

HUNTER

written by

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OVER BLACK.

AHMED (V.O.)  
The principle of man from boyhood  
is intriguing.  
Ever wondered if you could tame,  
ride the fiercest beasts, and  
subdue your enemies?  
(beat)  
Never doubt your abilities.. son.

His voice echoes.

The screen lingers pitch black until..

—A GUNSHOT.

SLAM TO:

INT. MASTER SUITE - HOTEL ROOM - RUSSIA - NIGHT

ATTORNEY NIKOLAI (late-40s, competent, attentive) YANKS  
AWAKE, snapping his head up into pitch darkness. He is  
dressed in a fine suit, tie still evenly knot even though the  
nap.

AROUND HIM: what it seems to be a SUITE—almost every light is  
off except for a dim lamp on a nightstand besides the man.

NIKOLAI scans his surroundings, breath tense and panting—the  
sound was so close.. but it appears to have vanished.

The dark is deep. The silence—uncannily unbearable. And then—

RING! FROM THE PHONE.

NIKOLAI FLINCHES, gasping to the unexpected, piercing sound—  
and turns to the origins of the sound; a wired phone resting  
just besides him on the desk table.

He sighs. Reaches, clutches the device, and answers.

NIKOLAI  
(into the phone, trembled)  
Hello?

He holds the phone close to his ear. All we can hear—is just  
the muffled sound of a fierce male voice, shouting through  
the phone—high enough to be heard.

And we focus on NIKOLAI's expression of horror, and shock..  
which just worsens every second..

..until the phone slips from his trembling hands.

HE STANDS, URGENT—

—runs towards the door.

And when he finally reaches..

..it's locked.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
(in Russian)  
Fuck, fuck, fuck...

He tries HARDER.

Grips the handle tightly. Flips his hand. But nothing.

Growing more desperate, he begins to POUND the door with his knees and arms—trying hopelessly to break it down, somehow.. but it's too heavy.

Suddenly, in the middle of his pounds—a THUD.

Not one of his pounds.

One too humid—too crystal-like. Low and subtle—but high enough for NIKOLAI to perceive.

The man stops banging. Tilts to what's behind him, slowly..

CLOSE ON:

The windows behind NIKOLAI—where the thud came from.

Curtains sweep back and forth—from a semi-open space, in which a cold inferno falls over.

From the space, snow breaks in, slightly.

NIKOLAI stares—fists still on the door, expression stern for a beat...

And then, he finally moves—begins to approach the windows, slowly.. furtive and cautious like a prey—

—until he reaches. Gazes into the open space for a moment. And then.. he turns quickly, and reaches the phone on the ground.

Grips it with his hand. His back to the window. Speaks:

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 ..Hello?  
 Mr. Finch.

Silence.

He clicks his tongue. Begins typing, in mad panic and confusion—the phone's buttons, marking numbers with no apparent exact goal.

And, behind him in the blurred background—the darkness has grown denser, the window is unfocused. Only the breaking motion of snow falling from outside.

He grips the phone to his ear, again.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 Mr. Sergey.  
 This—this is Mr. Nikolai Vukovic,  
 Chief Legal Officer for Helix  
 Directive.  
 This is a matter of high urgency..  
 I insist.

..in the WINDOWS behind him—an uncertain, dark figure lingers...

And NIKOLAI just listens to what the man says, unaware. Then continues.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 ..No.  
 I urge to call the security's  
 office.  
 I swear I could hear a gunshot.  
 (pause, shouts)  
 No! There was a fucking shot in my  
 suite, or elsewhere! And now,  
 somebody just broke in my suite!

He slams the desk with his fist. Sighs.

And, in the windows, behind him—the figure seems to be all gone, in all our blurry sight allows us to see.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
 Fine.  
 Thank you—for nothing.

THUD. He places the phone back in its case. Hard.

Then, he sighs, both hands gripping the edges of his desk.  
Head bowed down.

