

SPINBACK

Written by
John Swetnam

Story by
John Swetnam
&
Scott Speer

BROKEN ROAD PRODUCTIONS

"Those who dance are considered insane by
those who cannot hear the music"

-- George Carlin

OVER BLACK --

The MUSIC ATTACKS. Slow at first. The ELECTRONIC RHYTHM builds like a train climbing tracks.

It keeps POUNDING. Hammering down.

Vibrating with that electric sound.

And just when you think you can't take anymore...

The MUSIC STOPS --

Silence... silence... And more silence...

'TIL THAT FUCKING BEAT DROPS --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. KLIPSCH AMPHITHEATER - MIAMI - NIGHT

A LASER SHOW -- ELECTRIC BLUE LIGHTS pulsate -- SCAN the glistening tapestry of undulating people.

TWENTY-THOUSAND dancers in space-age costumes -- RAGE --

A sea of pulsating, futuristic glowrods.

Sweat, skin, sex, and passion -- and don't forget the half-naked women -- and the naked ones.

A FAMOUS DJ on stage, fist pumps, orchestrating the crowd like a mystical conductor.

Behind him, a giant 3-D PROJECTION SCREEN shows a space ship simulator flying through some alien planet.

VISUALS are cutting-edge, and out-of-this-world. Everything here is.

BASS THUMPS and the whole arena VIBRATES to the beat --

SILVER-TINGED FIREBALLS EXPLODE.

This is insanity to the max. Electric alien euphoria.

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF EDM.

IN THE CROWD --

Find **TRISTAN KELLER** (20s), sweating, pale, vivid BLUE EYES dart back and forth -- paranoid, scared. Must be fucked up on something. Probably X.

Tristan PUSHES through the swarm of bodies, bumps into a giant ROBOT costume, freaks out, runs the other way.

More COSTUMES block his path -- sexy aliens, astronauts, ghoulish space creatures, and God knows what else.

All of them seem to frighten Tristan even more. This must be one hell of a bad trip.

Tristan STAGGERS -- makes his way to the back of the amphitheatre, constantly glancing over his shoulder.

Then he runs into SOMEONE -- falls in the dirt, looks up to see a FIGURE standing there, wearing a smiling ELEPHANT-LIKE CREATURE MASK with multiple trunks and floppy ears.

It's almost cute -- seems HARMLESS --

But Tristan is trembling in fear as he scurries backwards.

We see the GLINT OF A GUN gripped by the ELEPHANT MASK and realize that Tristan's not paranoid because he's on drugs, but because --

HE'S RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE.

Suddenly -- a pair of RANDOM ROBOT DANCERS stumble their way, catching Elephant Man off guard.

The distraction gives Tristan an opening, so he gets up and darts into --

PARKING LOT --

Tristan weaves between a parade of exiting cars, their headlights circle him -- blind him.

The thumping BASS of the concert, and the kaleidoscope of lights, add to the chaos as Tristan keeps running, too scared to stop, when --

HE SMASHES into the driver's window of a teen-filled VAN --

TRISTAN
(pounding the glass)
Let me in! Please, he's gonna kill
me!

The TEENS shake their heads, think Tristan's tripping.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Just let me in!!

The Teens ignore him, but can't go anywhere, trapped by a cluster-fuck of traffic.

Tristan scans the lot, cars barely moving.

In the distance, Tristan spots a walkway, with a concrete barrier, that separates the parking lot from the beach.

He runs around the slow cars -- CLIMBS over a hood, finally clear of the traffic jam.

It's dark. Empty. HEADLIGHTS flicker on his right. Tristan turns, scared, as the car approaches --

MOVING FASTER -- FASTER -- but then it passes quietly. Just a family of costumed concert goers.

Tristan catches his breath and jumps the barrier, sprinting towards the safety of --

EXT. BEACH - SAME TIME

FEET never stop PUMPING as Tristan runs for his life, kicking up sand, framed by the dark ocean to his side.

He only gets a few yards, when suddenly --

A CAR with no headlights appears from nowhere -- PLOWS into him. His body FLUNG into the sand like a doll.

BLOOD everywhere, Tristan's arm broken at an impossible angle as he tries to crawl towards the water.

A -- CLICK -- makes him stop and roll over, now staring into the abstract face of his pursuer --

The disturbing SILHOUETTE of that giant "Elephant" Mask.

TRISTAN
(barely muttering)
... they'll figure it out...

The BARREL of a gun raised and pointed at Tristan's head.

-- KA-BOOOM-BOOOM --

In the distance, concert finale FIREWORKS explode in the night sky, illuminating the "Elephant" Mask for the briefest of moments. Now the figure seems anything BUT harmless.

WE MOVE into Tristan's face...

EXTREMELY CLOSE on those striking BLUE EYES as...

THEY close shut -- and -- **BAAAAAANG** --

EXT. HELMAND PROVINCE MARKETPLACE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY

BLUE EYES SNAP BACK OPEN --

But these eyes don't belong to Tristan. They belong to his older brother, **SERGEANT LUKE KELLER** (28), muscular and intense. A steely, hard-nosed, company man, born in a uniform, always on the job -- almost robotic.

Fully decked in combat attire, Luke leads a unit of SIX MARINES as they patrol a desert marketplace.

As far as the eye can see, multiple blocks of dusty brick buildings, tattered, crumbling from some past missile attack.

LOCALS do what they can to continue their lives. KIDS play soccer, men and women mingle, clean, sell everything from fruits, clothes, cloth, and electronics.

A fun-loving Marine, **GUTIERREZ** (20s), gets distracted by a BOY and his old school boom box blasting Tupac.

GUTIERREZ

Yo, this is my jam. LBC in da house!

Other Marines laugh as Gutierrez dances in the street. Not Luke. He steps out of formation, gets in Gutierrez's face --

LUKE

You back on the block?

Gutierrez knows that tone. He's had to live with it.

GUTIERREZ

Just playin', Chief.

Gutierrez shakes his head, frustrated, annoyed, as Luke addresses his unit with a strict, "don't fuck around" tone.

LUKE

We're here to set an example.

Reprimanded, the Marines get back in line.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Gutierrez, take the Noob, break in twos and stay on the perimeter. Do not engage in any activity. We are QRF-- here for presence only.

The Marines nod in understanding. Gutierrez, and **NILES** (19), the rookie, break off, and move down a perimeter alley.

All the others pair up as well, beginning their patrol.

NARROW ALLEY --

Gutierrez and Niles move between two stone buildings.

NILES

What's the deal with Keller? He
always such a hard ass?

GUTIERREZ

He's a legacy. Been fallin' in
line, saying "hoo-rah" since he was
in diapers.

NILES

Good little Devil Dog, huh?

GUTIERREZ

The best.

Suddenly -- Niles stops, sees something down another tight
ALLEY. A local man in a BROWN SHIRT, pushing a FRUIT CART
into a hidden doorway. Something suspicious about him, the
way he fidgets.

NILES

Where's local?

GUTIERREZ

What's up?

Niles pulls his radio, connects to Luke --

NILES

(on radio)

Echo-5-Kilo, I've got suspicious
activity on the southwest side of
the market, please advise.

FRONT ALLEY --

Luke and another Marine continue their patrol when the call
comes in. Luke answers.

LUKE

(on radio)

Report.

INTERCUT:

NILES

Spotted a suspicious male pushing a fruit cart, but he went into this building that looks empty--

GUTIERREZ

Request permission to clear the structure.

LUKE

Request denied.

GUTIERREZ

Sir, I think we should take a look.

LUKE

Our mission is to report to Afghan Military--

GUTIERREZ

By the time they get here, could be too late.

LUKE

Then stand down 'til we can back you up. You have your orders.
(no reply)
Confirm.

GUTIERREZ

(not happy)
Yes. Sir.

Gutierrez takes a moment, then looks to Niles.

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

You with me?

Niles glances back at the empty building, makes a decision.

NILES

Just a quick look.

Disregarding Luke's orders, Niles follows Gutierrez down the tight, three-foot wide alley surrounded by walls of stone.

Soon as they pass the doorway -- *RATTATTATATAT* --

GUNFIRE peppers the wall --

BULLETS thisclose to their heads as they dive for cover.

GUTIERREZ
 Shit! Stay down--
 (on radio)
 Echo-5-Kilo, troops in contact!
 Southwest side of market!!

FRONT ALLEY --

Luke and the Marines hear gunfire as Gutierrez's frantic VOICE bellows from his radio --

LUKE
 Southwest side! Move!

The FOUR MARINES run into the middle of the market, towards the gunfire, as men, women, and children dive for cover.

NARROW ALLEY --

Gutierrez gets off a few shots, makes a move to enter --

NILES
 Wait for back up!!!

Niles PUSHES Gutierrez out of the way and takes a SLUG to the chest that knocks him against the far wall --

CRUMBLING stone.

GUTIERREZ
 NILES!!

Gutierrez rattles off his weapon, dust flies, bullets chew into brick -- spitting debris like confetti. He's outgunned.

INSIDE BUILDING --

Three Insurgents (BROWN SHIRT, BALD MAN, TALL GUY) unleash a ribbon of lead out the doorway, keeping Gutierrez and Niles pinned, helpless.

They move towards them, still firing, when --

-- BAAAAAM -- the opposite side DOOR gets kicked in and Luke, like an apparition, enters in a CLOUD OF DUST --

FIRING relentlessly.

Brown Shirt turns, but he's too late as Luke POPS OFF a perfect shot to the head.

Bald Man pivots -- DODGES the next shot while Luke tackles him -- KNOCKS his gun loose --

A SPIN-KICK disarms the other guy as Luke yells to his closing Marines --

LUKE
Get em' out!

Tall Guy PUNCHES Luke and his gun hits the ground.

Now it's close quarters fighting in this tight space as the other Marines pull Gutierrez and Niles to safety.

Luke ELBOWS Tall Guy in the neck -- HEADBUTTS Bald Man, splitting his lip and drawing blood.

Tall Guy throws a wild PUNCH -- but Luke ducks -- SNAPS his arm over his right shoulder like a breadstick.

Bald Man drives a KNEE into Luke's back, but with a lightning fast reversal, Luke JABS a savage palm into his neck -- SENDS him to the dirt.

Tall Guy SWINGS again with his good arm -- CONNECTS --

KNOCKS Luke into the wall, next to the FRUIT CART.

Tall Guy finds Luke's 9MM at his feet. Luke has to think fast. He turns and looks for the nearest weapon --

A BRICK. He picks it up, leaps forward and SLAMS it into Tall Guy's head -- CRUSHES his skull. He's down.

Luke retrieves his gun and turns to see Bald Man standing next to the Fruit Cart, which has THREE TEN-GALLON BARRELS OF FERTILIZER FUEL underneath it, rigged with crude electrical wiring. A massive cart bomb.

Luke and the other Marines circle, guns trained as the Bald Man screams in Farsi, now holding a DETONATOR in his right hand --

LUKE (CONT'D)
(to Bald Man)
Put it down...
(then, in perfect Farsi)
{Put it down now!!}

Bald Man shakes. THUMB itching to release the trigger.

Outside the doorway, Luke sees a gathering CROWD of curious villagers, one of them's a YOUNG GIRL. If a bomb this size blows, they're all dead.

LUKE (CONT'D)
{Shut it down now!!}

But Bald Man isn't in the mood to talk.

Luke's EYES narrow as we SLAM ZOOM into Bald Man's HAND.

His THUMB slowly lifts off the trigger, and without hesitation, Luke SHOOTS him between the eyes.

As his body falls to the ground, Luke JUMPS forward --
DIVING for the DETONATOR --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COMBAT HOSPITAL - DAY

CHAOS as a swarm of NURSES and MEDICS rush down the hallway, pushing multiple gurneys, chattering about the soldier's condition, burn severity, and blood type.

We MOVE down the hallway with the frantic crowd -- but STOP as they continue to a far room.

Sitting in a waiting-area chair, with the other Marines, is Luke. The commotion is about some different incident.

After a long moment, Gutierrez exits one of the hospital rooms. A slight nod signals that Niles is okay. Gutierrez moves straight for Luke, head down.

GUTIERREZ
What happens now?

LUKE
I put you up for disciplinary action. You'll be heading to Bagram in the morning.

GUTIERREZ
We saw a threat--

LUKE
You broke protocol.

GUTIERREZ
I know we shoulda waited for back up, okay, but I had a feeling-- and so did Niles--

LUKE
And it nearly got us all killed.

Gutierrez knows he fucked up. The other Marines feel bad for him, wishing he didn't have to leave.

GUTIERREZ

I was just following my gut--

LUKE

We had a plan of attack and you deviated. That's how people die.

Gutierrez tries to plead his case, but Luke marches away.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Hustle and bustle of meal time. Dozens of MARINES get food, drink, mingle, laugh, talk about girls, family, and their lives back home. It's their "recess".

At a small table, eating alone, is Luke. This is where he always sits and everyone knows it. A few soldiers say hi, or pat him on the back, but none of them stay to talk.

The MAIL arrives and everyone goes crazy, jumping up and down like it's Christmas. Packages and goodies get handed out, but Luke doesn't lift his head.

MAIL CARRIER

Keller?

Completely surprised, Luke looks up to see the MAIL CARRIER.

The Mail Carrier hands Luke a DVD-SIZED ENVELOPE.

Return address reads, "KRYASILIS: MIAMI, FLORIDA".

Just as Luke's about to open it, he's interrupted again --

MP (O.S.)

Sergeant.

This time it's a MILITARY POLICE OFFICER.

MP (CONT'D)

Colonel says it's urgent.

Luke tucks the DVD away and exits.

EXT. FORT BASTOGNE - DAY

Establishing shot of this forward operating Military base nestled in the Afghanistan desert. The MP parks his Jeep in front of a beige B-hut, and Luke exits.

INT. COLONEL'S OFFICE - DAY

The life-long soldier, **COLONEL WESLEY** (50s), sits behind his perfectly organized desk, as Luke enters. There's an awkward tension in the way Colonel Wesley speaks to him.

COLONEL WESLEY
What's the latest on Niles?

LUKE
He's gonna make a full recovery.

COLONEL WESLEY
That's good. And Gutierrez?

LUKE
Shipping out at 0600.

Colonel Wesley nods in agreement. Takes a long breath.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Is that what you wanted to see me about, sir?

COLONEL WESLEY
No, I uh, I don't really know how to say this, but it's about your brother, Tristan. He was *killed* a few days ago. Shot.

This hits Luke like an invisible uppercut, total shock.

COLONEL WESLEY (CONT'D)
Miami P.D. said it was some kind of drug deal gone wrong.

Luke's body's frozen. His face like stone.

COLONEL WESLEY (CONT'D)
You're his only living relative, so we'll put you on 30 day emergency leave to get his affairs in order. But if you need more time...?

After a moment, Luke gets up and moves for the door. But before he exits, he stops and turns.

LUKE
I'll be back in 30, sir.

INT. VIDEO TENT - DAY

A makeshift electronics library under a tattered tarp. Rows of picnic tables with ten-year old computers, TVs, DVD players, and game consoles propped haphazardly on them.

Luke sits in front of one set-up, pops in the DVD from his MIAMI ENVELOPE, leans forward, curious and unprepared for what he might see.

ON SCREEN --

It's **TRISTAN**. He looks healthy and happy, nothing like when we last saw him. He smiles, fumbling with a VIDEO CAMERA as he records himself in his living room. It's awkwardly sweet.

TRISTAN

Hey, uh, Luke, what's up man?

Luke is frozen stiff, staring at his brother through the screen -- a message from his ghost.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I know we haven't seen each other since dad died, but a good friend said I should reach out to you...

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

Luke stands at his cot, zips up his packed duffel bag, stares down at a tattered PHOTOGRAPH in his hand.

TRISTAN (V.O.)

There's been some things going on with me-- in my life, and they got me thinking about a lot of stuff...

It's an old picture of a teenage Luke, wearing Marine green, their FATHER, in full uniform, and Tristan, the black sheep of the family, with his long hair and ripped t-shirt.

EXT. BARRACKS - DAY

Dressed in fatigues, duffel slung over his shoulder, Luke walks towards an awaiting bus.

