

# **DAREDEVIL**

**THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR**

Written  
by  
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Based on the Marvel Comics Character

FIRST REVISED DRAFT  
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BLACK

SOUNDS fade up: the low HISS of rubber tires on wet pavement...a passing breeze... the DRIP DRIP DRIP of water... SHIMMERING LIQUID COLORS bloom against the blackness... the electric aura of a rain-washed city at night... coalescing into:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN - PRESENT TIME

The West Side of Manhattan known as Hell's Kitchen. On the heels of a rainstorm. Mammoth darkened buildings. Shadowy sidewalks. Steam rising from the manhole covers and underground exhausts. Wide black streets. Deserted, for now. Wooden signs heralding future construction projects.

A solitary figure crawls slowly in the shadows, carefully avoiding the light. For an instant, his pale blue EYES catch the glow of a car's headlights. There is not even the slightest reaction in his pupils. They are sightless, condemned to the eternal night.

The CAMERA follows the figure and TRACKS on a long band of yellow police tape cordoning off a newly-burned brownstone.

A distant ROCK 'N ROLL BEAT...

FADE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - HELL'S KITCHEN - 1973 - AFTERNOON

SPRINGSTEEN'S "IT'S HARD TO BE A SAINT IN THE CITY." A MATCHING SHOT TRACKING WITH a GROUP of BOYS strutting down the same street, and we are transported back to a late Summer day in 1973. The streets are lined with tenements, taverns and 24-hour diners. Families share the neighborhood with whores, junkies and small time hoods. The Boys range in age from 12 to 15. They affect the tough, hardened attitude that comes from spending all of their waking hours on the streets. SUPER: "Manhattan. 1973. Late August."

Two stunning blue EYES, in which Hell's Kitchen and all its life seem to be reflected for a brief moment. These are the eyes of MATT MURDOCK, a skinny fifteen year-old redhead bringing up the rear. He's younger and slighter than the others. He's trying to keep up, to be cool and tough, but there is a certain complexity, a level of maturity and intelligence that the others are lacking. Something in his eyes...

STARKEY, the hefty group bully, stops the others and turns suddenly on Matt.

STARKEY

Hey Murdock! He's all yours... The fat ass.

He nods across the street toward OFFICER LIPINSKI, an overweight policeman who walks the Hell's Kitchen beat.

MATT

Officer Lipinski?

STARKEY

(mimicking him)

Yeah. "Officer Lipinski." Do it!

MATT

But...

STARKEY

What?

MATT

In broad daylight?

STARKEY

You're a coward. Just like your old man...

MATT

Take that back!

STARKEY

Okay, okay. Don't get your panties in a bunch!  
Bottom line, Murdock... you wanna hang with us, you  
gotta have guts.

ON LIPINSKI: The nightstick dangling below his large love handles,  
Lipinski's ears perk up. He scratches the back of his neck not noticing...

MATT, his face now covered by a black hood, who sneaks up behind him, reaches  
out, and GRABS the stick...!

LIPINSKI

What the--

The nightstick SNAPS FREE and Matt DASHES down the street and around the  
corner!

LIPINSKI

Punk! That's city property!

Lipinski gives chase. Starkey and the boys laugh.

ON MATT: Running hard. Holding tight to the stolen nightstick. He looks  
back.

ON LIPINSKI: Getting tired. Breathless.

ON MATT: Dashing into a BACK ALLEY, leaping over an unconscious WINO. He  
heads toward a rusted, tall, CHAIN LINK FENCE, blocking his path. Matt jumps  
with extraordinary agility almost the top of the fence and, crawling like a  
cat, makes it onto the other side.

Lipinski, wheezing and staggering, arrives at the alley entrance.

EXT. SMALL ALLEYWAY - DAY

Matt jumps again, this time catching a loose chain dangling from a fire  
escape. The boy flips up and alights on the first floor landing, PUSHES OPEN  
a dirty window and climbs inside. Lipinski huffs up to the chain link fence.  
No sign of the masked punk. He PUNCHES the gate in exhausted frustration.

LIPINSKI

Goddamn street trash!

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - SUNSET

Matt JUMPS from another window BACK OUTSIDE, still clutching the nightstick  
in his hand. CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are on top of a big brownstone building.

It seems that nobody but Matt visits this place, and he has made it into his own private kingdom. There is a weathered punching bag and some dusty gymnastic equipment.

MATT'S HANDS tightly CLUTCH the metal pole of a HIGH BAR. He SWINGS forward, releases and does a perfect double FLIP. He LANDS on his feet, in front of...

A torn, yellowed POSTER, attached to a dusty locker door. It reads: "BATTLIN' JACK MURDOCK, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR VS. MANNY LIAZI. HEAVYWEIGHT BOUT. OCT. 8, 1969. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN." The poster features a photo of Matt's Dad, JACK MURDOCK at the height of his career. John Garfield handsome, Jack Murdock's image evokes integrity, fire and intense spirit. Matt looks at the poster while he spins the combination lock, suddenly realizing that the locker has already been opened.

MATT

Shit!

He places the nightstick inside and looks frantically to see if there is anything missing. The locker is packed with old boxing gloves, a silk robe, sweat suits, library books...

Matt's expression dims. Something is missing. Guilt covers his face. He SLAMS the locker door --

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the still, dark room, the ephemeral glow of a cigarette lights a photograph somebody's holding up and squinting at through the smoke (A Young Woman, too briefly seen)... The smoker takes a sip from a bottle of cheap whisky and leans back, closing his eyes.

The apartment door creaks open, the sound rousing him.

JACK

Maggie...?

Matt enters. Jack turns.

JACK

Matt.

MATT

Hi Dad.

Matt flips on the light switch. The apartment is an eclectic blend of hand-me-down furniture. Jack Murdock looks very different from the youthful fighter on the boxing poster. Heavier, his black hair streaked with grey. He hides the photograph in the side of the seat cushion, then stands up. His eyes ablaze, he glares at Matt.

JACK

I found this on the roof.

Jack thrusts a duffel bag at Matt. Strides toward him, then turns the bag upside down, spilling the STOLEN CONTENTS onto the floor: several wallets, a wristwatch, a woman's necklace...

Matt's jaw drops. His expression suddenly apologetic...

MATT

Dad --

JACK

My only son. A common thief.

Jack WHIPS back his hand, SLAPPING Matt hard across the face. The force sends the boy TO THE FLOOR. Jack points down at him, teeth clenched:

JACK

Get.. Outta. My. Sight.

Jack whirls away in disgust. Tears fill Matt's eyes. He gets up, walks to the window and climbs out onto the fire escape. Jack drops down on a tattered ottoman, clutching his head in his hands.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT - LATER

Matt attacks the PUNCHING BAG with incredible fury, his young arms punching like metal pistons. He doesn't stop. Punching HARDER. And HARDER. Sweat pouring. CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to Matt. There is fire in his eyes. A sense of guilt and frustration in his expression. LATER. Matt is sitting on the edge of the roof with his legs dangling over the side. Tears are streaming from his eyes while he stares into the night.

Jack climbs out, much calmer. His eyes, too, are watery. But when he sees his son sitting in such a precarious position...

JACK

(worried)

Matt, back up. I don't like you sitting there...

MATT

It's okay, Dad. Height doesn't scare me.

JACK

But it scares me...

Jack slowly climbs down and sits beside Matt. The bright lights of the city are the only witness to their conversation.

JACK (CONT'D)

(apologetically)

I'm sorry I hit you.

MATT

Well... I was wrong, Dad. It was my fault.

JACK

Why'd you do it, Matt?

MATT

To fit it in, I guess. To be one of the guys.

JACK

Those guys'll be lucky to make it alive to their eighteenth birthdays. And if they do, they'll be celebrating behind bars...

Matt lowers his head, well aware that his father is right. Jack looks at the city in front of them.

JACK  
Can you hear that?

MATT  
What?

Jack's moves his finger through the air, pointing at the endless lights. Matt's eyes follow its movement. Out of the CACOPHONY OF TRAFFIC, several sounds can be distinguished: POLICE SIRENS -- a woman WEEPING -- two men ARGUING -- a man CRYING OUT in pain...

JACK  
The cry of the city... There's no happiness. Only grief. Injustice. Tragedy. And hopelessness. I don't want you to be part of that, son. And your mother wouldn't have either... We owe it to her, Matt. You are here to make a difference... for the good...

MATT  
Me?

JACK  
That's right. One day you'll be out there to help these people. To give them hope...

MATT  
But... how?

JACK  
You'll find a way, son. Or perhaps destiny will make the choice for you... (pause) You've gotta be somebody special. Look where my fists have gotten me. You've gotta be nothing like your old man.

Matt looks with compassion at his Dad.

MATT  
Don't say that. I'm proud of you, Dad. I always will be.

JACK  
Look. You and me... It's been kinda messed up lately.

MATT  
Kinda.

JACK  
And with high school starting next week... that can be the start of a new life for you. For us.

Matt listens intently. Jack pauses for a moment, considering, then continues with renewed confidence.

JACK  
Got a deal for you. Start concentrating on your school work. Promise me you'll stay away from the streets and those scumbag friends... I'll get off the bottle.

Matt looks straight at him:

MATT  
Sounds fair.

JACK  
(grinning)  
Shake? Jack extends his hand. Matt wraps his father in a tight hug instead. Jack pats him on the back.

MATT  
Hey Dad, you better get some sleep. You got a fight tomorrow.

JACK  
(derisive laugh)  
Fight? Goddamn circus act!

EXT. ARENA. NIGHT.

A COLORFUL AD: "THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1973. WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION PRESENTS: BATTLE OF THE DEVILS! DAREDEVIL MURDOCK VS. SLAMMIN' SATAN STROMBOLI!" The poster features two wrestlers: Stromboli is dressed in a bright orange Lucifer's costume, holding a pitchfork. Murdock is dressed in a bright red and yellow horned costume.

INT. WRESTLING ARENA - NIGHT

STANDING ROOM ONLY. A smoky, 500 seat arena. The seats are filled with rowdy TEENS, small time HOODS and drunken OLD MEN. Daredevil Murdock, dressed in red and yellow, holds Slammin' Satan Stromboli OVER HIS HEAD. Murdock THROWS Stromboli onto the mat. The crowd CHEERS. Murdock takes a RUNNING LEAP and LANDS on top of Stromboli with a HARD BODY SLAM. The crowd ROARS.

INT. SACRED HEART CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

SILENCE. A large, beautifully ornate stone church, illuminated by countless rows of burning candles. The church is deserted, save for one solitary figure... Matt. He kneels at a side altar and starts praying to a statue of the crucified Christ.

MATT  
Forgive me Lord. I didn't know what I was doing.

The SILHOUETTE OF A NUN hovers at the rear of the church, standing in the SHADOWS, as she listens to Matt's prayers.

MATT  
Please give me the strength to get it together...  
And to make it up to my Dad... make him proud of me.

Matt makes the sign of the cross, opens the bag with the stolen items in front of the altar and stands up. The NUN, who has been listening from the shadows, appears and calls out.

NUN

Wait...

Matt turns. His expression melancholy. His eyes filled with a distant pain now looking back at the bag. He's too ashamed to explain. He just turns and walks away.

The Nun nods and goes to check the bag. She's still in the shadows but we are able to catch a slight smile in her gentle face.

NUN

Thank you, my Lord. Thank you.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - WRESTLING ARENA - NIGHT

The marquee lights -- advertising the Murdock fight -- BLINK OFF.

INT. WRESTLING ARENA - PROMOTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A seedy, cramped office. CATUZZI, the weasel-like, sweaty PROMOTER, sits at his desk, counting the evening's receipts. The desk is covered with PILES OF CASH. There is a KNOCK at the door.

Jack Murdock enters, dressed in street clothes. Catuzzi gives him a cigar-stained smile.

CATUZZI

Good job tonight, Murdock. Crowd ate it up.

Catuzzi tosses Jack an envelope. Jack counts the money inside.

JACK

(surprised)

We had a deal. One-fifty.

CATUZZI

If the place sells out.

MATT

It was standing room only.

CATUZZI

You're blind. There were four empty seats.

Catuzzi goes back to his counting, ignoring Jack.

JACK

Is that right?

Jack suddenly launches himself across the desk, grabs Catuzzi by the shirtfront and PUNCHES him hard, with a quick ONE-TWO combination. Then he TOSSES him back into the chair. Catuzzi's eyes begin to SWELL, turning a deep shade of blue.

JACK

Now who's blind?

Jack snatches his rightful fifty bucks from the table and turns to leave. Catuzzi shouts through puffy, black and blue eyes. He opens a drawer and grabs a gun.

CATUZZI

Murdock. This the last thing you'll ever... awww!

Jack turns around. The back door is open and the hand of Catuzzi, the one that was holding the gun, is now buried in the massive fist of... WILSON FISK. 562 pounds of solid muscle. Over SIX FEET TALL. His head SHAVED. He wears a custom made white suit, a RED ROSE pinned to his lapel. Look beyond Fisk's freakish exterior and you'll see a strong, almost handsome face. His blue eyes are deeply intelligent, with a glimmer of strength. But they twinkle, too, with a hint of sadistic malice.

Standing near Fisk is Angelo Policano, a.k.a. The Fixer, a handsome, grey-haired man in an expensive suit, smoking a thick Cuban cigar.

FIXER

The guy's still got a heavyweight punch. You shoulda pay some respect. (takes a look at the book on the desk) Besides... It is one-fifty ya wrote down in the books. I don't like no lies.

CATUZZI

(terrified)

I... I can explain...

JACK

It's okay Mister... I got my money.

But Fisk squeezes the hand even harder. The pain is unbearable and fainting is almost a relief for Catuzzi.

FIXER

It's unfortunate a champ like ya has to deal with such scum, Mr. Murdock... Perhaps we can talk business.

While Fisk removes the RED ROSE from his lapel and DROPS IT onto the bar beside Catuzzi, the Fixer offers a big Cuban cigar to Jack.

FIXER

Take it, son. Starting now no such things will be allowed... We gonna get ya in great shape!

Jack accepts the offer. Fisk and Policano exchange a look which is clearly an omen for trouble.

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN STREET - NIGHT

In that same moment, Matt is walking back home, the church still in the background. He sees Starkey and his buddies sitting on the stairway of a building. He tries to ignore them.

STARKEY

Hey Murdock! Where the hell ya goin'?

MATT

(a little embarrassed)

Oh... I, uh... Gotta go now.

Starkey gets up, so do the others. They follow Matt.

STARKEY

Gotta go? You ask permission from the team before you do that...

MATT

School... um... school's starting next week. I can't do this anymore, guys...

STARKEY

(can't believe this)  
School? What the hell is that...

The boys laugh, teasing him. Matt tries not to listen. He steps to the corner of the street.

Across the street, the crossing sign flashes: DON'T WALK. An elderly BLIND MAN is halfway across the intersection. Matt HEARS something. Swings his gaze to:

A SPEEDING TRUCK. Roaring into the intersection. The truck BRAKES. Too late. It shimmies out of control, SKIDDING sideways...

The Blind Man freezes at the sound of the truck's SCREECHING TIRES.

MATT

No!

Everything happens in SLO-MO: Matt DASHES into the intersection and LEAPS toward the Blind Man, PUSHING him out of the truck's path. The Blind Man falls clear. But the truck is fishtailing toward Matt --

Matt turns -- the skidding trailer SMACKS into him and sends Matt REELING through the air... He CRASHES through a cluster of garbage cans...!

The truck's back wheels bang the curb and the truck TIPS -- !

Matt is sprawled, nearly unconscious, on the sidewalk.

The truck SLAMS onto its side and a YELLOW CONTAINER EJECTS from the rear of the truck...

The CONTAINER CRASHES into a street lamp and BURSTS OPEN right in front of Matt... he opens his eyes and sees...

MATT'S POV: A shining, almost incandescent CYLINDER flying at him... It gets bigger and bigger... and finally hits him right between the eyes!

BYSTANDERS pour toward Matt... An ELDERLY WOMAN yells:

ELDERLY WOMAN

Somebody help him!

But, for the moment, nobody has the guts to venture near Matt...

Matt pulls the cylinder away from his eyes and his hands burn as if he has touched something really hot. He looks toward the people for a moment, his bright, wounded eyes blinking desperately...

MATT'S DISTORTED POV: Only BLACK SILHOUETTES are visible against a glowing GREEN sky. Matt hears their VOICES:

STARKEY  
Holy shit, Murdock...

BYSTANDER 1  
We're gonna help ya...

BYSTANDER 2  
Bravest thing I ever saw...

Within seconds, everything SLOWLY FADES TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON:

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - MATT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Matt lies asleep in a hospital bed. Heavy bandages cover his eyes. Jack Murdock stands in the doorway with the DOCTOR. Jack's eyes are red.

DOCTOR  
-- from what little we do know about that...*stuff*,  
well...

JACK  
I should feel lucky he's alive.

They meet each others' gaze. Straight... The Doctor nods. Jack fights the tears. Choking up:

JACK  
I do, Doctor. I do.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The hospital is still and quiet. Lights off in the rooms. Jack sits in a chair next to Matt's bed, his head slumped sideways, chin on his chest, snoring softly. Matt squirms and shudders, his sleep restless, troubled. A figure appears in the doorway. Steps into the room.

It's the mysterious Nun from the church. Her face is still hidden in the shadows. After a moment, she walks to Matt, leans over and KISSES him lightly on the forehead. Matt grows quiet, his breathing steady.

NUN  
(gently)  
Sleep, child.

She removes a golden-chained crucifix from around her neck. She slowly places it in Matt's hand. Then she kisses him softly one last time.

FADE OUT

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - DAY

Establishing shot. A RAINY New York day.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The SOUND OF THE RAIN EXTREMELY AMPLIFIED by Matt's perception. He now lies on the bed, face toward the window. The bandages are gone and his eyes are closed. His hands clutch the golden chain. Jack is pacing the room.

Matt focuses on him and the SOUND OF THE RAIN dims...

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MATT's POV: All he sees is darkness. Nonetheless, in this black velvet universe that surrounds him, Matt can perceive Jack's movement.

The SHAPE that corresponds to his father is, in fact, like a different tone of black, pulsating and alive. Jack's heartbeat is easily detectable among the thousands of different sounds coming from every part of the hospital. Yes... this unique symphony of organic sounds, odors, and mass can be only Jack's. Jack comes closer to check on his son.

MATT

It's okay Dad. I'm awake.

Jack speaks and his voice is that of a GIANT to Matt's ears.

JACK

How'd you know I was here?

Matt speaks tenderly to him without turning.

MATT

I could hear you a mile off. Sit down Dad.

JACK

Matt, we have to talk. It's about the accident. You were hit by something some corporation was driving through town. They won't say if it was radioactive or not. Hell, they won't even talk to me. You were lucky to survive, son. But your eyes... they...

MATT

I know I'm blind, Dad.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO Matt's face...

MATT (cont'd)

I heard the doctor... and I've never heard of a hospital without lights.

JACK

(tears in his eyes)

You're taking this rather well...

MATT

Dad, don't get sad on me now.. I don't know why but... I'm not scared. I mean... I'll never be able to see again, but I don't really miss... the light. This dark is kinda... friendly. You see, I think I've gained something from the accident...

JACK

(sadly)

You're gonna be all right, you're a brave kid...

MATT

No Dad, I'm serious... I don't know if it was that stuff... or the shock itself... but it's like my brain has been rewired. I've lost my sight, but I can hear ten times better. I can smell scents, I can feel things normal people could never feel...

Matt listening...to the SOUND of the softly falling RAIN... wheels on WET PAVEMENT... horns HONKING... Matt turns his head, ever so slightly, and the CAMERA TRAVELS OUT the window... We HEAR a MAN'S VOICE discussing finances on the phone. Then we catch a GLIMPSE of the MAN on the telephone in the window of a brightly lit office across the street.

CAMERA BOOMS DOWN...SWOOPS DOWN the sidewalk...

MATT

It's amazing the things I can do... With a small turn of the head and a little concentration I can isolate a single voice in a crowd...

The SOUNDS of rain, traffic, and pedestrians FALL AWAY... The CAMERA TAKES A TURN THROUGH the front window of an upscale restaurant... A DINNERTIME DIN... A couple is having a discussion...