But, suddenly.. his eyes SNAP WIDE—he REMEMBERS—

TURNS.

AND, nothing... the windows seem to be still ''intact''. The open space has no visible signs of being further manipulated.

He exhales. Shakes his head.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
Whoever you are, little bitch—go  
and face me like a—

MASKED MAN  
(cuts)  
—MAN.

A GASP—

THE SIGHT OF A FULLY MASKED MAN—pointing a FIREARM at  
NIKOLAI.

No time to process it. BANG!

..NIKOLAI falls sprawled on the ground—head blown.. leaving  
us on sight with the MASKED MAN, who lingers in position—  
smoke rising from his firearm.

And his name is AHMED.

SLAM TO:

Rising S.O of police sirens—distorted and faint.

EXT. HOTEL COMPLEX - NIGHT

A fierce snowstorm rages on—falling over the tall building,  
which towers high. Its windows pierce through the blizzard as  
weak lights.

In the middle of cold rage and sirens, in the highest windows  
of the building—AHMED, body fully covered in a black tactical  
suit—dense shin guards, balaclava, reinforced armoring—CLIMBS  
down a CABLE from his grapple hook.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. AVENUES - NIGHT

Police cars roll forward through far-stretched avenues—  
crashing into piercing snowstorm.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. HOTEL COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

And AHMED, supporting himself with his cable—points with the  
grapple hook, SHOOTS another cable—

—and in a swift, almost in a blink of an eye—he SWINGS,  
vanishing to the other side.

Deep down, POLICE VEHICLES roll in into the lot, almost in a  
haphazard matter.

SUPER: ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA - 2005

Clashing voices of agents. Radio. Commotion.

A POLICE VEHICLE, frenzy and fast-forward, PASSES—

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST HIGHWAY - BLIZZARD - NIGHT

—as a BLACK SEDAN dashes forward at high speed, in a long  
forest highway; snow-covered trees, visibility almost  
impossible.

INT./EXT. AHMED'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A sleek, comfortable interior in greys—with a ruined  
windscreen.

AHMED, out of his MASK (33, stern and formidable) DRIVES  
forward, windshield constantly shoving away snow—visibility  
almost null. He has a well-groomed beard, medium-long brown  
hair, and a piercing gaze.

Besides him, his wife, HANNA (30, sweet but urgent) pants  
tense, gripping her belly tightly—she is pregnant.

AHMED  
(stern, focused)  
Hang on there, love—

The vehicle TURNS in a CURVE—AHMED presses against his teeth,  
jaw locked as they bounce slightly.

HANNA  
 (desperate)  
 What are we going to do?!  
 What if I don't make it.. what if  
 my baby doesn't make it?!—

AHMED hushes her.

AHMED  
 (urgent)  
 —I'm looking for a place for you,  
 Hanna.

The vehicle keeps dashing forward—frenetically, and  
 dangerously..

..until it slowly stops.

We see the FUEL GAUGE—the device's needle is stick to the  
 'E'. AHMED notices, huffing a sigh:

AHMED (CONT'D)  
 Shit..  
 No, no.

The engine dies. The vehicle is cut out of its motion,  
 lingering still mid-highway.

Before HANNA can say a thing, AHMED opens the vehicle's doors  
 —and pulls her out.

EXT. SNOW CONIFEROUS FOREST - CONTINUOUS

He carries HANNA on his arms—and dashes forward out of the  
 highway, deep into the forest's claws..

..as HANNA sees how the car in the highway vanishes in the  
 distance, fading into the blizzard.

CUT TO:

Sirens pierce through the heavy sounds of the snowstorm. The  
 blades of a helicopter.

AHMED, holding HANNA in his arms, sprints forward as fast as  
 he can—eyes scanning every inch of the surroundings,  
 searching around for any space—any.

They dash through thorns, branches, blizzard; but AHMED never  
 stops.