TRISTAN (V.O.)

I just think it's time to forget about that shit between me and you, and dad, and all of it...

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Luke sits in his seat, stares out the window as the plane takes off, leaving the desert behind.

TRISTAN (V.O.)
So when you get back, I hope you'll
hit me up...

Luke CLOSES his eyes, thinking about his brother and the relationship they'll never have.

ON TRISTAN --

TRISTAN
I miss you, man. I love you...
(a sweet, genuine smile)
See you soon, bro...

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK --

*The beat begins slowly -- HOUSE MUSIC -- crescendos --
It's welcoming us...*

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI - MUSIC WEEK - QUICK SHOTS

300,000 Electronic Dance Music aficionados have descended on the Sunshine State -- GIRLS in bikinis and body paint -- KIDS party in the middle of the street -- CLUBS advertise their late night bashes with promo-girls -- TOUR BUSES and vans plastered with corporate logos and famous DJ names.

This is the place you've dreamed of -- PARTYING with beautiful people from all over the world.

INT. RENTAL CAR - SAME TIME - MOVING

Now wearing his service uniform, Luke DRIVES through the insanity that is MUSIC WEEK. He continues through the craziness, soaking up South Beach in all her sexy glory.

EXT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Establishing shot of the nondescript white building on the edge of town, framed by palm trees and blue skies.

Luke parks his rental car and exits.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The hustle and bustle of an urban police station, with all the riff-raff and freakshows that go with it.

Luke marches through the lobby and everyone seems to notice him. A WOMAN runs up and shakes his hand, another MAN salutes, even a PUNK TEEN offers a respectful nod.

Luke obliges, but is a bit surprised by the attention. It's been a while since he's been back in the states.

He approaches a WOMAN behind the check-in counter.

LUKE

I'm here about my brother, Tristan
Keller.

The woman is about to ignore him, but she looks up, sees his uniform and offers a small smile.

WOMAN

Keller? Have a seat and I'll have
someone out in a second, okay?

Luke takes a seat next to some CLUB KIDS. One of them won't stop staring at Luke's uniform, fixated on one of his marksmanship badges. The Club Kid reaches out for it --

CLUB KID

Dude, that's a cool design.

Luke turns to the kid, glaring through him as he gives orders with a strict, no-nonsense tone.

LUKE

Keep your hands to yourself, turn
around, and stay quiet.

At first the kid is surprised, then he just starts LAUGHING.

CLUB KID

Where the fuck do you think we are,
asshole? This ain't Afghanistan.

The kid keeps laughing as he gets up and walks away. Before he leaves, he turns back to Luke, mocking him with an exaggerated salute --

CLUB KID (CONT'D)

Aye-aye sir!!

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Luke sits straight, still waiting, when an overworked DETECTIVE approaches with clipboard and PLASTIC BAG in hand.

DETECTIVE
Keller?

Luke stands. The Detective sees him, his face drops.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Just get back?

LUKE
Today.

The Detective offers a grateful nod, then hands Luke the clipboard. He needs him to sign.

DETECTIVE
This is a copy of your brother's death certificate, along with his personal effects: one wallet, and a set of house keys.

Luke signs and the Detective gives him the contents of the bag -- A WALLET AND KEYS, that's all.

He SQUEEZES them in his hand, something terribly tragic about it, realizing these generic items are the closest he's been to his brother in years.

LUKE
Any suspects?

DETECTIVE
Suspects? No. I hate to say it, but this kind of thing's pretty common in his scene.

LUKE
What scene?

DETECTIVE
These club kids, they roll pretty hard. We think it was a deal that went wrong, and your brother got killed over it.

LUKE
So what now?

DETECTIVE

We had a hard time tracking you down, so the city took care of cemetery costs. You'll find him at a municipal plot on North Biscayne.

Luke shakes his head, still confused.

LUKE

His case?

Detective looks around, then pulls Luke to the side, out of ear shot of anyone else.

DETECTIVE

I appreciate everything you guys do, so I'm gonna shoot straight with you, okay? We've got a hundred open cases, we're short-staffed, and the department won't prioritize a botched drug deal at some rave. They may tell you that they're gonna look into it, but they won't. I'm sorry. I wish there was more I could do.

The Detective nods, sympathetic, then turns and walks away as Luke stands there --

GRIPPING Tristan's wallet in his hands.

EXT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Luke gets in his rental car and drives off. As he pulls into the street --

A BLACKED OUT CADILLAC follows him...

EXT. MUNICIPAL CEMETERY - DAY

Shoved next to the highway, hundreds of generic grey HEADSTONES sprout from the patchy grass like crops after a drought. Mostly Hispanic names, illegals, people that slipped through the cracks with no one to claim them.

Luke finds his brother's GRAVE. Nothing different about it, except for the single RED ROSE that rests beside it.

Luke pulls out Tristan's wallet, finally opens it to find a driver's license with home address, and tucked underneath that --

The same PHOTOGRAPH that he was looking at earlier -- except in this one, their FATHER'S picture has been RIPPED out.

For the first time, we see real emotion bubbling in Luke's eyes. Years of pain and guilt threaten to surface, but he swallows it all down, because he's on a mission.

He looks in his other hand -- Tristan's HOUSE KEYS.

EXT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Tucked in a lively section of Little Havana, Luke parks in front of a vibrantly colored, two-story home.

As he exits his car, he turns, notices the BLACK CADILLAC with TWO MEN inside pass by slowly.

Luke stares at the car, but can't make out anything behind the dark TINTED GLASS.

After it's gone, Luke walks to the front door, pulls out keys, and enters --

INT. TRISTAN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Large, expansive, expensive. First thing we notice is that all the WINDOWS are covered with black cloth, total darkness as Luke walks inside. He tries the light, nothing.

Luke stumbles around stacks of DJ equipment, mixers, faders, drum machines, speakers, as he looks for a lamp.

He makes it to the kitchen, doesn't see the SHADOWY THIN MAN sneaking up behind him, armed with a BASEBALL BAT.

Luke finds a lamp, about to flip it on, when --

He's ATTACKED.

The Thin Man SWINGS -- SMASHES the lamp as Luke barely dodges out of the way.

Another SWING -- Luke stumbles -- TRIPS and falls.

As they move through narrow SHAFTS OF LIGHT shining through the window covers, Luke gets glimpses of the Thin Man's tattoos, piercings, spiked hair.

Luke makes a quick move to disarm the Man --

But he BLOCKS the move -- SLAMS Luke into the wall. Hard.

The Man SWINGS again but Luke was ready this time --

GRABS the bat and SPIN KICKS the Man -- sends him into the opposite wall. Even harder.

But this guy's fast -- rebounds -- and TRIPS Luke, who stumbles on some boxes --

SLAMMING into a dresser -- CRAAAASH -- wood explodes under his weight.

The Man tries to run, but Luke SPINS and SWEEPS the Man's leg -- KNOCKS him into the window.

The covers get yanked down and light spills in.

Luke lunges -- FLIPS the Man to the ground -- FOOT wedged tightly under his neck.

Finally, the Man stops squirming, and with this light Luke gets a good look at him -- except it's not a *him* --

IT'S A HER. A hot "her".

LUKE

Who are you?

GIRL

None of your fucking business! Get out of my house!

LUKE

Your house?

The Girl stops struggling, and now she gets a look at him, immediate recognition --

GIRL

Luke?

(then)

I'm Riley.

LUKE

Riley? Tristan's girlfriend--?

GIRL

Ex. We're just roommates now...

(then)

Do you mind taking your Goddamn foot off my neck?

Still surprised, Luke lets her up. This is **RILEY GRACE** (20s), sexy, tough, independent -- and did I say sexy?

Luke pulls out that DVD envelope --

LUKE

Tristan sent this to me a few days ago. I think he knew something was gonna happen to him.

RILEY

I'm the one who told him to send it.

LUKE

(showing her the name)
What's "Krysilis?"

RILEY

His DJ name. The only name he went by.

Riley flips on some lights, cleans up the mess. Luke clocks the space, sees padded walls, speakers everywhere.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(off his look)
We work nights and sleep days.

LUKE

How long was he dealing?

RILEY

What? Tristan was straight edge.
(off his look)
That means he didn't touch the stuff.

Riley's on edge, cold and distant,

LUKE

I just want to find out what happened to him.

Riley shakes her head, then pushes past Luke, opens the door.

RILEY

You're too late.

Luke takes a moment, then walks out. As soon as he's outside, she slams the door closed. Back at square one.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

Luke walks down a sidewalk in front of the motel, then enters his room and closes the door behind him.

In the lot, the BLACK CADILLAC parks. A moment, before those TWO MEN exit and approach Luke's room.

INT. LUKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Luke unpacks his duffel, tries to get comfortable.

ON TV -- a NEWS REPORT runs about another drug related death at a local EDM concert.

Luke stands in front of the mirror, tucks that PHOTO of him, Tristan, and their father, in the corner of the frame when a KNOCK comes from his door.

Luke checks the peephole, sees the Two Men, opens it.

The two men flash their badges -- FBI.

ROMAN
I'm Agent Roman, this is my
partner, Agent Crawford. FBI.

The man running the show is **AGENT ROMAN** (40s), slight Texas accent, extremely confident, muscular, hip for his age -- the pride of the Federal Bureau.

His second-in-command is **AGENT CRAWFORD** (30s), black, tough, well-dressed and very matter-of-fact.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Sergeant Luke Keller? Brother of
Tristan Keller, aka Krysilis?

LUKE
What's this about?

CRAWFORD
Your brother's murder.

Peaked, Luke lets them in. They sit. He stands.

ROMAN
What do you know about Electronic
Dance Music?

LUKE
Absolutely nothing.

ROMAN
You know your brother was a DJ?

LUKE
Yeah.

ROMAN

He was good. One of the top guys in the local scene, about to break out onto the national stage.

LUKE

So?

ROMAN

EDM's huge these days-- can't turn on the radio without hearing it. And the guys that run the scene, the DJs, they're rockstars; private planes, international travel, connected to all the right and wrong kinds of people in every major city in the world. It's the perfect cover.

LUKE

Cover for what?

CRAWFORD

Dealing ecstasy-- mostly.

ROMAN

I've been working this scene for a long time, running joint ops with the DEA, ATF, Sheriff's department-- you name it. And a few months back, we got word about a shipment coming in from Peru. Street value's at over a hundred million dollars.

CRAWFORD

The drugs are still in play and we think we know who's moving them.

LUKE

(skeptical)

DJs?

ROMAN

It's a brave new world.

LUKE

My brother wasn't dealing--

ROMAN

We know.

CRAWFORD

He was working with us.

This hits Luke. Complete surprise.

ROMAN
Your dad was a soldier, right?

LUKE
Marine.

ROMAN
Right.
(points to himself)
Army.

CRAWFORD
We approached Tristan because we
needed someone who could get us in
the scene--

LUKE
Why would he do that?

Roman takes a moment, treads carefully.

ROMAN
Your brother was trying to do the
right thing and make sure no more
kids died because of these drugs.
He said he wanted to do something
that mattered... just like you.

Luke backs off, then nods.

LUKE
You think one of these DJs killed
him?

ROMAN
A hundred million dollars worth of
X? People get killed for a whole
lot less.

LUKE
So do something.

CRAWFORD
We have nothing to move on.

ROMAN
We know it's gotta be one of the
top crews-- guys playing the major
festival circuit. But they run in
a tight, exclusive circle. Without
Tristan, we got no way in.

LUKE
I could look around, see if I can
dig anything up.

CRAWFORD
We didn't ask you to--

LUKE
I said I'll do it.

Roman and Crawford exchange looks. They weren't expecting it to be this easy.

ROMAN
This is real off-the-books shit.
Could get sticky.

LUKE
Where do I start?

Roman can sense Luke's determination...

PRE-LAP: *BASS HITS OUR BONES LIKE A SONIC HAMMER --*

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BICENTENNIAL PARK - MUSIC FESTIVAL - DAY

ROMAN (V.O.)
Bicentennial Park. Tomorrow night.
That's where the top DJs will be.

It's golden hour, hazy and orange as the sun slips away, still illuminating the 50,000 sweating bodies PACKED in the outdoor park -- GIANT PAPER STATUES -- WOODEN ART and strange structures tower everywhere. It's like Burning Man meets Coachella, but crazier (yeah, I said crazier).

On stage -- a DJ SPINS as people trance-dance -- GIRLS everywhere -- mud-covered bikinis -- oversized sunglasses and hats -- SUCKING binkies -- TRACING glowsticks.

IN THE MADNESS -- FIND Luke as he makes his way through the party crowd, dressed in jeans, T-shirt, trying to blend in, but it's not working.

Luke PUSHES past more of the craziness -- guys making out with girls, girls with girls, guys with guys. Sex and skin are everywhere. You can smell it.

Finally, he arrives at the front, near the MAIN STAGE, jammed shoulder-to-shoulder with a crowd of tripped-out kids.

Luke SCANS the perimeter -- notices the BACKSTAGE/VIP AREA.

That's where he needs to be.

He approaches the VIP ENTRANCE GATE, taking it all in as he formulates a plan.

First thing he notices -- THREE RUSSIAN METH-HEADS (two guys and a girl who we'll meet again later).

Then, a SKINNY PROMOTER, wearing a VIP LANYARD, walks past two mean-ass SECURITY GUARDS.

SKINNY PROMOTER
(to Guard)
Back in a sec, gotta reload.

Skinny Promoter flashes a PEZ dispenser, which used to be filled with ecstasy, as he bumps into Luke --

SKINNY PROMOTER (CONT'D)
VIP only, dude.
(back to Guards, re: Luke)
Fuckin' losers--

Skinny Promoter stumbles off. Luke takes another moment, then approaches the Guards. Before he even gets close --

GUARD #1
Keep moving, asshole.

GUARD #2
No badge, no backstage.

The Guards ignore Luke like he was a piece of trash. Part of him wants to deck these pricks, but he holds back, starts to walk away, when he notices who's up on stage, spinning behind the ones and twos --

It's RILEY GRACE -- attacking the decks with passion. She's aggressive and physical -- and hot. The crowd's pumped.

Luke gets an idea and tries to get her attention, but with headphones on, lost in the music, she doesn't see him.

LUKE
RILEY!!

After a few minutes, her set climaxes, crowd goes crazy.

She steps off stage like the rockstar that she is and Luke TRACKS her. Finally, she spots him and walks over to the metal barricade that separates the peasants from the royalty.

RILEY
Stalking me?

LUKE
I'm gonna find the guy who killed
Tristan.

The way Luke says it with such certainty gives Riley pause.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I need to get backstage and look
around.

Riley shakes her head --

RILEY
You want to get backstage, do it
yourself.

Before Luke can say anything more, the two GUARDS approach.

GUARD #1
Riley-- you good?

She glares at Luke.

RILEY
Toss this guy-- he's tweaked.

GUARD #1
With pleasure.

The Guards circle Luke. Guard #1 GRABS the back of his neck,
hoisting him like a young lion cub with a vise-like hand.

RILEY
(to Luke)
You don't belong here.

Riley turns and walks away as the Two Guards DRAG Luke
towards the parking lot, anxious to have some fun while TWO
MORE GUARDS take their place.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The Guards continue to man-handle Luke, pushing him behind
some large equipment trucks.

As soon as they're out of sight, Guard #1 SHOVES Luke into
the side of a truck, hard.

Bad mistake, because what happens next, happens *really* fast.

Luke hits the truck -- BOUNCES off the metal, simultaneously turning and SMASHING Guard #1 with a spinning jump-kick to his chest -- SHATTERS a rib.

Guard #2 joins in -- SWINGS -- MISSES --

Luke JABS a quick palm to his neck, but this guy's big, and he grabs Luke's legs --

LIFTS him up and SLAMS him into the truck's window --

GUARD #2
Ten years MMA, motherfucker!

Luke counters with a downward thrust ELBOW -- FIST to the stomach -- LEG SWEEP and simultaneous BACKHAND to the neck --

LUKE
Seven years, Afghanistan.

Guard #1 HURLS another hook -- Luke DODGES left -- SPINNING clothesline -- SIDE-KICK to the knee -- BUCKLES it.

