

THE CRY OF WOLVES

Written by  
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Draft 2

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BLACK SCREEN

The sound of ocean waves. Stillness fills the air.

A beat.

LUKE LEVINSON (V.O.)  
My generation was promised certain  
things growing up. We're slowly  
coming to realize that they weren't  
promises - they were lies.

EXT. THE BEACH. NIGHT.

Six foot tall waves slam into the beach. The water is a dark void, a full moon beams down. A figure dressed in all black steps into view - LUKE LEVINSON, 25 - his face is covered in shadows. He hits a vape. White smoke envelopes him.

LUKE LEVINSON (V.O.)  
They would also tell us in this life  
if you work hard, get good grades, do  
the extra-curricular activities, go  
to a good school, work for a big  
company, you'll get everything you  
deserve.

He holds a black motorcycle helmet with white canine teeth painted on.

LUKE LEVINSON (V.O.)  
They told us to follow our dreams.  
And oh, we dreamed. We dreamed about  
Ford F-150s, McMansions, and white  
picket fences. Maybe even a dog. But  
the thing about a good dream is that  
it fades. Now a nightmare? Those stay  
with you. They stay with you forever.

VROOM! An all-black electric bike zooms through the streets of PORT CITY, a southern, grungy beach town. The streets are made of centuries old bricks, jungle-like trees blow in the cool, salty night air.

SPLASH! The bike rolls over a water-filled pothole.

LUKE LEVINSON (V.O.)

In this life, its not about what you hope for, its not what you earn, what you deserve. Its what you take.

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Luke's motorcycle pulls up to a house in full-blown party mode. Neon lights fill the windows, music loud enough for the neighbors to call for noise complaints. An orange street lamp illuminate's Luke's silhouette.

LUKE LEVINSON (V.O.)

So me and my best friend do the only sensible thing that one can do in this economy. Sell drugs.

A phone rings - Luke taps in on his helmet.

INT. MALACHI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

MALACHI ROGERS, 25, sits in a dark room at a desk, two huge monitors illuminate his face. He dons glasses and a super-hero themed sweatshirt. On one of the screens is a list of names and addresses.

MALACHI ROGERS

Alright Luke, first drop of the night. This one's for Evan, 10 Gs.

LUKE LEVINSON

Evan. 10 Gs. Got it.

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE. NIGHT.

Luke dismounts his bike and knocks on the door. EVAN, 22, a very drunk frat dude opens the door. He dons a tank top and backwards hat.

EVAN

Oh shit. You're the guy. The Wolf.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Something like that. You got the  
money?

Evan hands Luke two crisp hundred dollar bills. Luke hands  
him a package of cannabis in return.

EVAN  
So is this shit really as strong as  
everyone says it is?

LUKE LEVINSON  
No. It's stronger.

Luke walks back to his bike.

LUKE LEVINSON (V.O.)  
Malachi and I became dissatisfied  
with reality as we got older, so we  
would often escape to our own.  
Sometimes getting high and watching  
some stupid movie together would be  
our only thing to look forward to. So  
we figured we might as well profit  
from it.

A beat.

Evan storms towards Luke.

EVAN  
HEY!

Evan grabs Luke's shoulder. He turns around to see Evan,  
knife drawn. Two other frat guys, BROCK and CHAD are behind  
him, arms crossed.

EVAN (cont'd)  
We know you got them Puff Pros, bro.  
Give em .

THE WOLF  
I don't have any of those. You're out  
of luck. Put that thing down and walk  
away.

EVAN  
Nah bro... we know you got em. Give  
em !

Evan lunges - THWACK! He knocks the blade out of Evan's hand  
and drives his fist into Evan's jaw.

EVAN (cont'd)

AAAAGH!

Teeth and blood spew out of his mouth. BROCK and CHAD rush Luke and swing - he dodges them with ease. SLAM! WHACK! Luke delivers quick punches to their internal organs. They collapse to the ground - but he keeps whaling. Luke walks over to Evan, also on the ground.

EVAN (cont'd)

HEY!

He attempts to stand up - THUMP! Luke kicks him in the face, sending him back down to the ground. He grabs Evan's arm.

EVAN (cont'd)

Hey I'm sorry man! Please PLEASE  
don't-

A beat. Luke hesitates. He lets the man go.

INT. MALACHI'S BEDROOM

Malachi takes his ear piece out and sets it on his desk. He looks as if he has seen a ghost - and in way he has. He looks down on his desk - a pamphlet for a local church.

EXT. PORT CITY STREET. MOMENTS LATER

Luke's bike barrels down main street, flanked on both sides by palm trees and bright street lights.

LUKE LEVINSON

You could probably say that I'm  
usually depressed, anxious, lonely,  
whatever you wanna call it. But on  
the bike, I feel none of those  
things. I feel free. But the thing  
about freedom is that there's a lot  
room to lose yourself.

Rock music swells to a thunderous crescendo. Text appears over Luke on his bike:

THE CRY OF WOLVES

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Luke delivers his product all across Port City.
- Pulls up to Malachi's apartment.

INT. MALACHI'S BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

A knock on Malachi's bedroom door.

MALACHI ROGERS

Come in man.

Luke enters. He removes his helmet and reveals his full face for the first time. His skin is pale, dark circles under his eyes, he has the complexion of a man who runs on fumes.

MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)

That was pretty rough man. You aight?

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea man I...

He looks at his reflection in the Wolf's helmet.

LUKE LEVINSON (cont'd)

I don't know man. I'm sorry. I hope this doesn't impact our business.

MALACHI ROGERS

Shit man. It might. You know, I mean something like this was bound to happen. We both know that we can't do this forever.

LUKE LEVINSON

Well, they say something isn't beautiful because it lasts.

His hand caresses the white teeth markings.

MALACHI ROGERS

That's facts. What's the haul lookin like?

Luke unzips his backpack and hands him a wad of cash.

LUKE LEVINSON

Five hundred each.

MALACHI ROGERS

Damnnn man, not bad, not bad. Good shit dude. You tryna finish The Dark Knight Rises?

LUKE LEVINSON

I would but I'm beat man. It's 4 AM dude.

MALACHI ROGERS

Haha, that's facts. I should probably crash too. But hey man, uh, can you promise me one thing?

LUKE LEVINSON

Of course man. What's up?

MALACHI ROGERS

We obviously still have to discuss how we're gonna move forward from tonight, but you gotta promise me, at the end of all this, you'll still be Luke under there.

LUKE LEVINSON

Don't worry man. It's just a helmet.

EXT. BEACH. SUNRISE.

An orange fireball rises over a pink sky, and bathes the ocean in its might.

LUKE LEVINSON (V.O.)

I'm not quite sure what'd I'd do without Malachi. He's always been there for me, all the way back to second grade. I really enjoy my time with him, and I long for the nights on the bike. But everything in between that kind of sucks.

INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM - MORNING.

Luke's room is a complete mess - empty beer bottles, food packages, and dirty clothes. His eyes struggle to open as he grabs his phone. The time reads 1:56 PM. He begins his "morning" routine.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Shower
- Grabs a Red Bull from his fridge, a Pop Tart from his pantry
- Enjoys it on his porch as he scrolls through social media
- Posts of people who are 'winning at life', exotic vacations, cool cars, beautiful women, etc.
- Posts of a charismatic influencer, DRAKE SKARR

- Checks Tinder, no new matches as usual
- a text from Malachi that reads: "Beach?"

Luke smiles.

EXT. BEACH. DAY.

CLINK! Luke and Malachi cheers each other with cans of beer. They sit next to each other in beach chairs and look out into the blue-green waters of the Atlantic ocean.

A beat.

MALACHI ROGERS

Yo... you aight man?

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea. Why?

MALACHI ROGERS

You don't seem yourself. I mean, you did beat three grown men to a pulp last night.

LUKE LEVINSON

The motherfucker pulled a knife on me, tried to take our shit.

MALACHI ROGERS

Well yea, that's facts but I just I don't know dude you haven't seemed like yourself recently. Just checking in on you man.

Luke looks out towards the ocean - he sees something strange... a man in all black stands in the water...a man with a black motorcycle helmet...

Luke squints his eyes, the figure is gone.

ENZO

Wow look at these guys. Couple of gavones !

Behind them, ENZO, 25, an Italian man in a tank top who holds a case of cheap beer in one hand and a Bluetooth speaker in the other. Luke and Malachi stand up exchange hugs with Enzo.

LUKE LEVINSON

Ayee, sup Enzo!



MALACHI ROGERS

I see you came prepared, my slime.

He motions to the case of beer.

ENZO

I mean, its Friday, after all. Time  
to get fucked up.

LUKE LEVINSON

Amen to that.

More of their friend group shows up, men and women alike.  
Notable members include more of Luke's close friends - DAVIS,  
25, a blonde surfer dude, and two brothers - LEX and CHARLES,  
also 25, who don backwards hats and way too many wristbands.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Beer cans cracked open. A shotgun challenge commences.
- Pong tournament
- Smoking underneath the fishing pier
- Playing chicken in the ocean
- A game of beach football as the sun sets

The orange glow of a campfire erupts. The group gathers  
around it as they begin to wind down for the night. The  
dopamine rush from the drugs and alcohol begins to crash.

Luke looks around. He sees most of his friends coupled up -  
they cuddle, smile at each other, some even kiss. One of them  
talks about his new cooperate job and how they love it.

Even Malachi is talking to someone. This is always how its  
been as long as Luke can remember. He walks down towards the  
water.

He stares at the full moon and takes a hit from his vape.

A beat.

A hand grabs his shoulder.

MALACHI ROGERS

Come on man. You gotta tell me what's  
up.

LUKE LEVINSON

I... I'm lost man. I don't know where I fit into this thing called The World. And I don't think The World knows where I fit in either.

MALACHI ROGERS

Well I know where you fit in.

LUKE LEVINSON

Oh yea? Where's that?

MALACHI ROGERS

Right here next to me bro.

The two hug.

MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)

Chin up bro. You'll get what's comin. Is it our operation man? If its getting to you, we can stop man. We can't sell drugs forever bro.

LUKE LEVINSON

I know we can't man. But it feels good. Real good.

Luke hands Malachi the vape. He takes a rip. The two stare at the moon as it beams down onto the ocean waves.

MALACHI ROGERS

You wanna ditch this party, go back and watch Ant Man 3 ?

LUKE LEVINSON

Uhhhh... fuck yea. Cookout on the way?

MALACHI ROGERS

Done.

EXT. LUKE'S HOUSE. EXT. NIGHT.

Luke and Malachi walk up the steps. The house is shrouded in darkness, a street light provides a faint orange glow. It's small, very old house that dons a wrap around porch. Luke reaches for the door handle-

MYSTERIOUS VOICE

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Luke and Malachi whip their heads to the left side of the porch - a figure stands in the shadows, gun drawn.

Fear and panic flood through the duo's veins - it paralyzes them.

MALACHI ROGERS

Are you... are you here to kill us?

The man steps out from the shadows, the orange street light glistens the side of his face - DALE SMITH, 65. A weathered, gruff man with old, clear glasses and a catapillar-esque mustache. He keeps the gun trained on them.

DALE SMITH

The name's Dale Smith, D.E.A. -  
You're both under arrest. If you're  
thinking about running - don't. I  
won't miss. Put your hands where I  
can see them.

Their arms tremble as they raise them.

LUKE LEVINSON

Hey man we need a lawyer. I know my  
rights.

DALE SMITH

Oh, you'll get your Miranda rights,  
don't you worry. Handcuffs first  
though.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER - OUTSIDE DALE'S CAR.

CLINK! Dale fastens handcuffs to Luke's wrist as he's pressed onto the hood of his undercover cop car.

MALACHI ROGERS

Oh man. Shit dude. We are fucked. We  
are so fucked.

LUKE LEVINSON

Hey - Dale, listen. You got the wrong  
guys man I swear were-

DALE SMITH

Get in the car.

Luke and Malachi reluctantly get in. Dale juices the gas and the car takes off.

A beat.

LUKE LEVINSON

Dale, look. I know this looks bad.  
But we're just a couple kids trying  
to make a buck selling weed man.  
Locking us up ain't gonna do much.

DALE SMITH

You committed a crime. Multiple  
crimes. So you get arrested. That's  
what happens man. Nothing I can do  
about it.

Luke stares out the window. The gears of his mind begin to  
turn.

LUKE LEVINSON

We know things. We know people, we  
know other dealers. There's a lot  
worse shit out there than people  
smoking joints is all I'm saying.

MALACHI ROGERS

A lot worse.

DALE SMITH

You guys don't think I know that?  
Seeing that shits literally my  
fucking job. You two are honestly a  
waste of my time. Just shut up for  
the rest of the ride.

A beat.

LUKE LEVINSON

Guess you don't want to know about  
the Puff Pros then.

SCREEEECH! Dale slams on the brakes. He turns around, and  
looks them dead in the eyes.

DALE SMITH

What do you know about the Puff Pros?

INT. OLD FASHIONED DINER. MOMENTS LATER.

Luke and Malachi sit across Dale in a small booth with a  
large window. White fluorescent lights illuminate them  
against the dark abyss of the night.

DALE SMITH

Alright, so lets get this straight. You two are going to tell me everything you know about the Puff Pros. And I might- MIGHT be able to get some of your charges dropped. No promies. Intel first. Capisce ?

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea.

MALACHI ROGERS

Yup.

DALE SMITH

Good. So. What do you know?

LUKE LEVINSON

They're new. They've just hit the market. But its gonna be big.

MALACHI ROGERS

Real big.

DALE SMITH

Why are these things so special? We haven't even been able to get our hands on one.

LUKE LEVINSON

Apparently, its the most affordable and convenient way to have a psychedelic trip. They're cheap, disposable vapes, that make you see God.

DALE SMITH

What's in em ?

MALACHI ROGERS

Nobody knows. But from what we've heard, its the best shit ever.

DALE SMITH

How do you guys know about this?

LUKE LEVINSON

Its really just rumors, gossip around town, small talk at parties. It's weird how tight lipped it all is actually. Apparently, they're dished out at certain parties but, we don't know anything about them.

DALE SMITH

Well, you hear about them at parties.  
I hear about the bodies. I've seen  
what it does to people. It ain't  
pretty. But we finally have a hunch  
on who's dishing them out.

Dale pulls out his phone, and opens the Instagram page of  
DRAKE SKARR, 32 - A man with tan skin, sophisticated beard,  
and killer smile. His look is complete with dark black  
mullet. He slides the phone over to them.

LUKE LEVINSON

Holy shit... I know this guy! Wait -  
for real? He's the one selling this  
shit?

MALACHI ROGERS

I'm sorry I don't follow the Alpha  
Male Sigma Lion Guys. Who is this?

Luke's eyes light up. Drake has millions of followers, his  
page is filled with exotic countries, cool cars, parties -  
"living the good life"

DALE SMITH (V.O.)

Meet Drake Skarr. Frat Guy turned  
internet sensation and party lord.

BEGIN MONTAGE :

- Drake chugs a bottle of liquor, jumps off a roof and onto a  
beer pong table below.
- Rides a jet ski
- two beautiful women kiss him on each cheek.
- Fireworks explode behind him on a picturesque beach.

DALE SMITH (V.O.)