MATT

Or two voices.

BACK ON MATT: At the window. Listening. Lips curled in satisfied amusement.

MATT

I'm like a super radio, and I can tune in to any station. But I have to concentrate in order to keep the sounds from coming all at once. That would drive me crazy... I have to focus, to isolate each one...

JACK

I... I don't get it son...

MATT

Yes you do, Dad... You're a little scared. I can tell that from your heartbeat.

Jack looks at him, even more concerned, and starts nodding his head...

JACK

Whatever it is son, you're gonna keep this between us... You understand, Matt?

Matt turns to him. Smiles softly. Nods.

MATT

Yeah, Dad. I think we need to figure this out before we tell anybody...

JACK

I think the more you know the more you'll wanna keep this a secret, son.

He gives Matt a kiss on the forehead. Matt pats him on the hand and turns back to the window.

Jack heads out the door, passing NURSE REILLY on the way. They exchange nods. She's a robust, kindly woman. 13

MATT  
Good afternoon, Nurse Reilly.

NURSE REILLY  
(surprised)  
How did you know it was me?

MATT  
Who else has those sexy footsteps?  
INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A cane in his right hand, Matt pliantly allows his father to steer him down the hallway. Matt SENSES where he is going, but uses his cane frequently, acting "completely" blind.

MATT  
(whispering to Jack)  
It's like I have a kind of built-in radar. A strange tingling sensation when I approach something solid, showing me where to turn. In a way, I can still "see"...

Jack doesn't notice he's about to WALK into an empty, PARKED WHEELCHAIR.

MATT  
Look out for that

Jack BANGS into the wheelchair

JACK  
OW!

MATT  
Wheelchair.

JACK  
(amazed)  
How do you do that?

MATT  
(smiling)  
I was just explaining it to you...

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Matt and Jack enter a crowded elevator. The doors slide CLOSED.

MATT'S POV: Darkness. Dynamic. Alive.

Matt HEARS the HEARTBEATS of all the people in the elevator, an unfocused PERCUSSION RACKET. Their BREATHING sounds like a bunch of giant bellows... Their CONVERSATIONS, whispered in reality, sound to Matt as if BLASTED full volume through a THX system. A loud "BING" and Matt perceives the black, abstract shapes that are the elevator doors OPEN.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (a loud echoing voice)  
 May I help you?

Matt turns toward the sound.

MATT'S POV: A shapeless face glowing BLACK ON BLACK.

NORMAL POV: The WOMAN asks again...

WOMAN  
 May I help you?

Her voice perfectly normal now.

JACK  
 No, thank you. He does quite nicely the way he is.

And they walk away, through the revolving door, and into...

EXT. HOSPITAL PARK - DAY

A BURST of Summer sunlight on the other side of the door. CAMERA follows father and son as they walk in the park toward the hot SUNLIGHT.

MATT  
 If you ask me exactly how it works Dad, I can't explain it. Somehow, I reach out and touch everything around me all at once. I feel the pressure of objects and that feeling becomes movement. I have to get used to it but I think it's a pretty cool way to get around.

JACK  
 With one hand God takes away, and with the other he gives back. You've been given an amazing gift, son. And you've gotten it for a reason. You've gotta make good use of it.

As they sit on a bench the SCREEN goes nuclear white...

INT. MURDOCK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack is sitting in front of the TV. Matt is studying, surrounded by dozens of books.

MATT  
 (to Jack)  
 Great thing is, I don't need to read in Braille. My sense of touch is so strong I can read simply by feeling the contour of the ink on the paper.

Jack nods, smiling. Matt opens another book. His fingers scan the title page.

MATT  
 "Paradise Lost." You told me this was Mom's favorite...

JACK

Yeah.

(changing subject)

I've just been thinkin' maybe I'd start fighting again.

MATT

Really?

JACK

Ali came back. Joe Louis came back. Why not Jack Murdock?

Matt nods, sensing the confidence and strength that's been missing in his Dad for so many years.

A BOXING MONTAGE.

Jack Murdock comes back with a vengeance! We see QUICK CUTS of various FIGHTS. He wins them all, while a supportive Matt is in the audience for every one, cheering his Dad on.

The final fight. A brutal battle. A bloodied Jack throws a HARD RIGHT, KNOCKING his opponent to the mat. Out cold. Jack is declared the winner. Matt leaps to his feet CHEERING.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Science class. Matt concentrates taking notes. The teacher smiles at him...

Another class: same thing. Matt answers correctly and the teacher happily nods.

Another image SUPERIMPOSES on the scene: MATT'S REPORT CARD. An "A" beside every subject.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

On the roof, Matt is doing his gymnastic workout. Jack is watching over him. The boy is FASTER. Stronger. Way more agile. His new enhanced senses compensate for his loss of sight, giving him formidable coordination. His athletic skills are now almost beyond human capability. Matt hangs in mid-air and just hovers there longer than anybody else, almost teasing the force of gravity.

MATT

How am I doing?

JACK

Amazing. Better than ever, son. You have complete control now.

MATT

In the world I'm in... complete control is the only chance I have to defeat fear. And without fear... I am free.

Matt does a TRIPLE BACK FLIP -- and lands on top of a balance beam. He flips into the air...

...And lands a YOUNG MAN in his twenties with a smooth dismount off the parallel bars. Matt's tall, lean and muscular, his body sheathed in blue-and-white gymnastic tights. The gym is a desert, wide and clean. Bright blue mats stretching from wall to wall, sunlight streaming in through high, tall windows. Matt sprints across the floor... He hits the vault with both hands and LAUNCHES into the air, end over end in a turning arc...

INT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Orientation day. Countless STUDENTS wait in line, eager to sign up for their Fall classes. Matt enters tapping his cane. Another incoming freshman is standing there clutching his course list. Looking a little overwhelmed. His name is FOGGY NELSON. He's a pudgy, curly-haired youth, dressed in a colored bow tie, Ralph Lauren sweater, slacks and loafers. He's working on a giant-sized pretzel while holding another one in a half open paper bag. He notices Matt getting his bearings and steps up to him. (Speaking just a little loud, naturally.)

FOGGY

(his mouth full)

Hi. Foggy Nelson. Can I lend a hand?

Matt smiles slightly and offers his right hand to shake.

MATT

Thanks. That's okay... Matt Murdock. Hi. Did you say "Froggy" Nelson?

Foggy takes Matt's proffered hand with his left hand and places it in his own right. He eagerly shakes it. In doing this, of course, he has dropped the pretzel. Matt quickly grabs it in mid air and gives it back to Foggy.

FOGGY

Foggy. Francis, actually, Foggy's a nickname. Can you imagine going through life with the name "Francis"?

Matt shakes his head, smiling, bemused. Then Foggy finally realizes...

FOGGY

Hey, the pretzel... how did you do that?

MATT

That... Oh just luck, I think.

(changing the subject)

So have you decided on a major?

They proceed together through the crowded hall. Foggy continuing to eat.

FOGGY

No. No. Not yet. I dunno. Dad's a banker. Maybe... Finance?

MATT

Mm-hm.

FOGGY

My uncle's a doctor. So maybe Pre-Med.

MATT

Okay.

FOGGY

My cousin's a writer! Maybe journalism. How about you?

A serious look descends over Matt's face. He has no doubt:

MATT

Law. Pre-Law.

Foggy sucks in his lips, nodding thoughtfully. He lifts his eyebrows:

FOGGY

(brightly)

That sounds good! I've heard they have great chicks over there...

Matt LAUGHS.

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN STREET - EVENING

Jack Murdock jogs in a grey sweat suit in the darkening twilight. CAMERA TRACKING ALONGSIDE him...

A BLACK LIMOUSINE slides INTO FRAME. Pacing Jack. The rear window on his side HUMS down. The wide face of Wilson Fisk appears.

FISK

Mr. Policano would like to talk to you.

Jack and the limo slow to a stop. The back door opens and Fisk climbs out. The tail of the car rises on its shocks with a groan of relief.

Jack climbs in and Fisk shuts the door behind him. The limousine slowly rolls out. Fisk walks alongside it.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

A cloud of smoke quickly dissipates, revealing the Fixer smoking his usual cigar and rolling another one in his fingertips.

FIXER

Jack. Is this a bad time?

Jack and the Fixer face each other. The Fixer proffers a cigar, a cognac... Jack declines both, looking at him neutrally.

FIXER

Of course not. You're in training.

JACK

That's right.

FIXER

This is the fight of your life. I know ya'll make us proud.

JACK

Thanks. Sanchez is strong. But I can beat him.

FIXER  
I don't want ya to beat him.

JACK  
What?

FIXER  
You're gonna take a dive, Jack.

Jack is rigid.

JACK  
That's not gonna happen.

A ferocious glint appears in the Fixer's eye.

FIXER  
Oh, yes, Jack. It is. Lemme tell ya sometin'... Ya really think ya earned all those knockouts... on your own? I made ya ol' man. And tomorrow night, it's pay back time.

The whole world collapses on Jack's shoulders. The Fixer relaxes.

FIXER  
Don't look so shocked! For Christ's sake, Jack... they call me the Fixer! What'd ya think? I like to tinker with broken toasters?  
(to the driver)  
Stop the car.

Jack is stunned. Devastated. He gets out of the car shaking his head.

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN STREET - NIGHT

Jack looks imploringly at the Fixer while Fisk stares at him impassively.

JACK  
Please. Don't make me do it.

FIXER  
It'll make you rich! You and that blind boy of yours can move out to the Island. Life will be good. You'll never have to work again.  
(pause)  
All ya have to do is lose.

Jack looks down. Stares at the floor. Finally:

JACK  
And what if I don't?

FISK  
(ice cold)  
I think you know the answer to that one.

Jack looks into Fisk's blue eyes for just a moment, turns and walks off, shoulders hunched, head low. Fisk watches him go.

Late August. The Garden sign reads: "HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE BOUT. JACK MURDOCK VS. SUGAR CANE SANCHEZ. SOLD OUT." The place is swarming with FANS and REPORTERS.

Matt and Foggy pass through the turnstiles into the Garden.

SMASH CUT TO:

SUGAR CANE SANCHEZ, taking a PUNCH. CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are inside the BOXING RING. It is ROUND FOUR of the match. Both fighters are drenched in sweat, bloodied, exchanging FIERCE BLOWS.

Matt and Foggy in the SECOND ROW. Foggy, excited, yells a play-by-play to Matt over the sound of the crowd:

FOGGY

Your Dad's killing him. Oooh. He just threw a left.  
And a right...

Matt smiles to himself. He can follow the fight perfectly, hear every footstep, every punch, the sound of fists whipping through the air... Suddenly, the CAMERA DOLLIES to Matt's face.

MATT'S POV: His radar sense is filled by a massive shadow passing by. Awestruck by its size. His perception almost blacked out.

BACK TO THE SCENE: It's Wilson Fisk. Two goons follow him. The guy is so big it takes a while for him to get through the rows. He makes a better door than a window.

FOGGY

Hey, c'mon guys. We're missing the best part!

Fisk turns around. His eyes steel cold on Foggy, scaring the heck out of him.

ON MATT: Smelling the very distinctive fragrance coming from...

The ROSE on Fisk's lapel.

One of the two goons steps forward to teach Foggy a lesson.

MATT

Is everything okay Foggy?

Fisk, seeing the blind young guy, steps his man.

FISK

(sarcastic)

Take it easy, Jo. They just wanna see the match.

The goons laugh, then they move on.

FOGGY

Jesus! He could have made meatballs out of me...

MATT

Who?

FOGGY

I don't know. He looks like a Sumo wrestler...

An old man, who has just witnessed the scene, shakes his head.

OLD MAN

(whispering)

You were lucky, young man. Wilson Fisk usually doesn't give up so easily.

FOGGY

Wilson Fisk?

OLD MAN

Guy's a Hell's Kitchen legend. Eats ten chickens for breakfast. Ten more for lunch. Another ten for dinner.

FOGGY

What about his midnight snack?

OLD MAN

I wouldn't be so funny. He's a hitman.

MATT

Hitman?

OLD MAN

They say Wilson Fisk's killed more guys than cancer. Never once used a weapon. No guns. No knives. Only his bare hands. But he's never spent a night in jail. Nobody ever saw him. He's too smart...

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Fisk has joined the Fixer and together they watch the fight. The Fixer tries to remain calm, but his face is tense. Concerned, Fisk whispers to him.

FISK

What's goin' on? He was supposed to take a dive in round three.

FIXER

He's showing off for his kid. He'll go down...

Round Four ENDS. Jack returns to his side of the ring. The BOXING ATTENDANT, one of the Fixer's goons, gives Jack a drink of water. He WHISPERS to Jack.

ATTENDANT

What're you waitin' for? Just give him an opening and fall down. Think about that boy of yours.

Jack snaps, grabbing the Attendant by the throat.

JACK

Guess what, scumbag? That's exactly what I'm thinking about.

Jack pushes the Attendant away, stands and walks to the center of the ring.<sup>21</sup>  
Jack turns, FOCUSES on Matt in the audience.

The BELL RINGS. The fighters meet. Jack ATTACKS. He POUNDS Sanchez with an intense ferocity. He fights with every last ounce of his heart and soul.

The crowd is on its feet. Matt and Foggy are SCREAMING.

The Fixer stays in his seat. Eyes smoldering.

With a final right, Murdock CONNECTS with Sanchez's jaw. Sanchez's body goes limp. He HITS the mat. Face down. Out cold.

The crowd falls SILENT. Waiting. Matt and Foggy are breathless. The Fixer closes his eyes, rubs his temples. Fisk smiles. The Ref completes the count:

REFEREE

...Nine. Ten.

The Referee grabs Jack's arm, raises it in the air.

REFEREE

The winner and new Heavyweight Champion...Jack  
Murdock!

CAMERA CIRCLES the victorious Jack Murdock. The crowd goes WILD. Matt and Foggy hug, cheering. Jack gives the Fixer a contemptuous smile and calls out:

JACK

Hey, Fixer? Which wild punch do ya think did it?

Matt, applauding wildly, pauses for a moment. Did he hear right... "Fixer"? He lets it pass and doubles his applause...

Seething, the Fixer walks out of the arena, followed by Fisk and the other goons.

Matt blinks tears from his eyes...

EXT. OLD HOMESTEAD RESTAURANT - LATER - NIGHT

A steak house located in the MEAT MARKET DISTRICT. A taxi cab pulls up. Jack gets out, dressed in street clothes. He walks toward the door. Fisk steps out of the shadows into his path.

FISK

Congratulations, Champ.

Slade and Gillian, two of The Fixer's goons, stand behind him with guns in their hands. They smile.

INT. OLD HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

The restaurant is a dimly-lit, oak-paneled joint. Matt and Foggy are seated in a red leather booth in the rear. VERY LOUD MUSIC blares out of the speakers. Foggy is trying to flirt with a cute waitress.

Matt, a glimmer of concern on his face, taps Foggy on the arm:

MATT  
 (loud, over the music)  
 Hey Foggy, what time is it?

EXT. MANHATTAN MEAT MARKET - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The streets are dark and deserted. A black limousine trolls through the darkness, passing beneath a raising metal door...

INT. VALENTI WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The warehouse is dark and filled with row upon row of hanging beef carcasses. Fisk steps out of the car. Slade and Gillian force Jack out and lead him through the hanging meat toward...

The Fixer, standing there, his Cuban cigar, as always, in his mouth. He glares at Jack.

FIXER  
 Wilson. Show this man how to lose.

Fisk nods to Slade and Gillian. They haul Jack up. His feet dangle. Fisk walks up to him. Smiles in his face.

FISK  
 I'd like to shake the hand of a Heavyweight Champion.

Fisk takes Jack's right hand and SQUEEZES. HARD. Tightening mightily. Jack's hand CRUNCHES. Jack SCREAMS...

MOVING IN TIGHT ON MATT, going taut, his ears pricking up. Foggy notices:

FOGGY  
 What?

MATT  
 Shhh!

Matt focuses and the MUSIC fades lower into the background. All his senses are humming, now. He stands abruptly in front of a wide-eyed Foggy!

MATT  
 MY DAD!!!

He dashes out of the restaurant, leaving a surprised Foggy behind.

INT. VALENTI WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jack CRIES in agony. Fisk releases Jack's pulverized hand and begins to BEAT him without mercy.

EXT. MEAT MARKET BACKSTREETS - NIGHT

Matt jogging down the street. Senses tuned. Listening. A desperate look on his face:

MATT  
 C'mon, Dad...where are you?

CAMERA PANNING the deserted streets and buildings. Matt whispers to himself:

MATT  
Where where where...?

Then he HEARS: the sound of Fisk's punches. Bouncing off the alley walls. He SPRINTS across Tenth Avenue...

INT. VALENTI WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Fisk ruthlessly POUNDS away.

ON MATT: Running hard down the street.

INT. VALENTI WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Fisk PUMMELS away at Jack. A mad look in his eyes. His teeth clenched. Sweat bubbling on his forehead. Jack's eyes roll up.

FIXER  
Stop.

Fisk steps back, breathing hard. Fixer steps up next to him, stubs out his cigar on Jack's forehead, then pulls out a revolver.

FIXER  
Never leave a man who hates you with this much  
passion... alive.

EXT. MEAT MARKET - BACKSTREETS - NIGHT

Matt RACES down the maze-like alleys of the Meat Market. He pauses at an intersection. Matt listens carefully. We hear what Matt hears.

His father's HEARTBEAT.

MATT  
(hopeful)  
He's still alive.  
He focuses on a building. Two blocks away. He RUNS. Whispering over and over to himself:

MATT  
Dad...Dad...Daddy --

INT. VALENTI WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Fixer points the gun down at Jack's face and COCKS it.

EXT. MEAT MARKET ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Matt HEARS the click of the gun's hammer being cocked.

MATT  
No...

INT. VALENTI WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jack closes his eyes and whispers to himself.

JACK  
I love you, Matt.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Matt HEARS his father's last declaration of love -- and then a GUNSHOT. He SCREAMS:

MATT  
DAAAAAAD!!!

TEARS fill his eyes...

INT. VALENTI WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jack Murdock lies dying on the floor of the warehouse. Fisk stands over him for a moment as the others head for the door. His expression is impassive. He plucks the small red rose from his lapel. He is about to drop it then... he changes his mind. He looks at the Cuban cigar still on Jack's lap and smiles. Finally, he turns to go.

EXT. VALENTI WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Fisk exits the warehouse and crosses to the waiting limo. He pauses halfway out of the car. He looks up the street. Toward...

A RUNNING BOY. Matt flying this way. His footfalls ECHOING off the warehouse bricks.

MATT  
Dad!

Fisk climbs into the car.

FISK  
His boy...

FIXER  
(smiling)  
I like that.

Fisk pulls the door shut and the limo glides off...

Matt runs up. The limo steers fast around the corner and off into the distance. Breathless, Matt turns to the OPEN METAL DOOR. He still hears something. Inside. The slow faint BEATING OF JACK'S HEART. Matt RUNS inside.

INT. VALENTI WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Matt darts among the hanging meat to the fallen body of his father. He kneels and tenderly holds Jack's bloodied head to his chest.

MATT  
(crying)  
It's okay Dad... I'm here now... I'm here with you...

The SOUNDTRACK FILLS WITH the sound of Jack's heartbeat. Getting SLOWER. And SLOWER. The heartbeat STOPS. There is SILENCE. Then a fragrance leads Matt's fingers to the cigar in Jack's lap. He takes it up.

MATT  
 (resolved)  
 I'll find you.

WIDE OVERHEAD SHOT: Matt cradling his father's body in the corner of the warehouse. The hanging meat carcasses throw an army of shadows across the floor. Matt looses a WAIL of inconsolable grief.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Matt walks to the locker. He opens it and removes a DUFFEL BAG.

He draws from the bag Jack's yellow and red WRESTLING COSTUME.

MATT  
 Your ghost, Dad. This'll get 'em.

EXT./INT. O'HARA'S BILLIARD PARLOR - NIGHT

An old, smoky Hell's Kitchen POOL HALL. CAMERA moves through a window and tracks on a long, narrow tavern with a series of faded, tattered pool tables. Pools of light illuminate each table. The place is empty, save for SLADE and GILLIAN playing pool with TWO OTHER GOONS.