Guard #2 GRABS Luke -- TURNS him around, tries a headbutt, but Luke LOWERS his own head and the Guard CRACKS his face on top of Luke's skull.

WHAM -- WHAM -- WHAM -- WHAAAAAM --

Four precise moves, textbook Military training: An elbow, uppercut, back-kick, spinning right cross.

Both Guards hit the ground. It's OVER.

Luke wipes himself off, checks the perimeter, no one saw the fight, so he heads back towards --

THE MAIN PARKING LOT --

Luke's still without a way backstage, when he spots that Skinny Promoter exit his Mercedes.

The Promoter helps some HOT CHICKS out of his car, sniffing and wiping his nose after doing a few bumps.

Luke gets an idea, doubles back around.

ON THE PROMOTER and HOT GIRLS as they walk towards the concert. After a moment --

-- BEEP-BEEEEEP-BEEEEEP -- Promoter turns to see his Mercedes ALARM BLARING in the distance.

He tries to disarm it with his KEY BUTTON, doesn't work --

-- BEEP-BEEEEEP-BEEEEEP -- Tries again, nothing.

SKINNY PROMOTER
(to girls)
Don't move.

The Promoter heads back towards his car, where he finds Luke standing there -- KICKING the bumper over and over again.

SKINNY PROMOTER (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

LUKE
I need your badge.

Luke walks calmly towards the Promoter, who's getting amped.

SKINNY PROMOTER
Go fuck yourself.

The Promoter takes a weak-ass SWING, which Luke dodges with ease, then quickly transition him into a sleeper hold

Five seconds and he's out.

QUICK CUTS: Luke OPENS the door -- SHOVES the SNORING Promoter inside -- GRABS his VIP LANYARD.

Luke walks back through the lot, stops at the HOT GIRLS and flashes his new VIP BADGE --

LUKE
Coming?

The girls obediently follow the badge.

INT. BICENTENNIAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Now wearing his LANYARD, Luke and the Hot Girls walk straight towards the front -- and the VIP entrance where TWO NEW GUARDS stand at attention.

But before they reach the entrance --

THE MUSIC STOPS.

Total silence. The CROWD ROARS. Something's coming.

ON STAGE --

A CLOUD OF SMOKE AND MIST --

PULSING LIGHTS THROB TO A BUILDING BEAT --

A chant begins...

CROWD
(pronounced Zander)
XAN-DER! XAN-DER! XAN-DER!!

The MUSIC crescendos -- LIGHTS STROBE -- and then...

The DJ they all came to see -- **XANDER** -- rises up from the stage -- ARMS spread out like an EDM Jesus, resurrected, and here to save all their music-loving souls.

-- KA-BOOOOOOOOM -- ORANGE FIREBALL EXPLOSION --

BASS THUMPS -- HIGH-HAT rattles -- and the set begins.

THE CROWD is in a frenzy as **ALEXANDER KING** (aka XANDER) spins a fresh track. All eyes on him. A God.

AT THE VIP ENTRANCE --

Luke can't help but be caught up in the scene, watching the ocean of people dance -- MOVING like one entity. It's like nothing he's ever witnessed. Pure power. Energy.

He SNAPS out of it, gets back to his mission and moves towards the entrance. With the badge and hot girls he walks right past the Guards, and into --

BACKSTAGE AREA --

It's a different planet back here.

Gone are the sweating mass of dancers -- replaced by the finest women, champagne, agents in thousand-dollar suits, promoters in thousand-dollar jeans, millionaire DJs, their crews, custom trailers, and stretch limousines waiting to rush their clients to private jets.

This is life behind the electric ropes.

Luke spots Riley in the distance. He leaves the hot girls and approaches.

Riley turns, completely pissed and surprised to see him.

LUKE
Can we talk?

RILEY
You need to leave now before you
get us both in trouble.

LUKE

Tristan was working with the FBI.

Riley stops, can't believe it. Or doesn't want to.

LUKE (CONT'D)

They think some of the DJs are running drugs, and when they found out Tristan was undercover, they killed him.

Riley takes a moment to process the news. She seems nervous, constantly glancing around.

RILEY

Come on--

Riley grabs Luke, pulls him around the corner, almost in the clear when a CREW OF THREE DJs appear in front of them:

First up, is the tall, Latin guy, full sleeve tattoo, long hair, tight shirt -- the lady-killer **CHRISTIAN SANTOS** (31).

Followed by the Japanese, buzzed-cut, fraternal twins -- the hard-partying **KYOTO TWINZ** -- **IKE** and **OGANO** (20s).

CHRISTIAN

(re: Luke)

Hey Riley. New toy?

RILEY

Fuck you, Christian.

Riley tries to walk by when Christian LIFTS her up --

CHRISTIAN

(playful)

Fuck me? Finally! I been waiting for you to ask!

He puts her down, she pushes him back.

IKE

Nice set tonight-- little soft and weak tempo, but you are a girl.

OGANO

Yeah, it was cute--

RILEY

Cute? What'd you boys open with, Britney?

IKE
Hey-- Britney's still fierce.

RILEY
Maybe in China.

OGANO
We're Japanese!

Christian eyes Luke, already suspicious.

CHRISTIAN
So who's he?

RILEY
Just an old friend, he's cool--

XANDER (O.S.)
Is he?

They all turn to see Xander approach, hoodie over his head, covering most of his face. What we do see is a sinewy body, twisted like rope, tattoos and lean muscle. Born on the mean streets of Glasgow, he's learned to hide most of the Scottish accent. Xander is dark, edgy, but still smooth and charismatic -- all swag.

RILEY
Xander.

Behind Xander, following like a Pitbull, is **SAINT PETE** (26), double-mohawk, 275 pounds of Swedish muscle and piercings.

XANDER
So, Riley, who *is* your friend?

Riley's about to answer when Luke chimes in --

LUKE
I'm a DJ.

CHRISTIAN
You spin?

IKE
What-- Christmas music?

Ogano laughs at his brother's joke. He's the only one.

SAINT PETE
Have I ever heard of you?

Riley has no choice but to jump in --

RILEY
He's been overseas.

XANDER
Where you spin at?

LUKE
The Middle East.

SAINT PETE
What clubs, asshole?

Luke's jaw tightens.

LUKE
A couple places in Beirut, Kaslik,
Bourmana-- places like that.

The others seem satisfied. Not Xander.

XANDER
Sounds puff.
(to Riley)
Make him vanish.

Xander walks away. Saint Pete glares, then follows. The others fall in line. As soon as they're gone, Riley storms off. Luke runs after her.

CREW AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Tucked behind massive generators, cooling fans, cables and other equipment, Luke catches Riley --

LUKE
Riley!
(she stops)
Were those guys all DJs?

RILEY
You think they had something to do
with Tristan's murder?

LUKE
FBI said it was the top guys.

Riley takes another long moment. And then...

RILEY
The leader was Xander. He could be
a household name if he wanted to,
but that's not his thing, which
gets him even more respect. He's a
DJ's DJ.

LUKE
And the others?

RILEY
Kyoto Twinz, Ike and Ogano.
They're young, up-and-comers, love
to party. The Latin guy's
Christian Santos-- he's been around
forever. And the Swede, Saint Pete--
- he barely spins, just follows
Xander around like a dog.

LUKE
I need to get in with them.

RILEY
With Xander's crew? You're out of
your fucking mind.

LUKE
He already thinks I'm a DJ.

RILEY
Yeah, and how long you think that's
gonna last?

LUKE
You could help me.

RILEY
What? No way.

LUKE
I don't have any other choice.

Riley keeps shaking her head.

LUKE (CONT'D)
If you really cared about my
brother, you'd help me find out who
did this.

Another long beat as Riley makes her decision...

RILEY
My house. Tomorrow.

With that, she leaves. Luke's got his "in".

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - DAY

Luke approaches a park bench, ocean view, where Agent Roman awaits, eating a Cubano. His partner, Agent Crawford, stands nearby, keeping an eye out, scanning the crowds.

ROMAN

What'd you think of the show?

LUKE

Fifty thousand people bouncing around, sweating their asses off--

ROMAN

Ain't Zeppelin, that's for sure.

LUKE

I met this DJ-- Xander.

ROMAN

Alexander King. Guy's a snake, barely a record, but he's got jets, sportscars-- he's liquid, and is most definitely top of the pile.

(then)

You think it's him?

LUKE

Good place to start.

Roman nods.

ROMAN

So what's your move?

LUKE

If I told you, you'd try to stop me.

EXT. RILEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Luke knocks and Riley answers.

RILEY

You showed.

LUKE

You look surprised.

Riley shrugs, lets him inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Riley sits on the couch. Luke is still standing.

RILEY

Even if we get you behind a booth,
Xander and his crew can spot a
poser a mile away.

LUKE

How do you know so much about him?

RILEY

He thinks I'm a poser.

LUKE

You? Why?

RILEY

I started as a singer, and Xander's
on this spiritual trip-- preaches
about "purity of soul and dance
music," and a bunch of other
bullshit.

LUKE

And Tristan?

RILEY

Tristan was always pure. I think
Xander was drawn to that. They
just announced this International
tour-- Scotland, Australia,
Croatia, Ibiza, all throughout
Europe-- he wanted Tristan to go
with them.

Riley leans forward, her plan in motion.

RILEY (CONT'D)

So here's the deal, there's a party
I'm playing on Friday-- a private
yacht thing that some Wall Street
douche's throwing. It's exclusive,
lots of insiders, and Xander and
his boys will be the guests of
honor. I'll get you behind the
decks, but we have to find a way to
make you look legit.

LUKE

And how are we gonna do that?

Riley looks him up and down. He's so stiff and military.

RILEY
No fucking clue.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

A padded bedroom/studio, walls lined with records, speakers, computers, and every kind of DJ equipment you can imagine.

Riley sits in front of her LAPTOP, ready to go through the basics, while Luke prepares for his lesson, holding a notebook and pen.

RILEY
(re: the notebook)
What the hell is that?

LUKE
Notes.

Riley grabs the notebook -- THROWS it in the trash.

RILEY
What do you know about dance music?

LUKE
It's loud, fast, and kids like to
hop around to it.

Riley takes a deep breath, this is gonna take a while --

CUT TO:

SERIES OF TIME CUTS --

Riley loads up a track on her laptop --

RILEY
Everyone's always calling Dance
Music, "techno," but that's like
saying Death Metal is just "rock" --

She plays some HOUSE MUSIC --

RILEY (CONT'D)
This is House-- born in Chicago in
the 80s-- the spawn of disco. It's
usually got a steady 4/4 beat for
dancing. And there's a ton of
different subgenres, from garage,
dub, acid, tech, pop, progressive--

Now she's playing some TRANCE --

RILEY (CONT'D)
 Trance is a bit more instrumental,
 uses a lot of synth-- it's
 repetitive, hypnotic, could put you
 in a "trance" --

Now it's DRUM AND BASS --

RILEY (CONT'D)
 This is DnB-- feel that hit your
 bones? Heavy bassline, high BPM,
 like 160 plus. Driving rhythms,
 aka Breakbeat, and Jungle --

Finally, she starts a sick DUBSTEP track --

RILEY (CONT'D)
 And the new kid on the block-- the
 shit everyone's been talking about.
 This is Dubstep-- came out of South
 England like ten years ago. Hear
 that? That's the "wobble" bass,
 usually on a two-step beat, with
 samples, synths, pounding drums, or
 whatever gets you hard. But the
 most important part of the track,
 after the build... THE DROP--

The track HITS the drop. Riley's into it, bouncing her head.

RILEY (CONT'D)
 Which one hits you the hardest?

Luke shrugs, unsure. To him this is just homework.

LATER --

Riley stands with Luke in front of her set-up, two decks,
 turntables, mixer, BEAT MACHINE, laptop, and MIDI interface.

RILEY
 You're gonna be in front of a
 crowd, so you need to at least look
 like you know what you're doing.

LUKE
 I just have to press play--

RILEY
 You're not just using some iPod
 like a kid at a church picnic.
 (then, show and tell)
 (MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)
 We've got dual decks, a digital interface, laptop using Serato software-- and a Rane 57 Mixer with built in "scratch live" so everything can plug in here--

Riley LIVE MIXES a track, using the mixer and software --

RILEY (CONT'D)
 Back in the day, it used to be all about picking the right music, and reading the crowd, but now there's also a lot of music creation-- real musicianship, instruments, or even taking samples and turning them into something new. Hear that?

Luke listens to the song, sounds normal --

RILEY (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna milk this, push the amplification, use my EQ to drop the bass, then punch the treble. Now I've got another track, same BPM... here comes the mix...

As Riley demonstrates, the song becomes something else, with a different tempo, mood, and feel -- an entirely new song.

LUKE
 How am I gonna do that?

RILEY
 You're gonna fake it.

LATER --

Riley shows Luke VIDEO CLIPS on her laptop. Lots of club and festival footage of different DJs, some we recognize --

DAVID GUETTA, DEADMAU5, CALVIN HARRIS, KASKADE.

RILEY
 Watch how they move the crowd, the way they pay attention-- keep the beat going. They're not just in the corners, DJs are the main attraction now, all eyes on them.

As Riley continues playing the videos, one of the SONGS catches Luke's ear.

LUKE
 This isn't bad. Who's this?

Riley shows him the VIDEO and we see a DJ on stage, wearing a colorful outfit and glasses, smiling ear-to-ear.

RILEY
Your brother.

Now we realize it's TRISTAN, aka KRYASILIS. He mixes a graceful track, very instrumental and melodic.

We'll call it "TRISTAN'S SONG".

RILEY (CONT'D)
You guys like the same beats.

Luke leans forward, transfixed, like he's seeing his brother for the very first time.

LUKE
He looks so... happy.

RILEY
This is one of his originals. He was a mad genius when it came to his compositions.

LUKE
Those piano lessons paid off.
(off her look)
Our mom was a music teacher.

Without even thinking about it, Riley takes Luke's hand and puts it to his HEART --

RILEY
You know how people say that music touches your soul? Tristan used to say it dances with it.

Luke's a bit caught off guard, but he feels his heart beat --

BUH-BUM BUH-BUM BUH-BUM --

Slowly, the beat of his heart starts to match the beat from the song --

BUH-BUMBUM BUH-BUMBUM -- it's like magic.

Luke SQUEEZES his hand, actually feeling the music for the first time. But he's also squeezing Riley's hand. And in this brief moment, the spark between them is electric.

Nervous, Riley pulls her hand away.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Cool, right?

Luke stands at the BEAT MACHINE and starts drumming -- double-tapping the pads, changing the rhythm as the song continues.

He's pretty good.

LUKE
(off her look)
Drums.

Riley smiles.

RILEY
Looks like you've got the basics
down, so now you need a name.

LUKE
Why not "DJ Luke?"

RILEY
Because you're not MCing a 90s hip-
hop station. It should be simple
and clean, but memorable...
(trying a bunch of stuff)
Luke... Lucas... Keller, Killer--

LUKE
Lucas is cool.

RILEY
Lucas? With a K. LUKAS. Yeah.
Okay, so we've got the name, now we
need a look.

Riley stares at Luke, sizing him up in his camo-pants, black boots, and white T-shirt. She gets an idea.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Take off your shirt.
(off his look)
Take it off.

Luke's listened to her this long, so he pulls off his shirt --
REVEALING his muscular, tattoo-covered upper body.
Battered DOGTAGS hang from his ripped neck and chest.
Riley can't help but drink him in.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Uh, yeah, that should work.
(a bit flustered)
So, uh, I've been pre-mixing your
set, but we still need fresh
tracks, something that'll really
make you stand out.

As Luke puts his shirt back on, Riley catches her breath.

INT. YESTERDAY AND TODAY RECORDS - DAY

One of those cool, ultra-hip, hole-in-the wall record stores,
walls lined with thousands of hard-to-find LPs. Luke and
Riley peruse a section of their most obscure shit.

LUKE
What exactly are we looking for?
(pulling an album)
Don Knotts sings the blues?

Riley smiles, keeps looking.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(pulling another)
AC/DC Back in Black. My dad used
to love this. He'd play it on road
trips, and me and Tristan would
headbang till our necks hurt.