He is a man comprised of ego,  
adrenaline, and pure dopamine.

BACK TO:

INT. DINER. NIGHT

LUKE LEVINSON

That sounds fucking awesome.

MALACHI ROGERS

Bro?

CONTINUE MONTAGE

- He drives a flashy sportscar.

DALE SMITH (V.O.)

Underneath his veil of clout and  
endorphins is something much darker.  
The DEA has come to believe that his  
lifestyle is fueled crime.  
Specifically, drugs and blood.

- Long line outside of his house to get into the party

BACK TO:

INT. DINER. NIGHT.

Dale takes a large gulp of his soda.

DALE SMITH

Despite filming every single thing in  
his life - he never posts from inside  
his parties. We think it's almost  
certainly because he uses them to  
sell these "Puff Pros." And you're  
right, from what we've heard -  
they're the best ever. But they also  
have consequences. Psychotic breaks,  
hellish hallucinations, - overdoses -  
death. Not to mention, this guy has  
had more employees try to sue him  
than we can count.

Luke and Malachi exchange nervous glances.

LUKE LEVINSON

What if - what if we can help you  
take him down.

DALE SMITH

And how would you exactly do that?  
The local police, the FBI, and now  
the DEA have been trying for years.  
What makes you think two kids can do  
this?

LUKE LEVINSON

Well... you said it yourself. We're  
kids. They'd smell a guy like you  
coming a mile away.

MALACHI ROGERS

But us? A.) Well, we're already drug dealers, I'm sure his parties could use some weed. And B.) Look at us. We'd fit right in. We're practically Drake's target demographic.

Dale leans back and fold his arms.

A beat.

DALE SMITH

I can't make any promises. I doubt the DEA will go for this sort of thing. IF we go through with this, and that's a big if... I need to know you guys are serious about this. This is some dangerous shit. It's a job, not a chance to party. It's a chance at freedom.

LUKE LEVINSON

I mean shit. We'll take a chance.

MALACHI ROGERS

Agreed. Seems like a chance is all we got.

A beat. Dale strokes his stache.

DALE SMITH

Alright. I'll tell you what. Meet me at the Blue Marlin Marina on Monday, at 5AM, and we'll sort this all out.

LUKE LEVINSON

5AM !?

DALE SMITH

Don't be late. Or there won't be a deal.

Dale takes out a pile of cash from his wallet and drops it on the table. He gets up.

DALE SMITH (cont'd)

Let's go. You boys are gonna need your rest for Monday. 5AM, Blue Marlin Marina. Boat Slip 15.

MALACHI ROGERS

So what are we doing at a Marina at 5 AM exactly?



A smirk spreads across Dale's face, his first smile since meeting the two boys.

EXT. BEACH. SUNSET.

Drake Skarr dons an extravagant black suit as he walks across a beach. The orange glow of the setting sun gives him a god-like presence - it looks like a dream or a vision.

DRAKE SKARR

You need to wake the fuck up. Feeling sorry for yourself isn't going to do jack shit. Life isn't a fairy tale - it's a video game. And the only way to get what you want, the only way to win the game of life, is to level up. Guess what, I hate to break it to you, but if you're an average-looking dude with no money, average social game, you are so fucking screwed right now, bro. Nobody gives a shit about you! You get no bitches, your life sucks. A girl who was born looking beautiful is going to have a cakewalk of a life compared to you. Now, are you gonna sit there and keep being a pathetic excuse for a man? Or are you going to level the fuck up and become a Sigma Male? If you work at it, you'll get a big opportunity eventually. And when a big opportunity is staring at you in the fucking face - don't whine about it like a little bitch. When that day comes, you need to TAKE THE FUCKING LEAP!

The sun's glow intensifies around him - A guitar rock score builds...

INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEEEEEP!

Luke jolts awake. The clock reads 4:00 AM. He takes a long, anxious, deep breath.

LUKE LEVINSON

AAAAAAAAGH!!!

He slaps himself in the face multiple times. He hasn't woken up early in years. It is pitch black outside, the birds aren't even up yet.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Luke takes an uncomfortable shower.
- Eats his breakfast
- Throws on a white T-Shirt

BANG! BANG! BANG! Malachi slams his fist on Luke's door.

MALACHI ROGERS

Yo Luke come on! We're gonna be late  
bro you ready?

Luke opens the door - he actually looks put together and refreshed.

LUKE LEVINSON

Born.

They dap each other up.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY. MOMENTS LATER.

The first glimmers of light begin to pierce through the darkness. The car drives across the iconic Port City Bridge. The two sit in silence and admire the scenery.

EXT. BLUE MARLIN MARINA. MORNING.

A quiet Marina, nestled away from the noise of Port City, secluded in nature. Ocean going birds chatter overhead, the smell of the ocean hits the nose just right. Luke and Malachi walk over to Slip 15 - an old, yet beautiful Sailboat.

Dale pops his head out of hatch.

DALE SMITH

Mornin' gentlemen! Come aboard.

The two step onto the sailboat, and join Dale in the cockpit.

DALE SMITH (cont'd)

You boys get your rest?

MALACHI ROGERS

Eh.

LUKE LEVINSON

Something like that.

DALE SMITH

Well good. You boys are gonna need it.

LUKE LEVINSON

And then we'll discuss our deal?

DALE SMITH

Hold your horses. You're always in a rush man. We need to get on the ocean first.

Dale flicks on the motor, and maneuvers the boat out of the Marina, until they see nothing but open ocean. He points to the vast sea that awaits them.

DALE SMITH (cont'd)

Look at that out there. The vast expanse of endless adventures. It's calling to us. First thing we're gonna do, is raise the sails. In this life, you can go wherever you want. You just need to patient, and the right wind will come. And when the right wind does come, you need proper sails in order to catch it, to guide it. Eventually, you'll be able to make the wind work for you - you'll be on your way before you know it.

A beat. The sun rises over the horizon...

DALE SMITH (cont'd)

Now Luke, hand me that halyard, will ya?

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Dale points at the halyard
- Luke fumbles with the rope.
- Dale steps in and corrects his grip.
- Malachi strains to pull the sail up.
- Dale braces the boom with one hand, steady as a rock.

- Luke and Malachi work together and haul the mainsail up inch by inch.
- The sail finally catches the wind with a loud pop and snaps into place.

LUKE/MALACHI

Yooooo !

Dale smiles.

DALE SMITH

Now you boys see. We're ready.

He walks below deck, and returns with two fishing rods.

DALE SMITH (cont'd)

No here's the deal boys. You each need to catch me a fish. One fish, doesn't matter how big, it's just gotta be a fish. You each catch me one, and we'll have you a deal made with the DEA. Your criminal history wiped clean, as long as you can help us get valuable intel on Drake - his base of operations, and distribution channels.

LUKE LEVINSON

Really? That's... why can't we just do the deal? We told you man, we're ready.

Dale hands them the rods.

DALE SMITH

Oh you're ready? Well then show me.

LUKE LEVINSON

I mean this is kind of ridiculous. You're leaving a huge decision, that greatly impacts our lives, to if we can catch a fish or not. What if the fish ain't there?

DALE SMITH

Oh. They're there.

MALACHI ROGERS

Well, I'm gonna catch us some dinner.

WOOOSH! Malachi casts his line out.

DALE SMITH

See? He gets it.

Luke swallows his pride, and makes a cast of his own. They wait. They wait longer. They wait some more. Malachi gets a bite.

MALACHI ROGERS

Ayeee hey hey !

LUKE LEVINSON

Damnit.

Malachi reels in his fish - averaged sized. Luke reels in his line and makes a new cast, more determined this time. He waits, and waits. He waits hours, the sun bathes the ocean in a deep organe-red as it begins to set.

LUKE LEVINSON (cont'd)

Come on. Comeeee on fishy.

He closes his eyes, and takes a deep breath. He finally lets his mind go blank.

Nothing...SPLASH! A bite! It's a big one - it pulls Luke forward and he almost falls off the boat. Dale, who has passed out, jolts awake.

DALE SMITH

Holy shit son. He's big. Really, really big. Steady son - steady.

Luke grips the rod. His muscles flex, he plants his feet. He has a fierce battle with this fish. He gives it a little line, lets the fish tire itself out, and finally reels it in. A huge, black sea bass. Dale pats him on the back.

DALE SMITH (cont'd)

Told you they were there. What did that feel like Luke?

LUKE LEVINSON

It felt like a battle, something primal. Man vs Nature.

DALE SMITH

Yea, but I'm talking about before that. A few minutes before the bite, how did you feel?

LUKE LEVINSON

I felt calm. And steady. For the first time in a while actually.

DALE SMITH

That's the secret. You don't find  
victory in a rush of emotions. You  
find it after taking a deep breath.  
You find it in the calm and steady.

Luke and Dale exchange a mutual smile - the first time since  
they've met.

DALE SMITH (cont'd)

Now. Are you boys ready to catch the  
biggest fish of them all?

Luke looks at the bow of the boat. The Wolf sits on the edge  
and dangles his legs over the water. He turns his head in  
Luke's direction.

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea. I'm ready.

Dale hands them each a clip board - it is the specifics of  
their deal with the DEA. It expunges their criminal record,  
with their participation as informants.

INT. DALE'S SALBOAT. MOMENTS LATER.

A very old, nautical, wooden boat interior., The three sit  
next to each other and look at Dale's laptop.

DALE SMITH

Alrighty folks. Your first  
assignment.

On his screen is an ad for Drake's next house party.

MALACHI ROGERS

How exactly did you get this?

DALE SMITH

One of our internet sleuth's was able  
to spot this - its an accident. He  
meant to the post to be private, but  
we got his ass while it was up. We  
whipped up some invites for you as  
well.

LUKE LEVINSON

So, what do you want us to do at the  
party exactly.

DALE SMITH

You need to find Drake - from what we know he only appears at these parties briefly. You need to find him, and most importantly, befriend him. Establish a continuing relationship. That would be fucking huge for this operation. You boys need to watch yourselves now. You're going to be walking the Lion's Den... distractions, temptations beyond comprehension.

DALE SMITH (CONT'D)

Don't take any of these drugs that you're offered. And DON'T get involved with....strange characters. Capiisce ?

Luke and Levinson look at each other and a devilish grin spreads across their faces.

EXT. DRAKE SKARR'S MANSION. NIGHT.

A MASSIVE beachfront house, flanked by sand dunes on either sides. The windows are illuminated with red party lights and shake with the beat of dubstep music. Storm clouds brew overhead, lighting flashes in the distance...

Malachi's beat up sedan pulls up.

MALACHI ROGERS

Alright man. This is it.

LUKE LEVINSON

This is it man. If we can make good on this deal...

MALACHI ROGERS

...we will have that life reset button we've been looking for. This whole informant thing could be really good for us man.

They dap each other up.

LUKE LEVINSON

Its showtime.

The duo walks up to the door. Two muscular, tatted bouncers guard the entrance.

BOUNCER 1

Invites?

They pull out QR codes on their phones. A bead of sweat drips down the side of Luke's head. Bouncer 1 scans their invites...

A beat.

DING! A green light pops up on the bouncer's phone. They're in.

DALE SMITH (CONT'D)

BOUNCER 1 (cont'd)  
 Alright you guys, enjoy. But I'm gonna need your phones until you leave?

Luke and Malachi exchange nervous glances. They hand him their phones. The bouncer opens two massive double doors to reveal the party. A bright red glow fills the entire house. Fog machines and moving lights create an other worldly atmosphere.

LUKE LEVINSON  
 Holy...

MALACHI ROGERS  
 Fucking...

LUKE LEVINSON  
 Shit.

EDM Beats pulse through their chest. There must be at least one hundred guests. They all seem VERY intoxicated. A beautiful woman in a bathing suit approaches Luke and Malachi. She has jet black hair and equally black eyes. She holds colorful vapes - Puff Pros. A bizarre headdress rests atop her skull.

SIREN  
 Hey boys. It looks like you need a little pick me up.

She offers them two Puff Pros. One blue, one red.

A beat.

Luke snatches the red one.

MALACHI ROGERS  
 Yo bro what are you-

The Siren looks at him funny.



MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)  
-We're already schloshed man.

SIREN  
Haha! Well I'm glad to hear that, but everyone here must partake. It's the rules.

MALACHI ROGERS  
Rules?

SIREN  
Yea. Drake's rules. He just wants everyone to have a great time!

LUKE LEVINSON  
It's the rules man. Cheers.

Luke takes a hit and Malachi follows suit.

MALACHI ROGERS  
Don't you remember? Dale said not to-

LUKE LEVINSON  
Relax man. These things ain't shit anyways...

The drug kicks in. The world bends and warps around them. The red lights from the party envelop everything. Dopamine and cortisol is pumped into their veins. Their pupils shrink to a miniscule size.

MALACHI ROGERS  
Holy balls.

LUKE LEVINSON  
This is insane dude. I've never felt anything like this...

The siren leans in and gives Luke a kiss. Malachi's eyes bulge out of his skull.

MALACHI ROGERS  
Yo.... is that-

Malachi points his finger towards a large staircase.

A large figure stands at the top. He dons a jet black mullet with bleach blonde highlights. Bright blue Pit-Viper style sunglasses cover his eyes. A pink, fur trench coat is his only article of clothing, except for a pair of bright blue boxer briefs... DRAKE SKARR.

LUKE LEVINSON

It's him.

The booming EDM music dies down. An emptiness fills the air. Drake raises a megaphone to his lips.

DRAKE SKARR

Helloooooo Port City!

The crowd erupts in thunderous applause.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

Are we having some fun tonight ORRRR  
WHAT ?!

More cheers.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

How would you like to have even MORE  
FUN ?!

Even MORE cheers - the party goers crave hedonism.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

Well, my fellow brethren, we will be  
having the ultimate BEER PONG  
TOURNEMENT! The classic rules and  
regulations, no funny business, and  
ABSOLUTLEY no "ELBOWS"! Single  
Elimination! And the winners? Well...  
you get the ultimate prize... an  
evening with yours truly!

The house SHAKES from the sheer energy of the crowd. Luke and Malachi lock eyes.

MALACHI ROGERS

This. This is what we've been  
training for man.

LUKE LEVINSON

All those dorm parties, frat rushes,  
and just our one on one games when we  
bored as fuck. We got this.

The two dap each other up.

MALACHI ROGERS

It's showtime.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Drake's squad clears space amongst the crowd

- Tables are unfolded and placed in three rows
- Teams are selected
- Solo cups are assembled into position
- Beer is poured into the cups
- A man with a clipboard writes down teams as they sign up.

Drake retreats back into his room upstairs. His right hand man, a blonde, blue eyed surfer dude in an unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt, RHETT, picks up the megaphone.

RHETT

Alright you fucks. First teams up are  
The Goonslayers and theeee Superrr  
Smashed Bros!

Luke grabs Malachi's shoulder.

LUKE LEVINSON

Really? That's what you picked? Super  
Smashed Bros?

MALACHI ROGERS

Uhh duh man. I think it's got a nice  
ring to it.

LUKE LEVINSON

Alllllright man. Let's smash.

The two walk up to one of the tables. THE GOONSLAYERS stand across from them - huge, ripped guys who don matching tank tops.

GOONSLAYER 1

Ahhhhaha. Look at these goons.

