your name in
memory of you!

ARIELA JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like
that.

Ariela can not hold back her tears.

ARIELA JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Truth is, I don't think I can be
with a *man* again. Not after all of
this.

And with that, Luke surrenders.

LUKE COLLINS
We're not *all* bad guys.

ARIELA JOHNSON
I know. It's why I named him after
his father. You're one of the good
ones.

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY 395 - NIGHT

Luke drives the winding, rural highway into the eastern Sierra Nevada Mountains on his motorcycle, carrying the War Horn with him on his back. The predawn light grows brighter on the horizon as the motorcycle's headlight illuminates the dark road.

EXT. LONE PINE CALIFORNIA - DAY

Luke drives into the old western town of Lone Pine. The majestic, snow-capped granite Sierras tower over the town in the background as he parks his bike and climbs off.

He walks around for a bit and pulls out one of his last cigarettes. He lights up and takes a long drag as he looks up at the mountains. Cumulonimbus clouds are forming over the high peaks as the sun rises higher against the jagged granite faces.

EXT. LONE PINE ALABAMA HILLS - DAY

Luke drives his motorcycle into the otherworldly, rugged terrain.

GRANDPA COLLINS (V.O.)
You know what I realized I wanted
after so many years of fighting?
Fighting to make the world a better
place. Fighting to be *someone*.
Fighting for *respect*.

INT. RURAL INDIANA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grandpa Luke looks around at his loving family in the warm glow of the holiday light.

GRANDPA COLLINS

I realized, that all I *really* wanted, was this. But, sometimes *this* is the one thing you must fight the hardest for. Anyway. Thank you all for listening to my story.

Grandma Ariela Collins kisses Luke.

GRANDPA COLLINS (CONT'D)

I must say goodbye for now.

His family eerily smiles at him.

COUSIN JON

Goodbye, Grandpa.

Grandpa Collins weeps.

He looks around the room at the back corner where his mom Lynda, dad Patrick, Sean and Mr. Williams smile and wave goodbye. The glow of their warm, smiling faces dissolve away and disappear, along with the Christmas tree, the Civil War figures, fireplace and rural Indiana home.

All that remains is thirty-year-old Luke Collins sitting alone in the Lone Pine, California desert as he lowers the War Horn from his lips.

EXT. LONE PINE ALABAMA HILLS - NIGHT

The sun sets behind the high Sierra Nevada mountains as day turns to dusk. Luke packs up the horn and straps it to his back again, then climbs onto his motorcycle. The roar of an F-16 American fighter jet cuts across the sky above him and flies into the sunset. He salutes.

LUKE COLLINS

U.S.A.

Luke REVS the motorcycle's engine and drives towards the horizon in a cloud of dust.

His cell phone RINGS and he brakes, pulling the phone from his pocket. BEEP.

LUKE COLLINS (CONT'D)

Hi dad.

FADE TO BLACK.