RILEY
You? Headbang?

LUKE
I'm not as stiff as you think.
(then)
That sounded weird.

Riley smiles again, warming up.

RILEY
You know Tristan was the one who
got me into electronic music in the
first place.

LUKE
Really?

RILEY
We met at this dive bar where I was
singing, and he invited me to one
of his shows.
(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

I remember the first time I heard him play, his tracks hit me and I wanted to find out more. That's when I realized that EDM was the future-- it's every style and discipline coming together in this new shape, constantly changing, and evolving. But some of these guys are stuck in the past, you know, they think you have to be on turntables to be legit. And others just see a big corporate pie and they want a piece of that money, but they don't give a shit about the melodies, the musicianship, or the compositions. I do.

LUKE

So why'd you stop singing?

RILEY

I just never found my style, my sound. One day, I'll get back to it. Because the music's what I love. It's who I am, you know?

Luke looks at Riley, really looks at her, and he likes what he sees. The electricity between them is even stronger, but neither one knows what to do with it.

Before they have to break the spell, someone does it for them, because at the counter, buying records from the CASHIER, are those THREE RUSSIAN METH-HEADS we saw earlier.

The wiry junkie is **PAVEL**, his scary sexy sister, **ELENYA**, and their muscular thug, **MAXIM**.

PAVEL

(to cashier)

Give us all of them.

Pavel throws a STACK of bills on the counter.

CASHIER

You didn't tell me which bands.

ELENYA

We don't care.

MAXIM

We'll fix 'em.

The Cashier plops down a stack of Metal records. They grab them all and storm out, nearly running over Luke and Riley.

PAVEL
Riley Grace. I saw you play at the
park. You were hot.

Luke gets a good look at Pavel -- sees a FADED BLUE SPIDER
TATTOO on the back of his neck, hard not to notice.

PAVEL (CONT'D)
Maybe we see you.

ELENYA
(sexy, to Luke)
And you.

The Russians bounce. Luke never takes his eyes off them.

LUKE
Who were they?

RILEY
Russians-- new to the game.

LUKE
DJs?

RILEY
Yeah, but they're into a whole
other scene-- dark, twisted stuff.
Total rage junkies--

LUKE
His tattoo. The ink's from a pen,
and I've seen that design before...

ROMAN (PRE-LAP)
The Bratva. It's Russian Mob...

INT. MOTEL 6 - LUKE'S ROOM - DAY

Luke's getting ready as he talks to Agent Roman and Crawford.

LUKE
We need to check into them--

ROMAN
We will, but our best chance is
still Xander.

CRAWFORD
If your plan actually works and you
get in with his crew, be on the
lookout for suspicious shipping
containers or large crates--

ROMAN

They're not gonna move a hundred million of X in a gym bag.

Luke takes a breath. Something on his mind.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

So how are your skills?

LUKE

We're about to find out.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - MOVING - DAY

MUSIC blasts -- and so does the vibrant, azure water, as we fly across the ocean in a tricked-out SPEEDBOAT with a gaggle of bikini-clad beauties. All sunshine, blue skies.

UP AHEAD -- A STRUCTURE floats in the middle of the Gulf.

As we ZOOM closer, it gets larger -- and LARGER -- until we finally realize what it is --

EXT. LUXURY YACHT - DAY

This isn't some thirty-foot cruiser, this is a fucking FIVE-STAR HOTEL on the water. Massive doesn't describe it. Maybe fifty-million dollars does. An actual wet dream.

ON DECK --

The day-party to end all day parties. Like a rap video, but sexier, with HUNDREDS of beautiful people jammed on a make-shift dance floor, two Jacuzzis filled with Moet, waiters with caviar, champagne, and sun tan oil.

GIRLS everywhere. Lots and lots of GIRLS.

Seated in the elevated VIP SECTION, chilling with the WALL STREET DOUCHE, is Xander, Christian, Ike, Ogano, and Saint Pete -- the Princes of the party.

ON STAGE --

Riley Grace spins her heart out, headphones hanging on one ear, fist in the air as she keeps the boat rocking.

Her set winds down, now playing intermission music as an MC hops on stage and Riley heads for the back.

MC

Wanna thank y'all for keeping this party hot, but it's about to get hotter! The wave's been building, and y'all can feel it out there. This is his Miami debut. You ready? Welcome him... LUKAS!!

In the backstage area, Riley talks to Luke.

RILEY

Just fake it like we practiced.
And keep it tight.

It's hard to believe, but Luke actually looks a bit nervous.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You're a Marine, right?
(Luke nods)
Time to go to war.

THE CROWD is anxious, ready to rage, when Luke goes on stage and tucks himself into the booth, headphones on.

He hits play and the MUSIC begins -- slowly building as he phantom mixes, amplifies, and EQs the set-up.

He's stiff, but the tracks are good.

The crowd's dancing now. Luke lifts his head up, can feel their energy as the mix starts BUMPING. It's like nothing he's ever experienced. He lifts his arms -- CROWD SCREAMS!

LATER --

Luke is sweating, really playing the part. He constantly looks up to the VIP section, waiting for approval from Xander, who's paying attention, but impossible to read.

LATER --

Luke finishes his set, or more accurately, the set finishes and Luke pretends to wind it down.

Riley approaches and whispers in his ear --

RILEY

Fooled me.

LUKE

(re: Xander)
Yeah, but did it fool him?

LATER --

Another DJ spins as the yacht heads towards shore, party still raging. Luke and Riley approach the VIP AREA and "nonchalantly" post up at the bar, a few feet from where Xander, Christian, Ike, Ogano, and Saint Pete, drink.

Christian's the first one to notice Luke --

CHRISTIAN

Yo, my man. I checked you out online. That's some sick shit.

Xander smiles.

XANDER

Yeah, those tracks were really hittin'.

Luke nods -- it's working -- then --

XANDER (CONT'D)

I just can't believe they actually thought you were mixing.

The tension just got thick. Riley knows they're fucked.

XANDER (CONT'D)

But I'm more surprised Riley didn't lay down vocals for you.

RILEY

What's your problem?

XANDER

It's not *my* problem.

Xander shakes his head, gives a condescending grin, then walks off. Christian looks at Luke, disappointed.

CHRISTIAN

That fake shit ain't cool--

SAINT PETE

Fucking fad DJs.

OGANO

I knew he was a wavie!

IKE

Yeah, you suck, bro!

The rest of them finish their drinks, then walk away. Luke looks to Riley. It's over -- HE FAILED.

EXT. HARBOR PORT - PARKING LOT - EVENING

Yacht docked in the background, towering like a skyscraper as the sun sets. Party-goers disperse, taking taxis, limos, cars, some just stumbling, or passing out in nearby shrubs.

Luke and Riley pack her tiny SMART CAR, both disappointed.

RILEY
Sorry it didn't work.

LUKE
It's not your fault.
(then)
You're not a poser.

Riley stops, looks to him.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You love what you do, and you love
music. Nothing fake about that.

Riley allows herself a small smile, so does Luke, but in the background, he spots Xander standing behind a STRETCH SUV, talking on the phone. Xander doesn't see --

THE MAN IN A DARK SUIT, blonde, muscular, walking towards him. Luke's instincts kick in as he zeros in on the guy.

RILEY
What is it?

Luke is transfixed, leaving Riley, walking towards the MAN IN THE SUIT as he stalks Xander, like a hunter after his prey.

When the man moves, his suit jacket SWAYS in the wind --

REVEALS A GLOCK 9MM tucked in a shoulder holster.

They're only a few feet away from Xander now, who's still pre-occupied by his phone call.

Luke walks faster. Something's about to go down.

The Man REACHES in his jacket, going for the gun --

LUKE
Xander!

In a flash, Luke intercepts the man -- GRABS his arm --

TWISTS and buckles it --

FLIPPING the bastard to the concrete -- KNEE now wedged under his chin -- ARM in a bar, ready to be snapped.

XANDER
Yo! CHILL!!

Xander runs over, pushes Luke off, helps the man to his feet.

LUKE
He was reaching.

Xander shakes his head, makes sure the man's alright.

XANDER
He's my manager.

Xander's **MANAGER** doesn't say a word -- shell shocked.

LUKE
I saw a gun.

XANDER
Yeah, well, sometimes he does
security too.
(to Manager)
I'll talk to you later.

The Manager nods, then walks away. Xander turns back to Luke, hard to tell how angry he is.

LUKE
I saw the gun and I reacted.

XANDER
Where'd you learn to fight like
that?

LUKE
I told you, the Middle East. I was
a Marine.

XANDER
A Marine DJ? That's sick.

Now Xander really sizes Luke up.

XANDER (CONT'D)
That was raw, man. No hesitation,
just threw yourself in like that?
That shit's hard to find.
(then)
Why don't you spin like that?

LUKE
I guess I was nervous. Just wanted
to make sure my set was tight.

Xander takes another moment. A decision being made.

XANDER
You wanna roll to a party with us?

LUKE
Yeah. Just let me grab Riley--

XANDER
Not her. You.

Luke locks eyes with Riley, now he has to make a decision, then he turns back to Xander.

LUKE
Let's go.

Like being welcomed into Heaven, the doors of the stretch SUV swing open and Luke enters. HE'S IN.

INT. STRETCH SUV - NIGHT

A whole crew inside -- DJs, promoters, agents, girls. Luke glances outside, sees they're leaving town.

LUKE
Where's this party? Orlando?

XANDER
Not quite.

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

They all exit the SUV, immediately met by a cute FLIGHT ATTENDANT propped in front of a gleaming white PRIVATE JET.

Off Luke -- he wasn't expecting this --

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

AERIAL VIEW of that trademark skyline. Bright lights, big city. The concrete jungle where dreams are made of.

INT. PRIVATE JET - SAME TIME

Luke's head pressed against the window -- this is his view of the city. Up until now he's been a pretty cool customer, but in this moment... HIS MIND IS BLOWN.

In the cabin, all the guys sip champagne, flirting with the flight attendants, living the life.

LUKE
This is crazy.

CHRISTIAN
That's the fucking point!!

Christian toasts his champagne. Luke drinks his, glancing over at Xander, who seems quiet and introspective.

EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT

The crew walks down a dark, grimy street, in the worst neighborhood. They descend some concrete stairs and enter --

BASEMENT HALLWAY --

It's dim, grungy, with flickering fluorescent lights that illuminate random people in the corners, some having sex, others doing blow, or just blowing.

At the end of the hall, a large MAN stands in front of a massive STEEL DOOR. Total silence.

XANDER
(to Luke)
Welcome to the party.

The MAN opens the door and we're BOMBARDED by lights, smoke, sounds, as they walk inside --

UNDERGROUND WAREHOUSE RAVE --

But this isn't like those raves from the 90s, this is the modern era of EDM which merges the grit with the glam, and the seedy with the sexy.

HIGH-TECH LASER LIGHT SHOW -- TOWERS OF SPEAKERS -- HUNDREDS of fucked-up, gorgeous people, dancing. Tits and ass galore.

Celebrities. Cristal. Cocaine. And caviar.

The whole place parts like the Red Sea as Xander and his crew make their way to a sectioned-off area by the stage, greeted like the roundtable of a returning King.

VIP TABLE -- LATER

Feeling completely out of his element, Luke sits with Xander and the guys, looking out over the writhing crowd. If Luke's mind was blown before, it's now fucking obliterated.

CHRISTIAN
You're a long way from Afghanistan.

Luke can only nod. He has no response.

OGANO

You shoulda been in Sydney with us
last year-- a hundred and fifty
thousand people partying naked--

IKE

There was this one girl who painted
her tits like eyeballs. I stopped
in the middle of my set when I saw
these two, huge, glow-in-the-dark,
eyes winking at me. I was tripping
bro!

SAINT PETE

What about Morocco?

Christian stands up, toasting the whole club --

CHRISTIAN

I love my fucking life!!!

A group of girls cheer, he walks over, starts grinding with
them. The others join in, dancing with the girls, leaving
Luke and Xander alone.

XANDER

(to Luke)

This isn't why I do it, you know?

Luke glances at Xander, senses a darkness in him, or maybe
it's sadness -- hard to tell.

LUKE

Then why?

Xander stares at Luke, but doesn't answer. Then, he pours a
couple shots and hands one to Luke.

XANDER

Let's get fucked up.

Luke takes a moment, then they clink glasses and down the
shots. Xander pours another, and another, and another --

UNDERGROUND RAVE -- LATER

ON STAGE -- Saint Pete mixes while Christian pours Cristal
over a group of thirsty girls, soaking their white shirts.

Kyoto Twinz are in a BOOTH, practically having sex with
another set of hot twins. It's total insanity.

Even Luke's wasted, can't help but have fun, in the middle of
the DANCE FLOOR -- pin-balling off sexy bodies in the crowd.

After a moment, Xander taps Luke's shoulder --

XANDER
It's time.

ON STAGE - LATER

Xander's in the booth with Luke as the crowd continues to throb -- more sweat, skin, and smoke. This is the after-after-hours group.

Xander MIXES the beat while talking to Luke, who studies his every move --

XANDER
That shit you were spinning today
wasn't you, man.

Luke pays close attention, still buzzed --

XANDER (CONT'D)
What are you feeling from the crowd
right now?

LUKE
I don't know. Nothing--

Suddenly, Xander STOPS the music. The crowd goes still.

XANDER
Then let's give them "nothing".
Now feel them. What are they
giving you?

The CROWD gets anxious, confused. Someone starts yelling, and slowly the energy gets aggressive.

A bottle's THROWN against the wall -- SHATTERS.

LUKE
They're starting to lose it.

XANDER
They're just frustrated because
they don't know what they want.

Now the crowd is amped -- SCREAMING --

XANDER (CONT'D)
You have to be connected to them,
and everything around you, because
you're responsible for their
journey...

And just when the bad energy hits its highest peak --
 XANDER DROPS THE BEAT and they go fucking crazy dancing!

XANDER (CONT'D)
 You're their guide...

This time -- XANDER SLAM MIXES a new, faster song, and
 SCREAMS OUT LIKE A WILD MAN! It's so off-the-wall, Luke
 doesn't know how to react. He's completely taken back.

XANDER (CONT'D)
 That thing inside you-- that
 responsibility-- those secrets and
 lies-- the bullshit that controls
 you and tells you how to act, and
 how to be-- WHO to be. The music
 lets it out. And let's you be the
 guy who jumped my manager today...

Xander SLAMS in another track --

XANDER (CONT'D)
 A savage motherfucker!!!

He SCREAMS again like an animal --

Then CHARGES towards the stage and DIVES INTO THE CROWD with
 no thought or pre-meditation, just pure adrenaline and "fuck
 it all" attitude.

Luke can't help but be swept up in the madness.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. MANSION - DAY

A PAIR OF CLOSED EYES slowly blink open, groggy, blue. It's
 Luke. He's on the couch in some luxuriously modern house,
 surrounded by sleeping bodies -- Ike, Ogano, and Saint Pete,
 scattered in a pile of women like leaves.

Luke stumbles to his feet, hungover as shit. Eyes adjust to
 the daylight as he staggers into --

THE KITCHEN --

Christian sits at a table, eating Menudo, reading the paper
 like any typical morning except he has a SALINE BAG with an
 IV DRIP running into his arm.

CHRISTIAN
 Morning beautiful. Sleep well?

Luke's dry mouth prevents him from talking, but he stares curiously at Christian --

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(re: IV drip)
Fastest way to re-hydrate. I got
an extra bag, you want one?

Luke shakes his head, then checks his phone --

LUKE
Shouldn't we get back?

CHRISTIAN
We are back.

Christian motions to the window. Luke pulls the blinds back, shocked to see a view of the ocean. They're in Miami.

LUKE
Whose house is this?

CHRISTIAN
Xander's.
(off Luke's confusion)
My man, you were so wasted. Kept
talking about your "brother" and
all kinds of crazy shit.

A moment of fear hits Luke. What did he say last night?

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(offering his breakfast)
How about some Menudo with fresh
pig feet?

Something bubbles in Luke's stomach. He's gonna be sick.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Down the hall, to the left.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Toilet FLUSHES, bathroom door opens. Luke exits, not quite as pale. He hears VOICES coming down the hall, investigates.