GOONSLAYER 2

For real brah. They're such goons.

RHETT

Players ready?

Both teams nod their heads.

RHETT (cont'd)

Let the Beer Games begin!

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- SPLASH! A pong ball slams into a cup full of beer

- 3 games of beer pong commence simultaneously
- Luke and Malachi keep landing their shots. They make short work of the Gonnslayers
- They face another team, The Rat Pack. They fall as well
- On round three Luke and Malachi finally meet their match; The Sippers of Sauron
- The Sippers gain the upper hand
- Luke and Malachi are down to one cup left on their side, the Sippers have three remaining. Luke closes his eyes and remembers what Dale told him :

DALE SMITH (V.O.)

You don't find victory in a rush of emotions. You find it after taking a deep breath. You find it in the calm and steady.

- Luke shoots the ball across the table - it bounces, hits the rims of the first two cups, and lands in the third. A trick shot - for the win.

The mansion becomes dead silent. Partygoers jaws drop. The DJ turns the music off. A strange silence fills the air.

A beat.

The room ERUPTS in THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE! Luke and Malachi hug. Rhett motions his arms to the grand staircase that leads to Drake's room. He escorts them up the steps and their hearts race with anticipation. Rhett opens two massive double doors.

WHACK! In the center of the massive bedroom, Drake is on top of a man. WHACK! He slams his fist into the man's face.

RHETT

Yo what the hell man we got guests here!

Luke and Malachi freeze in shock. WHACK! Drake punches him again.

DRAKE SKARR

This MOTHERFUCKER is NOT supposed to be in here! He was trying to steal out shit Rhett. OUR SHIT!

He gets right up in his victim's face.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)  
You think you can steal from me,  
MOTHERFUCKER?

Drake takes out a Cocaine Spoon from his pocket. He inhales right into his nostril.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)  
WOOOOOOOO!

SLAM! He knocks the thief out, stands up, and wipes blood off of his face.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)  
Sorry you had to see that boys. I'm  
Drake, but you probably already know  
that. What's your names?

LUKE LEVINSON  
I'm Luke. This is my buddy Malachi.

MALACHI ROGERS  
We're big fans man. Sorry that guy  
was giving you trouble.

DRAKE SKARR  
Ah, its nothin that Drake Skarr can't  
handle. So you guys are my victors,  
huh? How does victory feel?

LUKE LEVINSON  
I'm not gonna lie man, it feels  
pretty fuckin' dope.

DRAKE SKARR  
That feeling, is a taste of the good  
life man.

MALACHI ROGERS  
The good life. Hey what are you gonna  
do with uhh----

Malachi points to the unconscious, bloody man on the floor.

DRAKE SKARR  
Ohhhh right, I almost forgot. Rhett!  
Dispose of him.

RHETT  
On it boss.

Rhett walks over and picks up the beaten man.

MALACHI ROGERS

What uh-hh what's dispose of him mean?

DRAKE SKARR

Oh, it's nothin' man, we'll make sure he's alright, he's just gonna be disposed of is all. You guys wanna see my place?

LUKE LEVINSON

Isn't this your place?

DALE SMITH

Nah man. I said the winners will get an evening with 'yours truly'. And that's exactly what you're gonna get.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN. DAWN.

SPLASH! A speedboat rocks as it hits a huge wave. Drake holds the steering wheel with one hand, and a glass of whiskey in the other. The first light of morning begins to creep in. Luke and Malachi stand next to Drake and admire the views.

DRAKE SKARR

So, what do you boys do for work?

Luke looks at Malachi. He nods.

LUKE LEVINSON

Well, uh actually man. I'll be honest man - we sell drugs.

DRAKE SKARR

Yoooo for real? That's what y'all do?

MALACHI ROGERS

You ever heard of the Wolf?

DRAKE SKARR

Yea - that guy's dope. I've never met him, only heard the stories. He sounds kinda badass.

Luke smiles.

LUKE LEVINSON

Thanks man.

DRAKE SKARR

Wait - you - you're...

LUKE LEVINSON

Yep. I'm on the bike, and he's the  
guy in the chair.

Drake locks eyes with Luke. The two stare into each other's  
soul. The sun rises over the horizon and a pink glow sweeps  
across the endless expanse.

A beat.

Malachi expresses a slight discomfort.

DRAKE SKARR

Alright well... I may have more use  
you guys than I thought.

Malachi points to an enormous structure in the distance.

MALACHI ROGERS

Yo guys what the hell is that?

DRAKE SKARR

That, my friends... is where the  
magic is made.

The structure comes into view - a massive tower stands one-  
hundred feet tall over the ocean. It resembles a coast guard  
base, complete with a helipad and watch tower.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

Welcome to The Tower.

Luke and Malachi stare up at the massive installation in awe.  
Drake anchors the boat. A man at the top drops down a wooden  
seat attached to a rope - the only way up. One by one the  
three are lifted onto the tower.

The three look out as the orange fireball rises above the  
water. They are now joined by THE LIGHTSHOW, a stocky man who  
dons an unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

Luke, Malachi, meet The Lightshow. He  
keeps watch on The Tower when I'm not  
here.

THE LIGHTSHOW

Sup boys. What do ya think?

MALACHI ROGERS

I mean I don't know what to say  
man.... Its...

LUKE LEVINSON  
It's incredible.

Drake grabs Luke and Malachi's shoulders.

DRAKE SKARR  
Do you feel that boys? This is just  
the beginning.

DRAKE SKARR (CONT'D)

Smell that ocean air, breathe it in. That's the smell of  
opportunity right there.

Malachi looks down towards his feet. A smile spreads on  
Luke's face.

DALE SMITH  
Lightshow, lets show these guys what  
this is all about? Huh?

THE LIGHTSHOW  
With pleasure.

LUKE LEVINSON  
So why's your name Lightshow?

INT. LIGHTSHOW'S LAB. MOMENTS LATER.

The group stands in a large room, the walls made out of metal  
and industrial pipes. Vivid, neon lights of every color  
illuminate various items of drug paraphernalia - bongs,  
hookahs, marijuana plants, and jars filled with unknown  
substances.

A terrarium sits on a table in the middle of the room,  
illuminated by a yellow glow. Two toads hop around inside.

THE LIGHTSHOW  
This, my friends, is where dreams are  
made of. Ever since I was 16, I've  
been experimenting with every form of  
drug imaginable. I was the kid with  
the black backpack, always unzipped,  
asking the kid next to him for a  
pencil. I was the kid who hung out in  
the bathroom during class, ripping  
fat clouds... I was the kid in  
college who slept through a 2PM  
cooking class. I was the stud who had  
the neon lights in his room to lure  
in the white girls....I am.... The  
Lightshow.



DRAKE SKARR

You guys hit those vapes at the party?

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea, just a little bit man. Those things are insane.

DRAKE SKARR (CONT'D)

THE LIGHTSHOW

Well this is how we make em' boys. These are Cane Toads, shipped straight from The Amazon River. We take their venom, and put it in those disposable vapes.

Luke and Malachi approach the terrarium. They are infatuated.

DRAKE SKARR

What you tasted boys, was just a taste, a prototype. It's why I throw those parties - well they're not really parties - they're trials.

THE LIGHTSHOW

Once we get the formula finalized, oh boy...

DRAKE SKARR

Everyone and their mother is gonna want a taste. You see, that shit I post about real estate, drop shipping, crypto - that ain't shit. The real money these days is in pleasure and escapism. You boys seem to be well aware of that. You see, Lightshow here handles the chemistry. I supply the funding and business expertise. All we need is distribution. And by the GOOD GRACES OF THE UNIVERSE - it looks like you've been brought to us for this reason. What do you boys say?

A beat.

Luke's eyes lock onto a strange figure in the room - The Wolf appears behind the terrarium. He picks up one of the toads and admires it in his hand.

MALACHI ROGERS

Wow man, I mean that sounds dope dude.

(MORE)

MALACHI ROGERS (CONT'D)

I think we're definitely interested,  
but I'd like to talk to Luke first to-

LUKE LEVINSON

No need. We're in.

He reaches his hand out to Drake. Malachi freezes in place.

DRAKE SKARR

Well...

Malachi feels sick to his stomach - he stretches out his hand nonetheless. Drake shakes both of their hands.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

Hey, I know its a big decision for  
you two, but trust me, this is air-  
tight. I have friends in high places.  
And if it ever gets too much for you,  
if you want out, you'll get out.  
We're not holding anyone hostage  
here.

The Lightshow looks down towards his feet. Malachi notices  
his unusual discomfort.

LUKE LEVINSON

Thanks man. We're not gonna let you  
down. I'm ready to level up.

EXT. MALACHI'S CAR. MIDDAY.

Malachi's old sedan barrels over the Port City bridge. The  
clock reads 8:34 AM, dark circles under their eyes. The  
weight of their situation can be felt on their faces.

MALACHI ROGERS

Yo Luke, you remember that church I  
was talkin to you about?

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea...

MALACHI ROGERS

I think I'm gonna go this Sunday.

LUKE LEVINSON

Really?

MALACHI ROGERS

Yea man. You should come with me.

LUKE LEVINSON  
I don't know man. I don't really  
believe in that shit.

MALACHI ROGERS  
I'm not sure I do either, well at  
least not yet but, I don't know man.

MALACHI ROGERS (CONT'D)

All this shit we got goin on, I feel like it could be good  
for us.

LUKE LEVINSON  
I mean, yea makes sense man. It's  
just not for me man. I don't think  
I'm on good terms with the man  
upstairs.

MALACHI ROGERS  
You could be.

EXT. LUKE'S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

Malachi pulls his car up to Luke's house - an all too  
familiar old man sits on the steps. He smokes a cigarette.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Fuck me. I was so excited to go to  
bed man.

MALACHI ROGERS  
For real dude.

The two get out of the car and walk over.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Really man? We couldn't like do a  
whole de-brief or whatever tomorrow?

DALE SMITH  
This is an important case son. I need  
to know everything, and immediately.

INT. LUKE'S LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Luke and Malachi sit on the couch. They struggle to keep  
their eyes open as Dale stands across from them.

DALE SMITH  
Holy fucking shit. Holy. Fucking.  
Shit.

(MORE)

DALE SMITH (CONT'D)  
So let me get this straight - you  
guys - became his fucking main  
distributors. Holy. Fucking shit.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Yep. That's pretty much what we did.

MALACHI ROGERS (CONT'D)

MALACHI ROGERS  
Well yea, what you did. I said I  
wanted to talk about it.

DALE SMITH  
Uhhh, yea. Your instincts are  
correct. You two DEFINITELY should  
have asked me about something like  
that. You're playing with fire Luke.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Look man, we were deep in enemy  
territory. This guy gave us the  
Golden Goose. We just became a key  
player in his operation. We weren't  
gonna get another opportunity like  
that.

Dale lets out a sigh.

DALE SMITH  
You're right. You're a little too  
bold, a little too rash. But you're  
right. This is in fact the Golden  
Goose. With your witness accounts, we  
can probably get wiretap warrants, we  
can track his activities, his known  
networks, his associates... we could  
take his ass down.

MALACHI ROGERS  
Hell yea.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Why do you want this guy so bad man?  
I mean obviously he's doing hella  
illegal shit but like... seems  
personal.

Dale looks down at his boots.

DALE SMITH  
Well I ummm. I guess I should've told  
you this earlier... I have a son.  
(MORE)

DALE SMITH (CONT'D)

He tried one of those Puff Pros and it uh - it really messed him up. This shit that Drake Skarr wants to sell, his poison that he spreads, not just with his drugs but with his mind... I've seen what it does. Drake Skarr isn't the type of man to be reasoned with.

DALE SMITH (CONT'D)

He's the kind you stop. And that's exactly what we're gonna do.

A beat.

LUKE LEVINSON

I- I'm so sorry Dale. Is he alright?

Dale wipes away a singular tear.

DALE SMITH

Yea. He had a bad trip at one of those parties, it really messed him up. I'm just glad he's okay now. I've seen some kids who aren't so lucky. So yea, I think you two need to move forward with this. We'll start by tracking your location with your phones - what's his next play?

EXT. PORT CITY INTERCOASTAL. DAY.

VR0000M! Luke grips the front of a jet ski as he steers. Malachi sits behind him and dons a large backpack. Luke dons his Wolf mask, and Malachi wears a white Jet-Ski helmet to hide their identities.

DRAKE SKARR (V.O.)

For your first drop, it's going to be done on jet skis - this way is more covert and will draw less attention to yourself. Consider this your trial run - a trial by water if you will. I don't like keeping a paper trail, so you'll memorize all the houses to make drops to. The vapes will be sealed in generic cardboard boxes. All you have to do is drive by their docks - they should be waiting for you at the specified time.

(MORE)

DRAKE SKARR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And lastly - we're not the only ones who use the intercoastal for illegal drug distribution. So keep your eyes peeled and heads up. If they give you any trouble for some reason - don't challenge them. Just do as they say, we can afford losses because of our high margins. I don't want any trouble out there.

DALE SMITH (CONT'D)

SPLAAAASH! They pull up to their first customer. A dock extends to a huge mansion, right on the water. An elderly gentlemen, BOBBY, 65, is waiting for them.

LUKE LEVINSON

Hey sir! How's it goin'?

The old man chuckles.

BOBBY

Going to be much better after I try this shit out!

Malachi cringes. He reaches into the backpack and hands the man his package. Bobby hands him an envelope, filled to the brim with cash, and walks back towards his house.

LUKE LEVINSON

Alright dude. You gotta check how much is in there.

MALACHI ROGERS

I mean... fuck man I want to know too.

Malachi opens the envelope - he counts ten, hundred dollar bills.

MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)

Holy shit dude. There's a rack in here.

LUKE LEVINSON

He gave you a grand ?! For a box of vapes !? Drake said he was going to charge a premium for this stuff and for our special delivery method but...a grand? Damn dude that's some good money right there.

MALACHI ROGERS

Yea. Imagine if we got to actually keep our cut. That'd be insane dude.

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea. Insane. Who's next?

Luke and Malachi deliver vapes all across the intercoastal to the water front mansions.

EXT. PORT CITY BRIDGE. SUNSET

The sun begins to dip under the horizon and castes an ethereal orange glow the water. The light bounces off of the surface like a mirror. Luke and Malachi remove their helmets and take a dip in the water to cool off.

MALACHI ROGERS

I don't know how you wear that thing all the time man. Shit is mad uncomfortable bro.

LUKE LEVINSON

I like it man. It cuts me off from the world. Gives me focus.

Malachi notices an object in the distance. It streaks across the water at incredible speed.

MALACHI ROGERS

Ayo Luke - uhhhh - you see that? Looks like he's heading straight towards us.

Luke squints his eyes - he sees an all-black jet ski.

LUKE LEVINSON

Shit you're right. You think its...

MALACHI ROGERS

Could be man. Drake warned us about the competition. Let's just do what Skarr said man. Let's give him the shit, don't do anything stupid.

Luke hops back on the ski, and slides his helmet over his face.

MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)

Luke...

Luke nods. The mysterious ski stops just a few feet from them. On top a red jet ski is a ripped man in a tank top.

On his face is a red bandana, with polarized jet-ski goggles -  
THE RED RIDER

THE RED RIDER

Ah, so you're the guys running the  
Puff Pros. You guys know this isn't  
your territory, right?