Up above.. roaming, dark shapes of HELICOPTERS—shaking Earth  
 itself.

With each step, AHMED becomes more and more exhausted—just as we see through his POV: his vision splits in half; the world around him spinning dizzy.

But then, his blurry sight meets the lingering, distant figure of a CABIN—or what it seems to be.

He sighs. Echoes.

SLAM TO:

INT. OLD LOG CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

CRACK!—the dry sound of wood splitting, like branches. The door is smashed open.

AHMED, carrying HANNA, bolts in—losing no time. He quickly scans the area—and then approaches a far corner.

He bends, carefully placing Hanna on the wooden floor, who writhes and groans in pain.

He kneels, slowly—breathless. His gaze locks with HANNA's, looking deep into her eyes—his stone expression vanishes just for a moment, as he lifts a single hand, stroking her hair just once.

And then, he holds her hands. Gaze never leaving her eyes:

AHMED  
(sotto, soft)  
Everything will be okay.  
I promise.

The world seems to hold its breath for a second.

Until—BANG!—a FLASH from outside.

Both flinch.

AHMED (CONT'D)  
—Shit.  
(holds her hands, urgent)  
Hang on, okay?

She nods. He stands up, sighing—rushing to one old, broken window—faintly looming his head out.

He reaches to his pockets.. pulling out a semi-automatic firearm, the same one—the black Desert Eagle. Checks the chamber.. it has ammo.

SLAM TO:



EXT. SNOW CONIFEROUS FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

A BLACK HELICOPTER makes flight over the dense, blizzard-wrapped pine forest. Snow falls on fiercely--the clouds around are blinding like fog.

Radio voices clash with each other--blending chaotically with the tactical sounds of hunt.

INT. HELICOPTER CHAMBER - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Beeping, lights, imaging--a FLIGHT OFFICER, dressed in tactical uniform, sits before a wide range of flight control buttons--besides him, a COPILOT sits, coordinating.

On a thermal map, we see a stunningly blue scan of the forest below.. until one RED small figure pops in.

The FLIGHT OFFICER, masked and goggled, speaks into his headset's microphone:

OFFICER  
Unit 3-6, be advised;  
Subject 4-BC, Ahmed Al-Hakim, age  
33--confirmed in target zone.  
Dropping coordinates now.

Voices blend.

The FLIGHT OFFICER reaches to a grid--capturing the red thermal figure.

EXT. SNOW CONIFEROUS FOREST - CONTINUOUS

From below--we see the helicopter, passing like a BOLT--shaking wind, pine trees and snow like an apocalyptic beast--and vanishes out of sight, instantly.

AHMED advances--cautious, gun low in both hands--the snowstorm around him is unsparing and blinding.

We follow him as he walks forward, attentive to every single sound; the howling blizzard, helicopter blades.. and one more thing--a slight thud.

HE TURNS, AND WE TURN--

Deep into the snow, a barely-visible FIGURE--

BANG!--AHMED FIRES in a flash.

He watches as the figure is consumed by the piercing gunshot—and then deep into the snow—almost like vanishing. However, more and more footsteps approach; from every single direction, deep within the blizzard.

WIDE SHOT

And AHMED stands, in the middle—ready.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OLD LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN SCREAMS AND SOBS IN AGONY.

We don't reveal—only her screaming, blending with the stunning sounds of gunfire and war—breaking in from outside—

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SNOW CONIFEROUS FOREST - CONTINUOUS

—as AHMED RAGES ON.

BEATS—

SHOOTS FOES. BANG!

BLOOD sprawls on the snow—

—as every single foe is thrown HARD on the ground.

AHMED stands atop of one body, breathless—panting, shivering. But then—

..BANG..

His eyes—snapped wide open, his gaze—broken.. as a tender drop of blood runs down his back, slowly.

Behind him, a dark FIGURE stands—aiming a firearm.