Luke approaches a cracked DOOR, quiet as he peaks inside XANDER'S OFFICE, sees him talking to the Russians -- Pavel, Elenya, and Maxim, in the middle of a heated discussion.

PAVEL
You really think you're better than
us, don't you?

XANDER
Not better, just different.

ELENYA
What about our deal?

XANDER
I'm not interested.

Pavel speaks Russian to his friends, then they exit, not happy. Luke enters Xander's OFFICE like he just got there.

LUKE
Hey man.

XANDER
Hey.

LUKE
Who was that?

XANDER
No one. Fun night, huh?

Xander hands Luke a bottle of Pedialyte. Luke drinks it, then glances out the window and sees Pavel talking on his cellphone, about to enter his WHITE SUBURBAN.

XANDER (CONT'D)
I bet you don't remember half the
shit you did... or said.

Luke glances at Xander, who opens a LOCKED DRAWER behind him, then out to the Russians.

LUKE
I should take off. I got some
stuff I need to do.

Xander grabs some KEYS from the desk, tosses them to Luke --

XANDER
You ride?

LUKE
What're you gonna drive?

XANDER
I think I can find something.

Luke moves for the door, then --

XANDER (CONT'D)
Don't get yourself killed.

The way Xander says it makes Luke pause. Then, Luke leaves as Xander opens the LOCKED DRAWER.

EXT. XANDER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Russian's Suburban exits the driveway just as Luke makes it to the garage. He hits a button on his REMOTE and the door opens to reveal a collection of dream vehicles --

1967 DEVILLE, FERRARI F430 SPIDER, BENZ G-CLASS, tricked-out HARLEY, JET-SKIS, and a deep RED DUCATI 1198.

There's no time to admire the toys as Luke STARTS the DUCATI 1198 -- REVS the engine -- and PEELS out in pursuit.

EXT. RUSSIAN COMPOUND - LATER

Nestled in the swampy Everglades, surrounded by mud and rows of dark green Cypress trees, find a group of old INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS, cloaked in rust and decay.

Pavel, Maxim, and Elenya, exit their Suburban and are greeted by a DOZEN OTHER RUSSIAN THUGS.

Fifty-yards away, Luke pulls the Ducati behind some brush and takes in the scene. He clocks trucks, sportscars, and lots of MACHINE GUNS. Something's going down.

Luke covertly moves closer, gets a look inside Pavel's Suburban, spots --

A LARGE BROWN CRATE -- THE ECSTASY.

ROMAN(PRE-LAP)
Pavel and Elenya Yegorov, and Maxim
Ovechkin...

INT. LUKE'S ROOM - DAY

Luke's cleaned up as Agent Roman and Crawford go over the Russian's file -- show Luke a MUGSHOT of Pavel.

ROMAN
Pavel's a loose cannon, already
been in for assault three times,
but no convictions.

CRAWFORD
They've been in the states for
about a year -- been playing a lot
of smaller venues, some kind of
"death-techno" movement--

LUKE

This place was a fortress. Every guy was carrying.

CRAWFORD

There's been an influx of Russian gang activity recently--

ROMAN

And you said he was at Xander's?

LUKE

Yeah. Then they left and I followed.

ROMAN

Where did you see the crate?

LUKE

In the back of their SUV.

Agent Roman and Crawford exchange a look. This could be it.

ROMAN

We'll push the paperwork through, get a team together and hit 'em hard.

LUKE

Thank you.

Luke and Roman share a respectful nod.

ROMAN

We grab these assholes with the X and bring 'em in? I'll get a confession and take them down for Tristan. I guarantee it.

Luke likes the sound of that. They exit.

Luke stops at the mirror, stares at that PHOTOGRAPH of him, Tristan, and their dad, when there's a KNOCK at the door.

LUKE

Forget something?

He opens the door, but it's not the FBI -- it's RILEY.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Hey. Come in.

RILEY

I just wanted to make sure you were okay. What happened with Xander?

LUKE
We're getting close.

RILEY
That's good.

Riley pulls a CD out of her purse, hands it to Luke.

RILEY (CONT'D)
It's that track I was telling you
about-- the one Tristan made. I've
been listening to it, tried to put
some vocals down.

He takes the disc, curious.

RILEY (CONT'D)
And I brought this. He would've
wanted you to have it.

Now she hands him a sticker-covered LAPTOP. Luke holds it in
his hands, a small smile on his face.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(re: his smile)
That must've been one helluva
night. Usually, you look like you
wanna punch someone in the face.

LUKE
I'm not that bad, am I?

RILEY
No, not bad at all.

Their bodies only a few inches away from each other.

RILEY (CONT'D)
See you around.

Luke says nothing as she leaves. He shuts the door and
immediately boots up his brother's LAPTOP.

He pops the CD in and hits play --

"TRISTAN'S SONG" begins. The music is accompanied by a home
recording of RILEY'S VOCALS. Her voice is hypnotic.

Luke leans back as the SONG carries us into...

INT. XANDER'S HOUSE - RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Leather couch, flat screens, speaker tower, massive mixer, vocal booth. It's all state-of-the-art. Tristan's TRACK plays as Luke and Xander listen.

XANDER
Who's singing?

LUKE
Riley.

Xander can't help but be impressed.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I laid it down this morning.

XANDER
It's good. Real good.

Xander gets up and moves for a nearby closet --

XANDER (CONT'D)
Check this out. It's custom made,
from Glasgow. I picked it up last
time I was home.

Xander wheels out a contraption, covered by cloth.

LUKE
What is it?

Xander pulls the cloth, reveals a TALL PIECE OF MODERN GLASS that resembles a clear chalkboard on wheels.

XANDER
The future.

He flips a switch -- the DEVICE LIGHTS UP -- a rainbow of neon colors flicker and swirl.

Xander starts touching the glass, manipulating the giant, touch-screen mixer with his hands, like something out of *The Minority Report*.

XANDER (CONT'D)
It's a prototype. One day, I'm
gonna have it completely plugged in
at the venues-- lights, sound,
visuals, pyro-- all of it.
(MORE)

XANDER (CONT'D)

I won't just control the music and the crowd, but everything, the entire experience. I got it from this guy who worked for my father.

Luke is transfixed by the futuristic device.

LUKE

What does he do?

XANDER

(matter-of-fact)

He runs a gang in Scotland.

This stops Luke cold. What?

XANDER (CONT'D)

Where I grew up, everyone was in a gang. It'd be like you going to college, or joining the family business.

LUKE

But you didn't?

XANDER

I was supposed to-- he tried to force me, still does. But I found my music. That's how I got away, you know? To be myself.

LUKE

My dad was a Marine, and all I ever did was follow in his footsteps. Never even thought about doing something for myself--

XANDER

Until now.

LUKE

Yeah. Until now.

XANDER

Thank God for the turntables.

Xander smiles, so does Luke.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Me and the boys got you something.

Xander grabs a set of glistening PLATINUM DOGTAGS from a table and hands them to Luke.

XANDER (CONT'D)
Just be you.

Luke puts the chain on, careful. Touched.

QUICK SHOTS --

Xander shows Luke how to use the touchscreen interface as they start a new song together.

Luke works on Tristan's laptop, building on his brother's playlist while creating his own.

Luke on the drum machine. Really getting into the song.

Luke watches more videos of his brother.

Luke and Xander lay down their track in the studio. It finishes up and they bump fists. It's fucking dope.

CUT TO:

INT. XANDER'S HOUSE - RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

Remnants of an all-night recording session. Luke slowly wakes up on the couch. He checks his watch -- he's late.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - MORNING

Luke pulls up on the Ducati, finds Agent Roman and Crawford waiting there. He hops in the CADILLAC and they drive away.

EXT. RUSSIAN COMPOUND - DAY

Luke, Roman, and Crawford stand outside. A FBI VAN parked nearby, SIX TACTICAL TEAM MEMBERS, fully geared-up, locked and loaded, await, ready for orders.

Roman uses binoculars to scan the compound, fifty yards away, sees FIVE RUSSIAN THUGS on the perimeter, armed to the teeth.

ROMAN
I count five, all armed.

CRAWFORD
More incoming.

Roman SHIFTS his view -- sees the SUBURBAN pull up to the main building. Pavel, Elenya, and Maxim, exit.

They pop the trunk and we see another BROWN CRATE inside.

ROMAN
Eyes on the merch.

Roman and Crawford address the tactical team.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
We go in hot, hold the perimeter,
hit 'em by surprise.

The TEAM nods. Roman and Crawford check their guns, ready.

LUKE
I can help.

CRAWFORD
This isn't the Marines.

LUKE
There's eight of them--

CRAWFORD
And eight of us.

Luke's not happy, but he's out of his jurisdiction.

LUKE
Watch your back.

ROMAN
That's why we brought you.

Luke nods, as Roman, Crawford, and the TEAM, move in unison, making their way through the shrubs, towards the compound.

Luke uses BINOCULARS to keep an eye on them.

BINOCULAR POV -- of the Feds as they circle the main building, careful to stay hidden.

PAN right -- to a side door, unseen by the Feds, where FIVE MORE RUSSIAN THUGS exit.

If Luke doesn't warn them, they're toast.

He starts looking around for a radio, a signal, something.

Then, he hops in the CADILLAC -- HONKS THE HORN.

ON ROMAN -- who holds up his team.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
The fuck is he doing?

Just then, Crawford sees the other Russian Thugs circle the building, curious about the noise.

CRAWFORD

Look.

Roman spots the extra gunmen, alerts his team. Luke's distraction not only saved them, but it gives them an opening and they take it --

ROMAN

(popping out)

PUT THE GUNS DOWN!!!

But these Russians aren't gonna go quietly and the gunfight begins -- all hell breaks loose -- MACHINE GUNS blaze.

ON LUKE -- who can only watch, fifty-yards away, unarmed.

LUKE

Shit.

BINOCULAR POV -- of the compound and the chaos --

QUICK PAN LEFT -- to see one of the THUGS hop in the Suburban with the BROWN CRATE.

Thinking quick, Luke starts up the CADILLAC -- FLOORS the gas and speeds towards the compound --

The CADILLAC fishtails in the dirt, rounds the corner, heading straight for the SUBURBAN --

LUKE'S EYES NARROW IN -- foot SLAMS the gas harder as he flies right towards the much larger vehicle.

ROMAN watches -- what the hell is Luke doing?

The CADILLAC is twenty-yards away from the Suburban when Luke OPENS the driver's side door -- and JUMPS out --

THE CADILLAC SLAMS INTO THE SUBURBAN -- THE METAL ACCORDIONS AND THE VEHICLES SNAP UPWARD LIKE A WISHBONE!

Luke recovers, moves quickly towards the Suburban as the Thug stumbles out.

The Thug lifts his gun, but Luke's there -- DRIVES a front-kick into his chest -- KNOCKS him back into the metal of the car -- out cold.

Luke grabs his MACHINE GUN, joins the battle.

BULLETS pepper the dirt around Luke's feet as he SOMERSAULTS behind another car, spots Roman, who's pre-occupied with the other Russian Thugs.

Running inside the compound, Luke spots Pavel, Elenya, and Maxim -- he fires off a few rounds, pursues them inside --

INT. RUSSIAN COMPOUND - SAME TIME

The old factory building is massive, cavernous, with exposed metal beams and dark corners everywhere.

Luke enters, gun trained. He turns the corner and comes face to face with MAXIM, who gets the drop on him.

Maxim GRABS the barrel of the machine gun as Luke unleashes a hail of bullets -- swiss-cheeses the roof.

Maxim's hand burns from the heat, so he lets go --

REVERSE LEG-SWEEP sends Luke to the ground.

Maxim is strong, fearless -- psycho. He JUMPS on top of Luke, wrestles the gun away like a vicious bear --

HEADBUTTS Luke -- whose own head whiplashes -- SMACKS the concrete. Hard. Nearly knocks him out.

Maxim now has the gun, flips it around, about to fire, when Luke JUMPS to his feet -- TACKLES Maxim --

SLAMMING him into the concrete wall -- GUN slides away.

MAXIM
You're fucking dead.

Maxim's about to attack when -- CRAAAASH --

A TRUCK EXPLODES through a metal SIDE WALL -- nearly kills them both.

As the truck speeds by, Luke catches a glimpse of the driver and passenger. It's PAVEL and ELENYA -- they see Luke too.

-- RATTATTATTATTAT --

A barrage of bullets as TWO MOTORCYCLES now appear behind the Truck -- ARMED THUGS shooting machine guns as Luke dives out of the way --

But Maxim's not so lucky -- gets RIDDLED with friendly fire.

Luke DIVES -- GRABS his gun, about to fire at the truck, when a THIRD MOTORCYCLE appears --

-- RATTATATATATATAT -- The THUG on this bike is heading right for Luke, kamikaze-style -- but Luke SLIDES out of the way --

-- RATTAT -- Two QUICK SHOTS pop the Thug in the chest and FLING him off his bike, to the ground.

Luke gets to his feet, but Pavel and Elenya are gone. He turns to see Roman, Crawford, and the Feds appear.

ROMAN

It's a club.

For the first time, Luke's able to take in his surroundings, sees lights, speakers, and a DJ booth.

It's a warehouse for illegal raves.

LUKE

What about the crate?

OUTSIDE --

Luke, Roman, and Crawford, stand next to the destroyed Suburban, while one of the Feds pops open the CRATE --

INSIDE THE CRATE IS DJ EQUIPMENT. A mixer and speakers.

ROMAN

Goddamn it!

Roman KICKS the crate over.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

It's not them!

LUKE

(confused)

It has to be.

CRAWFORD

They're definitely into some illegal stuff-- underground raves, drugs, guns, prostitution--

ROMAN

But there's still a hundred million dollars worth of fucking ecstasy out there!

LUKE

It could still be them--

ROMAN

Wake up, Luke! It's Xander. It's been Xander the whole time!

Luke has no response. Was he wrong?

ROMAN (CONT'D)
I warned you about them and that whole scene. And now he's just playing you--

LUKE
I'm not being played.

ROMAN
Then let's take that sunuvabitch down.

Luke clenches his teeth. Back on mission.

EXT. XANDER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Luke pulls up on the Ducati. He KNOCKS on the door, Christian answers, two CUTE GIRLS draped by his side.

LUKE
Xander here?

CHRISTIAN
Nah, man, he's out. But we're just getting the pre-pre-party started.

Christian enters and Luke follows.

INT. XANDER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Ike, Ogano, and Saint Pete, sit around, drinking, talking, flirting with another bevy of beauties.

LUKE
I left a harddrive in the studio.
Be right back.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Empty, quiet. The studio door's straight ahead, but Luke checks to make sure no one's watching, then walks past the studio and enters Xander's office instead.

INT. XANDER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Luke shuts the door, quickly moves for the LOCKED DRAWER that he saw earlier.

A NOISE from the hallway stops him.

A tense moment as someone walks past the door.

Luke is frozen -- waiting... waiting... until the person leaves. The coast is clear.

Luke goes back to the LOCKED DRAWER. He uses a letter opener, pries it open to reveal --

STACKS OF MONEY AND A SMALL BAG OF ECSTASY.

Just as Luke reaches for it -- *CLICK*. He looks up to see Xander standing in the doorway -- GUN AIMED.

Xander's eyes are dark, scary. We've never seen this side of him -- the side of a killer. Even Luke is surprised.

XANDER

Talk.

Luke has to think fast or he's dead --

LUKE

I lost the key to the bike, thought you might have another one.

XANDER

Lost it?

LUKE

Dropped it outside. I feel like an asshole. Sorry, man.

Xander stares him down. Gun still trained.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I didn't think you'd mind if I grabbed an extra set, you know, just until the morning when I found the other ones.

Xander moves closer, sees the OPEN DRAWER -- MONEY and X.

XANDER

No keys in there.

LUKE

I wasn't gonna touch anything.

Another tense moment, then -- Xander lowers the gun.

XANDER

You roll, don't you?

Luke slowly stands up as Xander circles, pulls out the baggy of ecstasy and grabs a couple PILLS.

LUKE
Don't you have a set tonight?