Luke doesn't move. Malachi nods. The man reaches out his hand  
and gestures for the backpack. Luke's hand balls into a fist.

A beat.

He grabs the backpack and gives it to the Red Rider. He  
secures it to the back of the ski.

THE RED RIDER (cont'd)

I'm not sure if you idiots are in  
charge, or if its someone else, but  
you really should leave this business  
to the adults who actually can handle  
this shit alright? Fucking losers.

SPLASSSH! He zooms off and shoots a huge jet of water right  
into their faces.

MALACHI

Well, whatever, dude. Let's just go  
home.

Luke places his hands on the handles of the ski.

MALACHI (cont'd)

Dude, are you okay?

LUKE

No.

VR0000000M! Luke pulls back on the handles and injects fuel  
into the engine.

MALACHI

Luke, WAIT-

SPLASH! Luke zooms off after his new enemy. Malachi swims to  
shore.

MALACHI (cont'd)

Fuck, man.

Luke speeds through the bay on a jet ski towards his target.  
The MYSTERIOUS RIDER looks over his shoulder and notices his  
new foe.



In a split second decision the rider turns into the intercostal, he thinks it will deter Luke. He is wrong. Luke zooms ahead into the inter-coastal.

SWOOOOOSH! The rider turns three hundred sixty-degrees and kicks the water up like a tidal wave - right onto Luke. The mysterious rider heads into the open ocean. Luke follows.

In a state of pure adrenaline Luke attempts to hit the other ski. SWOOSH! The dark rider moves out of the way just in time.

SLAM! The rider rams into Luke's ski and the two crafts lock together. The rider punches Luke in the face with a loud THWACK, but Luke hangs on. They head straight for the underbelly of a pier with massive pillars straight in front of them.

WHACK! Luke kicks the mysterious rider off his ski, dislodges the skis and turns away from the pillars. SPLASH! The Dark Rider falls into the water, his pack still attached to the ski.

THOOOOOOOOOM! The ski slams into the pillar and bursts into a million pieces.

Luke drives his ski over to the remains and spots the backpack stuck to a piece of debris. He slings it onto his back and skims over to his adversary still in the water.

LUKE

Now you know who's boss, fucking loser.

The sun sets over the beach and casts an orange glow on the water. Luke drives back towards Drake Skarr's house.

INT. DRAKE SKARR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Malachi paces in Drake's kitchen. He looks like he has seen a ghost.

MALACHI

I'm sorry, dude. I don't know where he went.

Drake Skarr takes a bump of coke and starts to pace.

DRAKE SKARR

He better not have fucked this up. Do you think he fucked this up?

MALACHI

I don't know, man. I don't know why  
he did that.

SWOOSH! The backdoor is thrust open. Drake Skarr and Malachi  
snap their heads towards it.

MALACHI (cont'd)

LUKE! Where the fuck were you?

SLAM! Luke throws the soaking wet pack onto the kitchen  
table. Malachi stops dead in his tracks. Drake Skarr picks up  
the bag and brings it up to his face. He unzips it to reveal  
the product still intact.

DRAKE SKARR

Are those-

LUKE

Yea.

Malachi looks anxious, unsure of how Drake Skarr will react.

DRAKE SKARR

So let me get this straight. This guy  
came and stole the product from you.  
And you chased him down - on a jet  
ski - and got them back. How?

Luke steps forward.

LUKE

Let's just say I did some evasive  
maneuvers.

MALACHI

But that dude was ripped, he looked  
like the real deal, dude. You're  
gonna have to explain more than  
evasive maneuvers.

Drake Skarr nods and crosses his arms.

LUKE

Alright. So basically, I chased him  
for a few minutes until he crashed  
into a pole. The dude was fine, but  
the ski, not so much. I saw our  
product floating in the water,  
grabbed it, and sped off. That's  
pretty much what happened.

MALACHI

Fuck, dude.

DRAKE SKARR

You crashed his ski. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. You know, I honestly should be furious right now, I should be pissed out of my fucking mind. But honestly, Luke, you took a risk, and it paid off.

DRAKE SKARR (CONT'D)

Now, I don't know who this guy was, if he was one of our rivals or some other shit. But I've never seen such devotion in this field. And that has to be noted.

A smile spreads across Luke's face as Drake Skarr feeds into his ego.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

But hey, kid, don't get cocky. What you did is going to have repercussions. I don't know what they are yet, but they will come. This guy probably wasn't just robbing us for the hell of it, and he probably wasn't acting alone. You just painted a target on your back, son. The only reason I'm not mad is that nobody knows I'm involved. This is your problem to deal with. It better not get back to me.

LUKE

It won't, sir.

Malachi looks down towards his feet.

INT. MALACHI'S CAR. MOMENTS LATER.

THWACK! Malachi's car door is slammed shut. The two sit in an awkward silence. Luke looks over to his friend.

LUKE LEVINSON

Hey man, look I know you're upset. I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me.

MALACHI ROGERS

Really? You have no idea what came over you? Look man, I'm done.

LUKE LEVINSON

What do you mean you're done?

MALACHI ROGERS

I'm done man. I'm gonna see if Dale is happy with the intel we've given him. If it's enough, I'm out man. This shit is getting too much.

DRAKE SKARR (CONT'D)

LUKE LEVINSON

Dude - I told you I'm sorry but, I took a risk and it paid off. We're close to taking this guy down man, we just need to go a little deeper and-

MALACHI ROGERS

Is that really what this is about for? Taking him down? It seems to me like you like the guy.

A beat.

LUKE LEVINSON

What? Dude... no. Drake's a-

MALACHI ROGERS

A monster. He's a fucking monster. If Dale is happy with our intel, we should get out man. Do you hear what he said? We have a target on our back man. I was just selling weed with you to make some extra cash, I didn't want any of this to happen.

LUKE LEVINSON

Well, it did. And we have a job to do.

MALACHI ROGERS

And what if that job is done? Are you ready to walk away?

LUKE LEVINSON

Well maybe that's where we disagree. I don't think its done yet.

MALACHI ROGERS

Is that what you think? Or is that The Wolf talking?

LUKE LEVINSON

The Wolf just won the day for us. He's a part of you as much as he is me.

A beat. Malachi closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

MALACHI ROGERS

You're right. But I don't want him to be anymore.

MALACHI ROGERS (CONT'D)

I'm going to go see Dale right now. If you're not, get out.

LUKE LEVINSON

Come on man. You don't wanna admit that this shit is just a little fun?

MALACHI ROGERS

It is. And that's the problem. Are you coming with me or not?

LUKE LEVINSON

Dude -

MALACHI ROGERS

Get out.

LUKE LEVINSON

Malachi dude, this is everything we've every wanted. The beer pong tournament, you're telling me that wasn't any fun man?

MALACHI ROGERS

It's everything you've ever wanted. Get out.

LUKE LEVINSON

Malachi-

MALACHI ROGERS

Get out! Get out of my fucking car!

THUMP! Luke slams the car door shut and watches his best friend drive away. The sounds of the summer cicadas fill the air. Luke stands alone in the driveway and wonders if he made the right call.

A beat.

Drake Skarr walks up behind him. He removes his sunglasses.

DRAKE SKARR

So, I assume he's out.

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea. I geuss he's out.

DALE SMITH

Ahhh, don't worry about it man. I mean it's a shame, he was a nice kid. Smart, hardworking, and honest.

MALACHI ROGERS (CONT'D)

DALE SMITH (CONT'D)

But I gotta tell ya man, that doesn't mean shit in this line of work. He's just a fox - but you and me man - we're wolves. We're the apex predators. We know what we want and we're not afraid to take it.

LUKE LEVINSON

No. We're not.

DRAKE SKARR

Hey, I got something for you man. Wanna see?

Luke's eyes light up.

EXT. DALE'S SAILBOAT. NIGHT.

Dale sits on the edge of the dock, net to his boat. He puffs a cigarette, and stares out into the abyss of the night sky. Malachi walks up from behind him.

DALE SMITH

Ah, look who it is.

MALACHI ROGERS

Hey Dale.

DALE SMITH

Long day?

MALACHI ROGERS

Uhhhh yea. To say the least.

Dale takes a long puff from his cigarette.

DALE SMITH

I took a look over all the information that you've sent me. You and Luke, I mean, really, have done a bang up job. We got his strategy, base of operations, distribution channels, partners... I haven't given the full briefing to the DEA yet, but I'm pretty sure you guys should be set.

Malachi gives Dale a hug.

MALACHI ROGERS

Thanks man. I don't know what to say.

DALE SMITH (CONT'D)

DALE SMITH

Well. You could tell me why your friend isn't here.

MALACHI ROGERS

I don't know man. I fear for him. I don't think it was a good idea to bring him into this. That man - Drake Skarr - he's got his tendrils in him. And I'm worried.

Dale grabs Malachi's shoulder.

DALE SMITH

I'm worried too. We need to get him out soon. If he continues, he's gonna go from an asset to an accomplice.

MALACHI ROGERS

I tried to convince him man. He's just so broken, and he honestly has every right to be. I don't know what else we can do.

DALE SMITH

You need to keep trying. You're his best friend.

MALACHI ROGERS

I will man. I'm going to save him. I just don't know how yet.

DALE SMITH

Well, I do know one thing we can do.

MALACHI ROGERS

Oh yea? What's that?

DALE SMITH

When I was following you and Luke's operations, I pulled all the info I could on you guys. I saw you've been expressing some interest in going to church?

MALACHI ROGERS

Well.... Yea. I was trying to get  
Luke to go, but its no use.

DALE SMITH

Well. In the olden days, when I was  
your age, if there was someone who  
needed our help, we'd pray for them.

INT. DRAKE SKARR'S GARAGE. NIGHT.

An enormous garage door opens in front of Luke and Drake. It  
reveals all of his toys, cool cars, and expensive paintings.  
He flicks on the lights - they are a deep, dark red.

DRAKE SKARR

I've been impressed Luke, real  
impressed. I fuck with your alter  
ego, its cool, got a nice ring to it.

LUKE LEVINSON

Thanks man, I like it too. I geuss  
Malachi wasn't a fan of it in the  
end.

DRAKE SKARR

Greatness isn't meant for everyone  
man, and that's okay. But... I think  
it just might be meant for us.

Drake motions over to a brand new motorcycle, all black, top  
of the line.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

I figured you could use an upgrade.  
No more café racer. A BMW s1000rr.  
Top of the line.

LUKE LEVINSON

Holy shit man... what? No way dude.  
That thing is fucking dope man!

Drake pulls out a large chest, and sets it on a table. He  
opens it to reveal black tactical pants, a leather jacket and  
an menacing black helmet, with The Wolf's signature white  
canine teeth painted on. Luke's version was simple, done by  
hand, with limited resources. This new version - it's a work  
of art.

A beat.



DRAKE SKARR  
I think you outta take her for a  
spin.

MONTAGE - INTERCUT - NIGHT: MOTORCYCLE RIDE / CHURCH PRAYER

Eerie Church Choir Music Builds and Swells...

- Luke picks up his new helmet
- Malachi and Dale enter a beautiful cathedral
- Luke slides the helmet over his face
- Malachi and Dale take a seat
- Luke fires up the new motorcycle
- Dale leads Malachi in a prayer
- Luke zooms through downtown Port City, street lamps flash behind him.
- Malachi sheds a tear.

INT. DRAKE SKARR'S MANSION. MORNING.

Luke arrives back at Drake Skarr's house and knocks on the door. Rhett flings it open.

RHETT  
Hey, sup dude. I heard about what  
happened, sorry about your friend  
man. But, hey, me and Drake have had  
our fallings out before, and look at  
us now. It all works out, bro.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Thanks man, that means a lot.

The two walk into the kitchen. Drake Skarr sits at the end of his dining table and plays with a large combat knife.

DRAKE SKARR  
How's the bike?

LUKE LEVINSON  
Fire.

DRAKE SKARR  
Good. Here's what I'm thinking Luke.

DRAKE SKARR (CONT'D)

You've proven that you can handle whatever is thrown on you on that ski. I'd call your little chase a victory, so I assume we won't get any more trouble from the opposition there. I say you run two channels of distribution for maximum profits, the streets, and the water.

LUKE LEVINSON

Hell yea. We doin that today?

DRAKE SKARR

Patience, my young apprentice. I'm not done. You gotta meet your new partner.

LUKE LEVINSON

New partner?

DING-DONG!

DRAKE SKARR

Damnit! Who rings the doorbell still? I just prefer a simple "here" text, ya know? That ding donging sound just presses my buttons in all the wrong ways.

Drake swings the door wide open to reveal ADRIENNE, 25 years old, with a cute, mouse like face. She wears a black hoodie, black ripped jeans, and a single streak of red in her jet-black hair. Luke's jaw drops.

ADRIENNE

Wassup Drake, is this my guy?

DRAKE SKARR

Yep. This is the guy who was in the epic jet ski chase that I told you about.

LUKE LEVINSON

Guess I'm the guy. You can call me Luke.

Luke stretches out his hand and Adrienne shakes it.

ADRIENNE

Well, nice to meet ya Luke. I'm Adrienne. Drake told me that uh... you're The Wolf?

DRAKE SKARR (CONT'D)

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea... I am The Wolf.

ADRIENNE

Damn. That's kinda badass?

DRAKE SKARR

Right?! That's what I'm sayin. The ski is waiting for you my friends. Better get to it.

EXT. DRAKE SKARR'S DOCK. MOMENTS LATER.

Luke and Adrienne secure their waterproof bag to the ski. The current makes the ski sway against the dock.

LUKE LEVINSON

So, how do you know Drake?

ADRIENNE

How do I know THE Drake Skarr? He used to throw these crazy frat parties a few years ago. Shit was actually INSANE. God it was so fun. What about you?

LUKE LEVINSON

Damn, well kinda same actually. Me and my uh... me and my friend went to one of his parties the other weekend. We won this beer pong tournament that he had, and we got to meet him as the prize. One thing lead to another, I told him that I sell drugs, and now I'm here.

ADRIENNE

Really. You won one of those tournaments? Isn't there like a million teams?

LUKE LEVINSON

There was.

Luke cracks a confident smile. Adrienne smiles back and pulls a Puff Pro out of her pocket and takes a hit.

LUKE LEVINSON (cont'd)

Yo... you're seriously hitting that? We got work to do.

ADRIENNE

Damn. You're not a pussy, are you?

She offers him the vape.

EXT. INTERCOASTAL. MOMENTS LATER.

SWOOOSH! The Jet Ski barrels across the water. The sun is high in the sky and shines bright behind them. Luke steers as Adrienne holds on for dear life.

LUKE LEVINSON/ADRIENNE  
WOOOOHOOOO!

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Luke and Adrienne hand off packages to various customers on the water
- The two fool around with the Jet Ski
- Luke lets Adrienne drive
- A quiet moment. They sit on a beach and look into each other's eyes.

EXT. BEACH. DAY.

Ocean waves crash onto a crowded beach. Malachi sits in a beach chair, alone. He holds a Bible in his hand, but can't focus enough to read. He stares out into the sea.

A beat.

Enzo, Davis, Lex and Charles walk up behind him. Davis holds a case of light beer.