Ahmed's eye twitches—as he TIGHTENS his FIST.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OLD LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Piercing silence. Nothing; no screaming. No gunshots. Just the blizzard.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SNOW CONIFEROUS FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

We pan. AHMED is not there—just a pile of dead, bleeding corpses.

And there's one more.

CLOSE ON:

The FIGURE of before, body sprawled on the ground.. the head was torn-apart. Snow falls over the body like nature's cruel burial.

CUT TO:

AHMED RUNS—panting, drained—dashing through snow, thorns, long pine trees.

Through his POV, his sight is blurry and fast-forward. We hear his deep, thudding heartbeats—along with his heavy breathing, all blended with tinnitus—as if we were in his nervous system.

And then, in that same angle, as if a loop—his sight meets the CABIN.

INT. OLD LOG CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Footsteps. Slow.

AHMED steps in, quiet, furtive.

He calls her name.

AHMED  
(trembled)  
Hanna?

..but no response.

His breath grows heavier as his concern grows, more and more—he doesn't hear any breath. Any groan.

No sign of life.

But until—he hears the CRY of a BABY. His child.

AHMED's eyes open wide—he turns. Reaches to the corner.. and there she is.

HANNA. Sitting still on the floor, exhausted—a dense trail of blood all around.

On her arms, she carries him—BABY MORGAN, naturally covered in her blood.

She gives him a faint, barely smile.

AHMED gazes, marveling. His breath slows, his expression softens completely.

And then, he approaches, kneeling. Blood runs down his forehead and back, clothes full of snow. He reaches to her hair—soft, tender.

He smiles at her—a faint, yet warm one. The baby, newborn eyes mid-open, also gazes at his father.

Then—the slightest motion. She gives him the child, who has fallen quiet. AHMED holds, carrying the boy on his arms.

He smiles at him.

AHMED (CONT'D)  
(soft)  
Morgan.

The baby responds to his tender touch.

And then, his smiling gaze rises to HANNA again—but it vanishes.

HANNA's head now rests still against the wall, eyes closed, sitting stiff—and she doesn't breath.

He stares, his brows drawn together—a tear falls down his cheek.

But something grabs his arm, something little, and playful—he looks down. His child.

WIDE SHOT

The father, holding his baby on his arms, gazes at him. Until..

CLASHING FADING CHAOS: the BLADES OF A HELICOPTER, POLICE SIRENS.

SLAM TO:

EXT. SNOW CONIFEROUS FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

In the middle of furious blizzard-

-AHMED, carrying his BABY, DASHES forward.

He sprints, agile and precise-vanishing into the dwellings of pine trees, snow, and, especially, wild-

SMASH TO BLACK.

-as the baby's cries ECHO for the last time.

SLAM TO:

The ARCH of a BOW-

EXT. CONIFEROUS FOREST - DAWN

-THWAK!-

INTO A MOOSE.

SUPER: 26 YEARS AFTER - 2031

We PAN and FLASH-the sight of a MAN fully covered in all-furs of black bears, deer, and lynx, masked-aiming at targets with a BOW that stretches long-AS HE DASHES BETWEEN PINE TREES.

NO TIME TO PROCESS NOTHING.

THWAK! THWAK! THWAK!

WILD. PRECISE. DANGEROUS.

QUICK CUTS:

ARROWS INTO SQUIRRELS.

INTO BIRDS.

INTO LIFE.

BACK TO SCENE

The MAN stands STILL and TALL over the top of a PINE TREE—perfectly balanced.

Only his eyes are exposed—a pair of striking, hazel eyes, with arched, dense eyebrows.

He then reaches—and pulls off his FUR MASK.

MORGAN (26, formidable)—burning wild handsomeness, the strength of a young man—flaming with intelligence, precision, fairness.

And he parts his lips.

MORGAN  
Stand and swallow—  
(aims)  
—else fall.

SHWAK!

The ARROW PIERCES through US.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: HUNTER

FADE OUT.