XANDER
(offering Luke one)
I'm the guide.

Luke and Xander lock eyes. A tense moment. Luke has no choice, so he DRY-SWALLOWS the ECSTASY TABLET.

SMASH CUT TO:

LUKE'S FACE --

CLOSE SHOT. Sweating. Colors flash. Eyes blink. MUSIC THUMPS in the background -- BEATING like his own heart.

PULL BACK -- and realize that Luke is --

EXT. KLIPSCH AMPHITHEATER - SIDE STAGE - NIGHT

FROM HIS POV -- Luke can see Xander's back as he mans the decks, spinning another epic set.

Spread out in front of Xander is a scene straight from Alice in Wonderland (but on drugs).

An ocean of VIBRANT BLUE, GREEN, and RED NEON -- LASER LIGHTS at an ELECTRIC CARNIVAL, complete with glowing FERRIS WHEEL --

FIFTY-FOOT FLOWERS -- OVERSIZED MOON ART --

GIRLS in glistening FAERIE COSTUMES, flying over the crowd --

And a SEA OF THIRTY-THOUSAND DANCING PARTY-PEOPLE all tracing blue/green glowsticks.

Completely immersed in the trippy visuals, Luke stands on the side of the stage, surrounded by Christian, Ike, Ogano, Saint Pete, and other premiere DJs. No longer on the outside looking in -- Luke's as close as you can get.

The MUSIC fades down -- a steady beat --

XANDER
(on the mic)
I'd like to bring out a friend of mine. That cool?

The crowd is whipped into a frenzy as they SCREAM --

XANDER (CONT'D)
(on mic)
Here he is, my boy, LUKAS!

Everyone turns to Luke -- Christian, Ike, and Ogano, yell encouragement. Saint Pete SLAPS him on the back -- but Luke is feeling the effects of the ecstasy. It's all a strange MURMUR to him, unable to comprehend what's happening.

The SLOW BEAT continues as Xander walks over.

Luke looks out to the stage where a group of ROADIES set up that CUSTOM TOUCH-SCREEN INTERFACE.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Let's see if you're ready for Prime Time.

Luke grabs his LAPTOP BAG as Xander pushed him onto THE STAGE. He's alone, but there's SIXTY-THOUSAND EYES locked on his every movement.

Luke plugs into the INTERFACE, when suddenly --

THE MUSIC STOPS. LIGHTS GO DOWN. CROWD GETS ANTSY.

Luke shakes it off, concentrates, starts to feel the energy as he reaches up a hand and TOUCHES the screen --

IT FLASHES RED... and then --

"TRISTAN'S SONG" BEGINS -- THE LIGHTS STROBE --

Maybe it's the drugs, the people, the energy, the music, or a mix of everything -- but Luke ZONES in, feeling it all.

He starts MIXING the song, riding the vibe, taking himself, and the crowd on a journey --

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Riley on the opposite side of the stage. She can't stop watching him, transfixed.

And then -- by instinct, emotion, or pure spontaneity --

Luke SMASH MIXES Tristan's track with AC/DC's BACK IN BLACK --

AND THE CROWD GOES FUCKING WILD!!!!

Riley smiles as Luke headbangs -- FISTS pumping.

He's like a different person... or maybe, he's finally himself.

LATER --

The set winds down as Luke takes a bow. Xander and the whole crew runs out, high-fiving, celebrating. Even Saint Pete swallows Luke up in a big, sweet, bear hug --

SAINT PETE
I love you, man!!

LUKE
I love you too!!

Luke can't help but smile, feeling like part of the family.

BACKSTAGE AREA --

Now alone, still fighting the trip, Luke has to lean against the wall, big smile on his face. That was awesome.

RILEY (O.S.)
Luke!

Riley runs over. She can't hide how impressed she is.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Oh my God, that was amazing.

LUKE
It was, wasn't it?

Luke's sweating, still geeked out a bit.

RILEY
You okay?

Before he can answer, Luke spots someone in the background, pushing through the crowd --

IT'S PAVEL AND ELENYA. They've been looking for Luke -- and now they've found him.

RILEY (CONT'D)
What is it? What's wrong?

They move towards him with bloodthirsty eyes -- GUNS gripped in their hands.

LUKE
Shit--

Luke quickly darts into the parking lot. Riley watches him, concerned, as the Russians make chase.

EXT. VIP PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Luke makes it to the Ducati. He hops on, and revs it up, just as Pavel and Elenya arrive -- GUNS AIMED.

Luke stays low and burns rubber out of the lot. Pavel and Elenya jump into their TRUCK -- in pursuit.

EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI - EPIC CHASE SEQUENCE

MUSIC kicks into high gear, and so does Luke, who's tucked like a rocket on the DUCATI --

He glances back -- sees the TRUCK still gunning for him --

(Note: This is a signature chase sequence. Nighttime Miami with motorcycles and machine guns while our hero rolls on ecstasy. With lights tracing and sounds distorting, the action will be ratcheted to a drug and music fuelled high.)

Luke SPEEDS down a side road -- merges onto a larger two-lane street, still a few hundred yards ahead of the truck.

He TWISTS his wrist and the Ducati SPITS SMOKE --

ZOOMING forward, when HEADLIGHTS appear in the opposite lane, moving directly towards him --

Suddenly -- the LIGHTS split apart -- moving separately --

LUKE
What the hell?

As he gets closer, Luke realizes that it's TWO RUSSIAN THUGS ON MOTORCYCLES -- and they both have guns --

LUKE (CONT'D)
Shit--

-- BANGBANGBANGBANG -- like torpedoes through water, the BULLETS RIPPLE the air --

SUPER SLOW as Luke evades -- then FAST as they whiz by his head. Barely. This shit is crazy.

Luke FLIES past -- but both MOTORCYCLES u-turn into his lane, now taking over the chase, leaving the Truck behind--

LIGHTS FLASH all around Luke as his adrenaline kicks the ecstasy back in -- and the "trip" really begins.

-- RATTTATTATTATTATTAT --

A STREAM of machine gun lead sprays behind him --

The Ducati's tail light EXPLODES in a burst of deep and vibrant colors.

The TWO MOTORCYCLES are on his ass, submachine guns tucked under their arms as they FIRE --

Luke SWERVES around another car -- takes evasive action.

THE MOTORCYCLE THUGS are relentless -- like heat-seeking missiles, they will not be shaken.

Luke CUTS down an adjacent street, but there are more cars here as he WEAVES around them.

The buildings BLUR past -- almost like they're *melting* --

-- *RATTATATATATTATAT* -- Thugs fire more rounds --

EACH BULLET with a tracer of electric light behind it -- like something straight out of *Tron*.

Luke SPEEDS forward as the TWO MOTORCYCLES close in.

They keep SPRAYING more machine gun fire --

BULLETS SLICE into everything -- billboards, cars, building windows. All of Miami Beach is being shredded.

Luke stays right at the fork --

HEADS towards the HIGHWAY BRIDGE that leads into downtown --

But TRAFFIC is slowing.

In a matter of seconds, it's fucking GRIDLOCK.

BUMPER-TO-BUMPER.

There must be an accident up ahead on the bridge.

Luke has no choice but to push forward -- SLICING down the three-foot alley between the cars at 70... 80... 90mph.

The TWO MOTORCYCLE THUGS are good and they keep up.

MORE BULLETS RIP into all the cars just sitting there.

Poor bastards can do nothing but watch as gunfire pocks their cars -- and SHATTER glass.

AERIAL SHOT -- of Luke hitting 100mph down the bridge, between the mile-long row of stopped cars as he's chased.

GUNFIRE traces behind him like a modern day dog fight --

But ours is way fucking cooler.

Luke can see a DRIVER up ahead about to exit his car to see what the hell is going on.

He TWISTS the throttle --

SHOOTS past the driver's door just as it OPENS --

The THUG behind Luke can't slow down --

SLAMS into the open door -- WHAAAAAM -- and gets SHOT from his bike fifty-feet --

SKIPPING off the top of stopped cars like a stone.

Luke can see space up ahead.

The cause of the gridlock -- A MANGLED CAR jackknifed in the middle of the road.

FLARES spew out a cloud of deep orange SMOKE as he flies in front of the traffic, cutting around the wrecked car --

REVERSE SHOT -- SUPER SLO-MO -- as Luke appears in the haze of smoke and sparks like a demon escaping hell.

Now the road is OPEN, save a few cars up ahead.

ONE MOTORCYCLE is still behind Luke -- still FIRING -- still CHASING. He'll never stop.

Luke comes up on a LANDSCAPING TRUCK filled with equipment, but going way too damn slow.

The Thug unleashes another barrage of bullets, but Luke SWERVES and the TRUCK'S BACK TIRES get hit --

-- POPPOPWHAAAAAM -- both tires RUPTURE as the TRUCK fishtails in front of Luke --

SLAMS into the center median and is CATAPULTED --

LIGHTS FLASH and TRACE as it SPINS MID-AIR, like some sort of mystical gymnast --

Luke DARTS UNDERNEATH IT --

Shovels, rakes, and other equipment go flying.

The Thug is too slow and he's STABBED by a pair of LAWN SHEARS as the truck SPLASHES down on top of him.

Nothing left but an oil spot.

Luke shakes his head, takes a breath, and just as he turns down a SIDE ROAD --

-- BANGBANGBANGBANG -- BULLETS rip into the Ducati's tire --

Luke FISHTAILS, barely able to keep control, as he WRECKS in a nearby lawn.

More GUNSHOTS echo in the night, as Pavel, and Elenya, speed towards him in their TRUCK -- FIRING --

Suddenly -- another car pulls up right beside Luke.

A SMART CAR. Riley THROWS the door open, yells out --

RILEY
GET IN!!

Luke staggers to his feet, hears SIRENS in the distance, sees a squad of POLICE CARS speeding towards them.

RILEY (CONT'D)
COME ON!!

Luke hops in. Riley doesn't even wait for him to shut the door before she peels the fuck out.

INT. SMART CAR - SAME TIME

Riley SLAMS the gas -- GUNS the tiny engine. Luke looks out the back window, sees the Truck still in pursuit.

RILEY
Hold on!

Riley SPINS the wheel -- hard right --

EXT. LINCOLN ROAD - SAME TIME

The SMART CAR jumps the curb -- SPEEDS down the walkway of an outdoor shopping area -- nearly hitting patio chairs and late-night diners.

LUKE
(still tripping)
People!

The TRUCK follows -- relentless. Pavel and Elenya continue to fire out the window as POLICE CARS close in.

INT. SMART CAR - SAME TIME

Riley maneuvers like a pro -- WHIPPING down some --

LUKE
Stairs!!

EXT. LINCOLN ROAD - SAME TIME

A COP CAR nearly broadsides them as Riley keeps straight and hits another SET OF STAIRS that lead down into a park.

The TRUCK still follows -- BOUNCING off the stairs --

INT. SMART CAR - SAME TIME

Riley white-knuckles the wheel -- BLASTING through grass, shrubs, and park benches, when Luke spots a SMALL PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL up ahead.

It leads to the other side of the park --

LUKE

TUNNEL!

Riley sees the NARROW OPENING -- floors it --

EXT. PARK - SAME TIME

The Truck is only a few yards behind -- COPS CARS getting even closer -- the pace is frenetic and fast --

Suddenly -- the SMART CAR shoots through the TUNNEL -- barely fits as the metal of the doors rub against the concrete --

SPITTING SPARKS.

The TRUCK tries to follow, but it's too big, and SLAMS VIOLENTLY into the wall -- CRUMPLING METAL --

The COP CARS skid to a stop -- surround the Truck.

INT. SMART CAR - SAME TIME

Luke and Riley SHOOT out of the tunnel's exit, like a bullet from a gun. Luke looks back, sees Pavel and Elenya get apprehended by a DOZEN COPS. Busted.

Luke and Riley take a deserved breath as she pulls into traffic and heads for home.

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They both enter, exhausted, adrenaline subsided.

RILEY

Now can you tell me what the hell
that was all about?

Luke collapses on the couch, pulls out his PHONE and dials.

LUKE
(on phone)
It's Luke. Yeah, I know, wait,
what? You're sure? Okay. I will.

Luke hangs up. Affected by something.

LUKE (CONT'D)
That was Roman, the FBI Agent I was
telling you about. They took the
Russians in, but it turns out they
weren't even in the country when
Tristan got killed.
(finally realizing)
Roman was right. It was Xander the
whole time. I should've known...

RILEY
You were hoping it wasn't him.

LUKE
He even told me about his dad, this
gangster in Scotland and I still
didn't figure it out--

RILEY
You couldn't be sure.

Luke shakes his head, gripping the Dogtags around his neck.

LUKE
(then)
I'm not sure about anything
anymore...

Riley looks at him. He's pale, still coming down.

RILEY
Let's get some fresh air.

EXT. ROOFTOP TERRACE - NIGHT

Miami sparkles in the distance. Luke sits on a chair,
resting, enjoying the quiet view, breathing deep. Riley
arrives with some drinks, hands one to Luke.

RILEY
Screwdriver.
(off his look)
Trust me. It'll help.

Luke shrugs, takes a sip. Another quiet moment.

RILEY (CONT'D)
This was Tristan's favorite spot.

LUKE
You miss him, don't you?

RILEY
We broke up a long time ago. We should have always been just friends.

LUKE
What happened?

RILEY
After a few months, we didn't "fit" like that. And once we figured that out we became really close-- like family. He was sort of like a brother to me too...
(then)
What about you?

Luke takes a drink, pulls up the painful memories.

LUKE
He ever talk about our dad?
(Riley shakes her head)
My mom died when we were pretty young, and it was hard on all of us. Dad started drinking and Tristan saw the worst of it. I was already gone, headed down the path he set for me-- to be a good Marine. One day, Tristan said he couldn't take it anymore and he had to leave. I hated him for it. And after dad died, that hate just turned into anger. After a while, I forgot why I was mad at him in the first place but I was too damn stubborn to get him back.

RILEY
He used to keep this picture of the two of you in his wallet, wouldn't go anywhere without it.

The thought of it almost brings Luke to tears.

LUKE
I have to go back soon, and I don't think I can finish this. He deserved better.

Riley can sense Luke's deep pain as he finally seems to be opening up. She takes a seat next to him.

RILEY

What if we just forget about
everything for one night?

Riley leans in close. Luke has no response. She moves even closer, then seductively kisses his neck, his cheek, his lip.

Luke stares into her eyes. A million emotions run through his head...

RILEY (CONT'D)

What do you want to do?

The heat between them is unbearable. Tension builds as their bodies move closer... and closer.

Luke can't help himself as they finally kiss --

But Riley is careful with him.

She's sensual and tantalizing as she LIFTS off his shirt.

Riley slowly caresses his body as they continue kissing, still gentle and sweet.

But soon, the passion overwhelms her and she SHOVES Luke onto his back.

In seconds, she's straddling him on the chair -- WRITHING like an uncaged animal.

She takes off her own shirt as they ravage each other right there on the roof, impossible to tell who's who, as we...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

BANG. BANG. BANG. Someone's POUNDING at the door. Luke slowly stirs, turns to see Riley, still in bed. She looks like an angel caught in the sheets. BANG. BANG.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Luke checks the PEEPHOLE, sees nothing. He opens the door and the DJ CREW comes BARGING in, amped up, excited --

XANDER

Get your shit--

Xander has a strange air about him. Luke's uneasy --

SAINT PETE

Let's go! Let's go!

CHRISTIAN

What happened last night, my man?
You just took off after the show.

LUKE

I had plans.

Christian, Ike, and Ogano, start pushing Luke out when Riley enters from the bedroom.

RILEY

What's going on?

XANDER

We're leaving, and you're coming
with us.

RILEY

Where?

XANDER

It's a surprise.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The stretch SUV pulls to a stop. Luke, Riley, and the crew, exit to see TWO PRIVATE JETS, along with a crowd of PROMOTERS, AGENTS, and ROADIES.

XANDER

First stop Edinburgh, then London,
Brussels, Tokyo, Sydney, and we
close the tour in Ibiza.

RILEY

I can't just leave.

XANDER

You wanted your shot. You got it.