ENZO  
Sup bro. Is Luke tied up or somethin?

Malachi shifts his weight.

MALACHI ROGERS  
Yea... he uhhh... he's busy.

Enzo crosses his arms and scrunches his brow.

ENZO  
Really...?

MALACHI ROGERS  
Nah man. We had like a fight.

ENZO  
A fight? About what ?

MALACHI ROGERS

Well, I've decided I don't want to sell drugs anymore, and I guess he thinks differently.

ENZO

Damn dude. I'm sorry. He'll come around. I mean, I think you made the right choice man.

CHARLES

I don't know man, kind of a bitch move. Where the hell are we supposed to get our weed now?

Lex punches him in the shoulder.

LEX

Dude.

CHARLES

OW!

Enzo puts his chair down next to Malachi and hands him a beer.

ENZO

Yo dude, isn't your birthday coming up?

MALACHI ROGERS

Yea man, its this Friday actually.

ENZO

Damn man! We gotta do somethin. And by do something, I mean get blackout drunk.

MALACHI ROGERS

I don't know man. I'm not in the mood to do much.

He takes a swig of his beer and stares out at the ocean.

ENZO

We should do somethin man. It'll help get you out of this funk. You know what man, you should invite Luke.

MALACHI ROGERS

I... I don't know man.

ENZO

You guys have been friends for how long? I mean come on man, I don't wanna get in the middle of your guys thing but, have you guys fought before? Like EVER?

Malachi looks down towards his feet and lets out a deep sigh.

EXT. PORT CITY STREET. NIGHT.

VR0000M! Luke speeds through the city streets, he wears his new Wolf outfit. He drives well over the speed limit, he does not feel bound by the laws of man anymore. Adrienne dials him.

ADRIENNE

Slow down there, tiger. I don't really care if you get pulled over but just make sure its after our work is done?

LUKE LEVINSON

Sure. I'll see what I can do. Where's our first stop?

ADRIENNE

This is the big order Drake was talking about. So big that the buyer is planning on reselling them.

LUKE LEVINSON

Damn. Well who would I be to disappoint?

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Luke's motorcycle headlight reveals a lawn littered with beer cans. An old, large house blares music as neon lights flash in the windows. Luke dismounts. He walks up to the front of the house like a menacing creature of the night. He bangs on the front door.

The door swings open to reveal three FRAT GUYS - one in a basketball jersey, one in a Hawaiian shirt, and one with no shirt, but instead tally marks drawn onto his chest.

BASKETBALL JERSEY

What the hell are you supposed to be?

LUKE LEVINSON

It doesn't matter who I am. It matters what I got.

Luke unzips his bag to reveal the vapes.

TALLY MARKS

Hollly shit brosky. The legendary Puff Pros. We've been tryin to get our hands on these. Thanks bro.

LUKE LEVINSON

No problem. You guys are our biggest order so far. I should be thanking you.

TALLY MARKS

Yea. So 10,000 we agreed to right? 10,000 for 400 vapes.

LUKE LEVINSON

Yep.

HAWAIIAN SHIRT

Jesus. That's a lot of dough for some vapes.

LUKE LEVINSON

They're no ordinary vapes my friend.

TALLY MARKS

No, they're not. I've heard the stories. Here, come inside. I got your cash upstairs.

The four make their way through the intense frat party. Beer games, jocks, sorority girls, and plastered party-goers fill the house. The Wolf wades through the crowd as flashing lights bounce off of his dark helmet.

They ascend the stairs to Tally Mark's bedroom. A "Saturdays are for the Boys" flag hangs over the bed. Red neon lights line the borders of the walls. Tally Marks grabs a shoebox from his closet that contains stacks of cash.

TALLY MARKS (cont'd)

Alright... ten thousand clams comin right up...

He nods at Basketball Jersey - he locks the door. Hawaiian, Shirt, much larger than Luke, grabs him from behind and restrains his arms.

LUKE LEVINSON

What the fuck?

TALLY MARKS

Haha, dude. I mean, come on man. Ten thousand is fucking ridiculous. You people think you can rip us off cause we're just some stupid frat guys, huh? Well I got news for you bro. We ain't just some stupid frat guys. And we ain't payin for your shit. We taking it.

LUKE LEVINSON

Are you sure you want to do this?

Adrienne calls into Luke's helmet.

ADRIENNE

LUKE! Just do as they say. Remember what happened last time?

Tally Marks overhears the audio from the helmet.

TALLY MARKS

Oh look at that dudes got a lil girlfriend.

ADRIENNE

Luke? Are you alr -

Luke presses the side of his helmet and ends the call. Basketball Jersey picks up a baseball bat.

TALLY MARKS

Check his bag too. If he's been dealing all night, he's probably flush with cash. What do you say, Wolf? We'll just take all your shit, nobody has to get hurt.

Tally Marks leans in, right into Luke's helmet.

TALLY MARKS

THE WOLF

Deal.

WHHHACK! Luke slams his helmet into Tally Mark's forehead. WHACK! He whips his helmet in the opposite direction and hits Basketball Jersey in the face. The two frat guys fall tot he ground and reel in pain.



Hawaiian Shirt lunges at The Wolf. He evades him and dodges the big swings. The Wolf sidesteps - THUD! He lands a hit right on Hawaiian Shirt's jaw.

TALLY MARKS

AAAAAAGH! You don't fuck with Alpha Sigma Sigma and get away with it! You're going to hell you little bitch.

The Wolf extends his hand.

THE WOLF

Well, I guess I'll see you there.

He backs towards the bedroom door. Tally Marks charges at him like a raging bull. At the last moment The Wolf steps out of the way - CRAAAAASHHH! Tally Marks slams into the door, rips it off of it's hinges - and tumbles down the stairs.

The partygoers go silent. The house lights come on. Music is turned off.

Blood drips from Tally Mark's forehead. Luke walks down the stairs with dozens of eyeballs glued to his menacing appearance. Tally Marks attempts to get up, but Luke grabs his arm.

TALLY MARKS

Please...no. Don't-

CRRRACK! The Wolf breaks his arm. The crowd of party-goers is speechless. The crowd splits down the middle and The Wolf walks through like a deity. Blood drips from his gloves.

DALE SMITH (V.O.)

I'm sorry Malachi. But we have to do this.

MALACHI ROGERS (V.O.)

Just give me one more chance Dale. Please.

DALE SMITH (V.O.)

Listen, I want to help the kid, believe me. But he's made his choice.

CUT TO:

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION.

Malachi stands on his front porch and holds his phone up to his ear. An orange streetlight gives him an ominous silhouette.

A beat.

MALACHI ROGERS

Dale..... please. He's my best friend.

Dale stands on his dock, next to his sailboat. He stares out into the abyss of the night sky.

DALE SMITH

Well your best friend is lighting a fire under my ass at the DEA. I gave you guys a fucking sweetheart deal to get your charges erased, because fuck me I have a soft spot for troubled kids. But instead of erasing his charges, he's racking up more than I can count. This turning out to be such a shit show, I might get fired. The DEA now considers him part of Drake's operation. Do you understand how badly he fucked up?

MALACHI ROGERS

I know. You're right man. You're right. Just... let me try one more time. Please man. Let me talk to him one more time. After that, whatever happens, happens.

Dale sighs in disappointment.

DALE SMITH

I'm sorry Malachi. But you're gonna have to do something for me. And its not a suggestion. It's an order.

Dale hangs up. He stares into the night sky once more. A lone tear rolls down his cheek.

EXT. THE TOWER. DAY.

Luke stands atop Drake's oceanic fortress. He stares out into the ocean. His face is bruised from battle. His eye sockets are sunken and his face weathered.

Adrienne walks up behind Luke and caresses his shoudler .

ADRIENNE

You alright Luke?

LUKE LEVINSON

Honestly, no. No I'm not.

He stares out across the endless expanse of water.

ADRIENNE

Yea. I heard that fight was pretty rough. It doessss make you kind of a badass though.

She smiles into his eyes.

LUKE LEVINSON

Well... thanks. But that's not it.

ADRIENNE

Well... what?

LUKE LEVINSON

It's my friend. Malachi.

ADRIENNE

Ohhhh yea. Drake told me what happened. I'm sorry about that, it seemed like he meant a lot to you.

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea. He still does mean a lot to me. I just don't think I mean a lot to him anymore.

ADRIENNE

Have you tried reaching out? Maybe tell him how you feel?

LUKE LEVINSON

Fuck no. We're men. We don't really do that sort of thing.

ADRIENNE

Well, if he means a lot to you, you should.

A beat.

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea, you're probably right. Thanks.

ADRIENNE

Thanks for what?

LUKE LEVINSON

Being here. With me.

ADRIENNE

Well you're welcome. Thanks for being here with me too.

The sun begins to set and casts an orange glow over the ocean. Luke leans in and Adrienne reciprocates and the two kiss for the first time.

DRAKE SKARR  
MY MAN! GETTIN SOME POON TANG ON THE  
TOWER! WOOOHOOO! FUCK YEA!

Drake stands fifty feet behind them. The two turn around in complete disgust, the mood has been ruined.

ADRIENNE  
What the fuck! Have you been watching  
us?

DRAKE SKARR  
Of course! I love watching the homies  
mack .

The two turn back towards the water. Luke pulls out his phone and clicks on the messages app. He goes to his conversation with Malachi and begins to type out a paragraph.

EXT. BEACH. SUNSET.

Malachi sits alone on the beach. He gets a notification from Luke. He picks up his phone and reads the lengthy message. A hint of a smile begins to spread across his face.

CUT TO:

INT. MALACHI'S HOUSE. DAY.

Malachi and Enzo prep for his big birthday party.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Beer pong cups are set on a table
- Chips poured into large bowls
- Huge speaker plugged into the wall
- Liquor bottles lined up on the counter

The two stand with their hands on their hips and admire the party atmosphere that they've created.

ENZO  
Yo, so you said Luke is coming?

MALACHI ROGERS

Yea. I don't know. We'll have to see.

ENZO

He'll come man.

MALACHI ROGERS

You really think he will?

ENZO

I know he will.

Enzo grabs his shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. MALACHI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

The room is filled with multiple tables with different drinking games. Vibrant neon bulbs have replaced the house lights. Generic hip hop music blares from the speakers. College aged men and women partake in the activities.

Malachi shoots a ping pong ball at a red solo cup and narrowly misses. The ball rolls towards the front door.... SLAM! The front door opens to reveal Luke and Adrienne.

MALACHI ROGERS

Holy shit.... hey man.

A beat.

The two hug.

MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)

It's good to see you man.

LUKE LEVINSON

You too man. I'm sorry for what happened.

MALACHI ROGERS

Its alright man, we can talk about it later. I'm just glad you showed up, I didn't think you would.

LUKE LEVINSON

Hey now, It's my best friend's birthday. I'm basically legally obligated to get shitfaced with you.

A drunk Enzo stumbles up behind them.

ENZO

That's what I like to hear. Wait whos this...wonderful lady?

LUKE LEVINSON

Oh shit...yea. This is Adrienne. She's, uh, my friend. Adrienne this is Malachi and Enzo.

ENZO

Friend?

MALACHI ROGERS

Riiiiight .

ADRIENNE

Nice to meet you guys! I've heard a lot about you two.

She shakes their hands.

MALACHI ROGERS

This has to be a prank. Noooo shot Luke showed up with....you? There's gotta be a hidden camera somewhere? I feel like Sal or Murr gotta be around the corner somewhere.

LUKE LEVINSON

Haha....fuck You.

ENZO

Alright guys enough dickin around. Let's get lit. The bars are running out of liquor as we speak.

INT. PORT CITY BAR - DOWNTOWN. NIGHT

The group continues their celebration. Shots, beers, and cocktails flow through the party-goers on an endless loop.

Vibrant disco lights illuminate the moody atmosphere of the bar.

Luke dances with Adrienne and experiences a moment of intimacy and pure bliss amongst the noise of the bar.

A beat.

Malachi approaches them and holds up two large cigars.

MALACHI ROGERS

Yo bro look what I got.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Holy shit. Are those-

MALACHI ROGERS  
Yea these are Cubans. My grandpa got  
me a bunch of them. Wanna go outside  
and have a little talk?

Luke's smile fades from his face. He knows what Malachi wants to talk about. Melancholia sweeps over him. He grabs Malachi's shoulder.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Yea man, let's get some air.

EXT. PORT CITY RIVERWALK. NIGHT.

The two best friends lean against a railing and overlook the intercoastal. The city lights bounce off of the water - it looks like a pastel painting. Malachi lights the cigars.

They each take a hit. The smoke billows around them.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Damn. This shit hit hits nice as fuck  
man.

MALACHI ROGERS  
Oh yea. These things are the real  
deal my friend.

A beat.

MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)  
Look man... there's no easy way to  
say this. Dale, the DEA... they need  
you to end the operation man. I - I  
need you to end the operation. It's  
time to come home man. He gave me 48  
hours.

MALACHI ROGERS (CONT'D)

That was 40 hours ago. If you don't turn yourself in man, they're going to arrest you. It's over.

Luke takes a long puff from his cigar. He looks at his reflection in the water. He sees The Wolf's helmeted face. His face scrunches up - a tear rolls down his cheek and drops into the water below. The ripples erase the reflection of The Wolf.

LUKE LEVINSON

Fuck man. I don't think its any secret that I've been enjoying it a little too much. The excitement, the rush, the power. I think I'm just afraid what awaits me when this is all over. Right back to the regular world. The Matrix that we were trying to escape.

Malachi grabs Luke's shoulder.

MALACHI ROGERS

Well, I can't argue against that man. Shit, we gonna end up right back where we started. Probably in some boring, shit job that's only enough to make rent. But I do know one good thing that awaits you.

LUKE LEVINSON

And what is that exactly?

MALACHI ROGERS

I'll be here man. And my couch, and my TV, and all the junk food that we can think of. We'll still both be here. Our Friday night movie marathons will still be here. Enzo, Davis, Lex and Charles will be there. Shit, you play this right even your new baddie may still be here. You continue down this path man, that all goes away.

Luke's face scrunches up - a tear rolls down his cheek and drops into the water below. The ripples erase the reflection of The Wolf.

A beat.

LUKE LEVINSON

So you said we got eight hours left?

MALACHI ROGERS (CONT'D)

MALACHI ROGERS

Yea, probably like seven and a half.

LUKE LEVINSON

Well, I think that's enough time for one more drink right?



MALACHI ROGERS

Yea. You could say that.

LUKE LEVINSON

Well, let's go get one more drink,  
and I'll call it quits after that.  
Deal?

MALACHI ROGERS

Deal.

The take one last puff from their cigars and look at the water. The city lights reflect off of the surface and create a look of stained glass.

INT. BAR - NIGHT.

Luke and Malachi push open the doors to the bar. Their friends stand in front of a stage and bob their heads to live music. The bar is shrouded in darkness - vibrant disco lights flash to the beat of the music and give brief glimpses of the drunken partygoers who dance in a trance like state. Adrienne walks up to Luke.

ADRIENNE

Hey...I'm gettin kind of tired. You  
wanna get out of here?

Malachi smiles at Luke.

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea, um I can In like ten minutes. I  
just wanna have one more drink with  
Malachi, that cool?