A VOICE speaks to them out of the darkness at the back of the room:

MATT (O.S.)  
 Time's up, guys

Slade and Gillian turn toward the voice...

SLADE  
 What the hell...?

Matt emerges from the shadows into the glow of a light hanging over the rear table. He's wearing his father's costume.

GILLIAN  
 Damn! Jack Murdock...?

Matt holds his WALKING CANE in one hand. He playfully tosses an eight ball in his free hand. He swings the cane sideways at the light and SHATTERS the bulb, once again shrouding himself in darkness.

The two other Goons fade back and slip out the front door. Gillian gapes. Slade tightens his grip on the cue stick like a club. Smiles thinly, as he checks for his gun.

SLADE  
 Let's go, long johns.

Matt LAUGHS. It is a loud, frightening laugh that ECHOES through the pool hall. Slade moves cautiously through the darkness toward the back of the club. Gun ready. He reaches for a wall switch... FLICKS it up.

A fluorescent light BUZZES ON and Slade turns to --

A CUE BALL ROCKETING STRAIGHT INTO THE LENS (Slade's face) with a WHACK!!

EXT. O'HARA'S BILLIARDS - NIGHT

Slade is THROWN through the building's FRONT WINDOW. Glass SHATTERS. Slade's body HITS the pavement. Gillian is next...

MATT

You thought you could kill me!

GILLIAN

(scared to death)

I-I didn't... It was the Fixer...

This doesn't prevent him from FLYING through the billiard club's front door. The force BLOWS the door off its hinges. Gillian TUMBLES several feet, landing beside Slade.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

The Fixer's limo rounding the corner from a side street.

CLOSE ON MATT

Ears pricking at the sound of the CAR'S ENGINE. Nose smelling something he was looking for... He walks into the middle of the road.

INT. LIMOUSINE

The Fixer, cigar in his mouth and a platinum blond bombshell at his side, is pouring champagne into a glass.

Up front, the Limo Driver's mouth is hanging open, his forehead wrinkled.

LIMO DRIVER

Uhhhh...Sir?

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Matt standing stock still in the center of the road. A yellow and red spectre.

The Fixer leans forward, baring his teeth:

FIXER

What the hell!? Run him down! RUN HIM DOWN!!

The Driver blinks a few times and then hits the gas...! The car ROARS toward the imperturbable figure...

EXT. WEST SIDE STREET

Matt plants his hands on the front of the speeding car and VAULTS UP AND OVER it...!

INT. LIMOUSINE

The Blonde looks up, her lipsticked mouth forming an "O".

Matt lands behind the limo. The Limo Driver staring back. Only the Fixer facing front.

FIXER  
LOOK OUT FOR THE -- !!

Too late -- CRAAAAASSSHHHH...!!!!

EXT. SUBWAY STOP - NIGHT

The limo has careened into a subway entrance. Its crushed front upended on a railing, hissing steam.

INT. LIMOUSINE

The Driver out cold up front. The Blonde is still young but no longer blonde, her wig shorn from her head.

The spectre speaks in a deep, resonant VOICE:

MATT

Fixer.

The Fixer shakes his head. Bloody. Shaken. He croaks to himself:

FIXER

No. Impossible.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The Fixer scrambles out of the ruined limousine. A TRAIN is audible, ROARING into the station below. The Fixer runs frantically into to the SUBWAY ENTRANCE and dashes down the stairs.

Matt takes a DEEP BREATH and smiles to himself.

MATT

Follow the scent.

He RUNS into the subway station in HOT PURSUIT.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

The Fixer runs onto the subway platform, trying to catch a train. TOO LATE. The train doors close and the train speeds out of the station. The Fixer is left behind. Alone on the platform. MATT'S HAND. He TEARS OUT a section of POWER CABLES.

The LIGHTS GO OUT. The station is lit only by the STROBING LIGHTS of the speeding EXPRESS TRAIN on the opposite track. The Fixer stops. Frightened. He sees something. In the distance. Walking toward him.

MATT. Sheathed in red and yellow. His muscular body lit by the electric FLASHES of strobing light. The terrifying figure approaches.

The Fixer's eyes WIDEN. Shaking his head. Trying to cling to reality.

FIXER

Murdock...?!

The Figure walks toward the Fixer. As he gets closer, we HEAR what he HEARS:

the Fixer's HEARTBEAT. It SKIPS a beat. Trembling with fear, the Fixer AIMS his revolver and SHOOTs.

Faster than lightning, Matt DEFLECTS the bullet with his CANE.

The Fixer FIRES ANOTHER SHOT. Again Matt DEFLECTS the bullet.

FIXER  
You. Ain't. Human.

The Fixer tries to shoot again, but his hand is shaking. We HEAR his heartbeat. It SKIPS another beat. Then FLUTTERS. The Fixer DROPS the gun. He CLUTCHES his chest. We hear the Fixer's heart STOP BEATING. The Fixer falls to the platform. Eyes open. Mouth gasping for air. Matt stands over the Fixer's dead body.

Matt hears something behind him. Turns. TWO TRANSIT COPS have their GUNS DRAWN and are RUNNING this way.

Matt focuses on the sound of an EXPRESS TRAIN approaching on the OPPOSITE TRACK. He LEAPS from the platform and RUNS across the tracks. The Cops gape. One points his gun:

COP  
You! Stop right there!

Matt STOPS. Inches from the speeding train. He JUMPS up. GRABS HOLD of the moving train and is BORNE INTO the darkness of the subway tunnel...!

The Cops stare after him in amazement.

INT. FIXER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rain and wind beat against the front windows of the late Fixer's brownstone apartment. The big stone fireplace is ablaze, flames dancing across the polished wooden floor. The front door opens. Wind gusts through the house. The door closes. Wilson Fisk steps into view in the entryway. A butler arrives to take his coat.

BUTLER  
What a pleasure to see you, Mr. Fisk. Mr. Policano is not here yet, can I get you something to drink?

FISK  
He won't be back. He's dead. And I'm taking over.

BUTLER  
(without a blink)  
Certainly, sir. As you wish, sir.

EXT. BROWNSTONE ROOF - NIGHT

Exhausted, Matt sits at his usual spot on the edge of the roof. He is dressed in street clothes. His father's red and yellow costume is crumpled in his lap and he's holding the yellow poster in his hands. While his fingers caress the faded face of Jack Murdock, Matt listens to the SOUNDS OF THE CITY. They come much louder now. And Matt is much better able to isolate and distinguish every one of them...

MATT

I can feel it, Dad. No happiness. No justice. Only grief. Tragedy. And hopelessness.

MATT'S POV: In the DARKNESS we hear what Matt hears... POLICE SIRENS, a child WEeping, a couple arguing, somebody yelling...

BACK TO SCENE: Matt picks up his father's costume and clutches it to his chest. It's an almost sacred moment and the bright lights of the City flutter in the background like the million candles of the holiest of the ceremonies.

MATT

Destiny has made the choice for me, Dad.

CLOSE-UP: MATT'S STAINLESS STEEL WALKING CANE.

Matt's hands ENTER FRAME and attach a small METAL HINGE to the cane's middle section.

DISSOLVE TO:

MATT pushes a SMALL BUTTON at the base of the cane. The cane's curved top immediately STRAIGHTENS. He presses the button again. The cane RETURNS to its curved position. Matt smiles.

INT. MATT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Matt is rapidly HAND-SEWING a section of DEEP RED FABRIC. Using his father's as a prototype, he creates a stronger, more durable costume. We can't see it very clearly in the dark atmosphere, but we catch a glimpse of a yellow double D...

SMASH CUT TO:

MANHATTAN FROM THE SKY - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

We fly above the gold-lit skyscrapers of Manhattan and come closer and closer to the brightly lit CHRYSLER BUILDING. Perched on top of it is a solitary figure... DAREDEVIL! He is dressed in the new, dark red suit. The costume fits Matt's perfect, muscular body like a glove. The letters "D.D." are emblazoned on his powerful chest. A mask, adorned with two small red horns, hides the upper part of Matt's face. The new incarnation is both majestic and foreboding.

Daredevil pauses. His hyper-sensitive hearing LISTENING to the sounds of the city. A SCREAM pierces the night air. Daredevil POINTS the cane toward the ROOFTOP of an OPPOSITE BUILDING, several stories below. He smiles.

DAREDEVIL

(quietly)

Somebody down there needs me ...

Daredevil's fingers HIT A BUTTON on the cane. The cane SPLITS IN TWO: The bottom part becomes a powerful billy-club that DD puts promptly into his thigh case. The other section, the curved one, a masterpiece of dynamic engineering, has an internal mechanism capable of ejecting, through its head, a METAL WIRE. Daredevil pushes the button again and the hook of the cane SHOOTS across the street and LATCHES perfectly onto a FLAG POLE on the adjacent building. He holds tightly to the cane, LEAPS OFF the Chrysler rooftop and SWINGS FORWARD.

Daredevil FLIES PAST CAMERA, through the air. A street warrior is born.  
SOUNDTRACK MUSIC SOARS...

SPLIT SCREEN SEQUENCE. (MONTAGE OF VARIOUS SCENES)

MUSIC. YEARS GO BY in seconds. We quickly follow the respective careers of Matt/Daredevil and Fisk/Kingpin in a ROCKY III kind of split-screen montage. We see them growing and achieving their goals on opposite sides of the law. Matt seeking justice as a lawyer during the day and fighting the crime at night as Daredevil. Fisk becoming more and more powerful as the Kingpin of the N.Y.C. crime scene and as a very wealthy industrialist on the legitimate side.

Daredevil flying through a window and putting a thief out of commission. Matt and Foggy graduating from Law School. "Who is Daredevil?" asks the headline of the local paper. Daredevil beats up three drug dealers and leaves them for the cops. TV News... DD portrayed as a hero. Matt in a courtroom defending a Puerto Rican man: smart, passionate, impeccable. Matt and Foggy surrounded by piles of books at the Law Library. DD flipping through the NYC night. People cheer him. Matt walking alone in the street. DD accepting a flower from a little girl. The grave of Jack Murdock; Matt puts one red and one yellow rose on it.

Fisk smiling. Images of drugs being manufactured, packaged, distributed, sold on the street. A bank robbery. Shooting between cops and mobsters. Fisk counting piles of money. Newspaper headlines showing Fisk's evolution from small businessman to industrialist. Inauguration of Fisk Industries. A trigger being pulled. The scared expression of a man. A bullet flying in slo-mo. News: the death of a mobster. Fisk smiling again. Fisk buying an expensive painting. Fisk collecting art. Frantic negotiations on Wall Street. Fisk's stock skyrocketing. Fisk smiling again. Fisk smashing his fist on a table.

Camera pulls back from Fisk's fist on the table and expands to fill the entire screen.

INT. FISK'S OFFICE - M.O.S. - DAY (FULL SCREEN)

A convocation of CRIME BOSSES presided over by Fisk. His other huge hand rests atop the crown of a large alabaster cane.

FISK

(very angry)

How dare they raise the fee for every ounce we sell in their territory? I'll send them to hell for this.

Everybody nods. Everybody but DON BORGESE, a grumpy old-fashioned godfather, a leftover from what once was Little Italy. He strongly disagrees. Fisk looks at him impassively.

DON BORGESE

(intensely)

This is not the way to do business, Fisk. We don't need a gang war now. Besides... This goddamn crack... I don't really want to sell it to the kids on the streets.

FISK

You are of course very upset, Don Borgese. Let me alleviate your tension. We are all friends here.

He gets up, goes around the table and starts to massage the neck of the old<sup>31</sup> mafioso with a gentle, delicate touch. Don Borgese relaxes, spoiled. Then, without a blink, Fisk breaks his collar bone, snapping it like a toothpick. The other mobsters watch in horror.

FISK

(matter of factly)

Now, let's talk business. They deserve to be punished. On the other hand I really like their territory. I have just the right guy to kill two birds with one stone...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

DISCO MUSIC BLASTING. The SANDWORM, an infamous disco nightclub on Eldridge Street. It's hard to distinguish casual hangovers from the pushers and junkies near its door. Despite the atmosphere of decadence and corruption, everybody seems to be having fun.

A figure dressed in a strange camouflage and black kevlar outfit, partially hidden by a black raincoat, comes out from behind the corner and walks toward the entrance. He wears white gloves and hi-tech sunglasses. A white holster with a Glock semiautomatic pistol is strapped to his thigh. Juan Del Toro, a.k.a. BULLSEYE, is the ultimate killer for hire. He approaches the gorilla-sized bouncer at the door.

BULLSEYE

How's it going?

BOUNCER

(scanning him)

Not bad...

BULLSEYE

You sure?

The bouncer becomes defensive but is already too late. He barely registers a gleam of silver flashing in the hand of the weirdo in front of him. A sai, a razor-sharp dagger with pointed guards, flies and pierces his throat, punching a hole through the back of his neck. The big guy falls, dead. People around scream in panic. Another bouncer comes out from inside, aiming a gun at Bullseye. He doesn't have time to pull the trigger: four shuriken, Japanese throwing stars, are already embedded in his chest. Bullseye pulls out of his belt a metal sphere with a digital read-out. He pushes a small button and the timer starts to flash: five seconds... four... three... Bullseye throws the grenade inside and...

KA-BOOOOomm!!! The EXPLOSION is huge.

FIRE. SMOKE. DEBRIS. SCREAMS. CRIES. The SANDWORM is obliterated, as are many of the people who were inside.

Bullseye walks away from the apocalyptic scene, glancing back with a sick smile as the fire moves quickly up the APARTMENT BUILDING.

LATER.

The loud lament of SIRENS. The building is engulfed in flames. The ladder on a hook-and-ladder truck GRINDING. The mechanism jams.

High above, the top of the ladder jerks spasmodically, FIFTEEN FEET from an<sup>32</sup> OPEN WINDOW in which a YOUNG MOTHER stands SCREAMING and clutching her 3 YEAR-OLD. Smoke and flames well furiously in the dark room behind her.

A FIRE FIGHTER stands precariously at the top of the ladder, his arms outstretched. FLAMES THUNDER and glass SHATTERS all around her. The Fire Fighter beckons to her with both hands. She leans forward. Holding her child out. He is too far away...

She strains to pass her baby into his arms. Leaning further... Further... She loses her footing! Starts to topple forward...! She throws her baby toward the Fire Fighter...! He catches the child safely in his arms. The Mother falls out the window... The Fire Fighter watches helplessly. A HOOK-AND-WIRE CONTRAPTION suddenly hooks the ladder behind him!

DAREDEVIL SWINGS toward the falling Woman. Her eyes tightly closed and her mouth open in a SCREAM... Daredevil catches her in one arm and swings around the ladder...

Spinning around it. Round and round. Down toward the ground. He rests her gently on the pavement and disappears into the mists of smoke and fire hose spray.

She finally opens her eyes. Looks with disbelief at the ground beneath her feet. Sees the look on a gaping FIRE FIGHTER's face. Follows it to...a DIM RED BLUR disappearing into the night.

The first Fire Fighter places the child in her arms. She clutches it and sobs with relief...

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

Daredevil is now on the roof of a nearby building watching the crime scene. More police cars arrive. The firemen continue to pump water onto the fire.

DAREDEVIL

(whispering to himself)

If I know your style, you're still around watching your masterpiece. Let me hear you.

He relaxes and clears his mind of any thought. He opens his radar sense to...

A WAVE of sounds roaring up from the street, strong and clear.

We see and go beyond the closer sources: Sirens, firemen, cops. Farther away the screeching wheels of a car - a bus horn - the persistent percussion rhythm of a rap song coming from a boom box - and many, many others sounds...

BACK to Daredevil who concentrates even more. Softer sounds murmur to him from a thousand separate sources.

Quick montage of other sound sources: A TV speaker - a boiler - an alarm clock - a little child crying - a cat meowing...

BACK to Daredevil: He strains. Still softer sounds whisper faintly. He sifts through them carefully. Isolating each one... The plink-plink of a drop of water - The flap-flap of a loose window screen moved by the wind and finally... A heartbeat. Singular. QUICK. EXCITED. UNIQUE.

DAREDEVIL smiles. He points his cane toward the source... The Manhattan Bridge.

DAREDEVIL

There you are.

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE TOWER - NIGHT

SILENCE. Only the low whistle of the WIND. CAMERA CRANES through the beautiful golden necklace which is the suspension system of the bridge and finds... Bullseye. He's sitting like a vulture on top of one of the bridge towers. Shining cars swarm by like quick ants below him. Manhattan and the still burning fire he caused are right in front of him. He smiles, admiring his work, then he HEARS something. He TURNS just in time... He is STRUCK full-on by DAREDEVIL's two-legged kick. He is HURLED against the cabled webbing of the bridge.

DAREDEVIL

End of the line, buddy.

Bullseye manages to hang on. He shakes his head, grinning.

BULLSEYE

You think you scare me, red turd?

Bullseye hurls something toward Daredevil and he must dive to avoid five deadly shuriken! Daredevil charges him again... But Bullseye is fast and jumps to the side. DD misses and free-falls toward the ground. Cars and trucks below coming closer and closer.

Then a button is pushed in mid-air and again Daredevil's cane saves the day, hooking firmly on the webbing of the bridge. DD can breathe for only a second before Bullseye grabs a loose brick from the TOWER WALL and jumps toward his enemy. This time he scores, hitting DD right in the face.

BULLSEYE

This will mash your pretty face, Mama's boy.

But Daredevil's fist is strong enough to pulverize the brick.

DAREDEVIL

Let's settle this right now... weaponless... man to man...

BULLSEYE

Sure...why not?

DD moves quickly, dealing Bullseye a breath-stealing blow to the gut and readying for a second one. But the killer is fast. He sidesteps DD's punch and hammers his forearm across the side of DD's skull, simultaneously bringing a knee up into his solar plexus. Daredevil goes down, winded.

BULLSEYE

I always knew you were nothing but headlines.

And so saying, Bullseye tosses a hand grenade at him. DD promptly rolls away! The grenade explodes...

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The explosion on the Manhattan Bridge as seen from far away.

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Police cars swarm to the spot of the new explosion. Trucks with TV station logo arrive. Reporters jump out. TV cameras. Microphones. The usual MEDIA CIRCUS. Everybody's attention is now focused on Daredevil and Bullseye still fighting across a suspension cable up above.

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Daredevil pulls a metal fragment from a wound on his arm caused by the explosion. Bullseye smiles.

**BULLSEYE**

I'm better than you. Stronger. I don't need a bomb to send you to hell!

They crash again. It's a violent and spectacular fight, with the two dangerously clinging to the web of cables while they punch and kick each other mercilessly. Then, hanging only by their legs from the suspension wires like two trapezists, they grab each other's necks and start to squeeze. It's ruthless. Both of them open their mouths for oxygen. Bullseye is the first to succumb. He passes out, lets go and falls.

BULLSEYE free-falling. His body spins and collides twice with the bridge's cables. Plummeting to the street below, right in the path of an eighteen-wheeler. There is nothing that can prevent Bullseye from becoming ground beef. Nothing except...

DAREDEVIL! He swings from his wired cane and catches Bullseye just an instant before the truck splats both of them like mosquitoes.

The TV CAMERAS capture the incredible moment. Murmurs of astonishment among the crowd.

TV SCREEN.

CNN NEWS. MONTAGE OF DIFFERENT IMAGES: The burning building. Firemen. Cops. Bullseye free-falling. DD saving him. The unconscious Bullseye carefully laid on a stretcher and wheeled into an ambulance. DD shooting the wire from his cane and swinging quickly away from the scene...

**SPEAKER**

Is Manhattan burning? Tonight, a building on the Lower East Side burned to the ground. Daredevil, the masked hero, was able to capture the suspect arsonist, Juan Del Toro, also known as Bullseye, after a battle on top of the Manhattan Bridge. First in our coverage of these events, we go to live interview with attorney and social activist Matt Murdock, who will represent the fire victims' families...

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Matt stands on the roadway, surrounded by reporters.