Luke takes a minute and clocks the area. He spots some Roadies loading -- **THREE METAL CRATES** -- into the second plane. Whatever it is, it's definitely NOT DJ EQUIPMENT.

XANDER (CONT'D)

This is gonna be a trip you'll
never forget.

LATER --

Planes are almost loaded as Luke sneaks off, covertly pulls out his PHONE -- sends a quick TEXT TO AGENT ROMAN --

"On plane to Edinburgh. Crates are here. Hurry. It's Xander."

XANDER

You coming?

Luke quickly hides his phone, re-joins the others as they finish packing up the plane.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The party's already started. MUSIC blasts. Drinks poured.

Luke stares out the window, Riley's beside him. Scared.

Luke checks his PHONE. There's nothing.

CHRISTIAN

(making a toast)

Next stop, Merry Ol' Scotland!

Xander, Ike, Ogano, and Saint Pete, raise their glasses, all of them drink as the plane begins moving.

Luke keeps looking out the window. Waiting. Anxious.

Then, he sees a PAIR of vehicles speeding down the runway behind them -- AN FBI TACTICAL VAN AND ROMAN'S CADILLAC.

The plane SPEEDS up as the Feds get closer... and then...

THE PLANE LIFTS OFF THE GROUND AND INTO THE AIR.

The Fed caravan shrinks in the distance as Luke realizes it's too late. There's no turning back now. Fuck.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND - NIGHT

A city straight out of a Medieval storybook. Narrow, cobblestone streets, tall concrete buildings, mid-century, Gothic architecture. Beautiful -- but grey, cold, dark.

A LIMOUSINE drives through the winding roads, followed by TWO LARGE WHITE VANS. It's the DJs and their equipment.

INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME TIME

Luke constantly glances out the back window, eyes on the two VANS as they turn through Old Town. Riley's beside him.

RILEY

Where are we going now?

XANDER

This is my part of the world, just a few hours from home. What's the matter?

LUKE

We're fine.

XANDER

Good. Cause we're here.

EXT. FIRE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Converted old Scottish fire house with THREE GIANT DOORS, now a high-end loft space. The LIMO pulls into the first door, VANS pull into another, around back.

INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME TIME

As the door closes behind them, Luke watches to see exactly where the Vans park.

XANDER

Welcome to Edinburgh.

-- POP -- A loud NOISE makes Luke and Riley jump, but it's just Ogano -- POPPING CHAMPAGNE --

OGANO

Let's do this!

INT. MAIN LOFT AREA - NIGHT

More MUSIC. Another wild party filled with a hundred strangers and lots of girls. But this one feels different, darker, grittier, edgier -- more "European".

Christian, Ike, Ogano, and Saint Pete, are in the middle of it all, running the show. More booze, drugs, sex.

IN THE KITCHEN --

Luke and Riley huddle, on edge, surrounded by insanely-dressed punks, hipsters, and music freaks.

In the corner, Luke SPOTS Xander talking on the phone.

RILEY
Luke, we should go--

Suddenly, Luke's PHONE VIBRATES. He checks the message --
A TEXT FROM ROMAN: *"In Edinburgh now. Tracking your phone"*.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Who is it?

LUKE
The cavalry.

Luke never stops watching Xander, who hangs up his call, then sneaks into the back of the building -- alone.

Luke checks a couple drawers, grabs a KNIFE.

RILEY
What're you gonna do?

LUKE
Finish this.

Before Luke leaves, Riley pulls him in for a kiss.

RILEY
Be careful.

Then, Luke follows Xander towards the back.

INT. FIRE HOUSE - BACK SECTION - NIGHT

Cavernous and ancient, not-yet converted. Old wooden beams hold up the towering roof, lots of shadows, dust and cobwebs.

Luke HEARS Xander in the distance.

He sneaks along a side partition, stays low, out of sight.

XANDER (O.S.)
It's all there, just make sure he gets it.

SCOTTISH VOICE (O.S.)
Quick two hour drive, all will be well. Nicely done, boy.

Luke CRAWLS under a massive, rusted WATER TANK that drips dirt brown liquid on his head.

He SQUEEZES through and makes it to a far doorway where he sees A VAN parked in the garage -- CRATES in back.

Xander talks to the familiar face of his "MANAGER" -- who is definitely NOT his manager.

XANDER

I want out. Tell him I'm done.

MANAGER

Only one man says when you're done,
boy, and that ain't me.

-- CLICK -- Luke clenches his eyes shut, cold STEEL pressed into the back of his head, caught by a SCOTTISH THUG.

SCOTTISH THUG

We got a sneaky one!

Scottish Thug pushes Luke into the GARAGE -- gun firmly held to his back. The "Manager" seems antsy. Pissed.

MANAGER

Who the fuck is this guy?

XANDER

He's just a DJ.

Suddenly -- LUKE SPINS -- JABS his hand into the Scottish Thug's neck -- disarms him -- GRABS the gun -- LEG SWEEP and a clothesline sends him to the concrete. Knocked out.

MANAGER

That ain't no DJ--

LUKE

(gun trained)
Don't move! Either one of you!

XANDER

Luke, what are you doing? Put the
gun down!

Luke keeps his stance -- gun steady.

LUKE

You killed my brother and now
you're gonna pay--

XANDER

What?! Have you gone mental?!

Luke uses his other hand to CALL ROMAN --

LUKE
(on phone)
You here? Go around back, fire
doors. I got him.

Luke hangs up, waiting. Xander finally realizes...

XANDER
Krysilis. I knew your faced look
familiar. He was your brother.

LUKE
You talk a big game, about the
music, and all that bullshit. But
at the end of the day you're
nothing but a low-life dealer.

MANAGER
Listen to me, boy, put the gun down
before it's too late.

A KNOCK at the back door.

LUKE
It's already too late.

Luke opens the gate as Roman, Crawford, and four FBI AGENTS
swarm in -- guns drawn, surrounding Xander and the Manager.

ROMAN
The crates?

Luke points to the VAN.

XANDER
You don't know what you're doing!

ROMAN
(seeing the crates)
Nice work, Sergeant Keller.

The Manager is furious, puffs his chest --

MANAGER
This is Scotland! You've got no
jurisdiction! You know who I work
for? You're dead, you hear me?!
You're all dead--!!

-- **BANG** -- A BULLET between the eyes DROPS the Manager.

Luke is in total shock when he sees that AGENT ROMAN IS THE
SHOOTER. In a flash, Agent Crawford TURNS his gun on Luke --

CRAWFORD

Down. Now.

Luke lowers the gun.

LUKE

What are you doing?

ROMAN

(to his men)

Load 'em. Let's move.

The FBI team moves swiftly as they pull up another VAN, circle Xander and cover the perimeter.

THREE FEDS, carrying large DUFFLE BAGS -- POP the crates to reveal what's inside --

IT'S CASH. BRICKS OF IT. TWENTY MILLION EASY. NO DRUGS.

One Fed keeps a gun on Xander and Luke, while Agent Roman, Crawford, and the others continue working, stuffing cash into those duffle bags.

XANDER

(to Luke)

I trusted you, man. Brought you in, made you part of my crew.

LUKE

Where's the ecstasy?

XANDER

There is no ecstasy! There never was. It's my dad's money--

LUKE

Your dad?

XANDER

I told you who he was. The money he makes here in Scotland is dirty, so he moves it around the world and I go pick it up-- bring it back clean.

LUKE

That's what this is about?

XANDER

It's the only way he'd let me leave Glasgow. That was our deal.

Luke finally puts it all together.

LUKE
(to Roman and Crawford)
You were playing me the whole time.

CRAWFORD
We've been tracking Xander and his father's laundering scheme for months. We knew he was making a big run of cash, we just didn't know where he was keeping it--

LUKE
Tristan knew you were dirty.
That's why you killed him.

ROMAN
He was smart. Too smart. Lucky for us, his replacement wasn't quite as sharp.

XANDER
You're not gonna get away with this. My dad'll find out--

ROMAN
How?

This stops Xander. They both know what that means. Luke's teeth clench, he wants to make a move, but can't.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's it. Tristan made the same face right before I shot him.

Two Feds LIFT their guns -- aimed at Luke and Xander.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Make it quick--

Just as they're about to PULL the trigger, Saint Pete enters through the far door --

SAINT PETE
Hey, was that a gun-- ?

-- BANGBANGBANG -- One of the FEDS SHOOTS him dead --

XANDER
NO!!!

Luke uses the distraction -- DIVES -- grabs his gun and FIRES, taking out the Fed who shot Pete.

Then -- total chaos as all the FEDS start shooting and GUNFIRE EXPLODES EVERYWHERE.

Xander sees an opening and jumps inside the FBI VAN.

ROMAN

The money!!

Crawford EMPTIES his clip -- POPS both back tires -- SHATTERS GLASS -- but Xander somehow manages to start the VAN up.

Luke continues to FIRE -- DODGING bullets as he makes his way towards the far door --

Xander SLAMS the van into reverse -- TIRES SCREECH -- METAL RIMS SPARK against concrete as he SMASHES into the wall of a neighboring building.

Crawford and three Feds run into the alley -- still FIRING as Xander pin-balls off the walls and gets away.

Roman and the others turn their attention to Luke, who's pinned behind the metal partition.

They FIRE -- relentless. Like terminators, they keep coming.

Luke needs a plan. He scans the room -- clocks the MASSIVE WATER TANK between him and the DOOR. He's gonna run for it.

More GUNFIRE explodes rightnext to his head.

Luke POPS out and fires -- HITTING the base of the WATER TANK, which starts to fall.

Luke sprints for it -- and just as a THOUSAND GALLONS OF DIRTY WATER come pouring down like Niagara --

Luke SLIDES underneath it.

The WAVE of water keeps the Feds back as Luke runs into --

INT. MAIN LOFT AREA - SAME TIME

Pandemonium as people scramble for the exits.

LUKE

Get out! Everybody out!!

Luke HERDS people for the doors while he searches desperately for Riley -- but she's already gone.

-- RATTATATATATATAT -- Roman, Crawford, and the Feds are on his ass -- he's outnumbered -- and outgunned.

The loft is empty so he BARRELS out the door, into --

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FIRE HOUSE - SAME TIME

A crowd of people SCATTER -- RUNNING down every alleyway, trying to get as far away from the gunfire as possible.

In the distance -- SIRENS approach.

Luke scans the crowd, still no Riley.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - SAME TIME

Luke makes it about a hundred yards, passing a dumpster, when he's GRABBED by someone from the shadows.

It's Christian, Ogano, and Ike. Scared shitless.

OGANO
What's going on?

CHRISTIAN
Where's Xander?

IKE
And Pete?

LUKE
Xander took off, and Pete...

Luke can only shake his head. They know exactly what that means and none of them can believe it.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Riley?

CHRISTIAN
We got lost in the crowd, but she ran. I saw her.

Luke allows himself a tiny breath.

LUKE
Did you know about Xander and his dad? The money? Did you know?!

CHRISTIAN
His dad's one of the most powerful gangster's in Europe, of course we knew--

IKE
It was just dropping off and picking up. No big deal.

LUKE
Tell that to the guys who just
killed Pete!

The guys take it in as Luke dials Riley -- VOICEMAIL --

LUKE (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Riley, it's me, call me when you
get this, okay? Okay. Call me.

Luke hangs up, then leans back against the wall. But before
he can take another breath, his phone RINGS.

He checks the ID, relieved --

LUKE (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Riley--

ROMAN (O.S.)
(on phone)
Just me.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN - SAME TIME

Roman, Crawford, and the dirty Feds, stand outside on a dark
road, next to a BLACK SUV overlooking the city.

EDINBURGH CASTLE perched high in the distance.

ROMAN
(on phone)
I wanna make a trade.

Roman nods to Crawford, who drags Riley out of the car. He
SMACKS her in the face -- hard -- she SCREAMS in pain.

INTERCUT:

EXT. DARK ALLEY - SAME TIME

Luke can hear Riley through the phone.

LUKE
Let her go!

ROMAN
You want her, you have to pay for
her. It's only fair.

LUKE
Xander's already gone.

ROMAN

Then you better hurry up and find him. Girl for the money.

Luke takes a moment, formulating a plan --

LUKE

Okay. But it's gotta be somewhere public-- no guns.

ROMAN

I'm all ears.

LUKE

Tomorrow night, during the show. We'll do it there.

Roman looks towards the castle, then nods.

ROMAN

You couldn't save your brother. Let's hope you can save your girl.

With that, Roman hangs up. Luke seethes.

LUKE

Where's Xander?

Ogano and Ike exchange a look. They don't know. Luke KICKS the dumpster, raging --

LUKE (CONT'D)

Where is he?!

Christian stays quiet, looking down at his own PHONE and an urgent message from Xander: *"Meet for drinks"*.

LUKE (CONT'D)

(then, to Christian)

Please, man. They've got her.

A moment as Christian looks to Luke.

INT. THE LAST DROP - NIGHT

A dark, dimly lit pub. Sitting in a tucked-away booth, downing an IPA, is Xander.

Christian, Ike, and Ogano approach. Xander's happy to see them, but his mood changes when Luke appears.

XANDER

The hell's he doing here?

CHRISTIAN
He told us everything.

LUKE
They've got Riley.

Xander keeps a poker face, drinks his beer.

XANDER
That's got nothing to do with me.

LUKE
They killed my brother--

CHRISTIAN
And Pete.

XANDER
And what exactly do you think we're gonna do, huh? We're not soldiers.

LUKE
But I am.

Another tense moment.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You said that what we do is about being yourself, and being free. This isn't you. You're not free.

XANDER
If something happens to that money, my dad'll come after me, and he'll never let me go again.

LUKE
We're not giving them the money, I just need your help.

Xander's torn. He looks to Luke and his crew. A longer moment of decision, before he gives a little half-nod.

XANDER
So what's the plan?

LUKE
We're gonna need full access to the venue. Who do you know over there?

XANDER
Everybody.

CUT TO:

QUICK SHOTS --

Luke, Xander, Christian, Ike, and Ogano, arrive at EDINBURGH CASTLE, a 12th Century fortress that sits high over the city.

Xander introduces Luke to the CREW -- a DOZEN engineers, lighting techs, visual artists.

Luke talks to the guys, while referring to a CASTLE DIAGRAM that shows every aspect of what the venue will look like tonight.

One of the Engineers shows Luke and Xander his 3D PROJECTION LAMP, which shoots out an almost holographic image. This is cutting-edge stuff.

On stage, Xander sets up his TOUCHSCREEN INTERFACE, making sure it's plugged into every part of the main control board.

Backstage, Christian rummages through a pile of WIGS, HATS, and other COSTUMES.

Outside, in the parking lot, Ike talks to some Shady Guy and buys a HUGE BAG OF ECSTASY.

Luke, Xander, and Christian, load the DUFFLE BAGS onto a gas-powered EQUIPMENT CART, which Ogano drives.

In a backstage DRESSING ROOM, the DJ crew has gathered, exhausted, and amped. Luke rallies them, like a General.

LUKE

Just stick to the plan-- don't deviate and we'll all be fine.

They exchange looks, ready as they'll ever be.

XANDER

Let's get this party started.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. EDINBURGH CASTLE - CONCERT - NIGHT

Hundreds of concert-goers file into the front ENTRANCE of the stone castle. Lights everywhere.

Suddenly, the entire FACADE OF THE CASTLE seems to morph and distort, almost like space and time were shifting. Then, the ENTRANCE WALL transforms into a GHOSTLY 3D FACE AND MOUTH.

This is state-of-the-art, 3D PROJECTION MAPPING at its best.

IN THE PARKING LOT -- Roman, Crawford, and five dirty Feds, exit their BLACK SUV, dragging Riley behind them.

As they head for the MAIN ENTRANCE, they see the tight security and METAL DETECTORS. No guns allowed.

In the background, Ike pops out from behind a parked car, holding that LARGE BAG OF ECSTASY.

He calls Luke on a WALKIE TALKIE --

IKE
They're coming in now.

INT. EDINBURGH CASTLE - COURTYARD - NIGHT

The show is in full swing. Thousands of people, some in costumes, others in bikinis, or body paint, all dance, having the time of their lives.