ADRIENNE

Yea, that's fine. I'm gonna go have a  
smoke outside.

She gives Luke a kiss and exits the bar. Luke and Malachi each take a seat.

MALACHI ROGERS

Whiskey coke, thanks.

LUKE LEVINSON

Whiskey, on the rocks for me.

The bartender serves their drinks. CLINK! They toast. As Malachi sets his drink down, Luke notices something barley visible underneath his button-down. It looks like a long, black cord.

The Wolf appears next to Luke for a brief moment.

THE WOLF

What's that in his shirt?

LUKE LEVINSON

Yo... what's... you got something  
under your shirt?

Malachi freezes.

MALACHI ROGERS

Uh, what do you mean?

LUKE LEVINSON

I mean the fucking cord in your-

Luke grabs Malachi's shirt

MALACHI ROGERS

Bro what the fuck are you doing?

Luke rips open the shirt. Buttons fly everywhere. Taped to  
Malachi's chest is a wire, connected to a small microphone.

A beat.

MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)

Luke...

LUKE LEVINSON

You fucking asshole.

MALACHI ROGERS

Luke I didn't have a choice. The DEA,  
Dale made me do this.

LUKE LEVINSON

So they ask you to spy on your best  
friend, to fuck him over? And you  
said yes.

MALACHI ROGERS

This was only if you didn't agree to  
come in.

MALACHI ROGERS (CONT'D)

But dude, you're coming in willingly now, so this shit  
doesn't even matter. Let's just get out of here man. Not  
exactly the right time for the two of us to make a scene.

LUKE LEVINSON

Make a scene? Oh I'll make a scene. I think right now is EXACTLY the right time to make a scene. My best friend just basically sold me out. I should've fucking known.

MALACHI ROGERS

Should've known? What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

LUKE LEVINSON

I should've known you would fucking cave. Always clinging to comfort, always taking the easy path, while I took the hard path, and took everything that came with it.

MALACHI ROGERS

Ohhh boo fucking hoo dude! This isn't about hard or easy paths. We're way in over our head man. I'm just trying to get us out, to fix all the shit that YOU fucked up!

LUKE LEVINSON

That I fucked up? Don't you forget we started this whole thing together. Just because you're the guy in the chair, it doesn't mean your hands are any cleaner.

MALACHI ROGERS

You're right, it doesn't. But it seems like I'm the only one who's trying to stop the bleeding. We're both now fucking twenty five man. You always just gotta fuck things up, don't you? I don't know how many times things have gone south because of your damn bullshit.

Luke steps right into Malachi's face.

LUKE LEVINSON

My damn bullshit? You have no fucking idea, do you?

MALACHI ROGERS (CONT'D)

LUKE LEVINSON (CONT'D)

You have no fucking idea what it's like to be me. I've had to fight for everything my entire fucking life man.

School, sports, girls, money - you name it, I suck at it. On top of that I've been diagnosed with a killer cocktail of ADD, ADHD, Social Anxiety, every modern disorder that you can think of. Have you ever just wanted to lie in bed all day, no desire to do anything at all? Have you ever spent your entire day on your phone, wishing that you were one of those people that you scroll past? And now that I'm supposed to be starting my life the economy is in the shitter, school didn't prepare me for jack shit, and romance is extinct. Maybe if I looked like a fucking model, always had women coming at me, fucking rich parents, it'd be easier. So I'm sorry I'm sorry about my "bullshit!"

A beat. The bar has gone dead silent. Their friends stand frozen. A tear rolls down Malachi's cheek.

MALACHI ROGERS

Everyone's got problems man. Just cause you have some, it doesn't mean you gotta turn into some kind of freak. I'm leaving man. You're either coming, or you ain't.

Nobody sees Luke anymore. They see The Wolf.

LUKE LEVINSON

I ain't.

Luke walks towards the door. Malachi, speechless, sits back down at the bar alone. Luke swings open the bar door.

ADRIENNE

What the fuck.

LUKE LEVINSON

I'm sorry I kept you waiting. I got into a bit of a-

ADRIENNE

Dude. I heard everything. You guys were loud as shit.

LUKE LEVINSON (CONT'D)

LUKE LEVINSON

Well, you didn't hear everything. That man is full of shit.

ADRIENNE

Really? He didn't seem like the one having a fucking quarter-life crisis.

Adrienne storms off down the block. Her Uber driver approaches.

LUKE LEVINSON

Adrienne-

Luke follows her.

ADRIENNE

This shit is so fucking typical. I meet a nice guy who's actually kinda cute, and he turns out to be a fucking psycho. Fucking typical. Thanks for that Luke. Good night.

LUKE LEVINSON

Come on, everyone is just too fucking drunk, we're all gonna forget about this in the morning anyways.

She opens the car door.

LUKE LEVINSON (cont'd)

Come on Adrienne. I like you a lot. More than a friend. Can you please just-

ADRIENNE

Goodbye, friend.

SLAM! The Uber drives off.

Luke stands in the empty streets of downtown Port City, surrounded by the black nothingness of the night. Luke looks around, searching for a symbol, a sign, or even a friend. Nothing remains.

EXT. PORT CITY PIER - NIGHT.

Luke stands at the edge of the pier and looks out over the vast ocean, forty feet below. He stares into the sea foam and searches for something, anything. He takes a long rip from his Puff Pro.

White smoke billows around him. He feels a firm sensation on his shoulder. He turns around to see a figure clad in an all-black motorcycle outfit, complete with white teeth painted onto the helmet. The Wolf is here.

LUKE LEVINSON

Oh. You.

THE WOLF

Us.

LUKE LEVINSON

Whatever.

Luke turns back around and leans over the railing. The Wolf moves next to him and does the same.

THE WOLF

I'm sorry about what happened. Shit sucks man.

LUKE LEVINSON

Well, thanks I guess. Nothing ever works out for me, does it. It doesn't matter what it is. And for twenty five years... twenty five years of this shit. And that's a long time for shit to not go your way. A long fucking time. It makes you tired. It leaves a certain amount of miles on your soul that you'll never get back. A coldness that will linger no matter what you do.

Luke takes another rip from the vape.

THE WOLF

Twenty five years of seeing other people enjoy what you want ain't fun man.

LUKE LEVINSON

I don't even know what I want anymore.

THE WOLF

Well, I do.

LUKE LEVINSON

Oh yea? What is it then?

THE WOLF

It's not just the money. It's not just the fancy sportscars. You want someone sitting in the passenger seat, singing along to your favorite music. You want someone who looks at you not as a boy, but as a man. You just want to be taken seriously for once in your fucking life. You don't want the money to buy things. You want the power that comes with it. And that's what I am to you. Power.

The faint sound of thunder can be heard in the distance. A storm brews.

LUKE LEVINSON

Well, I had that. I had everything I wanted. And now they're all gone. My friends...my best friend...the girl of my dreams.

THE WOLF

Well... that's the thing about power. You can get anything you want. You can get them back. Or, more ideally, you can get better ones.

LUKE LEVINSON

You're insane.

THE WOLF

Am I? This is just the way the world works. Once you see it, you can't go back. Are we really insane, Luke?

LUKE LEVINSON

Maybe you are, but I'm not. And there's no "we". You're just some hallucination induced by toad venom.

THE WOLF

Maybe I am. But I'm part of you. You can't deny that. Just like how you can't deny everyone's been telling you what to do. Parents, Teachers, Dale, Drake, Malachi, they're all the same.

THE WOLF (CONT'D)

Always just shoving their own worldview down your throat to justify their failed existence. I think it's time Luke decides what his life should look like.

A tear rolls down Luke's cheek and falls into the depths below.

LUKE LEVINSON

I think you're right.

THE WOLF

And you got the key to all of it. Sitting right in front of you. Drake created this Empire for you.

(MORE)

## THE WOLF (CONT'D)

In this life, its not what you hope  
for, it's not what you deserve - it's  
what you take.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTSHOW'S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

The Cane Toads waddle around their enclosure as Lightshow  
dumps in some crickets for them to feast on.

## THE LIGHTSHOW

Little field trip for you guys huh?  
Like my crib lil guys?

A faint sound catches his ear - of an engine. A bright white  
light passes by his window.

Lightshow's brow scrunches. BANG! BANG! BANG! Someone knocks  
on his door. He doesn't answer. BANG! BANG! BANG! It  
continues. Lightshow stays put. The sounds stop.

CRRRRRRRRACKKKKK! The door flies off its hinges. Shrouded in  
darkness, The Wolf stands in the doorway.

## LIGHTSHOW

Yo what the fuck dude!?

The Wolf charges him. Lightshow reaches for a gun - it's too  
late. The Wolf slaps it out of his hand and tackles him to  
the ground.

## LIGHTSHOW (cont'd)

Dude what the actual fuck is going  
on!?

THE WOLF (CONT'D)

## THE WOLF

Just give me what I want, and I'll be  
on my way.

The Wolf motions his helmet towards the Cane Toads.

## THE LIGHTSHOW

Jesus man. Really? What the fuck are  
you on man? I thought we were cool!?

## THE WOLF

If you don't give me what I want I  
swear to God himself I will beat the  
living shit out of you until you see  
the fires of Hell.



THE LIGHTSHOW  
 FUCK MAN, ALRIGHT! Jesus dude just  
 take them.

The Wolf lets go and moves towards the enclosure. Lightshow takes the opportunity to grab his pistol off the ground. He places it right behind The Wolf's helmet.

THE WOLF  
 Pathetic.

SWOOSH! The Wolf turns around and disarms Lightshow once again. He takes the gun and points it right at Lightshow's face.

THE WOLF (cont'd)  
 You just fucked up. Big time.

WHACK! He slams the gun across his face and knocks him to the ground. CLICK! The Wolf pulls back the chamber to the gun.

THE LIGHTSHOW  
 Please man. I'm sorry. I'm so fuckin  
 sorry man. Don't do it. You're better  
 than this man. Please God - I hope  
 Luke is somewhere in there.

Luke appears behind The Wolf - this time, he is the mirage. A passenger in the backseat of his own mind.

LUKE LEVINSON  
 Stop. We're not doing this.

THE WOLF  
 It's not your decision to make  
 anymore.

The Wolf moves closer to Lightshow.

THE LIGTHSOW  
 Please, just take them man. Take  
 whatever you want. I don't care!

LUKE LEVINSON  
 WE AREN'T DOING THIS. PUT THE GUN  
 DOWN.

THE WOLF  
 But don't you realize - nobody can  
 hurt us anymore. No more pain.

Luke grabs The Wolf's arm and fights back for control.

LUKE LEVINSON  
PUT. THE GUN. DOWN.

THOOM! A gunshot rattles the house.

A beat.

Luke's forearm oozes blood. He drops the gun. He looks past Light Show to the doorway - a figure stands and holds a Desert Eagle. Smoke billows out of the barrel.

DRAKE SKARR  
Yea. That's enough. What the fuck do  
you think you're doing exactly?

An exhausted Lightshow points to the Cane Toad's enclosure.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)  
Oh... I see. I see.

LUKE LEVINSON  
How did you-

DRAKE SKARR  
How did I know you were hear? Haha,  
I've been keeping tabs on you and  
Malachi ever since you walked into  
The Tower. I tapped your phones, I  
know everything man. Including Dale's  
little operation.

He approaches Luke and points the gun at his helmeted face.

LUKE LEVINSON  
If you really knew this whole time  
why did you let us get in? We have so  
much shit on you. You're going down.

DRAKE SKARR  
I knew the feds were gonna come after  
me. It's better to keep your enemies  
close actually. But, I did like you  
Luke. We could've been brothers... we  
could've been Gods together. It's a  
damn shame what I'm gonna have to do  
to you and Malachi.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Don't bring him into this.

Drake Skarr notions to the Cane Toads.

DRAKE SKARR

You tried to take away my world. So  
I'm gonna take away yours.

WHACK! Drake hits Luke's helmet with his pistol and cracks the visor. Luke falls to the ground, unconscious.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. DRAKE SKARR'S TRUCK. MOMENTS LATER.

Luke awakes to blurry neon lights that pierce through the cracks in his helmet. As he comes to he realizes his right arm is wrapped in a bandage for his wound and handcuffed to the door handle.

LUKE LEVINSON

What the fuck are you doing?

Drake adjusts the mirror from the driver's seat.

DRAKE SKARR

Your actions have consequences Luke.  
I gave you everything. This is on  
you.

The truck arrives in a neighborhood that is all too familiar.

LUKE LEVINSON

I know this road... Drake. Stop. I'm  
the one you want. You don't have to  
do this.

DRAKE SKARR

You're right, I don't have to. But I  
want to.

He parks the truck in front of Malachi's house.

LUKE LEVINSON

No. NO! Leave him out of this. Leave  
him out of this godamnit! DRAKE!

Drake grabs his gun and exits the vehicle. Luke bangs on his window. The glass is thick, it's no use. CRASH! Drake kicks down Malachi's door and enters. Luke's hand slides down the window.

Malachi emerges with Drake behind him as he holds him at gunpoint. Malachi opens the car door and sits next to Luke. Drake gets back in the driver's seat and locks the doors. He throws a pair of handcuffs at Malachi.

DRAKE SKARR

Chain yourself to the door like your  
buddy. Don't try anything stupid and  
you won't get shot. Understand?

Malachi secures himself to the door handle. He looks over at  
Luke. He sees the cracked helmet, the shell of his former  
friend.

MALACHI ROGERS

So this is you now?

Luke turns his head away. There's nothing he can say at this  
point. Drake starts the engine and the truck peels away.

MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)

So are you going to tell us where the  
fuck we're going man? Or what the  
fuck this is?

Drake doesn't answer. He takes a turn onto a backroad.

MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)

Why are we going away from town?

The color fades from his face. He knows what this means. The  
panic sets in.

MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)

Drake, listen man. I walked away. I  
don't have anything to do with  
whatever the hell is going on. Please  
just-

Luke grabs his shoulder.

LUKE LEVINSON

He knows everything.

MALACHI ROGERS

You told him?

Luke shakes his head.

MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)

Luke... are we going to die tonight?

LUKE LEVINSON

I'm sorry Malachi. I'm so fucking  
sorry.

They turn away from each other and stare out of their  
respective windows. The truck zooms further and further away  
from town.

The buildings become replaced with swampy marshlands. The car slows to a stop on the side of the highway.

Another truck pulls up besides them. Rhett, along with two hired thugs, HENCHMEN #1 and HENCHMEN #2 step out. They all carry pistols.

Drake exits his truck and the henchmen reattached Luke and Malachi's handcuffs behind their backs. The air is humid and the sound of cicadas booms overhead.

DRAKE SKARR

Alright. Let's move.

The henchmen push Luke and Malachi over the highway railing. The group walks into a dense forest. They hike through the woods, guns trained on their backs. After some time they reach an opening in the foliage to reveal a vast swampland with a large lake in the center. There is a full moon, but it is obscured by the clouds.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

This is the spot. It's time.

They move down to the edge of the lake. The henchmen point their guns at Luke and Malachi.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

Get on your knees. Both of you.

LUKE LEVINSON

Drake, please. I'm begging you. I don't care - shoot me. He doesn't deserve this.

DRAKE SKARR

You're right, he doesn't. But you deserve the pain.

Luke removes his helmet and drops it on the ground. Tears well up in his eyes.