1ST REPORTER

Mr. Murdock, do you think last night's fire is linked to the seven other arsons set off around Manhattan in the last few months?

MATT

I have no doubts about it.

1ST REPORTER

And we've finally put our hands on the arsonist...

MATT

For all we know, he may be just the trigger-man... What's really important is finding out if there is anybody behind him... And if that is the case, who he is and why...

2ND REPORTER

Do you believe the explosion could've been part of a gang war between drug dealers?

MATT

So it may seem... But why burn the whole building? Maybe somebody wants us to believe it's just a shoot-out between drug dealers... Maybe there's another agenda...

3RD REPORTER

Why do you think he did it? Why did Daredevil save Bullseye?

MATT

What are you saying?

3RD REPORTER

Innocent people have died in those fires. There are those who expect Daredevil to do justice right here, on the spot.

MATT

People like Bullseye would rule the world... were it not for a structure of laws created by society to keep such men in check. The moment one man takes another man's life in his own hands, he is working to destroy that structure. If Bullseye is a menace to society, society must make him pay the price. Not you. Not me. And not Daredevil. I'm sure everybody hates what Bullseye does... what he is. But we are not God...

4TH REPORTER

What if he goes free and kills again?

Matt shakes his head, uncertain. Finally...

MATT

Then, hopefully, Daredevil will be there to face the consequences.

CAMERA PULLS BACK from the TV SCREEN and finds Fisk sitting on a couch, sipping a giant margarita. His expression is still, indecipherable. His huge face SLOWLY CROSS FADES TO...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The Third District Court in Manhattan. Matt is sitting in the back row of the courtroom. He is listening to DISTRICT ATTORNEY DIANE ALBRIGHT, a no-nonsense, dark-haired woman in a cream colored jacket and skirt, who is giving her opening statement in the criminal trial of The People vs. Bullseye. Bullseye is on trial for arson and murder.

Bullseye sits ominously in a strange hi-tech constriction chair that makes him look like a futuristic version of Hannibal Lecter. His HEAD is SHAVED. Next to him sits OSWALD MORRIS, his greasy, fat attorney.

DIANE

Ladies and Gentlemen, the defense will tell you that there is no evidence the defendant put the bomb inside "The Sandworm". And that his recognized "anti-social" behavior doesn't necessarily make him a mass murderer...

As Diane continues, the Jury listens attentively. The families of the victims wipe their tears.

DIANE

But you know this is not true, because Bullseye has been blazing a trail of pain and death through this country for a long time. Why? Simple... because of the money. And, more importantly, for the pure pleasure of killing.

Bullseye grins, almost proud of what he's hearing.

DIANE

This man, Bullseye, is not "anti-social". He is evil. He is a killer for pleasure and for money. He's the garbage we must remove from mainstream society. But before we lock him up and throw away the key, we want to make sure he gives up the name of who's really responsible for this blood bath... (to Bullseye) Tell us who paid you to do this, Mr. Del Toro...

BULLSEYE

(grinning)

I didn't do it. I didn't like the stupid music they play, that's all. But I wouldn't burn the whole damn place for that...

DISSOLVE TO:

Another moment in the trial. It's now Morris' turn...

MORRIS

Where is the proof, ladies and gentlemen? Where is the evidence? Do you see it? I don't see it... Because the truth is that there is no evidence my client started the fire. Daredevil, the so-called Man Without Fear spotted him more than a mile away from the accident and attacked him for no reason. For all we know Daredevil could have very well provoked this tragedy himself. Not Mr. Del Toro...

Matt, sitting again in the back row of the courtroom, shakes his head in disgust.

Diane cannot take it...

DIANE

Objection Your Honor! Mr. Del Toro is on trial here. Not Daredevil...

MORRIS

I am not accusing anybody. I am just saying there is absolutely no evidence my client planted that bomb. Even Daredevil has already admitted he never actually saw him do it.

JUDGE

Overruled.

DIANE

Your Honor!

JUDGE

Mrs. Albright, please.  
(to Morris)  
Continue.

DISSOLVE TO:

ONE MONTH LATER.

Matt is seated in the same spot. The courtroom AUDIENCE has changed. The jury Foreman reads the verdict from a paper he is holding.

FOREMAN

In the matter of The People vs. Juan Del Toro, we, the Jury, find the defendant not guilty on all counts of arson and murder.

JUDGE

All charges against the defendant are dropped. He is to be released from custody without further delay. Case dismissed.

The Judge raps his gavel. Two Baliffs release Bullseye from the constrictor chair. People back up, afraid. Bullseye stands and high-fives his lawyer. Tension mounts while the jury leaves the courtroom among the boos of the audience.

Outside the courtroom, in the crowded hall, Matt approaches Diane Albright while the MEDIA surround Bullseye and Morris.

MATT  
Diane?

DIANE  
Yeah.

She is disappointed, not to mention depressed.

MATT  
Hi. I just wanted to say that you were great.

DIANE  
You mean they fried him? Where was I?

Matt smiles ruefully. Morris approaches them. First he offers his hand to Diane, who refuses to shake it.

MORRIS  
No hard feelings, counselor?

Cameras FLASH at Diane's refusal.

DIANE  
Soft as diamonds. Now if you'll excuse me.

Diane walks away. Morris then moves to shake Matt's hand. Matt doesn't move. More cameras FLASH.

MATT  
You absent for the lecture on Justice in law school, Morris?

MORRIS  
You know what they say about Justice, don't you counselor?

Morris points to the statue above them, over the courtroom entrance. Justice. Scales in her hand. BLINDFOLD over her eyes.

MATT  
(to himself)  
Don't I know it... Justice is blind.

Morris laughs as he walks away. Matt goes in the opposite direction and using the cane sparingly, he enters an empty elevator. WE SEE the doors CLOSE.

EXT. COURTHOUSE ROOF - DUSK

The doors open as the elevator reaches the roof. Matt has put on the red suit. Daredevil comes out of the elevator, runs to the edge of the roof and jumps off, free-falling through the air...

INT. LIMOUSINE - DUSK

LOW ON Bullseye in the rear seat with Morris. Streetlights scrolling past in the rear windshield.

A RED FIGURE fleetingly glimpsed atop a street lamp...

ON DAREDEVIL: Perched atop the overhanging light. Watching the limo below sail smoothly past. Headlights splash the dark pavement. Furrowing through the darkening city...

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The limo slows down at an intersection. Stops. There is a THUD! on the roof. Bullseye and Morris look up, surprised.

Suddenly the window near Bullseye CRASHES and Daredevil, reaching inside, unlocks the door and opens it! The driver, scared to death, opens his door and runs away.

DAREDEVIL

(sarcastic)

Congratulations, Juan.

Bullseye looks at him nonchalantly.

BULLSEYE

You were wrong, you friggin' moron. Santa Claus planted that bomb.

Morris is really pissed.

MORRIS

How dare you threaten us?! This car is private property... I'm warning you!

DAREDEVIL

I dare what I want, you scumbag. (to Bullseye) Now let's get this straight, Bullseye. I could've let that truck splat your moldy brain all over the bridge. I won't make the same mistake again.

MORRIS

Are you threatening my client?

DAREDEVIL (cont'd)

You even breathe wrong. I'll be there to make sure Justice is served. Right there. On the spot. Pass it on to the bastard who's paying you. The offer's valid for both.

Daredevil leaves. Bullseye grins.

BULLSEYE

He's so melodramatic. Don't you just love him?

MORRIS

I'll love him more when he's six feet under.

Matt has put on his civilian clothes, folding the costume into his bag: Suddenly, his head cocks slightly. Staying very still. Senses tuned. LISTENS. A LOUD and FAST heartbeat. He looks upward. Way up high, A FIGURE is standing on the edge of the North Tower rooftop.

MATT

A suicide.

He doesn't have time to change back into Daredevil, so Matt just grabs his cane and points it toward the North Tower. The cane SHOOTS UPWARD, CATCHING a ledge, several stories above. Matt shoots up out of view...

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - NORTH TOWER - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A beautiful young woman stands on the rooftop edge. Her long, coal-black hair blown by the autumn wind. She is a classic beauty, with dark, brown eyes. Strong cheekbones. Full, red lips. Skin like silk. Body like a rock. She is dressed in white sweats and Nikes. A ruby red scarf is wrapped around her neck.

ON MATT: He hurriedly CLIMBS toward the top of the North TOWER. Leaps up over the edge and onto...

THE ROOFTOP

The girl stands at the opposite end, her back to him. She STEPS OFF the roof...! Matt freezes. ON THE GIRL: WALKING INTO SPACE away from the edge of the building...her feet treading gently on a THICK WHITE TIGHTROPE. 110 stories from the street below. She extends her arms.

Slowly WALKS toward the middle of the rope with the grace and balance of a ballet dancer. Her expression is cool. Very cool.

ON MATT: Moving across the shadowy rooftop in amazement. He reaches the edge. Listening. Smelling.

MATT

(ecstatic)

That fragrance...

He reaches down and touches the rope.

The girl stops. Standing between the twin towers of the World Trade Center. She gracefully RAISES her leg. BALANCING ON ONE FOOT. She does a slow, perfect pirouette.

Matt listens from the shadows. Perplexed.

The girl suddenly SLIPS. And FALLS. Matt is about to REACT. But she's FAST -- she SHOOTs up her right hand and GRABS the rope, losing her scarf in the process. Her body DANGLES in midair. Then, like an expert gymnast, The girl SWINGS her legs up and catches her feet on the rope, rising easily to her full height.

ON THE SCARF: Transported by the wind and snatched out of the air by... MATT... holding the scarf up to his nose... enraptured.

MATT

This is some girl.

She pauses, sensing something. She looks back the way she came and SEES a <sup>41</sup> MAN'S SILHOUETTE on the rooftop edge. A slow, mischievous smile appears on her face. She turns and begins to RUN ACROSS the rope toward the South TOWER. Matt smiles slyly.

MATT

I have to meet her.

Matt steps onto the rope and SPRINTS ACROSS after her.  
WIDE SHOT

TWO SILHOUETTED FIGURES dashing across a tightrope between the World Trade TOWERS.

The girl LEAPS onto the SOUTH TOWER'S ROOFTOP. She turns back and stares in disbelief at the Man running across the rope toward her! She rushes to an open doorway, grabs a fancy black handbag from the roof and dashes through the door into the building.

Matt lands on the rooftop and runs after her.

INT. WORLD TRADE TOWER - ELEVATOR BANK

The girl darts into an elevator. Hits a button. The elevator doors CLOSE.

Matt runs to the closed elevator doors. He places his fingers between the crack of the doors and PULLS HARD -- YANKING the doors open. He leans into the OPEN SHAFT.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

MATT'S POV: The elevator is several stories below, SPEEDING toward the bottom.

Matt extends his cane. Hooking a gear above him. He jumps into the shaft, simultaneously releasing the cane's wire mechanism, SMOOTHLY and SWIFTLY descending toward the roof of the car.

INT. ELEVATOR CAR - NIGHT

The girl whips off the sweat suit and slips out of her Nikes, stuffing them both into the handbag. The floors numbers on the display change quickly: 42-41-40-39... The elevator DINGS. Her hand CLIPS the bag shut. The doors SLIDE open...

The girl emerges a goddess. Wrapped in a elegant BEADED BLACK GOWN, her beautiful legs enhanced by the high-heeled shoes, she steps out into the elegant midst of a BLACK TIE AND DESIGNER GOWN CHARITY BALL.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Matt drops down onto the top of the elevator car. With a hydraulic WHINE, the car begins to drop again. He steps off the car onto the lip of the closed elevator doors. Clinging there as the elevator rapidly descends... Matt peers through the narrow space in the doors. FOCUSING in on the lavish party...

INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - NATCHIOS FOUNDATION OFFICES - NIGHT

A large banner hangs over a LARGE ATRIUM: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY ELEKTRA."

PARTYGOERS in luxurious evening wear crowd the room. A CHAMBER ORCHESTRA sets up to one side. The girl approaches a handsome, middle-aged Greek Man with thick grey hair and a mustache. He opens his arms wide to her, his voice booming: 42

NIKOS

Elektra! Where has my beautiful daughter been keeping herself?

ELEKTRA

Needed some fresh air.

She turns back toward the elevator. Looking devilishly toward us...

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Matt pressed to the doors Enchanted. The skirling cables jangle behind him.

MATT

(breathlessly)

Elektra.

The ELEVATOR CAR LOOMS HUGELY UP under him like a whale rising out of the darkness! Startled, he makes a last-second LEAP onto the top of the car...! Matt is shaken. Catching his breath, he stands there atop the elevator car, one hand on the cable, swiftly rising along with his heart. Then Matt starts SENSING something. His radar HUMMING. OVERLOADED...

FISK'S VOICE (Q.S.)

May I wish one hundred of these days to my favorite little princess?

Matt turns in the direction of the SOUND. His radar sense perceives a large black mass stomping through the darkness.

INT. NATCHIOS FOUNDATION - NIGHT

A large BALD MAN wearing an oversized white tux and supporting his bulk on an ALABASTER CANE, approaches Elektra and Nikos: It's WILSON FISK... "The KINGPIN." He bends and delicately kisses the back of Elektra's hand.

FISK

My dear. So beautiful. As always.

Fisk's behavior is most unusual. He is extremely nice and seems to be a close friend of the family.

ON MATT: He tries to focus on their conversation among the hundreds of voices...

Fisk takes a small box from his coat and offers it to Elektra.

FISK

Please accept this small gift on this happy day.

Elektra looks at Nikos. He nods, it's okay to accept it. She reaches for it and unfolds the wrapping. Opens it.

ELEKTRA

(a hint of sarcasm)

It's lovely, Mr. Fisk. You have such great taste...

It's a heavy, kitsch golden necklace with jumbo pearls. Nikos nods his thanks.

43

NIKOS

Thank you very much, Wilson.

FISK

If I may, Nikos, ask you a minute of your time.

Nikos, looking a bit concerned, nods yes.

FISK

(to Elektra)

Excuse us, my dear.

At that moment, Matt emerges from the makeshift kitchen. He surveys the room and finally perceives Nikos going upstairs, followed by Fisk's enormous figure.

INT. NATCHIOS FOUNDATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nikos and Fisk walk through a long, dimly-lit hallway. Nikos opens a door. They enter a dark room...

INT. NATCHIOS FOUNDATION - STAIRS - NIGHT

Matt goes upstairs. A waiter offers him a glass of champagne, but he declines. He remains focused despite the chaos of VOICES and MUSIC.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Nikos sits at the desk in his private office. He's leafing through the pages inside a file folder. In the glow of a small lamp, his face appears pale. Fisk stands calmly across from him smoking a cigarette through a long holder.

FISK

Perhaps you'll think the timing cruel, in light of the occasion. But often I find it's best to deal with matters such as these when it is foremost in one's mind just exactly how much one has to lose.

NIKOS

I had no involvement with this. The Natchios Foundation is wholly non-profit. Dedicated to good works. Your contributions were all earmarked for charitable causes.

FISK

And yet somehow they've ended up in your private bank account. The paper trail is quite clear.

Nikos lowers the papers, eyeing Fisk with suspicion.

NIKOS

Only you could come up with something this twisted.

FISK

Nikos, Nikos... how long have we been friends? No one need ever see these but you and me. All I require is your cooperation... ..

Fisk calmly fingers the rose in his lapel.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Matt appears at the end of the hallway. LISTENING...

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE. - NIGHT

Fisk is tolerantly listening to a very angry Nikos:

NIKOS

There won't be any cooperation!

FISSK

I'm gonna say this one more time, Nikos. Either you allow me to use your consulate and your diplomatic channels as a safe route for my import-export activities, and become a partner in the growth of Fisk Industries -- or part of another expanding institution: the prison system.

Nikos is glaring at Fisk. Thrusts a blunt finger at Fisk's chest:

NIKOS

Don't threaten me. Your mistake, Mister Fisk, is that you have maybe for the first time in your life come across someone who cares less for the appearance of honor than its substance.

FISSK

Whatever that tangle of verbiage is supposed to mean, I take it your answer is no.

NIKOS

It is not merely "no." It is get out of my life and never let your shadow cross my path again. I will have nothing to do with you or your dirty business!

Fisk nods, considering. Lower lip jutting.

FISSK

I'm asking myself if there is any way I can change your mind. Perhaps reminding you what I've done for Elektra. Without me she wouldn't be here to celebrate her birthday with you. She probably wouldn't even be celebrating a birthday.

NIKOS

How long are you gonna hold this over my head? Haven't you been compensated enough for what you've done?

FISSK

She's priceless, Nikos. An eternity wouldn't be enough to pay me back. And I think you know that.

Nikos begins to shake his head in disgust.

NIKOS

So kill me now. Because I won't be your puppet anymore.

Fisk reaches into his coat...

45

FISK

(smiling)

Not a bad idea. Sure, people will ask: "Why would a man...on such a special day... his daughter's birthday... retreat to his private office..."

Fisk begins to DRAW HIS HAND from his coat. Nikos stares.

FISK

"...and put a gun to his -- "

The door BANGS OPEN and Matt "blunders" into the room. "Feeling" for orientation with one hand. Tapping his cane with the other!

He slows. "Sensing" their presence.

MATT

I'm sorry...? Hello? Is somebody there?  
(too loud)  
Is this the john?

FISK

We are having a business discussion, young man. So, if you'll please just give us a moment...

NIKOS

(to Fisk)

Actually Mr. Fisk was leaving.

(to Matt)

Let me show you how to get there...

Matt turning on Fisk suddenly. Nailing him with his "gaze".

MATT

Kingpin.

Fisk smiles thinly. Pleased.

FISK

You know me.

MATT

Yes.

FISK

And you are...?

MATT

Murdock. Matt Murdock.

Fisk eyeballs him. Fondling that rose again. Contemplating. With a smirk of amusement...

FISK

No. Murdock, huh? Of the Nelson and Murdock law firm...?

(grinning)

You've done well for yourself Mr. Murdock, considering your handicap. Congratulations.

After a moment, Fisk removes his empty hand from his coat. To Nikos:

46

FISK

We'll finish this later, Nikos, you and I.

(to Matt, grinning)

And I'm also sure we're gonna bump into each other again one of these days, Mr. Murdock.

MATT

Count on it, Kingpin. Perhaps in court?

ON FISK: His wide beefy face an impassive mask. Finally, he leaves the room, to Nikos' great relief.

NIKOS

(to Matt)

Shall we rejoin the celebration?

INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nikos takes Matt's arm and leads him down to the ballroom.

NIKOS

I am glad we met, Mr. Murdock. This was great timing. Are you a friend of Elektra's?

MATT

(embarrassed)

No. Ehm. Actually we've never met.

Nikos smiles, still warmly grateful.

NIKOS

Well, it will be my great pleasure to introduce the two of you. But please, say nothing of this to her. I beg of you. This is her night. Let's not let --

MATT

No. No, let's not.

INT. NATCHIOS FOUNDATION ATRIUM - NIGHT

Nikos introduces Elektra to Matt. She is stunningly beautiful.

NIKOS

I'd like you to meet Mr. Matt Murdock, my dear. He's a valiant and brave attorney.

MATT

Happy birthday, Miss Elektra.

She smiles curiously at this strange newcomer casually dressed among the tuxedo-filled room.

ELEKTRA

Thank you.

NIKOS

Now if you would excuse me...

Nikos leaves them. Matt smiles at her.

MATT

I know it's not much, but I didn't have time to shop...

He pulls out of his pocket the red silk scarf and holds it out to her. She takes it from him with a small, curious smile.

ELEKTRA

Was that really you up there?

MATT

(nodding)

Yep.

ELEKTRA

(perplexed)

Wait. So you're really not blind.

MATT

As a bat...

(changing subject)

What's so special about a midnight walk between the World Trade Towers?

ELEKTRA

Well, it's one of the safer places in town.

MATT

You work for Ringling Brothers?

ELEKTRA

(mildly aghast)

Work? No. I'm a student. At Columbia. They offered me a gymnastics scholarship, but my father wouldn't hear of it. He insisted on paying.

MATT

(sardonically)

Mm-hm. How exciting.

ELEKTRA

(smiling sexily)

No really, I'm always searching for more demanding workouts.