ON STAGE --

Spinning his set -- is Xander.

Behind the booth, we see his TOUCHSCREEN INTERFACE. It's wired to everything in the venue, not just mixers and music, but lighting controls, pyrotechnics, and everything else.

He is in complete control of this concert.

COURTYARD --

The Feds enter the fray, staying towards the back, away from the concentration of people, when Luke approaches.

LUKE
I'm here.

Luke shares a concerned glance with Riley, while Roman and Crawford look around, suspicious.

CRAWFORD
Where are your friends?

LUKE
Working.

ROMAN
Where's our money?

Luke motions for them to follow. They do.

INT. ART INSTALLATION - MOMENTS LATER

A corridor deep in the East wing of the castle, filled with high-tech "light and art". It's as if we're inside some Mad Scientist's experiment.

ROMAN

Where are you taking us?

At the end of the hallway, parked against the wall, Ogano sits in the driver's seat of the equipment cart --

DUFFLE BAGS in back.

LUKE

Money's right there. Let her go.

Roman shakes his head, then pulls out his GUN.

ROMAN

(off his look)

What? You didn't think we'd be able to talk our way in with our guns? We're FBI. Now let's walk together, slow.

Luke takes Riley's hand as they walk in front of the Feds.

LUKE

You're gonna pay for what you did.

Roman laughs as they take a few more steps.

Luke SQUEEZES Riley's hand, almost like a signal.

She looks at him, curious, then follows his eyes to the floor where she sees a row of flashing colored FLOOR PANELS.

Luke is careful not to step on them. Riley follows his lead.

They pass the last panel, when Roman STEPS on it and --

-- PFFFFFFFFSSSHTTTT -- SMOKE spits up like a geyser!

Using the distraction, Luke and Riley make a run for it.

ROMAN

I got them! Get the money!!

Roman chases Luke and Riley, who turn into another hall.

Crawford and two Feds go after Ogano -- when the WALLS BEGIN TO SHIFT --

MORPHING all around them. 3D PROJECTIONS.

CRAWFORD

Where is he?!

Ogano DRIVES down the corridor as the entire room seems to help him -- WALLS "fall" down like Legos --

FLOOR shifts into "lava" -- GLASS turns into "flying bugs".

All of the distractions are enough for Ogano to get away.

LED HALLWAY --

Luke and Riley turn the corner, entering a nest of LED LIGHTS that criss-cross the entire hall.

LUKE

Hurry!

Roman's right behind them -- he FIRES -- bullets ricochet off a light pole -- SHATTER it.

The chase continues through different sections of trippy light displays -- CUBES -- FOUNTAINS -- SPIDERWEBS.

BACKSTAGE AREA --

Ogano parks the cart when one of the chasing Feds appears out of nowhere. Ogano ditches the cart and runs.

The Fed moves for the DUFFLE BAGS. He opens them -- but there's no money -- IT'S ALL CONFETTI --

FED #1

(into walkie talkie)

Money's not here. It's confetti!

LED HALLWAY --

Luke and Riley run down the hallway as Roman gains. He stops to hear the transmission about the confetti.

ROMAN

Where's my fucking money?!!

Roman FIRES wildly as Luke and Riley make it to the end of the hallway --

CHRISTIAN

Over here!

Christian approaches, carrying an armful of COSTUMING --

LUKE
Put it on!

They all throw on the wigs, glasses, and jackets, then PUSH through a door.

ON STAGE --

Xander continues to play his set, constantly looking towards the door that leads to the art installations. The MUSIC is so loud no one can hear the gunshots over the bass.

Suddenly -- he sees Luke, Riley, and Christian enter --

COURTYARD --

Where they merge into the crowd of similarly dressed dancers, immediately camouflaged. Luke looks back, sees Roman follow, tuck his gun and scan the crowd. He doesn't see them.

They shove their way forward when Crawford and the other Feds appear. The costumes didn't work.

LUKE
Go back!

But behind them is Roman.

CHRISTIAN
Which way?

LUKE
Stay with the crowd.

Luke breaks off from the group -- PUSHING people, who start yelling at him, causing a scene to draw the Fed's attention.

Roman spots Luke and continues his chase, but Crawford and the other Feds decide to stay after Riley and Christian.

BACK CORRIDOR --

Restricted area. Luke runs down the empty hallway, makes his way up a far staircase. Roman pursues.

ON STAGE --

Xander looks into the courtyard, sees Riley and Christian get grabbed by Crawford and the Feds.

Xander goes to work on the TOUCH-SCREEN INTERFACE --

HANDS FLY like a conductor as he MIXES the track, keeps the concert going and the crowd oblivious.

He finds the control he wants, slides over a colorful dial, keys in a configuration and TAPS the screen, as --

BRIGHT FLASHING STROBE LIGHTS BEGIN --

COURTYARD --

The STROBING LIGHTS momentarily blind Crawford and the Feds, giving Riley and Christian the upper hand.

Riley KNEES a Fed in the nuts, breaks free and runs.

Christian follows her lead and escapes.

NORTH TOWER WALL --

Luke bursts through a door, now on the castle wall --

HUNDREDS OF FEET over Edinburgh, with a panoramic view of the courtyard and city spread behind him -- BANG --

A bullet SKIPS the dirt by Luke's feet. He stops.

ROMAN
Where's my money?

Roman approaches -- gun trained.

ON STAGE --

Xander continues orchestrating the arena when he looks up to see Luke on the tower wall, followed by Roman -- and his gun.

Xander MIXES a new song -- then hits another BUTTON --

-- KABOOOOOOOMB00000M --

FIREWORKS EXPLODE from the North Tower Wall --

NORTH TOWER WALL --

They burst right over Luke. The distraction works as Luke makes a move and attacks Roman -- SPINS -- KICKS the gun from his hands --

Sends it PLUMMETING a hundred feet to the ground below.

Luke LUNGES -- LANDS a heavy right hand, but Roman reverses, and in one quick motion --

SPINKICKS Luke back as he simultaneously pulls out a DAGGER from his utility belt. This guy's good.

Roman circles Luke like a hungry Lion -- knife in hand.

ROMAN

I always hated the Marines.

Roman makes a QUICK MOVE -- sharp right with the dagger that misses Luke's face by an inch.

Luke DUCKS -- UPPERCUTS Roman's arm, trying to knock the knife free, but it doesn't work.

LUKE

I like the Army. Just not you.

ON STAGE --

Xander's focused, intense, as Ogano makes it to the booth.

OGANO

What can I do?

Xander watches Riley and Christian push their way into the crowd when they're ATTACKED again by Crawford and the Feds.

XANDER

Shit!

Riley puts up a good fight -- CRACKS the jaw of Crawford, but he overpowers her.

Christian wrestles with another Fed, but gets SMACKED down, and sent to the dirt.

The CROWD is all around them but don't seem to notice.

Riley and Christian are as good as dead.

XANDER (CONT'D)

(to Ogano)

Grab the confetti bags and load them in the cannon!

OGANO

What? But--

XANDER

DO IT NOW!!!

Ogano obliges and takes off backstage. Xander continues to mix as he watches Christian and Riley get manhandled.

BACKSTAGE AREA --

Ogano rushes to the CANNON, loads up BAGS OF CONFETTI.

NORTH TOWER WALL --

Roman attacks -- ELBOWS Luke across the jaw, then a HEADBUTT and SWIPE of the knife -- draws blood.

Luke YANKS Roman's wrist -- TWISTS and HURLS him into the far stone wall.

Now Luke attacks with fury -- KNEE to the spine -- ELBOW to the back of the neck.

He's getting the better of him until Roman spins and SLAMS Luke into the same wall -- nearly knocking him out.

Roman lands a massive right into Luke's STOMACH, then HURLS him to the ground.

Before Luke can rebound, Roman is on top of him -- has Luke PINNED.

Roman DRIVES the knife down, but Luke catches his hand, barely able to hold him, and the knife, off --

ROMAN
WHERE IS IT?!

Roman puts his weight into it --

KNIFE millimeters away from SLICING into Luke's face --

ON STAGE --

Ogano makes it back to Xander --

OGANO
It's done!

Xander takes a moment, finger hovering over the RELEASE CONTROL as he looks out at Riley and Christian.

Bloody, and bruised, they get dragged through the CROWD.

Xander looks up to see Luke. Roman's on top of him, about to make the death blow. And then...

XANDER

Fuck it--

He presses the BUTTON -- BOOOOOOOOOOOM -- FIREBALL EXPLODES as the cannon SHOOTS confetti over the entire crowd --

BUT IT'S NOT CONFETTI. IT'S MONEY. LOTS AND LOTS OF MONEY.

COURTYARD --

As millions of DOLLARS rain down over the crowd, the pandemonium reaches a fever pitch.

People SHOVE and PUSH -- SMILING and YELLING as they scramble for the cash at the greatest party in history.

It's complete insanity as Crawford and the three Feds get PUMMELED -- giving Riley and Christian a chance to escape.

CRAWFORD

The girl!!

The crowd's too big. Crawford and the Feds can't move as Riley and Christian run for it.

SECURITY makes their way into the crowd.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Screw it, let's go!

Realizing it's futile, Crawford and the Feds take off.

NORTH TOWER WALL --

Roman is still on top of Luke when the "confetti" starts to sprinkle near them --

LUKE

You want your money?

A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL lands in front of Roman. He turns to see his nightmare come true -- a BLIZZARD OF MONEY --

ROMAN

NOOOOO!!!!

It's the opening Luke needed as he TWISTS out of Roman's grip and JUMPS back to his feet, pulling a SECOND KNIFE from his utility belt.

LUKE

Told you you'd pay.

Roman is bubbling with rage as Luke spins the knife in his hand, testing the weight.

Standing on top of a castle wall, high above the city and the concert -- these two warriors circle each other, about to engage in the greatest knife-fight ever filmed.

This. Will. Be. EPIC.

Suddenly -- A NEW TRACK BEGINS -- MORE LIGHTS -- MORE BASS --

And then...

LUKE makes a move -- two-steps -- fake SPIN left, then pivot right, but ROMAN has him blocked.

ROMAN

That it?

They back up again as ROMAN urges LUKE forward.

LUKE obliges and runs back in -- leading with a KICK that connects to ROMAN'S knee --

BUCKLES IT -- about to swipe down with his knife but ROMAN cuts his leg first.

This time ROMAN attacks.

It's so fast and furious that we can barely see some of the moves.

A spin -- SLICE -- uppercut -- another SPIN -- BLOCK -- three fast moves and three faster blocks!

Finally, ROMAN lands a blow and draws blood from LUKE'S arm.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I know every move you're gonna make
before you make it.

It's almost like ROMAN was toying with LUKE, because he is now a brutal and lightning fast machine.

LUKE tries to block his advance but he can't.

With gut-wrenching speed, ROMAN slices LUKE'S arm -- KICKS his leg -- ELBOW to the cheek -- KNEE to his stomach.

In a matter of ten moves in ten seconds, ROMAN has LUKE staggering against the near wall.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

So predictable. It's pathetic.

LUKE is spent, bleeding profusely. He's done for.

In the background, Riley and Christian arrive to see the end of the fight --

But LUKE'S not done yet.

He spits blood and clenches his teeth.

No more time for thinking, or planning, or doing what's expected. Something inside him bubbles, and with no thought, or pre-meditation --

HE SCREAMS LIKE A WILD MAN, catching Roman by surprise.

And then, on pure adrenaline and "fuck it all" attitude --

LUKE CHARGES AND TACKLES ROMAN OVER THE TOWER WALL, AS THEY BOTH FALL TWO-HUNDRED FEET TO THEIR DEATHS!!!

CHRISTIAN

No!!!

RILEY

LUKE!!!!

LUKE IS GONE...

Riley and Christian run to the wall, but it's too late...

LUKE (O.S.)

(then)

A little help...

Riley and Christian LEAN over the wall's edge and see LUKE hanging there by one arm.

HE'S ALIVE. BARELY.

Filled with relief, Riley and Christian pull Luke to safety. Riley engulfs him in a hug. Christian can only smile. That was insane.

XANDER (O.S.)

LUKE!!

They all turn to see Xander run over, worried.

XANDER (CONT'D)

You okay?

Luke nods.

LUKE

I'm a savage motherfucker.

Xander grins.

CHRISTIAN
We did it! I can't believe we
actually did it!!

RILEY
What about the twins?

XANDER
Ogano took over my set. There's
still a show going on.

RILEY
And Ike? What about the Feds?
What if they come back?

LUKE
I don't think they're going
anywhere for about 10 to 20 years.

Riley seems a bit confused as they help Luke to his feet.

EXT. EDINBURGH STREETS - NIGHT

The BLACK SUV speeds through the winding streets, followed by
a swarm of POLICE CARS.

Crawford and the Feds make turn after tight turn, and it
seems like they're about to get away when they come upon a
four-way intersection in the middle of town, and --

-- BAAAAAAAAMMMMM -- They get broadsided by a SEDAN.

The SUV crumples on impact, sliding to a violent stop.

The Police surround the SUV as Crawford and the Feds stumble
out, saying they're -- "FBI on official business".

But these Scottish Cops don't seem to care, especially when
they find that HUGE BAG OF ECSTASY in their trunk.

In a flash, the Cops have Crawford and his men in cuffs,
slammed up against their cars -- headed to jail.

As they're taken away, we see who's driving the SEDAN --

It's Ike.

IKE
(to Crawford)
That sucks for you bro!

EXT. NORTH TOWER WALL - SAME TIME

With the sparkling lights of the city behind them, Luke and Xander walk back towards the show with Riley and Christian.

LUKE

What about your dad?

Xander does his best to mask the fear. It almost works.

XANDER

That wasn't me. This is. And
he'll have to accept it.

Luke and Xander share a deep, respectful smile, as they all walk back towards the PULSING LIGHTS of the concert.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK --

Haunting VOCALS begin.

Beautiful lyrics sung by the voice of an angel.

A BEAT follows -- and it takes us a moment to realize that it's a re-mix of "Tristan's Song". Soul-stirring.

LUKE (V.O.)

*This one goes out to my brother,
Tristan Keller, aka Krysilis. I
love you, man...*

*The SONG BUILDS like a train climbing tracks. Keeps
POUNDING. Hammering down. Vibrating with that electric
sound. And just when you think you can't take anymore...*

The MUSIC STOPS --

Silence... silence... And more silence...

'TIL THAT FUCKING BEAT DROPS --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. EDINBURGH CASTLE - CONCERT - ENCORE

THIRTY-THOUSAND people dance and rage to the final song.

ON STAGE -- Luke fist pumps, orchestrating the crowd like a mystical conductor -- FIREWORKS EXPLODE.

BEHIND HIM -- a giant 3-D PROJECTION SCREEN shows abstract VIDEOS OF TRISTAN spinning --

BASS THUMPS as the chorus kicks back in and Riley SINGS her heart out. She found her sound.

IN THE VIP BOOTH -- Christian, Ike, and Ogano, drink from Champagne bottles, surrounded by beautiful women.

Xander stands next to Luke and Riley.

XANDER
So when do you go back!?

LUKE
Tomorrow!

Riley can't hide her disappointment.

LUKE (CONT'D)
But my tour ends in three months.

XANDER
Just in time for you to play Ibiza.

Luke nods. That sounds amazing.

XANDER (CONT'D)
(then, to Riley)
And for you to sing.

Riley smiles, now part of the crew. The MUSIC FADES up as she sings the chorus.

Xander drapes an arm around Luke -- BROTHERS --

As they all party the night away.

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS --

FADE BACK IN:

INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Xander packs up his things, sweating, exhausted after a long, long night. There's a KNOCK at the door.

XANDER

Coming--

As soon as Xander opens the door --

SIX SCOTTISH THUGS push him back, and enter. These guys are scary as hell, with tattoos, muscles, and guns.

The THUGS part like the Red Sea as their BOSS appears behind them. He's even more intimidating. Large, powerful, with piercing eyes and the Devil's stare. Fear incarnate.

This is Glasgow's most notorious gangster, **MALCOLM KING**, and he does not look happy.

MALCOLM KING

We need to talk, son.

SMASH TO BLACK:

To be continued...