LUKE LEVINSON

I'm sorry Malachi. I'm so sorry.

Tears drip down Malachi's cheek.

MALACHI ROGERS

So this is it, huh. The end of the great dynamic duo.

The henchmen force Luke and Malachi to their knees.

LUKE LEVINSON

This is all my fault. I've been a terrible friend.

MALACHI ROGERS

Hey man. Look. There's no point in blaming you right now. You know, it could be worse. I'd rather die next to you than anyone else man.

LUKE LEVINSON

But I don't want us to die man. I wanted to experience all of life with you man. We could've saved up enough money, moved somewhere dope man. We could've wifed up some baddies, bought houses in the same neighborhood, invited each other to backyard barbeques.

MALACHI ROGERS

And our kids, man. How lit would it be if our kids were friends too.

LUKE LEVINSON

Best friends.

Malachi cracks a smile through his tears.

MALACHI ROGERS

Best friends.

DRAKE SKARR

Alright, that was cute. I'm afraid its' time.

The henchmen pull back the chambers of their guns. They press them into the back of Luke and Malachi's skulls.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

If either of you are religious, now's the time to pray.

Malachi closes his eyes and whispers to himself. The clouds fade away and the full moon shines down on them.

THOOM! A gunshot rattle through the marshland.

Blood oozes out of Henchmen #1's neck. He falls to the ground. The red liquid splatters all over Malachi's face.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

SNIPER! GET DOWN!

In the distance, Dale emerges from the tall grass. CLINK! He reloads the barrel of his rifle and moves closer.

Drake peeks his head out - THOOM! Dale barely misses.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)  
Holy shit. It's

MALACHI ROGERS  
It's him.

DRAKE SKARR  
You two, go get him. He's an old  
fuck, y'all can take him.

He notions towards Rhett and Henchmen #2. They hesitate.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)  
THAT'S AN ORDER!

The two get up and charge towards the tall grass. Dale is nowhere to be seen. They swing their guns around in all directions and look for their enemy.

FLASH! A white bright white swallows them up - a flashbang. Their years ring. Dale explodes from his hiding spot and WHACK- Dale drives his rifle into Rhett's face and he falls to the ground.

THOOM! He whips around and shoots Henchmen #2 in the chest. Blood explodes. Rhett grabs him from behind but Dale is too quick. THOOOOM! He blows Rhett's head clean off.

He swings around once more and aims his rifle right at Drake.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)  
Fuck, that was impressive man, most  
impressive. But just a little too  
slow.

He holds Luke at gunpoint.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)  
If I go, he goes. Put down the gun  
old man.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Dale don't listen to him. I deserve  
it. This guy is a piece of shit. Just  
take the shot.

The gun trembles in Dale's hands. He drops it.

DRAKE SKARR

Good call.

He shoves Luke to the ground and - CRACK! He shoots Dale in the chest. He falls.

LUKE LEVINSON

DALE!

Luke and Malachi rush over to him. Blood starts to soak out of his chest. The kneel next to him and place there hands on his wound.

MALACHI ROGERS

We need pressure!

Tears build in their eyes once more.

LUKE LEVINSON

Dale - hang in there. I- I can fix this.

He takes out his phone and types 9, 1-

Dale grabs the phone.

DALE SMITH

It's okay guys. It's okay. It's my time to go.

LUKE LEVINSON

What? No. Dale I need you stay with us here.

MALACHI ROGERS

Just focus on us. Your son, remember? We have to get you back man.

DALE SMITH

It's okay. My son has already moved on. I'm going to see him soon.

Luke and Malachi lock eyes, their mouths agape. The moon creates a heavenly glow around them.

LUKE LEVINSON

I'm so sorry Dale. I should've listened to you the whole time. I'm a complete idiot. I'm a bad person.

DALE SMITH

Hey now! You're not a bad person Luke. And you too Malachi.

(MORE)



DALE SMITH (CONT'D)  
Y'all were just a little lost is all.  
But I think you'll find the way.

MALACHI ROGERS  
I don't know man. Drake is probably  
gonna shoot us next.

Drake summons whatever strength he has left and grabs both of  
their shoulders.

DALE SMITH  
Listen. You two are the closest  
friends I've ever seen. Time's up for  
me, but it ain't up for you just yet.  
You two need to put your heads  
together, and get out of this  
situation. I know you can.

LUKE LEVINSON  
I don't know what I'm gonna do  
without you Dale. You were the only  
person who ever showed me the way.

DALE SMITH  
Remember what I said. Take a deep  
breath, clear your mind. You don't  
find victory in a rush of emotions.  
You find it in the calm and the  
steady.

MALACHI ROGERS  
But Dale-

DALE SMITH  
And faith. You need to have a little  
faith.

Dale reaches into this pocket and takes out two objects.

DALE SMITH (cont'd)  
I wanted you boys to have these.

He hands Malachi his cross necklace, and hands Luke a set of  
keys. Malachi clutches the cross in his hand and holds it  
tight.

LUKE LEVINSON  
What are these?

DALE SMITH  
My boat. She's yours now. Take good  
care of her.

The light begins to fade from his eyes.

LUKE LEVINSON

Dale-

DALE SMITH

I love you guys. Have faith.

The light is gone. Dale's body goes limp. Tears pour out of Luke and Malachi's eyes. They hug each other.

MALACHI ROGERS

What the fuck man.

Drake walks up behind them.

DRAKE SKARR

Alright, I'll admit it that was sweet. Get up.

He yanks Malachi off the ground and jams his gun into his side.

LUKE LEVINSON

HEY! YOU-

DRAKE SKARR

You so much as step to me and he's dead. Here's what's gonna happen. Since you scared off my fucking Lightshow, I'm gonna take Malachi here, and he's going to make me some more Puff Pros. And you... well-

THOOM! He shoots Luke right in the shin. Luke falls to the ground and screams in agony.

MALACHI ROGERS

LUKE!

Drake holds him back and begins to walk away.

DRAKE SKARR

Better for him to have a slow death. Have the coyotes pick away at what's left of him. Let's go.

MALACHI ROGERS

LUKE! Hang in there! I'm gonna come back for you! Just hang in there!

Luke can't even speak - the pain overwhelms him. Drake pulls Malachi by gunpoint and they walk back into the forest.

A beat.

The Wolf appears next to Luke on the ground

THE WOLF

I'll be honest Luke. I didn't expect  
for us to go out this way. But ah,  
fuck it. The view ain't bad.

Luke turns his head towards the hallucination. His pain turns  
to anger.

THE WOLF (cont'd)

We had a good run though. But time's  
up for us.

LUKE LEVINSON

No. Just for you.

Luke tackles The Wolf and places his hands around his neck.  
He squeezes with all his might.

THE WOLF

If I go, you go.

LUKE LEVINSON

That's a risk I'm willing to take.

CRUNCH! He squeezes even hard. The Wolf's visor cracks and  
blood oozes out. The Wolf is dead. Luke falls over, out of  
breath. He summons his strength to stand up on his wounded  
leg. He removes his Wolf costume and uses his T shirt to wrap  
around his leg and stop the bleeding.

He tosses the Wolf helmet and costume into the lake and  
watches it sink into the depths. He musters all of his  
strength and hikes out of the marshlands, back to the  
freeway. He pulls out his phone and dials Enzo.

LUKE LEVINSON (cont'd)

Come on... come on...

The phone rings.

ENZO

Yo....sup dude.

LUKE LEVINSON

Hey Enzo... ah... shit. You're gonna  
have to bear with me. I may have just  
had the biggest fuck up of all time.

ENZO

Let me guess. You need evac or  
something?

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea. I need evac.

ENZO

I'm gonna need a little more than that after your crash out episode man. Malachi told me to never speak to your ass again.

LUKE LEVINSON

Listen man, I know I fucked up. Really bad. But Malachi needs us right now. I got mixed up in some bad shit, got in with some bad people, and a straight up evil piece of shit has him right now. I just need you to pick me up man, and I'll get him back, I promise. Please Enzo. Please.

ENZO

What. The. Fuck. Man. He's kidnapped? Jesus Christ. Luke, just tell me one thing.

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea, I guess he's kidnapped. What?

ENZO

Why the fuck shouldn't I just call the police and lock your ass up if all this shit's your fault anyways? And I'm sure they'll do a much better job at dealing with a damn hostage situation. You've done enough man.

LUKE LEVINSON

The police can't help with this. But I promise, when this is all over, I will answer for what I've done. But I'll be damned if Malachi has to answer too. I know I've fucked up man. But I've known y'all since like what, third grade? Come on man. I don't care where you are or what you're doing. Forget about me - Malachi needs us right now. And we're running out of time. So get all the boys, get in your fucking car, and get your asses over here. At the end of the day, we're boys. Ride or die.

INT. ENZO'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS. ERCOASTAL. MOMENTS LATER..

Neon lights flash over Enzo's face as he contemplates. He's currently in the middle of hosting a small house party.

A beat.

ENZO

Fuck it. Ride or die. Send me your current location, and don't move.

He hangs up the phone and turns to Rick and Davis.

ENZO (cont'd)

Alright. Which one of you here is the most sober? Cause it certainly ain't me.

Rick and Davis exchange nervous glances.

RICK

Well... I'm like seven Coors deep, but I haven't seen Davis here drink all night.

DAVIS

Well that my friend is because I'm high as fuck. I literally just ripped Dr. Bong.

ENZO

Well Alcohol I'm pretty sure causes more car accidents so get this man his keys!

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Luke sits alone on the side of the road, his head between his knees, wet and shivering from the cold night air.

LUKE

He checks his phone - its dead. The black screen reveals his bruised and battered complexion.

FLASH! A white light emerges from the fog to reveal Davis's SUV. The car stops in front of Luke and Alonzo rolls down the passenger window.

ENZO

Yo, you need evac?

Water fills Luke's eyes as he realizes his friends have come for him. Alonzo, Rick, and Davis rush out of the car and wrap Luke in an enormous group hug. Luke breaks down in tears.

LUKE

Thanks guys. I didn't-

Alonzo holds him tight.

ENZO

Hey, man, it's alright. We're going to get him back.

They all load into the car and it speeds off into the fog. Luke sits in the back seat and gazes out of the window.

ENZO (cont'd)

So, what have you gotten yourself into this time, Luke?

LUKE

I joined a multi-million dollar illegal psychedelic vape empire, led by a psychotic alpha sigma male influencer.

Everyone's heads snap to Luke.

RICK

Wait, those Puff Pros going around....that was you?

LUKE

Yeah.

ENZO

WAIT..... Bruh....are you THE WOLF?

LUKE

I was.

ENZO

Holy fucking shit. Holy FUCKING shit. My boy is the fucking Wolf of Wilmington.

RICK

Damn, it all makes sense. The suits, the money-

DAVIS

Facts. Ain't no way he actually had rizz.

ALONZO

So fuck dude, Malachi...What's your plan, man? Where's he at? Like where am I driving to?

Luke pulls out the key to the boat that Dale gave him. A small smile of hope makes its way onto his beaten face.

EXT. THE TOWER. NIGHT.

Malachi looks out over the vast ocean. The moon bathes The Tower in a blue glow. Drake sets up a table behind him, filled with vapes and various supplies to make Puff Pros.

MALACHI ROGERS

So you always knew about the operation.

DRAKE SKARR

Yea. It's not that easy to have a paid mole in the DEA these days.

MALACHI ROGERS

Well, you better hope Luke is dead.

DRAKE SKARR

You saw what I did to him. Don't get your hopes up. Now get over here. You got work to do. I mean, what the hell is Luke gonna do anyways?

Dale's cross necklace hangs from Malachi's neck. He holds the cross in his hand and looks up towards the moon.

EXT. MARINA. NIGHT.

The moon beams down at Dale's marina. VROOOM! Enzo's SUV pulls off to reveal Luke as he overlooks a marina. He walks towards the docks with a limp. He is wounded, but more determined than ever.

He finds Dale's sailboat and uses the key to unlock the cabin.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Luke turns on the power. The controls light up the cabin.
- Takes off the mooring line.
- Grabs the helm and motors the boat out of the Marina

- He looks down at his charts to figure out where The Tower can be. He is able to locate Malachi's phone and charts his course.

- He raises the sails and catches wind.

DALE SMITH (V.O.)

In this life, you can go wherever you want. You just need to patient, and the right wind will come. And when the right wind does come, you need proper sails in order to catch it, to guide it. Eventually, you'll be able to make the wind work for you - you'll be on your way before you know it.

- Luke sails out onto the open ocean. The waves are tough. They SLAM against the hull of the old boat.

- The Tower comes into view and Luke maneuvers to it.

EXT. THE TOWER. CONTINUOUS

Drake sits in a chair and sips on a cocktail. His desert eagle rests in his lap. He faces Malachi as he injects the toad venom into the vapes. Drake's back is to the ocean and does not see Luke's sailboat approaching. Malachi catches it out of the corner of his eye.

Luke slips right under the Tower, undetected. He drops his anchor and powers down. He grabs hold of one of the large metal legs of The Tower, and begins to climb.

Drake downs cocktail after cocktail. It starts to mess with his mind. He picks up his gun and gets out of his chair.

DRAKE SKARR

Fuck... man. What the hell am I doing. This is just unfair to you dude.

He points the gun at Malachi.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

I don't mean to string out your death man. Let's just get it over with, huh? I could probably outsource this for cheap anyways.

Luke's hand grabs the top of The Tower and pulls himself up onto the surface.



The courtyard is huge - he sees Drake pointing his pistol at Malachi - they are at least one hundred yards away. They do not notice him.

MALACHI ROGERS

What? You want me to beg? Either shoot me or don't man. Save me the theatrics. I know where my soul is going after this life.

Luke SPRINTS towards them at full speed. They still do not notice.

DRAKE SKARR

Oh, well that's good. Yea, I'm sick of your shit.

Drake places his finger on the trigger. CRAAAACK! Lighting strikes overhead.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

Lights out-

THUD! Luke tackles Drake to the ground just as he pulls the trigger - the bullet narrowly misses Malachi - it pierces a work light on the table with the Puff Pros. A fire starts and burns through the vapes - it releases their contents across the courtyard. White smoke consumes The Tower. Drake's gun is flung off The Tower and falls into the depths below.

Luke, Drake, and Malachi cough on the ground as the psychedelic fog enters their lungs.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

What the fuck...

Their vision begins to warp. Colors intensify around them. One by one, they all stand up next to each other in a perfect circle - like the wild west. Drake laughs.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

You sons of bitches finally cracked it. The shared trip.

Luke moves closer to Malachi. The duo now stands ten feet across from Drake. But something is off - Drake looks different.

LUKE LEVINSON

What the hell...

MALACHI ROGERS

Holy shit. Is that-

LUKE LEVINSON

Yea.

The effects are more powerful than anyone could imagine. The texture of the world around them completely changes - it resembles an 2D animated movie from the 90s.

Drake dons an all black outfit - complete with a long trench coat...and The Wolf's helmet. Only the visor is gone, and Drake's evil eyes can be seen.

LUKE LEVINSON (cont'd)

I thought he was dead.

Drake speaks - but his voice is mixed with The Wolf's.

DRAKE SKARR

He was my creation too. Don't you forget that now.