MATT

Uh-huh.

ELEKTRA

More exciting ways to push myself to the edge.

MATT

I see.

(brightly)

Maybe I can help.

ELEKTRA

I don't think so.

MATT

I'm a bit of a gymnast myself. I might be able to show you a few things.

ELEKTRA

("indulgently")

Oh, really? Such as...?

MATT

The edge. And beyond.

Matt punctuates this with a quick, perfect BACK FLIP -- landing smartly on his feet. It was too fast to be really noticed by the partygoers.

Matt straightens his glasses and smiles out from under them. Elektra smiles. Very intrigued. He extends his hand. She takes it.

MATT

Deal?

Matt's fingertips LIGHTLY TOUCH Elektra's wrist.

ELEKTRA

Maybe. maybe not.

ON MATT smiling happily as he leaves. Totally smitten.

MATT

(to himself)

Distinct elevation in her pulse rate. She likes me.

INT. FISK INDUSTRIES - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The lavish office of Wilson Fisk, The Kingpin. He stands in the corner looking out on the city. Stewing. RONALD POPE, his lawyer, is hovering at his elbow. Fisk turns to him.

FISK

Matt Murdock.

POPE

Who?

FISK

Matt Murdock. He's a lawyer.

POPE

Never heard of him.

FISK

He's not of your grand stature. He represents the plaintiffs in several recent fire "accidents." He's also very committed to the cause of the indigents in Hell's Kitchen... who pay him in chickens.

POPE

(grinning)

A crusader...

FISK

(serious)

Someone we could do without. I want a list of everything in his life: what he owns, who he knows, where he goes.

EXT. STOREFRONT BUILDING - HELL'S KITCHEN - DAY

A metal gate pulled aside from a storefront window. "Nelson and Murdock, Attorneys at Law" is emblazoned on the glass in a gold-leaf arc.

INT. LAW OFFICE - MORNING

A chicken, actually a rooster, alive and well, runs flapping all around the office. KAREN PAGE, the cute, blonde secretary shared by Matt and Foggy, is trying to capture the bird. She has a great body and wears a short skirt, so Foggy is enjoying the show. Matt, in the meantime, is listening to their client, the PUERTO RICAN MAN, seen earlier, who looks gratefully at them.

PUERTO RICAN MAN

Mr. Murdock, Mr. Nelson... I can't thank you enough.

Foggy eyes him uncertainly. Nods.

FOGGY

You're welcome.

PUERTO RICAN MAN

You've given me back my life. Now that I am out of jail, I will find a good job, and soon I can --

MATT

I understand. As I said -- you can take your time paying. For now thank you for the chicken...

Foggy rolls his eyes heavenward. Matt and the Puerto Rican Man shake hands. The Puerto Rican Man walks out of the office.

FOGGY

When's the beatification?

MATT

The what?

FOGGY

For us. In Rome. For all our charity work. When does sainthood kick in?

MATT

What are we going to do? Foreclose on the guy's house?

FOGGY

He's got a house? I live in a crummy studio apartment!

FOGGY (CONT'D)

(pointing at him)

You want to work out your Catholic guilt, do it in confession, not in the office. How are we going to make a living if half of our clients are being evicted for non-payment of rent? "Non-payment"? Sound familiar?

MATT

That's not the real reason.

Karen continues to chase the chicken. Foggy draws a girding breath. Reigns himself in. Softening:

FOGGY

All I'm saying is, let's take an occasional case for money. So maybe we can buy a new pair of shoes, have a fancy lunch every now and then. Like real lawyers.

MATT

Those are Hollywood lawyers, Foggy... Anyway I'll make you a deal. We'll diversify. I'll uphold the righteous torch of selfless virtue while you wallow in the murky shark pool of big money sleaze.

FOGGY

(smiling)

Works for me.

Karen finally captures the bird and struggles to hold it. The telephone rings and she goes to answer it. The chicken flees.

KAREN

(frantic)

"Murdock and Nelson."

Foggy's mouth tightens. He leans toward her. Sotto voce:

FOGGY

It's "Nelson and Murdock."

Karen nods distractedly at him. To Matt:

KAREN

(disappointed)

It's for you, Matt. Miss Elektra...

MATT

I'll take her in my office, thanks.

Matt goes into his office and closes the door. Foggy just can't believe it...

FOGGY

(dreamy)

Elektra? Sounds like an exotic dancer...

From her expression we see that Karen doesn't even want to think about it.

FOGGY

Were does he find these girls, for Godsake?

INT. MATT'S OFFICE - DAY

Hearing his own heart beat like a drum from the emotion, Matt picks up the phone.

MATT

Hi... (pause) .... Sure... When?... Now?... Okay...

INT. ELEKTRA'S GYM - DAY

CLOSE-UP: A TURNTABLE. A hand places a NEEDLE on a record. A sexy, romantic SONG begins...

Matt and Elektra begin a dazzling gymnastic WORKOUT. A breathtaking expression of movement. Their perfect bodies moving together -- JUMPING, LEAPING, FLIPPING -- in perfect sync.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A charming Italian restaurant. Matt and Elektra sit at a small table. The waiter walks up. Elektra orders, speaking perfect ITALIAN.

ELEKTRA

(to the waiter)

Carpaccio di branzino con cardiotti e pesce-spada alla griglia.

MATT

The same for me.

(to Elektra)

Amazing. Do you speak any other languages?

ELEKTRA

(in each language)

Russian. Japanese. Spanish. French and Portuguese. Besides English, Greek and Italian. What about you?

MATT

Well, with a little help, I can do a great Brooklyn accent.

She smiles. A beautiful smile.

MATT

So you were born in Greece and grew up in Japan? You never talk about your childhood...

Her face goes white. She looks at him but her mind is elsewhere. There is no answer.

MATT

Elektra?

She comes back. Focuses. Analyzing his question now for the first time.

ELEKTRA

(very serious)

I don't like to talk about that.

MATT  
 (off balance)  
 I'm sorry.

Suddenly she smiles. Her tension completely gone. She plays curious.

ELEKTRA  
 So... what about your blindness?

MATT  
 What about it?

ELEKTRA  
 C'mon. How do you manage to do what you do? Never saw a blind guy doing things like...

MATT  
 (interrupting her)  
 Like this?

Matt moves closer. He's about to kiss her.

ELEKTRA  
 (turning away)  
 So you don't want to take me seriously, Mr. Murdock.  
 Okay...

Emitting a playful giggle Elektra stands and RUNS out of the restaurant. Matt stands, drops some cash on the table, and dashes after her...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT

It is mid-December. Christmas decorations line the street. The city is blanketed in heavy SNOW. Elektra crosses the street and disappears into the darkness of Central Park. Matt runs outside and pauses, listening.

FOOTFALLS. Across the street. In the park.  
 Matt dashes across the street, weaving through traffic...

INT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Elektra RACES through the dark, deserted, snowy park. As she runs, she begins to unbutton her blouse...

ON MATT: Several feet behind her. He slows, sensing something at his feet. GRABS it up without stopping: Elektra's DISCARDED BLOUSE.

CAMERA FOLLOWS A TRAIL of Elektra's discarded clothing: A SNEAKER. A pair of crumpled JEANS. SOCKS. A BRA.

Matt picking up each piece as he goes, following the trail of clothing deeper into the heart of Central park. A PAIR OF PANTIES hanging on a tree branch. Matt plucks the panties from the branch and stands there, alone in the middle of the park. It is oddly QUIET here. The sounds of the city MUFFLED. Matt is surrounded by snow covered rocks and trees. A quaint, underground TUNNEL lies ahead of him. He calls out.

MATT  
 Elektra?

No answer. He calls again.

MATT

Where are you?

Again, no answer. Matt CLOSES his eyes. He CONCENTRATES. We HEAR what he does: The sound of Elektra's BREATHING and HEARTBEAT. SOFT.

DISTANT. Matt steps forward, following the sound...

Her breathing grows LOUDER. Her heartbeat STRONGER. FASTER. Matt moves toward a tunnel.

Elektra stands silhouetted inside the tunnel. Her NAKED body beautifully backlit by a distant street lamp.

Matt moves toward her. Elektra's heart beats HARDER. FASTER. Her breathing is HEAVY. EXCITED.

Matt stops directly in front of Elektra. Inches from her naked body. He reaches out. Pulls her toward him. Whispers:

MATT

Found you.

Elektra presses warmly against him. Impressed. Curious:

ELEKTRA

How do you do that?

MATT

I follow my heart.

Elektra smiles. Touched. They share a passionate KISS...

WIDE SHOT -- THE TUNNEL

The silhouettes of Matt and Elektra inside the tunnel. Moving together. The romantic lights of the New York skyline SPARKLE in the background.

Suddenly Matt's radar sense detects something and a loud metallic sound breaks the enchantment.

SMASH CUT TO:

The steely blade of a knife shining in the dark and projecting its reflection on the two lovers. Coming out of nowhere, three thugs approach. The biggest one, a bull-sized punk who seems to be the leader, is whirling a big chain in front of him.

PUNK 1

You gotta be cold baby. We'll show you some real heat...

PUNK 2

Yeahh. And it's gonna hurt.

PUNK 3

Real men always hurt.

ELEKTRA's attitude is surprisingly cool.

ELEKTRA

I like that. Show me, please. And don't be nice about it.

MATT

(surprised)

Elektra please let me take care of...

But before Matt can do anything, Elektra has already finished. With incredible speed she grabs the chain from the stocky brute and uses it to turn his wrist to pulp.

PUNK 1

Awww!

Then she smashes his head against the wall of the tunnel. The punk is out cold before he hits the ground.

On MATT: He doesn't see the action but can clearly perceive.... the speed and martial arts skills displayed by Elektra while she attacks the other two and puts them out of commission in less than a blink. Badly beaten, the three thugs lay on the ground, unconscious.

ELEKTRA

They're gonna keep each other warm.

Matt is speechless. Then almost careful not to piss her off...

MATT

(smiling)

Hmn... a dark side.

She doesn't answer. Only smiles.

INT. MATT'S TOWNHOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Sunday morning. Foggy in jogging clothes walks down the hallway, holding an open box filled with Danish pastries. He KNOCKS on the door. No answer.

FOGGY

(calling inside)

C'mon Matt! We're gonna miss the best chicks in Central Park...

Matt calls from within:

MATT (o.s.)

Just a second, Foggy!

Foggy sighs and sits on the floor next to the door. A few moments pass. Elektra exits the room. Her clothing is rumpled, her face flushed, her hair a wild mess. Without glancing at him:

ELEKTRA

Have a good workout, Foggy.

He's speechless. Elektra walks off down the hallway: marveling at her superlative butt, Foggy finds the courage to talk to her.

FOGGY  
Uh uhm... do I know you?

ELEKTRA  
(without turning)  
Elektra's the name.

FOGGY  
Enchanted to meet you, Elektra.

Foggy smiles to himself and enters the apartment.

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Foggy walks inside, shocked by what he sees. The room looks like a hurricane hit it. The curtains are ripped from the walls.

Furniture is overturned. A mirror hangs crookedly on the wall.--

Matt lies naked and exhausted under a crumpled blanket. A satisfied smile on his face. He gives Foggy a conciliatory look.

There is a LOUD CREAK. The broken ceiling lamp CRASHES to the floor, inches from a startled Foggy.

FOGGY  
You don't really need to jog today.

Matt smiles. Then curious...

MATT  
So... what do you think?

FOGGY  
What do I think?! About her? From one to ten...  
I'd say fifteen!

MATT  
I'd give five years of my life to see her just  
for a few seconds...

FOGGY  
(dreamy)  
She'd be worth it...Elektra...where is she from?

MATT  
She's the daughter of the Greek Consul General...

FOGGY  
No kidding... way to go Matt!  
(pause - rethinking it)  
Hey... is she Nikos Natchios' daughter?

Matt pauses, concerned by Foggy's change of expression...

MATT  
Yes...why?

FOGGY

You know what happened to her... Don't you?

MATT

(off guard)

No...

FOGGY

It was a pretty famous story among the jet-set... I don't recall exactly when, but I remember reading that the teenage daughter of the Greek Ambassador in Japan was kidnapped some years ago. I think she was held hostage for quite a while...

Matt is really surprised.

MATT

She never mentioned anything about this...

FOGGY

Things like that can screw you up pretty badly. I'm glad she's fine now...

Matt doesn't answer. He just nods. His mind already somewhere else.

INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - DAY

A strange structure in a snowy mountain landscape. It's like a monastery, but its otherworldly quality makes it absolutely unique. CAMERA PULLS BACK and reveals it is a painting hanging on a wall of the Guggenheim Museum. Matt's fingers caress the painting, absorbing every detail. Elektra is standing behind him, her expression dreamy, almost transfixed.

MATT

You're right. It feels beautiful... Who's the painter?

ELEKTRA

My mother. That's her favorite subject.

MATT

(pretending he doesn't know)

What is it?

ELEKTRA

Her mantra. Or her idea of the edge. I guess.

MATT

(smiling)

Meaning?

ELEKTRA

She used to tell me bedtime stories about a beautiful place to imagine being when things go wrong. You know... Shangri-La kinda things. Hidden valleys. Himalayas. Tibet. That's what the painting's about...

MATT

Is it a real place?

ELEKTRA

In her mind, real places and dreams were the same thing.

MATT

Was she a buddist?

ELEKTRA

She was crazy. Or at least that's what the doctors used to tell my father.

MATT

I am sorry.

ELEKTRA

Don't be. She found her peace.

EXT. HILLY ROAD - UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

AERIAL SHOT. A black Ferrari Testarossa flying down a mountain road.

INT. FERRARI - DAY

Elektra is driving and she smiles at Matt seated beside her. The windows are down and a cold wind blows through their hair. They don't care...

EXT. NATCHIOS MANSION - UPSTATE NEW YORK - NIGHT

A HEAVY SNOW falls on the opulent estate of Nikos Natchios, situated amidst the lush mountains of upstate New York. The mansion rests on 300 acres, including guest cottages, ski slopes, a lake and a heliport.

INT. NATCHIOS MANSION - NIGHT

A huge dining room, spectacularly decorated with beautiful paintings and countless WHITE CANDLES. Matt, Elektra and Nikos sit together at a large table, enjoying gourmet food and sipping champagne.

MATT

I never imagined a Consul could afford such a beautiful place, Mr. Natchios.

NATCHIOS

The former king of Greece is my first cousin, Matt. Let's say that my family has never lacked any attention to the finer details of life...

Matt nods. Nikos looks at him, more seriously now.

NIKOS

Why do you ask? Are you one of those liberals who think rich people are lesser people?

MATT

No sir. Quite frankly I have so much to worry about with the poor that my first duty is to make sure they are not considered lesser people...

Nikos smiles approvingly.

NIKOS

You're quite an interesting young man, Matt. I really admire your social commitment. I'm glad our paths have crossed.

Nikos make a toast with his glass of champagne.

NIKOS

To our principles and ideals. May we always be faithful to them...

Elektra cheers with her father. And so does Matt, though he notices a shadow of uneasiness in Nikos' expression.

AN INFRARED IMAGE

A BUZZ. Special INFRARED DIGITAL BINOCULARS FOCUS ON and start to SCAN the Natchios mansion from behind the perimeter fence... It FRAMES Nikos going upstairs... Matt and Elektra coming outside onto the terrace...

Then PANS to the control booth...

INT. NATCHIOS MANSION - CONTROL BOOTH (NORMAL IMAGE) - NIGHT

BEN and TERRY -- two sharply dressed and discretely armed Security Men -- watch, on a series of monitors, the mansion and its surroundings.

INSERT on one monitor: A car approaches the road near the main gate then speeds up, just passing by.

The expression of the two guards is relaxed. Everything seems to be fine.

EXT. NATCHIOS MANSION - TERRACE - NIGHT

MUSIC: A GREEK SONG. Matt stands at the edge of the terrace. Snowflakes dust his black jacket. He tries to follow the movement of Elektra, who is seductively dancing around him. They're surrounded by snow-covered mountains, beautifully lit by the bright winter moon. It's a great moment. Then she stops dancing and nuzzles close to him, smiling.

ELEKTRA

He really likes you. Usually he's so cautious.

MATT

(implying "how many?")  
Usually...?

ELEKTRA

Don't be silly. I'm his only daughter and he's very old-fashioned. In our country a father... he wants his daughter to be with a man that he knows can take care of her.

MATT

(hurt)

I can take care of you.

ELEKTRA

(smiling)

I can take care of myself.

Matt nods, glancing at all the opulence around them.

MATT

(sadly)

I have no doubt about that.

ELEKTRA

(caressing his face)

Hey... What's wrong? This should be such a happy night and...

Matt takes her in his arms. Speaks softly into her ear:

MATT

I'm sorry. It was very nice of you to invite me here... This place, it's beautiful... But I guess it's also a bit overwhelming for somebody like me... you know? Coming from where I do... I feel like I'm out of my element... (then remembering)  
Hey, I forgot something!

He pulls out of his pocket a little box and gives it to Elektra. She opens it, curious like a little child.

INSERT: A beautiful golden ring with a shining ruby mounted on it.

Her eyes shine with joy.

ELEKTRA

(cheering up)

Oh Matt... it's beautiful!

MATT

(apologizing)

I had it in my pocket all evening and I guess I was so nervous...

She looks at him. Holding him close.

ELEKTRA

(interrupting him)

Shhhh. I know just what you need.

MATT

Oh?

ELEKTRA

(seductively)

Yes. Come on. Let's go work off some of that tension.

SMASH CUT TO:

Matt and Elektra, outfitted in ski wear, share a wild, MOONLIGHT SKI RUN down the steep mountain slope. Elektra leads, moving at an amazing clip. WHIPPING in and around the trees and rocks in her path. For appearance, Matt is tied to her by a long cord, but he doesn't really need it. In fact, he FOLLOWS her precisely. Monitoring her every move and DUPLICATING it... Elektra speeds toward the edge of a CLIFF... SAILS over the edge into the air...

Matt SHOOTS after her... Both of them FLIPPING over and over in the air, landing upright and SOARING down the mountainside.

Elektra and Matt SCHUSS to a stop at the bottom of the mountain. Right in front of a storybook LOG CABIN. The cabin is tucked among a stand of dense trees. Matt and Elektra pop out of their skis.

ELEKTRA

I'll never understand how you do that.

She takes Matt's hand, opens the cabin door and leads him inside...

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

Only Terry is in the booth now and he is eating. He doesn't notice that...

ANGLE ON THE MONITOR: The limo is back, circling the perimeter of the mansion.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The limo slides out from a turn and slows down as its headlights illuminate...

Bullseye! He puts down the infrared binoculars and let us admire his very cool new costume. Hi-tech black kevlar suit with white gloves, boots, belt, and gun holster. Three wide circles around his neck are also stark white. A big bullseye adorns his chest. His menacing aspect multiplied. He pulls a tight black hood with a mask to hide his face over his head.

The limo stops at his side and the rear window HUMS down. Wilson Fisk's face appears. Apparently he doesn't like what he sees...

FISK

(pointing at the costume)

Is that really necessary, Mr. Del Toro?

Bullseye grins.

BULLSEYE

It's my face that is all over the place... This mask will give me a little privacy.

FISK

(sarcastic)

If you are so concerned about your identity, perhaps you shouldn't go around with a bullseye painted on your chest, Mr. Del Toro. Besides... I must point out that Halloween is long gone, now.

BULLSEYE

You're right. But I just happen to like this... I think it's much cooler than the stupid suit of that red moron. Besides... I'm here to carry out your orders. Not to take fashion lessons from you, Kingpin.

FISK

(cold)

Fisk, Mr. Del Toro. The name's Fisk.

BULLSEYE

Whatever... We're ready now... Mr. Fisk.

Fisk nods. Bullseye jumps backward and ROLLING acrobatically he goes hiding behind a bush. The car pulls away...

IN THE CAR: FISK exhales softly.

FISK

(to himself)

God save us from masked clowns.

He pulls the red rose from his lapel. Sniffs it. Tosses it out the window. Blandly to Jones, who is at the wheel:

FISK

Call out the bully boys.

Jones grins and unfolds a cellular phone...

ON THE RED ROSE: Discarded on the driveway. The limo already far away...

CLOSE-UP: A ROARING FIRE - LATER THAT EVENING

CAMERA PANS from the fireplace to Matt and Elektra, lying naked in each other's arms beneath a heavy wool blanket. Contentment on their faces. A moment of pure peace and serenity... Elektra looks at the ruby and sighs.

ELEKTRA

So you really love me...

MATT

I love you more than anything I ever loved in my life, Elektra.

Elektra's eyebrow raises.

ELEKTRA

But...?

MATT

There is no but.

ELEKTRA

You sure? Because sometimes I sense one.

MATT

Well... sometimes...I feel like there is a void between us.

ELEKTRA

A void?

MATT

It's your past, Elektra.

ELEKTRA

What do you mean?

MATT

I've heard what happened to you... The kidnapping  
I mean ...and...

ELEKTRA

(dryly)

And?

MATT

I just want...to let you know that you can trust  
me... It's okay to talk about it if you feel like it...

ELEKTRA

What do you want to talk about? You want to talk  
about not being able to see the light of the day for  
months...

MATT

(forcing a smile)

You know, I am an expert in that field...

ELEKTRA

Or how about not hearing anything from the outside  
world, if not the news, delivered with a laugh, that  
your mother was completely nuts and her heart  
couldn't take the pain of your absence any longer and  
that she died with your name on her lips?

MATT

(bewildered)

I am sorry... I didn't know...

ELEKTRA

I was weak. I should have been prepared to  
avoid that...

MATT

You can't feel guilty for being kidnapped.  
You were just a young girl.

ELEKTRA

Well... now you know why I developed pretty strong  
feelings about scumbags assaulting defenseless  
women...

MATT

And all the right tools to express those feelings.  
I'm glad I was on the right side of the line that  
night in Central Park.

ELEKTRA

Were you now?

(smiling)

Yes, you were...

And she kisses him.

EXT. NATCHIOS MANSION - NIGHT

Utter quiet. Everybody is asleep. The inside of the mansion is dark. Warm floodlights illuminate the exterior. The snowfall has stopped. There is absolute stillness. Then we hear a distant SPUTTERING ROAR...

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

The fire only a warm pulsing ember now. Elektra asleep under the cover, still. Matt is awake and raises his gaze for a moment at the sound of a HELICOPTER passing overhead. His brow furrows. His hand goes instinctively to his duffel bag...

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

Terry finally realizes something's wrong out there.

On the MONITORS: CARS coming toward the gate.

He grabs his gun but is too late... A sai pierces his heart and he goes down without a gasp!

EXT. OUTSIDE NATCHIOS MANSION - NIGHT

THREE GAS GUZZLERS ROAR through the opening gate, skidding and fishtailing.

EXT. LAKESIDE ROAD - NIGHT

The limo is parked near the lake. Fisk watches the mansion...

FISK

On cat's feet, the stealthy band creeps silently toward its prey.

EXT. NATCHIOS MANSION - NIGHT

Ben, the other Security Man, is descending the front steps of the mansion, gun in hand.

A Charger ROARS by SPITTING automatic weapon fire: BRRRRAAPPP!!! Ben's body ARCS through the air...

INT. MANSION - SECOND FLOOR - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nikos is awakened by the gunfire. He runs to the window. His face pales at the sight of the firefight below.

NIKOS

My God...

He dashes out of the room.

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Elektra stirs. Her eyes flutter open. Uncertain of what awakened her. She reaches for Matt. He's gone.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

DAREDEVIL running across the snow, toward the mansion almost two miles away.

EXT. NATCHIOS MANSION - NIGHT

The cars stop in the driveway. TWO STREET HOODS in each one. Doors fly open. Hoods jump out...

TWO MORE BODYGUARDS run outside, GUNS already ABLAZE. The Hoods return FIRE. The Bodyguards FIRE on the fly and dive for cover. Bullets POCK the walls and SHATTER the front windows.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - NIGHT

Elektra arrives at the top of the mountain. The mansion still far away. Elektra freezes at the sound of gunfire echoing through the night.

ELEKTRA

Father!

INT. NATCHIOS MANSION - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nikos, pajama-clad, runs into the hallway. A maid comes out of her room, crying. Nikos spots her.

NIKOS

Go back inside and lock the door!

The woman does so and Nikos opens a large wooden ARMOIRE stacked with rows of HUNTING RIFLES. He hurriedly grabs a rifle. Muttering angrily:

NIKOS

Damn Fisk. I'll never forgive myself for the day  
I...

Nikos LOADS the weapon and descends the steps toward the first floor.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Daredevil still racing toward the mansion. GUNFIRE ECHOES across the landscape.

INT. NATCHIOS MANSION - NIGHT

Nikos bolts a door on the first floor and enters the Grand Ballroom. The deserted room looks suddenly hostile to him, its huge space filled with dark shadows. Nikos shivers. The huge window at the head of the hall BURSTS open. Wind blows snow into the ballroom and Bullseye strides in with two hoods! The Hoods fan out surrounding the beleaguered man. Bullseye faces Nikos. A smoking M-16 at his side. Nikos stands valiantly, rifle at the ready. Bullseye exhales. Down to business.

BULLSEYE

(Impatiently)

I have orders to spare the others, so if you come quietly, your daughter and the rest of your staff won't be harmed.

cl

NIKOS  
 (uncertainly)  
 ...Is this true?

BULLSEYE  
 This is not a street fight. We are not madmen. Give  
 me the rifle...

Nikos lowers the rifle. BULLSEYE smiles.

EXT. NATCHIOS MANSION - NIGHT

Daredevil finally arrives at the bullet-scarred mansion. Smoke fills the  
 air. Bodies litter the ground.

ON DAREDEVIL: Heading for the house. Hearing something. Stopping.

A FIGURE appears suddenly in front of him. Daredevil focuses.

DAREDEVIL'S POV: In the darkness the ominous familiar shape of Bullseye and  
 his distinctive heartbeat.

DAREDEVIL  
 You.

Bullseye is surprised as well and moves toward him, keeping the M-16 hidden  
 behind his back.

BULLSEYE  
 The ubiquitous Daredevil. You want the old guy?!  
 (points at the lake) He's taking a well earned  
 vacation...

Quicker than a flash, Bullseye opens fire with the M-16.

Daredevil DIVES quickly behind the trees. A car explodes, a tree starts to  
 burn. Everything around Daredevil becomes hell. Finally, he is hit by the  
 blast of another explosion and hurled into a bush. When the smoke and dust  
 settle, Daredevil stands, still alive and well. But there is no trace of  
 Bullseye.

EXT./INT. LIMOUSINE - JUST BEFORE DAWN

The goons' cars pull quickly away, leaving the limo alone on the lake view  
 road. Fisk is talking to Bullseye through a walkie-talkie.

FISK  
 Very well Mr. Del Toro. Thank you for the  
 information.

Fisk turns off the walkie-talkie and motions to the driver to drive away.  
 He looks intensely out of the window, into the night, and remembers...

FLASH-BACK: In the wrestling ring, Jack Murdock, dressed in the red and  
 yellow costume. He comes toward the CAMERA. The D on his chest getting  
 closer and closer...fading over the image of Matt running to save his father.

BACK TO SCENE: Fisk has an amazed expression on his face. He looks up at  
 Nikos sitting handcuffed in front of him.

FISK

Murdock is your guest. And Daredevil shows up just when you need the cavalry. What a coincidence. Of course. The boxer's son. How could I have been so naive...

NIKOS

(overcoming his own amazement)

He will punish you either way. You'll pay for all your sins.

FISK

I am afraid we don't have time for this.

(to the driver)

Turn there.

Fisk points onto the lake.

JONES

Yes sir.

Jones shrugs and turns the big car through the frosted brush and down onto the frozen lake.

ON THE LAKE

The dark car ROARS across the white shimmering surface...

INSIDE THE CAR

Fisk opens a briefcase and pats some documents on Nikos' lap.

FISK

Now, dear friend. If you really care about your daughter's future you better sign here. I've got your Consul's seal ready for this...

Nikos spits in his face.

NIKOS

Go to hell!

FISK

(wiping off his face)

Fine. Then... I really don't have anything to say to you, my friend. I'll miss... those days.

Fisk smashes his huge fist against Nikos's face. He does it again. And again. And again.

ON DAREDEVIL: A RED BLUR...RUSHING through the wintry woods... Trees looming and SWOOPING past...feet barely touching the ground...

INT. LIMOUSINE - POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD - JUST BEFORE DAWN

The wind billowing SNOW against the glass. The sky lightening. A DARK MASS emerging out of the blinding haze up ahead: a waiting BLACK HELICOPTER. Rotors turning languidly...

ON THE HELICOPTER

Bullseye outside, scanning the area. The PILOT inside. The rotors begin to pick up speed. The limo slides to a stop next to the chopper. <sup>67</sup>

INT. LIMOUSINE - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Fisk opens his door. Nikos' body is lying bloodied and motionless on the rear seat.

EXT. HELICOPTER - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Fisk climbs out of the car and takes a REMOTE CONTROL DEVICE from his pocket. Points it at the car and squeezes. The door locks KLUNK shut throughout the car. Then Fisk uses it to lower the passenger window. The rotors really ROARING now.

FISK

(smiling)

About your daughter, Nikos. If you can still hear me... whadda ya think about me for a son-in-law?

He thumbs the remote and the window HUMS up. Fisk climbs up into the chopper, followed by Jones... Bullseye activates a HAND GRENADE with a fast-moving digital readout and rolls it under the car.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAWN

The Pilot frowns thinly as Fisk settles in the back compartment and the copter lists noticeably to one side.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAWN

Nikos' eyes flutter. He is still alive.

EXT. FROZEN LAKE - DAWN

BULLSEYE jumps inside and the chopper HEAVES heavily up into the air... A MUFFLED BLAST lifts the limo off the ground, ice SPLITTING beneath it. The car drops back down and SLIPS through the cracks into the frothing water...

The chopper ROARS upward...

ON THE LIMOUSINE

Tipping and slipping down through the broken ice. From the rear window, Nikos staring desperately upward...

NIKOS'S POV: DAREDEVIL HANGING ONTO THE BELLY OF THE HELICOPTER...!  
Rising rapidly up into the morning sky...

The icy lake water CLOSES RAPIDLY OVER the rear window. Nikos SCREAMS a silent cry for help...

ON DAREDEVIL: Hanging by one hand from the landing strut. With the other hand, he fires the cane-hook up...INTO THE SWIRLING HELICOPTER BLADES!

The wire WINDING in the rotors HAULS Daredevil up like a shot!

INT. HELICOPTER

A RED BLUR SHOOTs up past the window -- startling everybody within!

EXT. HELICOPTER

Daredevil releases the top section of the cane and rolls onto the roof...!  
The remaining half cane SPLINTERS in the rotors.

INT. HELICOPTER

Jones UNLOADS his automatic into the ceiling!

EXT. HELICOPTER

BULLET HOLES STITCH the roof an inch from Daredevil and PING and SPARK off  
the rotor blades!

INT. HELICOPTER

The copter SHIMMIES. The Pilot gritting his teeth and seizing tightly on the  
controls.

PILOT

WHOA!! Shit!

Bullseye SLAPS Jones in the chest with the back of his hand --

BULLSEYE

STOP!!

Bullseye pulls his pistol and HUI'S open the side door --

ON DAREDEVIL: ROLLING off the roof...! He drops and grabs onto the upper  
lip of the doorway and SWINGS through with both feet --

INT. HELICOPTER

KICKING BULLSEYE in the face!

Jones FIRES on the moving blur -- Daredevil dives back outside the helicopter  
-- Jones's bullets RIDDLING the Pilot!

The copter tips and spins lazily... down toward the lake... Fisk getting  
really mad now:

FISK

You idiot! We're going to crash!

Bullseye doesn't care. He takes out a big jagged-edged knife, secures  
himself to a safety belt and jumps outside.

BULLSEYE

I'm gonna make ice cubes out of him.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Fisk hauls himself out of his seat. He shakes his head, really pissed.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Outside BULLSEYE and Daredevil are now engaged in vicious HAND-TO-HAND  
combat.

## DAREDEVIL

I won't let you get away with this... not this time.

## BULLSEYE

(points down the lake)

Sorry amigo. You're gonna go scuba diving with the penguins... just like the old guy!

Daredevil looks down and realizes that Nikos is not aboard the helicopter.

## INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jones standing in the open doorway, trying to draw a bead. Fisk goes to the pilot's seat and pushes both the dead pilot and Jones out the door!

## EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jones falls with a desperate cry together with the pilot's body. Daredevil turns in surprise and this gives Bullseye the chance to kick him hard.

Jones and the pilot SMACK into the frozen lake, like bugs on a windshield.

Daredevil is about to lose his grasp but he manages to grab a hand grenade off Bullseye's belt. He ACTIVATES it, but Bullseye kicks him again. The grenade slips from Daredevil's hands, falling down. Daredevil lets go of his grasp and he starts falling as well.

Bullseye crawls back inside the copter.

ON DAREDEVIL: FALLING... Dropping fast toward the lake. Looking down...

DAREDEVIL's POV: A dark, buzzing, round mechanism spinning in mid-air.

It's the digital HAND GRENADE. Dropping through the air, just out of his reach -- ! The icy surface rushing up.

ON DAREDEVIL: Reaching for the grenade...SNATCHING it out of the air. Only SECONDS LEFT on the digital read-out. Daredevil rolls and flings the grenade like a fast-ball down toward...

THE LAKE! The grenade rocketing down and BOUNCING sharply off the ice... and EXPLODING!!!!!!!!!!!!

ON DAREDEVIL: The EXPLOSION BLOOMING below him. Water and ice SPEWING upward. Daredevil drops down and is CONSUMED by the billowing cloud of water and smoke...!

## UNDERWATER

Daredevil PLUNGES into the churning water through the jagged gap blown in the ice. Bullets WHIZ through the water after him.

The helicopter descends overhead... visible through the shimmering, undulating water.

## JP ABOVE

The water in the narrow gap churned by the rotor wash. The helicopter hovering low. MACHINE GUN FIRE SPRAYS from it.

## ON THE HELICOPTER

Bullseye in the doorway. Eyeing the lake surface. Periodically FIRING off a volley of bullets. Glaring downward really pissed.. Fisk piloting the chopper now.

FISK  
(impatient)  
Did you get him?

BULLSEYE  
(rude)  
How should I know?

FISK  
(losing his temper)  
Did I hear right? With all your equipment, your fancy costume, all the money you cost me... And you don't even know if you got him?! Something is very wrong here, my friend...

BULLSEYE  
I'm not your friend, Kingpin. I'm just your employee. Don't forget that...

FISK  
Well... maybe it's time to correct that mistake.

BULLSEYE  
Fine... I'm sick and tired of you! I ain't your errand boy!

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## UNDERWATER

PEERING UP at the hovering chopper. Bullets WHIZZING through the water at us. CAMERA DRIFTING AWAY from the closing gap... deeper into the dark water...

ON DAREDEVIL: Searching for a way out. The thick ice surface an impenetrable roof over this head. A vein-like crack stretches across the ice. Daredevil pulls the half remaining section of his cane from his thigh-mounted case, making into a billy club and working it into the seam. He hauls mightily on it, prying the ice open by bare inches... Then he jams the club up into the crack, pushing it and widening the opening. He's almost done when... his senses detect something. He looks down SCANNING...

Headlight beams shine dully through the dark water. The limousine comes into view on the murky lake floor. And there, in that soundproof underwater dimension, a heartbeat comes to Daredevil.

Daredevil pushes the extremities of the crack even stronger ...six inches...eight...ten inches...a foot! Finally, he shoots up through it...!

## EXT. ABOVE THE ICE - MORNING

Daredevil BURSTS through the opening. Drawing in a HUGE BREATH of fresh air. He slumps across the ice next to the narrow crack, catching his breath. He lifts his head at a distant WHIRRING SOUND.

Daredevil slips through the opening and back down into the water!

EXT. UNDERWATER

Daredevil swims down toward the lake floor... Up above, the club holding the ice apart ever so slightly *BENDS*...

EXT. LIMOUSINE - UNDERWATER - MORNING

Daredevil KICKS the driver's side window, SMASHING it. He reaches inside...

INT. LIMOUSINE - UNDERWATER

Nikos's body lolls lifelessly in the back. Water pours into the car.

ON DAREDEVIL

Hauling Nikos's limp form out of the car.

ON THE BILLY CLUB: The ice CRACKING back together...squeezing the club...

ON DAREDEVIL: Kicking quickly upward, dragging Nikos's body with one hand... Nearing the pried-open crack overhead. The billy club bends, SQUEAKING -- the ice planes jerk toward each other!

Daredevil redoubles his kicks! He shoves Nikos up through the narrowing crack.

EXT. LAKE SURFACE - MORNING

Nikos's body sliding up onto the ice. Daredevil's head and shoulders emerge from the water...

The BILLY CLUB BUCKLES with a SCREEEE --

Daredevil grips the edge of the ice and hauls himself upward...

The BILLY CLUB SNAPS!

Daredevil rolls up out of the crack and the ice CRASHES together!

He lies there on his back, soaked and PANTING. Stretched across the ice next to the limp body of NIKOS.

ON ELEKTRA: She is running breathlessly toward them.

ELEKTRA

Daddy...! Oh, Daddy...!!! NOOO...!

Nikos is barely alive. She kneels down and presses her tear-soaked cheek to his face, weeping. Daredevil hovering. All too familiar with this scene...

Nikos's eyes focus. Past her. On Daredevil. He manages to speak:

NIKOS

Matt...

Elektra, astonished, turns to Daredevil. A long intense pause, then finally Daredevil pulls off the cowl, revealing his true identity.

ELEKTRA

You...

MATT

Yes.

ELEKTRA

(bitter)

And I was the one you said shouldn't have secrets...

MATT

I... I am sorry...

Nikos weakly lifts a hand to the back of her head. Pats it. His eyes still fixed on Daredevil. The life slipping rapidly from them.

Daredevil nods. Nikos's hand falls down. He's dead. Elektra gently closes his eyes, then she turns slowly back to look at Matt. Her eyes colder than the ice under their feet...

ELEKTRA

Who did this?

Daredevil pulls off the cowl.

MATT

It was Bullseye... and...

Her expression distant, harsh, dark.

ELEKTRA

Bullseye. You... saved...his life.

Standing now, enraged, grief-stricken:

ELEKTRA

Why didn't you KILL him when you had the chance?!  
You could have SENT HIM TO HELL!! Why didn't you?!!!

Matt shakes his head. Doesn't know what to say. She POUNDS his chest with her closed fist. Again and again...

ELEKTRA

And now he's dead he's dead. My father's dead...!

MATT

Elektra... I'll find them. His death won't be in vain...

ELEKTRA

Bullseye's mine! I'll kill him with my own hands!

MATT

(trying to explain)

Bullseye is only the arm. Fisk's the mind. I couldn't hear his heartbeat over the rotors but I know he was there. This is his signature.

ELEKTRA  
 (whipping her head around)  
 Stop it! Wilson Fisk is a friend!

MATT  
 (frustrated)  
 What?! Didn't your father tell you? Was he so involved in Fisk's dirty business he didn't have the guts to tell you about his partner's true nature?

Elektra cannot believe this. She explodes, slapping Matt across the face.

ELEKTRA  
 What the HELL are you saying? I've known him a lot longer than I've known you...which is hardly at all...I'm beginning to think. Go away, now. GO AWAY!!!

He PULLS the mask down over his head. Resolved. Walks toward the Mansion. She glares after him in hatred and disbelief.

ELEKTRA  
 I hate you!! Do you hear me? I hate you Matt Murdock!

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER

A COFFIN is lowered into a grave in a large, snow covered cemetery. An old orthodox priest is praying in Greek while Elektra stands at the gravesite along with several FRIENDS and FAMILY MEMBERS. She is dressed in black, her eyes red from crying. Wilson Fisk stands beside her.

Matt stands off in a deserted section of the graveyard.

Fisk spots him and leans toward the weeping Elektra, wrapping his huge arm around her shoulder and WHISPERING in her ear. He pulls her tightly to his side.