BOOM! Lightning Flashes overhead. The powerful white light breaks the illusion, but only for a mere second.

It starts to rain. The drugs start to distort Luke and Malachi's appearance as well. The transform into medieval warriors - who don outer cloaks made from Wolf's hides.

LUKE LEVINSON

Holy shit.

MALACHI ROGERS

What the hell is this man?

Malachi looks down at his hands. He can barely comprehend the overstimulation of this new world that they have entered.

MALACHI ROGERS (cont'd)

What are we?

LUKE LEVINSON

The Wolf was a lie. We're what Wolves are supposed to be.

Drake pulls out a pocket knife. But in this psychedelic world, the pocket knife appears as a menacing medieval dagger.

BOOM! More lighting.

MALACHI ROGERS

Shit. What are wolves supposed to be?

LUKE LEVINSON

When I was The Wolf, I thought I was alone. But that's not how they really are. Wolves work together. And they are loyal, above all else.

BOOOOM! Lightning streaks across the sky as they fist bump. Drake charges them. He leaps at them with his dagger - they both move out of the way. He slashes again - to no avail.

WHACK! Luke delivers a punch to his side. Drake reels in pain and - THUD! Malachi delivers a powerful kick to his chest.

DRAKE SKARR

You boys got some fight in you.

SWOOSH! He swings his knife at Luke - he dodges it - CRUNCH! Drake follows through with a punch to Luke's jaw. It knocks him to the ground.

CRAAACK! A lightning bolt strikes the tower and knocks Drake and Malachi to the ground. The rain pours down even harder. Luke stands up and stretches' out his hand and helps Malachi up.

Drake gets up and they run with their full might towards each other. Malachi grabs Drake's arm that holds the dagger. Luke tries to pry it away from him - THUD! Drake delivers a powerful kick to Luke's chest and he flies back into the concrete.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

Pathetic.

He tackles Malachi to the ground and shoves the dagger at Malachi. He summons all his strength to stop the blade - CLINK! It touches his cross necklace.

DRAKE SKARR (cont'd)

You think this can save you? You think you're protected?

Drake rips the necklace off his neck. He tosses it behind him. THUD! It sounds much heavier than it should. Luke musters his strength to get up and charges Drake once more.

Drake pushes the knife back down at Malachi - THUD! Luke tackles him to the ground.

LUKE LEVINSON

FUCK. YOU.

He punches Drake in the face with all his might. He goes unconscious and drops the knife.

Malachi looks down at his stomach. It oozes blood. He notices Drake's hand lying on the ground, along with the blood-drenched pocket knife.

MALACHI

Shit...

Malachi takes a knee. Luke rushes over to his friend.

LUKE

Fuck, fuck, fuck... You're gonna be alright, man, okay? I'm gonna get you to a hospital. Just stick with me, alright?

Luke helps Malachi stand up. The color starts to leave his face.

MALACHI

Alright. We got this. We got this.

LUKE

Alright, stay with me now, bro. We just gotta make it to the boat - then we're home free.

MALACHI

You brought a... of course you did... but hold up, there's one thing we gotta do first.

The two look towards Drake Skarr, still unconscious.

MALACHI ROGERS

We gotta do something with him.

The pyscedelic illusion has all but faded. The rain stops. Luke picks up Malachi's necklace and hands it to him.

LUKE LEVINSON

You're gonna be alright man. Have faith.

Drake Skarr stands up.

DRAKE SKARR

It's gonna take more than that to stop Drake Skarr. I can take whatever you can throw at me. I'm imoortal. I AM A GOD AMONGST MEN! Come at me again. I struck you down Malachi, I'll strike you down Luke all the same.

(MORE)

DRAKE SKARR (CONT'D)  
THIS GOD YOU WORSHIP, HE IS NOTHING  
COMPARED TO ME! SHOW ME YOUR POWER,  
AND I'LL SHOW YOU MINE!

CRAAAACK! A long lightning bolt streaks out from the clouds. The bolt's light glistens over Malachi's cross and - BOOM! It hits Drake - and sends him flying off the tower - and into the depths below.

Luke and Malachi are speechless.

A beat.

LUKE LEVINSON  
Well then. Let's get you home man.

EXT. OCEAN. MORNING.

SPLASH! The sailboat glides across the water like glass... Malachi lies in the cockpit as Luke steers.

MALACHI  
Fuck, dude... I don't know man... I'm  
fading, man...

LUKE  
Stay with me, man. Just stay with me  
a little longer. Please. Malachi?  
Stay with me. Stay with me. Stay with  
me. I need you man. Please.

The sailboat fades into the pink glow of the morning sunrise.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Luke sits in the hospital lobby. His hands grip his forehead, his right leg jumps up and down. A DOCTOR approaches him.

DOCTOR  
Hey there, got some good news. He's  
gonna live, but uh, it may be a while  
till he wakes up. He's pretty heavily  
sedated right now, but you can go in  
to see him if you'd like.

Luke walks into Malachi's hospital room. All the lights are out, the room is barren, devoid of any character or style. In the bed lies a figure, skin so pale it resembles a zombie. His eyes are closed, he is fast asleep. An IV is hooked up to his wrist, and five vials of pills rest on a table next to his bed.

A single tear rolls down Luke's cheek. Then another, and another. The floodgates open. He decides to let his friend rest and exits the room. The doctor stops him.

DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Hey, do you need to be checked in?  
You look pretty rough, man. It also  
looks like you've been shot in the  
foot. And the hand.

Luke wipes the tears from his face and responds.

LUKE  
You're right, man. I do need to be  
checked in. But not here.

The doctor is puzzled, but Luke walks away.

EXT. POLICE STATION- DAY

Luke walks into the lobby of the Wilmington Police Station.

LUKE  
My name is Luke Levinson. Some may  
have known me as The Wolf. I'm here  
to turn myself in.

The secretary presses a button on the desk phone.

SECRETARY  
Alright, we're gonna need some  
officers in here. We have um... The  
Wolf is in here. He says he's turning  
himself in.

Luke grabs the phone and puts the secretary on edge but he seems to allow it. Luke interrupts.

LUKE  
That's not my name, sir. It's  
Levinson. Luke Levinson.

CLINK! Handcuffs are slammed around Luke's wrists. A squad of four officers, armed to the teeth, escort Luke through the hallway.

FLASH! A white light swallows Luke as he stands for his mugshot. His expression for the photos is supposed to be neutral, but his inner guilt and sadness can be seen through his eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Malachi's eyes shoot open. He observes his surroundings, feeling scared in an unfamiliar place.

He looks at his forearm, which is hooked up to an IV machine. Malachi looks at the door to his room. Through the window, he sees commotion, staff and doctors alike all running in the same direction. Before he can figure out what is going on, his doctor opens the door.

DOCTOR

Hey, Malachi, your friend who came here, his name was Luke... right?

MALACHI

Yeah... why?

He picks up a TV remote. He doesn't answer his question and turns on the television and flips through channels until He finds the local news.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)

The authorities are currently unsure if he is responsible for the disappearances of Drake Skarr and Rhett Johnson. They have told us that he is cooperating fully and turned himself in at The Wilmington Police station at approximately 2:07 PM. Right now, the Wilmington Police Force and the DEA have arrested Luke Levinson on the charges of obstruction of justice, interfering with a federal investigation, public vandalism, and assault. This arrest marks the end of a months-long investigation into the largest distributor of illegal psychedelics ever in the history of the United States. This also marks the end of the reign of terror by his alter ego, the vigilante now known now in infamy as The Wolf.

Malachi's eyes are glued to the television screen, a lone tear runs down his cheek.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING ROOM - DAY

Luke stands in the booking room and presses his finger for fingerprinting. An OFFICER hands him a plastic bag to collect his personal items.

Luke takes off his shoes and clothes, to reveal his bloodied body. Another OFFICER cleans the blood off him with a towel.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Luke sits in a holding cell while two officers, OFFICER BRIGGS, an older gentleman past his prime in a standard police uniform, and CHERRY, a blonde-haired woman in a black windbreaker, sit across from him at a table.

OFFICER BRIGGS

Hello, Luke, I'm Officer Briggs. I'm sorry about Dale. He meant alot to me.

Luke nods his head.

CHERRY

I'm Cherry, from the Drug Enforcement Agency. We knew him too. He was a good man.

Cherry opens an olive-green folder and looks through some paperwork.

CHERRY (cont'd)

You've got quite the resume here, Mr. Levinson. I'll be honest, this is probably the most insane shit I've seen in my entire career. If there's anything you'd like to get off your chest, please, do it now. For your sake.

OFFICER BRIGGS

Best listen to her. Her record against men like you is not in your favor, man.

Luke leans forward and places his arms on the table.

LUKE

Listen, I'm more than willing to cooperate with you every step of the way. I know what I've done, and I'm ready to face the consequences. The Wolf is dead. So let's bury it.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Luke leans forward once more.



LUKE

I'm going to plead guilty on all fronts. I'm going to confess to every single crime that I have committed. And I can give you an insane amount of inside information about Drake Skarr's entire operations. It will probably lead to the arrest of a lot more people, going back years.

Cherry looks satisfied and opens her notepad to a blank page. She slides it over to Luke along with a pencil.

CHERRY

The Government is more than grateful for your cooperation. If you have any special requests, write them down, and I'll see what I can do. If we have your complete cooperation and a guilty plea, we can significantly reduce your sentence.

Luke nods and writes something down. He slides it back to Cherry.

CHERRY (cont'd)

Really? That's it? That's the only thing you can think of?

LUKE

That's all I want.

On the notepad, it reads, " One last night with my boys ."

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A JUDGE, an older woman with an honest complexion, slams the gavel.

JUDGE

This session is now in order. The court will now have Mr. Levinson state his plea.

LUKE

I, Luke Levinson, plead guilty on all accounts. I plead guilty for purchasing a nicotine vaporizer for a minor under the age of 21. I plead guilty for the manufacture and illegal distribution of vapes that contained illegal substances.

(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)

I plead guilty for the assault of John Wallace, who I knew at the time as The Dark Rider. I plead guilty for being an accessory to his murder after the fact. I plead guilty for the distribution of cocaine, and the assaults' of the three fraternity members. I plead guilty for vandalism and the destruction of public property. I plead guilty in accessory after the fact of the murders of Rhett Smith and Jericho Maive. I plead guilty for the assault of Drake Skarr Benz.

Luke takes a moment to catch his breath.

JUDGE

Thank you. Is there anything else you would like to state for the court, Mr. Levinson?

A beat.

LUKE

Yes... I plead guilty for forcing Malachi Murphy to participate as my accomplice in the previously referenced crimes. I used fear, intimidation, as well as verbal and physical threats to force his compliance in all of my operations. I plead guilty for lying to and manipulating him.

LUKE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I plead guilty to recklessly endangering his life, in order to fuel my own ego. I plead guilty for taking advantage of my friends and for thinking that they were not enough. I plead guilty to letting down my best friend... without him... my world became darkness.

A crowd of college students watches the news on a television in Alonzo's apartment. The news reporter announces Luke's guilty plea and sentence.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)

Earlier today, Luke Levinson pleaded guilty on all counts and has been sentenced to a total of seven years in federal prison...

EXT. CAROLINA BEACH - DAY

A bright yellow sun sits in the center of a baby blue sky over Carolina Beach. The tide is fierce, large swaths of water crash over each other, ideal beach-day conditions. Alonzo, Rick, Davis, and Malachi set up a beer pong table. They bust out a cooler and each take an ice-cold beer.

ENZO

I don't know, guys. It's almost been like an hour. You really think he's gonna show?

MALACHI ROGERS

He's gonna show.

LUKE LEVINSON

Hey, my apologies. My Uber driver sucked ass.

The group turns around to see LUKE, fully ready for a beach night with a Hawaiian shirt and white swim trunks. They all run up and give him an enormous group hug.

ENZO

You're not gonna believe what we got for today.

MALACHI ROGERS

Beer, beer, and more beer.

The antics begin. Shotgun contests, beer pong games, Luke and Malachi earn their title as dynamic-duo champions.

EXT. CAROLINA BEACH - SUNSET

Luke and Malachi take a break from the action and walk down towards the ocean. They place beach chairs at the water's edge, with just their feet in the water. The sun begins to set, a massive yellow fireball in a deep orange sky. Waves crash and dolphins can be seen in the distance.

MALACHI

Damn, man. It's good to have you back.

LUKE

Well, I wouldn't get used to it. This is probably the last time I'll see something as beautiful as this.

Luke gestures to the picturesque sky in front of them.

MALACHI

That's not what I mean, man. It's good to have YOU back.

He points at Luke's heart.

LUKE

Yea, man. It's good to be back. That shit that happened, that was pretty fucking crazy, right? A joining a DEA operation to take out a fucking vape empire? I wish someone told me that was a horrible idea.

MALACHI

Yea, me too brother.

Luke smiles.

MALACHI (cont'd)

But yea, no, that shit was fucking crazy, dude. Pretty fucking crazy. That Drake Skarr guy, bro? That guy was insane, dude. What the fuck. And Dale man. He was...

LUKE LEVINSON

He was who we need to strive to be. The world lost one of it's best. And it's my fucking fault.

MALACHI ROGERS

Hey man, you can't put that on you. He knew what he was walking into. He gave up his soul for us. We can't let him down.

A tear crawls down Luke's face.

LUKE

Yea, but, for real, man. I don't know if I will ever be able to go a day without thinking about what happened to him, and what happened to you. I mean, in all seriousness, dude, I almost got you fucking killed too. I... I don't expect you to ever forgive me, man.

Malachi shakes his head.

MALACHI

Dude, it's honestly, like uh...

Malachi's thoughts trail off to somewhere else.

LUKE

What, bro?

MALACHI

It's, uh... you know what? Just do me a favor, bro.

LUKE

Yea, anything, dude, of course. You want another beer or something?

Malachi shakes his head.

MALACHI

Nah, bro, just close your eyes for a second, man.

Luke closes his eyes. Malachi closes his eyes as well.

MALACHI (cont'd)

You see that, bro?

LUKE

Yea. That's my world without you, bro.

Tears begin to roll down from both of their faces. They get out of their chairs and wrap each other in an intimate hug. Luke breaks down, tears pour out of his eyes.

LUKE (cont'd)

I'm so sorry, man. I'm so fucking sorry. I... I should never have done that shit, man. I was just so lonely, man, so fucking lonely. But you were right here man. You were right here. I just should've fucking asked for some help, man. I- -

Malachi interrupts him.

MALACHI

Luke - I get it. You got dealt a shit sandwich, man. Shit happens. I forgive you. Yes, you did cause all of this shit, but in the end, you saved my life man. And for that - you're a fucking hero. You're a hero to me. Don't ever forget that.

They draw away from the hug. Luke wipes the tears off his face.

LUKE

Thanks, man. Thanks.

MALACHI

And hey, I know it's gonna be seven years or whatever, and that sucks ass. But hey, I'll come visit you every day if I can. I will visit you every damn day until you're out of there. Plus, we got a sailboat waiting for us. 30 ain't shit man.

Luke smiles.

LUKE

Hey, and yea, it's seven years, but with good behavior? Who knows?

MALACHI

Good behavior?

LUKE

Yea. Good behavior. I think I'll give that a try.

FADE TO BLACK.