CAMERA DOLLIES to Matt's face. His expression hard.. Bitter.

THE FUNERAL ENDS. The mourners move from the gravesite toward their respective cars. Elektra is escorted by Fisk. Matt takes a few steps toward them. He CALLS OUT:

MATT  
 Elektra.

Elektra turns. Intense PAIN covers her face. Fisk's eyes narrow to slits. Elektra excuses herself and walks to Matt. Her face is a cold, emotionless mask.

ELEKTRA  
 You're not welcome here.

MATT  
 But he is.

Matt glances at Fisk. Elektra defends Fisk passionately.

ELEKTRA

You don't get it. Do you? Mr. Fisk saved my life! I'd never have seen my father again if it weren't for him. He stood by us and he's always been there when I needed him!

MATT

(frustrated)

I can't believe this. Elektra, please listen to me... You'd still have your father if it weren't for Fisk. Let me help you.

ELEKTRA

You could have. And if you had -- when you had the chance -- we wouldn't be here now.

She averts her eyes to the ground, overcome with grief again... Matt is devastated.

MATT

I'm sorry. I... am so sorry.

ELEKTRA

(resolute)

I'm going away.

MATT

(shocked)

Where?

ELEKTRA

I don't know... Away.

Fisk is coming this way...

MATT

I love you, Elektra. And you still love me. I know you do.

ELEKTRA

I have to go.

Grabbing her by the wrist:

MATT

Tell me. Answer me, please. Elektra. Do you still love me?

She stares at him. Her eyes locked on his.

ELEKTRA

It doesn't matter. The edge, you remember? That's the only thing that could give me peace now.

Fisk strides up and wrests Matt's hand from Elektra's.

FISK

You've upset her enough.

(to Elektra)

Let's go, my dear.

Elektra nods. Draws back. Tears streaming down her face. To Matt:

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ELEKTRA

Good-bye.

She hands him back the ring with the ruby, turns and walks off to Fisk's limo. Matt yanks his hand from Fisk's. Grits his teeth at him. Nods at the limo.

MATT

New car?

Fisk smirks back at it. Nodding.

FISK

Yes. The old one sank in value.

He grins, enjoying himself. Matt narrows his gaze.

MATT

Wait till spring --

FISK

Oh, please. Like that car is registered to me...

He grins, enjoying himself. Matt narrows his gaze.

MATT

I'm gonna get you. You and your compadre Bullseye...

FISK

Oh, c'mon! Aren't we even now? Go on with your life. Stay out of mine. And hers. And we'll all lead long, happy lives.

MATT

(dead serious)

You won't. If anything happens to her, I'll kill you. That's a promise.

FISK

Oh really? With what? Your cane?

Fisk smiles, then turns and walks off. Matt stares helplessly after him. Lost. Defeated.

Elektra glances one final time toward Matt through the window as the limousine rolls away.

Tears fall from beneath Matt's dark glasses.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Elektra in the back seat of the moving car, sipping water from a glass. Fisk at her side. She's wearing tinted lenses, her head tipped tiredly back against the leather seat.

Fisk is sitting slightly forward, as if mulling something over in his head. He finally looks at her.

FISK

Elektra. If I may. Interrupt your thoughts, for a moment.

She lifts her head, opens her eyes, blinks and nods. He shifts his bulk to turn toward her.

FISK

I'd like to... make you an offer... a request... that you give what I am about to say some serious thought...

Elektra sits up. A tad wary.

FISK

I know recent events have likely all but swept aside any thoughts you've had about starting a new life... The life I know your father wanted you to have. I would like to suggest that this possibility... is still within your grasp. Together... with me...

Elektra can't believe this. So wiped out and now...this. Shaking her head:

ELEKTRA

Please. Mr. Fisk. I... I can't even think about that right now.

FISK

But I think you must. I know I am not... physically, perhaps, the kind of man you probably imagined for a husband, but...

Her mouth open in disbelief.

FISK (Cont'd)

You must think about your future.

ELEKTRA

(sighing)

I know you mean well --

FISK

I would be a faithful and devoted husband. You are a woman who is accustomed to the finer things in life and...

(intensely)

I could give you the world.

He takes a RING BOX from his pocket. Opens it. Holds it out to her. It contains a ring featuring a MAMMOTH DIAMOND. She averts her gaze from it. Softly:

ELEKTRA

Please... I'm sorry, please stop.

FISK

All you need give me in return... is a chance. In time, you may, dare I say, learn to love me...?

She puts her hands over her ears.

ELEKTRA

I asked you to STOP!

He immediately withdraws the box. CLAPS it shut with his thumb. Nodding. He speaks in a low and menacing voice:

FISK

Or be taught to do so.

His face masking his anger and humiliation, Fisk looks into the rear-view mirror of the limo. He meets the Asian eyes of the DRIVER and signals him with a small nod. Then Fisk pours Evian water into Elektra's glass. She takes another sip.

ELEKTRA

I'm sorry. It's not you. It's... frankly... I don't think I'm capable of falling in love. I'm not sure I'll ever be.

Fisk knows what that means.

FISK

I see. I understand.

ELEKTRA

(slow, almost muddled)

I'm sorry, Mr. Fisk. I really am --

FISK

No, no, please... Call me Wilson.

Elektra blinking. She feels dizzy.

ELEKTRA

What... what did... you... do?

FISK

Nothing. Actually I have a surprise for you... I thought you might need some comfort from an old friend at such a tragic moment.

(points at the driver)

You remember Sugimoto, your sensei...

The driver turns around. He is a lean, dark intense-looking JAPANESE MAN whose expression betrays no emotion. He is KEN SUGIMOTO, and he has played a big role in Elektra's life. Now Elektra really feels lost. She looks at the glass, realizing she's been drugged. She tries to reach Fisk and slap him, but her hand is too heavy. It's late, too late to do anything. The glass falls to the floor. Elektra closes her eyes, losing consciousness. Fisk looks at her. His beefy hand caressing her face.

FISK

Sleep well now, my love. Hard days will come.

Finally, a slight smile appears on Sugimoto's face.

IT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Black thick clouds obscure the sky. The limo accelerates and quickly whooshes by. Heading right toward the foreboding, dark horizon.

Matt walks in the typical Breakfast Cafe that has been there forever. Foggy sits in a red vinyl booth, working on a jumbo omelette. Matt goes to sit across from him.

MATT  
(hopeless)  
She said... she's going away...

FOGGY  
She probably needs to be alone for a while, Matt.

MATT  
(tormented)  
She said Fisk saved her life, Foggy. There must be something she never told me. Something that strongly ties her to Fisk. And makes it hard for her to be objective about him...

FOGGY  
I think I have finally an idea of what that could be...

MATT  
What do you mean?

FOGGY  
Fisk has many contacts... Surely he has connections in Japan...

Foggy pushes away his now empty plate and opens a big folder on the table, full of magazine and newspaper articles. Mostly in Greek and Japanese.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
Elektra was sixteen when she was kidnapped in a public park in Tokyo. Police found evidence it was a Yakuza job, the Japanese mafia...

MATT  
What evidence?

FOGGY looks at the pictures of Elektra as a little girl and as a teenager on the magazines.

FOGGY  
The bodyguard was instantly killed by a shuriken dipped in curare. A ninja weapon. Yakuza use ninja assassins only for very important missions. Plus... no ransom was ever asked from the family...

MATT  
(curious)  
Why would they kidnap her, if not for the money?

FOGGY

Well... The Yakuza often act for pure revenge... But maybe in this case they just wanted to intimidate her father. Here comes the tricky part. The girl is gone for more than a year, okay? Nobody seems to have a clue. Her mother dies of grief... Then, tada...! By some miracle, Elektra comes back. It's unclear how and why she was given back to her father, but this Greek article here mentions the name of Wilson Fisk as the mediator between the Natchios family and the kidnapers...

Matt is pale. He doesn't want to believe this, but he knows it's true.

MATT

So... maybe this was Fisk's set up from the beginning...

FOGGY

Well, of course...but Mr. Natchios never suspected it. In fact, he moved to the States and became Fisk's friendly partner in several activities. Only recently did he return to the Diplomatic Corps.

MATT

I can't believe this.

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Matt near the phone. Thinking. Finding finally the courage to dial a number. Several rings. Somebody answers.

VOICE

Hello?

MATT

Is this the Natchios house?

VOICE

Yes. Who is calling?

MATT

I am a friend of Miss Elektra... I'd like...

VOICE

(interrupting him)

I am sorry Miss Elektra has left the country. She does not wish to be contacted.

MATT

I understand...

CLICK... the connection is terminated. Matt hangs up, then puts his head face down against the pillow, for a long moment. When he looks up, there is resolution on his face. He reaches under the bed for his duffel bag and takes out the folded Daredevil suit. He walks slowly to the fireplace, staring with his blind eyes at the costume in his hands.

CLOSE-UP: The DD logo on the costume.

MATT

You brought me nothing but pain. And loss. It's time to correct a big mistake.

He throws the costume onto the fire. Flames envelop it. The OVERLY LOUD SOUND of the burning echoes in Matt's ears.

FADE OUT.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - DAY (ONE YEAR LATER)

The face of Wilson Fisk towers over Matt, appearing on dozens of gigantic neo-expressionist posters. "Vote FISK for Mayor" is written on them. The Kingpin looks like a fat Citizen Kane. Thank God Matt can't see them, but that doesn't mean he's not aware. He knows the nightmare is real. Physical and tangible. Moving his cane in front of him, Matt walks slowly toward a building. His head is lowered. He doesn't just look blind, he also looks like he's deeply wounded inside.

INT. DIANE ALBRIGHT CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A bustling campaign office. The same POSTER taped to every wall: "VOTE ALBRIGHT FOR THE FUTURE."

VOLUNTEERS answer phones, copy fliers, staple campaign signs...

All these chaotic sounds and voices are dancing Matt's ears. He's patiently waiting near the door to the main office. The door finally opens.

DIANE

Matt? Thank you for coming...

Matt turns toward the voice.

INT. DIANE ALBRIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

Diane Albright is now seated on a couch. Matt sits across from her, sipping coffee. They are already in mid-conversation.

DIANE

As a former D.A., I know what I'm up against. Formally, they are still investigating Fisk... But it's a book, it seems, that will never be closed.

MATT

Not unless somebody like you can make a difference... I accepted your invitation because you seem pretty sincere in your dedication to defeating Fisk...

DIANE

Dedication may not be enough, in this case. I need facts... like the privileged information you use to fight his shadow companies in court. Now... What exactly do you know about him that could, perhaps, level the playing field?

MATT

I know many things. First I ever heard of him was when he was strangling people with his bare hands for fifty bucks each. Even somebody for free. And now he has almost completely eradicated any memory of his former life. As you know he's sponsoring extravagant charity balls. Becoming the toast of New York Society...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FISK INDUSTRIES - PENTHOUSE - SUNSET

As the dialogue between Matt and Diane continues in voice over, we see what Matt means. Fisk in his headquarters. He is dressed in a mammoth black tuxedo and walks among the buildings of Hell's Kitchen like a giant. He brushes the TOP OF A BUILDING with his cuff. Polishing it. He walks between LARGE MODEL BUILDINGS. Strolling through a MAMMOTH REPLICA of the WEST SIDE that fills the center of his spectacular office on the top floor of the FISK INDUSTRIES building.

MATT (O.S.)

Let me explain how it works... Fisk's wealthy friends are giving millions to his charities, if you can call ransom, bribe or donation with a gun at your temple charitable contribution. And if a dime of all that ever went to a needy individual, I'd be struck by lightning. It's a long way from Hell's Kitchen, but Fisk has plans. He's going to bring something back to the community tourists...

WEALTHY GUESTS in black tie and designer gowns are filling the ornately decorated courtyard enjoying champagne and gourmet food. A STRING QUARTET begins to PLAY SOFTLY. Fisk walks among the realistic structures like a morose giant. The Empire State Building stands nearly as tall as he does. Model bridges span the running water that encircles the courtyard. It's a breathtaking creation.

INT. DIANE ALBRIGHT'S OFFICE

BACK TO SCENE. Diane listens, very interested. Matt continues.

MATT

But first, he had to take something out: the people who live there. So he began driving out the residents. Illegally and otherwise. By whatever means necessary. Arsons, first. There have been fifteen major fires in Hell's Kitchen in the past eighteen months...

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Devastating images of old buildings ablaze. Fire everywhere. Flames devouring cars on the streets and furiously pouring into CAMERA.

DISSOLVE TO:

Flickering red NEON FLAMES flashing behind the words "HELL'S KITCHEN." They are featured on a garishly lit metal archway Fisk is gazing at. It is the plan for a new "portal" to the old neighborhood of Hell's Kitchen. Transformed into a Ghiradelli Square/Universal City Walk-like SHOPPING AND DINING AREA.

MATT (O.S.) CONT'D

And now the neighborhood is growing empty. Lifeless. Cordoned off. Each abandoned building he has destroyed by fire and then buys for a song.

Fisk stands back listening as an avid DESIGNER gives a GROUP of fancily-dressed INVESTORS a tour of the display.

DESIGNER

We take the onus off the name. And the place. Replace it with something warm and fun! Erase the past! Associate "Hell's Kitchen" not with crime, or squalor, or desperation and whatever people used to think of, but with hot times on the old town tonight!

INT. DIANE ALBRIGHT'S OFFICE.

BACK TO SCENE. Matt continues passionately.

MATT

And if a contractor outbids him for a big job, that contractor is suddenly forced to deal with a family emergency: his daughter, say, forced off the road by an unknown driver, barely clinging to life. If he's lucky. Either his spirit is broken and he's unable to carry on... or he gets the message permanently. At the end of the day, the job is Fisk's.

She shakes her head, disgusted

DIANE

So... do you think there's a chance we can prove he is behind those arsons?

Matt sits there for a moment. Then...

MATT

Bullseye has disappeared. Without him it will be difficult to link Fisk to the fires. But I'm doing my best... I really want to help these people hold onto their homes....their lives. It's the least I can do.

DIANE

Why is he after you?

MATT

I'm a thorn in his side.

DIANE

Something personal?

MATT

That's secondary. I've wanted the end of the Wilson Fisks of the world since I was a child.

DIANE

(smiling)

Nobody understands that better than I... Well, we can try to bring him down. Try like our lives depend on it. In the meantime, this meeting never happened...

The CAMERA cranes up from Matt and Diane shaking hands...It moves over the chandelier hanging from the ceiling and finds...A tiny MICROPHONE hooked to the base. Diane's office is wired. Somebody has been listening all...

EXT. ALBRIGHT HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

POV through the viewfinder of a 35MM CAMERA: (CLICK-CLICK-CLICK...) PHOTOS snapped of Matt as he shakes Diane's hand... (CLICK-CLICK-CLICK...) and walks away from her office...

FADE OUT.

INT. STOREFRONT OFFICES - DAY

Matt enters the office. Karen and Foggy wait for him, staring at an official document. Their faces are pale. Matt gives them a puzzled look, sensing their tension.

MATT  
What is it?

KAREN

A notice. From the IRS.

FOGGY

You're being audited. Your bank accounts have been frozen.

MATT

What?

FOGGY

It gets worse.

MATT

Worse?

FOGGY

Just got off the phone with the D.A.'s office.

MATT

Yeah?

FOGGY

They're charging you with paying a witness to perjure himself in court. Matt lowers his head. CRUMPLING the newspaper in his hands.

MATT

I can't believe this.

The doorbell RINGS. KAREN goes to the door, opens it. A U.S. MARSHAL stands shivering in the cold.

MARSHAL

Matthew Michael Murdock?

MATT

...Over here.

The Marshal enters, takes Matt's hand and thrusts a paper into it.

MARSHALL

Thank you, sir. You are officially subpoenaed.

The Marshal leaves. Karen and Foggy look down at the envelope. Karen nods. Trying to sound light:

KAREN

This is so ridiculous. It's gonna blow up in their faces.

INT. - PRECINCT STATION - DAY

QUICK MONTAGE. Handcuffed, Matt SITS on a bench in a holding area. He wears a jail jumpsuit. He is photographed and fingerprinted. Finally, the sliding door of a cell is slammed, leaving him inside.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

On the front page of the Daily Bugle: "MATT MURDOCK ARRESTED. JURY TAMPERING, BRIBERY, SOLICITATION OF PERJURY, MISCONDUCT. CONTINUING GRAND JURY INVESTIGATION."

INT. PARLATORY - DAY

Foggy and Matt, in a situation barely imaginable few days ago.

FOGGY

They'd like to throw it out. But they can't. They have several witnesses.

MATT

Who?

FOGGY

They won't give me names, Matt. But they say you were spotted bribing a juror in a case three years ago... They've got more than one person who saw you give him the green.

MATT

Three years ago?... Why would they come up with such a lie?

I presume the answer to that question has many zeroes written on it...

INT. COURTROOM - SEVERAL DAYS LATER - DAY

Matt sits at the defense table. PROSECUTOR COOPER and his assistant sit on the opposite side. Foggy is giving the JURY, a passionate SUMMATION. But Matt doesn't hear it. His mind doesn't want to connect with anything in that courtroom. He is spacing out, focusing on:

A FLY buzzing at the top of the room.

Foggy concludes his summation. Matt finally tunes in, first catching only Foggy's HEARTBEAT, hard and fast. Then his words as well...

FOGGY

--to which the ONLY verdict can be INNOCENT, INNOCENT and INNOCENT.

Foggy walks back to his seat. Matt whispers to him:

MATT

You're going to have a heart attack one day, Foggy, during one of your stunning summations.

FOGGY

(smiling)

That'll be the day the jury acquits my client for sure.

ON COOPER'S ASSISTANT: he moves his briefcase in the direction of Matt and Foggy.

INSERT: We notice that a micro camera is hidden in the briefcase.

ON MATT AND FOGGY as WE PULL BACK THROUGH THE SCREEN OF A JUMBO TV AND WE ARE IN:

INT. - KINGPIN'S PRIVATE GYM - DAY

Through to the hidden camera, the proceedings AS THEY HAPPEN are transmitted to Kingpin's headquarters. Fisk is about to start a SUMO WRESTLING match with a giant Japanese champion. They salute each other and throw a fistful of rice in the air. Then they clash like two colliding mountains. The Japanese man is even bigger than Fisk. But that doesn't matter. Fisk is meaner. He lifts his four hundred pound rival and hurls him outside the circular ring. Without breaking a sweat, Fisk looks at Foggy on the TV screen.

KINGPIN

Your eye for legal detail and imaginative use of precedent deserves better than a lost cause, Mr. Nelson. I could really benefit from your talents. On the contrary you, Mr. Murdock, are now a ghost of a man...

C.. MATT now: He looks truly miserable as Cooper begins.

COOPER

Guilty, ladies and gentlemen-

The camera is on MATT'S FACE, helpless:

MATT  
(whispering)  
No...I'm not....

On KINGPIN. He smiles happily while his eyes move to a picture of Daredevil on the front page of a news magazine.

KINGPIN  
Yes! Yes, you are. Both of you. Guilty as sin!

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Matt and Foggy stand before the grave-looking JUDGE. The Judge speaks somberly:

JUDGE  
Mr. Murdock. Due to your immaculate record and to your permanent physical impediments, this Court has decided not to criminally prosecute you...

FOGGY  
Thank God.

JUDGE  
However, it is my duty to forward your case to the American Bar Association. With my recommendation that you will be officially disbarred and subsequently forbidden to practice law in the State of New York. You are a disgrace to we who believe in Justice, Mr. Murdock.

The Assistant packs up his files, satisfied. The Judge stands to walk to his chambers. Matt calls out to him:

MATT  
How much?

JUDGE  
Pardon?

MATT  
Your price. How much did you get paid for your soul?

The Assistant looks over curiously. He slowly zips shut his brief case... The Judge points at Matt, trembling in rage.

JUDGE  
Out. Get out of my courtroom! Before I charge you both with contempt...

DISSOLVE TO:

Wind sweeping dead leaves. A solitary figure sits on a bench. It's Matt. He's waiting for Foggy who now exits the building and walks slowly toward him. Matt focuses on Foggy's quick heartbeat and he understands before his partner even begins to talk. His heart tells it all.

MATT

Bad news...

FOGGY

(heartbroken)

Yeah. They did it Matt. They disbarred you.  
(handling a document to Matt) I feel awful... Just awful... IRS, no dough, perjurous solicitation, and on top of all that, this! I should've...

MATT

(interrupting him)

You were brilliant, Foggy. As usual.

FOGGY (angry)

I wasn't. I just kept you out of jail...

MATT

That's a lot... I haven't done much to deserve this kind of friendship.

Foggy tries to smile but he is sobbing now. Matt hears him. They hug.

EXT. NYC - EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Matt is in front of his townhouse, on the opposite side of the street. He searches for the keys in his pockets and starts to cross...

WE HEAR a RUMBLING and then:

AN EXPLOSION. Matt is caught by the blast and is hurled against a car. SHAPES and SQUIGGLES of DEBRIS shower all around.

SCREAMS. CAR ALARMS. Matt gets up and realizes he's limping as he moves forward. He reaches down and he pulls a sharp splinter from his thigh. Blood pouring down over his leg.

MATT'S POV: BLACK FINGERS OF FLAME from the explosion site as WE MOVE with him into the WRECKAGE.

NORMAL POV: Matt is standing in the wreckage, flames all around him.

CAMERA LINGERS ON some pieces of old furniture resting on the sidewalk near to the stoop... several soaked cardboard boxes...drenched coats and slacks flung haphazardly on hangers...a scrunched, rain-ruined boxing poster, just a few letters visible: "ack Murdock".

For a moment we focus on Matt's beleaguered belongings...

He holds a blackened Daredevil billy-club in his hands. To himself:

MATT

(finally realizing)  
 You knew. And you played cat and mouse with me, you bastard. It was a nice piece of work...But you made a mistake, Kingpin. You put your signature on it.

SOUNDS of SIRENS in the distance. Matt limps away.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Matt disappears down the subway stairs...

EXT. FISK BUILDING - DAY

CAMERA CRANING FROM a turning NEON GLOBE atop a tall pedestal DOWN TO Matt standing at the base of it looking up. MOVING CLOSE ON him. A slightly sardonic smile on his face.

MATT

Home.

He stands in front of the gargantuan high rise while the fading sun glares off its sleek, metallic surface. On top of it a giant blue neon sign reads: FISK INDUSTRIES.

INT. - FISK BUILDING - DAY

Matt enters the incredibly OPULENT LOBBY and walks into an elevator.

He presses the penthouse button. The express elevator shoots silently up.

He gets out and goes to the RECEPTIONIST, a tough looking woman in her fifties.

MATT

The Kingpin, please.

Matt looks like a bum, with his clothes dirty and ragged. She scans him up and down...

RECEPTIONIST

And you are?

MATT

Matt Murdock.

She smiles.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh... Mr. Murdock. Mr. Fisk has been expecting you.

She presses a button on the desk and TWO MASSIVE doors noiselessly OPEN behind her.

INT. FISK'S OFFICE - DAY

Matt enters and the doors whoosh shut behind him. Across the great EXPANSE of Kingpin's office, the Tinker-Toy city is visible through a wall-sized window.

There is a buzz and a sliding door opens, revealing a giant exercise room, furnished with all kinds of hi-tech gym equipment and filled with a THICKENING CLOUD of steam. 89

Matt turns and goes inside...

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - NIGHT

FISK, his enormous, sweaty body wrapped in an oversized towel, sits calmly, smoking a cigarette. A thin CLOUD OF STEAM permeates the wood-paneled room. There is a steadily rising HISS...

Fisk dabs at his forehead with the corner of his towel.

Matt stands across the room behind him. Fisk coolly draws on his cigarette. He knows Matt's there but he doesn't turn around.

MATT  
It's the blind kid.

Kingpin laughs nonchalantly.

KINGPIN  
Oh, The Man Without Fear.

He turns slowly to face Matt.

KINGPIN  
You look like a martyr, Murdock.

MATT  
From your mouth... I'll take that as a compliment.

Matt SNAPS his CANE and it morphs, faster-than-the-eye-can-catch, into the solid BILLY CLUB. Fisk gets up and starts to move closer.

KINGPIN  
Isn't that funny? I was there the night Jack Murdock died...

Matt startles.

MATT  
What are you saying?

KINGPIN  
I felt the fury and desperation behind that blind boy running to save his father. I have even asked to myself several times where I could have seen that stupid red suit before... But I never thought about Jack Murdock... I never made the connection. Things are inexplicable to us when they are so close. I made you, young man. That's why you're here.

MATT  
(fury growing in his eyes)  
Did. You. Kill. My. Father?

KINGPIN

I didn't... for what it's worth. Not that it mightn't have come to that. He was so dumb and tenacious. It took a bullet from the Fixer. I myself would have left him a cripple. Living testimony to the fruits of betrayal. And you to change his diapers, spoon-feed him meals, push his wheelchair ...instead of dedicating your life to avenging his murder!

MATT doesn't comment verbally this time. HE IS A BLUR OF MOTION. Faster-than-is-possible he is across the room, and with ALL HIS STRENGTH, he BLUDGEONS Kingpin in the FACE with the CLUB.

MATT

Leave my father alone...

Blood flows from a SLIGHT CUT on Kingpin's brow.

KINGPIN

How dramatic... Why can't you accept it, Murdock? Your crusade is over. You're gonna sink into oblivion...

MATT

No can do. I'm not here for me. I'm here for all the countless people whose lives you've crushed.

Matt STRIKES him. And AGAIN, AGAIN, AGAIN, AGAIN, AGAIN. But Kingpin doesn't seem to notice. He smiles wryly.

KINGPIN

We don't have all night.

MATT

I agree.

The two men launch themselves at each other. They CRASH together.

It's a BRUTAL BATTLE. Countless vicious BLOWS are exchanged. Fisk is STRONGER. But Matt, although wounded by the explosion, is FASTER. His gymnastic abilities and keen radar sense enable him to DUCK and DODGE many of Fisk's mightier punches.

Frustrated, Fisk RIPS a metal WEIGHT BENCH from the floor. He raises the bench over his head and THROWS it at Matt, who DIVES to his right. The bench SAILS inches past him and SHATTERS a floor-to-ceiling mirror. Fisk grabs up a 200 LB. BARBELL. Comes at Matt SWINGING it like a baseball bat. The barbell STRIKES Matt's ribs with a CRUNCH. He FALLS to his knees. Breathless. In pain.

Fisk raises the barbell over his head to finish him off. He brings it down FAST -- Matt does a quick BACK FLIP and the barbell CRASHES to the floor in front of him.

Matt leaps to his feet and Fisk comes ROARING toward him. Matt executes a DOUBLE FLIP into the air and comes down on top of Fisk, wrapping his legs TIGHTLY around Fisk's throat. Fisk tries to BREAK FREE.

Matt squeezes his thighs around Fisk's neck in a powerful HEADLOCK.

Fisk's face goes WHITE. He CAN'T BREATHE. But then, with superhuman force, Fisk FLIPS Matt forward. The force sends Matt FLYING through the air.

Matt rolls uncontrollably across the floor and crashes against a weight machine, which collapses over him. Matt shakes his head, disoriented. Tries to free himself. He can't get up.

Tugging his sash tighter, Fisk walks toward Matt, easy prey now.

Matt squirms. Finally he struggles free of the weight. Stands...

But Fisk is already charging him! How can such a huge man move so FAST? He STRIKES Matt to the floor.

Matt WHIRLS the club once more, but in that moment, he feels a jab in his arm...

CLOSE ON: A SHURIKEN buried in his arm. BLOOD oozing out.

MATT turns and his jaw drops. HIS "POV": a tall slender silhouette shines in the black background...

It's ELEKTRA! Beautiful but almost unrecognizable. It's the darkest version of her: heavy black make-up around her eyes, ruffled hair, cruel smile...

KINGPIN

You remember our mutual friend, Miss Elektra Natchios?

Kingpin takes advantage of Matt's astonishment and GRABS his hand, WRENCHING the club from it. It clatters across the room.

Matt swings his other fist, but Kingpin GRASPS it in his giant hand and SQUEEZES.

Matt drops to his KNEES in PAIN. Elektra smiles, satisfied.

KINGPIN

Come on, please scream. (pause) No? It would have been such an aesthetic touch.

He rears back and PUNCHES MATT, PUNCHES, 400-POUND-PUNCHES, PUNCHES...

Matt FADES with each BLOW.

PUNCHES, PUNCHES, PUNCHES. At last... Matt dwindles, and unconscious, CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR.

INT. - UNDERGROUND MANHATTAN - NIGHT

CAMERA CRANES DOWN quickly from a steamy street through the underground levels of the city. Passing pipes, cables, wires, stones, tunnels, holes, sections of different kinds of soil. IT STOPS at the level of N.Y.C.'s water drainage system.

A cyclopic tunnel with mammoth pipes extending endlessly in every direction.

Two of the Kingpin's goons, wearing miner's hard hats, are carrying Matt's unconscious and tied up body.

They stop near a squared junction point that connects four giant pipes. MIKE, a muscular black guy, pulls a lever and opens a lid in the structure.

TONIO

Hey Mike, Kingpin said we was supposed to shoot him and then throw him in.

MIKE

What's your problem, man? He's already dead.

They shove Matt's body through the opening into the water.

TONIO

He's still breathin'...

MIKE

Not for long. He's gonna die chokin' and squirmin' in that shit.

Matt's body is almost entirely in the water, now.

TONIO

(pulling a gun)

I'm not gonna take any chances...

Tonio comes closer, points the gun, ready to shoot. Suddenly, Matt comes to life! And a double kick catches the goon right in the chin. Matt disappears underwater! Tonio shakes his head then empties the entire clip in the reservoir. Bullets HIT the heavy metal structure. SPARKS. SMOKE.

TONIO

(pissed)

I told you! I told you!

MIKE

Shaddup Tonio! Just close the damn lid and forget him. He's history.

They go away. CAMERA moves closer to one of the giant pipes.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

INT. PIPE - DARK

A TIMELESS BLACKNESS. Matt's body floats in the still water as if suspended in a floatation tank. His mouth and nose emerge above the level of the water finding some oxygen in a small air sack. Matt hears his own BREATHING AMPLIFIED. He relaxes and smiles, imagining he's somewhere else...

ON THE ROOFTOP of his old building. We follow the scene CROSS CUTTING several times between reality and Matt's imagination.

It's very DARK on the rooftop. Except for a simple CONE OF LIGHT which seems to come from the sky and illuminate a decrepit PUNCHING BAG...

INSIDE THE PIPE: Matt talks to the darkness...

MATT  
(smiling)  
Dad?

ON THE ROOFTOP: Matt is very weak but manages to stand in front of the bag.

INSIDE THE PIPE: Out of nowhere a familiar voice answers ...

JACK (O.S.)  
Matt?

MATT  
I'm glad you're here. I miss you so much.

JACK (O.S.)  
Let me comfort you, son. And remind you who you  
are...

ON THE ROOFTOP: He starts to PUNCH the bag, lightly at first, until he gets  
his RHYTHM.

MATT  
I think I know who I am, Dad...

BACK INSIDE THE PIPE.

JACK (O.S.)  
Sometimes you don't. Sometimes you forget about your  
blessing...

MATT  
(sad)  
My life has gone to Hell, Dad...

ON THE ROOFTOP: Matt PUNCHES harder. HARDER, until his fists are a BLUR.

JACK (O.S.)  
(angry)  
Don't say that! Remember what I taught you? Your  
possessions have gone to Hell, your titles have gone  
to Hell. Any man would be a fool to think he could  
break my son by taking these things away. They are  
worthless.

BACK INSIDE THE PIPE.

JACK (O.S. - Cont'd)  
I promised your Mom you wouldn't turn out like me --  
just a guy who punches people. That's why I kept on  
you to study so much, to make something of yourself.

A distant dim light paints concentric circles on the internal surface of the  
pipe. The circles tremble in sync with the floating of the water.

MATT  
Where is she, Dad? You never talked about Mom.

JACK (O.S.)  
She's still there, son. She's watching over you.

The circles of light are brighter. We hear a RUMBLING far away.

ON THE ROOFTOP: Matt PUNCHES a HOLE in the bag. Sand pouring out like snow.

JACK (O.S. - Cont'd)

Remember, Matt. You're my son. You're a fighter. YOU ARE THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR. No Kingpin, no Heaven or Hell, can take that away. C'mon son, let's get out of here.

BACK INSIDE THE PIPE.

MATT

I love you. (no answer) Dad? Can you hear me?

The circles are vibrating now. The RUMBLE is very close. Suddenly, a TIDAL wave of water materializes and sweeps Matt's body away!

It's an AMAZING TRIP. It's real, with Matt shot like a living bullet inside the endless barrel of a cannon. And it's also metaphysical, with the concentric circles morphing into a unique shining path that could easily be a tunnel in the afterlife. The light at the end of the pipe gets closer and closer and... Finally Matt is ejected outside through a big round hole! And...

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

Matt flies out of the pipe and falls 20 feet down, into the river. He struggles, but manages to free himself. He reaches the shore.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER DOCK - NIGHT

Matt emerges from the river like a ghost. Soaking wet. Limping. Wounded. Spotted by several homeless bums vegetating on the dock. One of them...

HOMELESS

Spare some change, boss?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

SHIMMERING LIQUID COLORS bloom against the blackness... the electric aura of a rain-washed city at night... coalescing into:

A Hell's Kitchen street. On the heels of a rainstorm. Mammoth darkened buildings. Shadowy sidewalks. Wide black streets. Deserted, now. Wooden signs heralding future construction projects.

A solitary figure crawls slowly in the shadows, carefully avoiding the light. For an instant his pale blue EYES are caught by the glow of a car's headlights. The CAMERA follows him and TRACKS on a long band of yellow police tape cordoning off a newly-burned brownstone.

It's Matt. He staggers. His residual strength gone. He tries to grab something to hold on to. He faints, exhausted, in the alley he used to escape through as a kid. His sightless eyes turned to the sky...

DISSOLVE TO:

A MENTAL IMAGE: A RAINBOW. WE ENTER INSIDE IT. COLORS. All of them. Flashing quickly on the screen like sneaky mirages.

Then, melting harmonically together and finally resolving into a beautiful stained glass window... 95

INT. - ST. MALACHI'S SACRESTY - DAY

CAMERA PULLS BACK from the window and settles on Matt laying on a bed. BLOOD is seeping through his bandages as he SLEEPS.

Matt slowly awakens. A moment later, the dark silhouette of a WOMAN enters the room. She places something just inside the door. A bundle wrapped in brown paper and tied with a piece of twine.

WOMAN

You're awake.

She approaches the bed. STEPS into the light. A NUN. We recognize her from years ago. She's a few years older, but the gentle kindness and warmth still cover her face. The Nun leans forward, kisses Matt and strokes his forehead. He remembers the scent, the soft, tender touch.

MATT

You.

NUN

Don't speak. You need comfort. Peace. I'm here now. Everything will be all right.

MATT

How long have I been here?

NUN

(warm smile)

Not long enough. Rest now, my son.

Matt nods, knowing a few moments of serenity. He's asleep in seconds.

INT. FOGGY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Foggy leans back exhausted on his black leather couch. A drink on the glass coffee table in front of him. The TV is tuned to CNN.

NEWSCASTER

Another bloody underworld killing in the apparent turf war that has erupted between New York's criminal clans... Victor Huang, the reputed head of Chinatown's largest gang, was brutally stabbed as he walked to a meeting on Mott Street. A figure dressed in red was reportedly seen fleeing the scene.

The speaker segues into another NEWS REPORT: Footage of a voluble Kingpin on the stump. Crowds cheering.

SPEAKER

And now let's take a look at the latest in the race for N.Y.C. Mayor. Wilson Fisk appears to be the definitive favorite...

The phone RINGS. Foggy turns down the volume and takes his time picking it up.

FOGGY

Hello?

MATT

Foggy... It's me... Matt.

FOGGY

(astonished)

MATT!!!

INT. - ST. MALACHI'S SACRESTY - DAY

FOGGY's expression is beyond disbelief. He's sitting near Matt's bed, shaking his head.

FOGGY

You were Daredevil?! I can't believe it! I thought you were such a nerd!

MATT

Sorry I kept you in the dark all these years...

FOGGY

Sorry? You should be ashamed! I'm your partner, your best friend and all you have to say is sorry?

MATT

You know I did it to protect you...

FOGGY

Maybe. Hey... that's why you always got all the chicks... You have some sort of X-ray vision that lets you...

NUN

(coming in)

Ahem!

FOGGY

(shyly)

Oh... sorry. I was just kidding...

(serious, to Matt)

So it was Fisk that did this to you?

Matt nods. FOGGY's mouth is tight now, his jaw set, bitter.

FOGGY

Well... you're in good company. That's his strategy to win this election.

He opens his briefcase and lifts out a bunch of newspaper articles. Matt reaches for them. Foggy shrugs. Hands them over.

INSERT -- CU OF NEW YORK POST and DAILY NEWS HEADLINES -- all displaying grisly photos of GANGLAND MURDERS. Matt leafs through them. Scanning them with his finger tips.

FOGGY

He's knocking off not only his enemies but his old compatriots as well. The D.A.'s office has been closing in on the old crime bosses. Shutting them down. Presumably one of them might be dumb enough to make a deal for himself by turning in the Kingpin. Trouble is, Fisk keeps getting there first.

MATT

It seems I've missed an awful lot of crap this past month...

FOGGY

A month in a coma. It'd be good for my diet...

MATT

Any arsons?

FOGGY

No... there's nothing left to burn, I guess. And according to the D.A. the fact Fisk's buying the leftovers is not enough to link him to the arsons. Do you think the D.A.'s in Fisk's pocket?

Matt thinks for a moment. Shrugs. Noncommittal.

MATT

He's got big pockets. Lord knows who he's got in there.

FOGGY

Who else knows you're alive?

MATT

Nobody. And it should stay that way. How's Diane Albright doing?

FOGGY

She's very persistent. But Fisk has too much money to blow. And too many friends. Her one-on-one debate with Fisk is in two weeks. I'm worried about her. She should be more careful... but she insists on volunteering for the Thanksgiving Parade to sponsor the Homeless Fund...

MATT

I like that woman...

FOGGY

(smiling)  
Too old for me...

Matt scans the articles with his fingers... He reads aloud from one...

MATT

"Most accounts of the gangland killings mentioned a mysterious fast-moving figure dressed in red."

Matt brushes his fingers across another headline: "DAREDEVIL: IS HE BACK WITH A VENGEANCE?"

FOGGY

Are you thinking who I'm thinking?

MATT

I hope not, Foggy. I really do. Anyway Foggy, I need your help to bring a legend back from the dead.

FOGGY

Sure... old habits die hard.

INT. - ST. MALACHI'S SACRESTY - NIGHT

MONTAGE OF DIFFERENT SCENES: Foggy comes in carrying two big packages. Matt smiles. They open the packages, finding what they need.

Matt is hand-sewing big pieces of blue and red fabric together.

Matt works now on two brand new billy clubs, connecting them together with a metal wire. Matt cuts a section of a thin kevlar flack jacket with a laser scalpel and, using an air-brush, he sprays the section red. Then he welds some metal plates to the fabric.

Matt is hand-painting a double D on the fabric. He puts everything together and smiles. DD walks into the light of a stain-glassed window. The nun looks silently at him with a proud smile. The new costume, red, blue and silver, is far more edgy. Armored without being heavy. Unbelievably beautiful. Daredevil looks more noble and majestic than ever. And he is finally ready for a comeback.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE NEW DAREDEVIL

FLYING through the night sky, SWINGING from building to building.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE - DAY

The Thanksgiving Day Parade! Cartoon floats, MARCHING BANDS and hordes of SPECTATORS.

DIANE is in the parade, seated at the top of a FLOAT, celebrating The Homeless Fund Organization. She waves to the crowd, flanked by her supporters. A gigantic SPIDER-MAN BALLOON hovers directly behind Diane. CAMERA PANS UPWARD...to the 5th Avenue rooftops.

ON DAREDEVIL: Moving across the rooftops. Leaping from building to building. Following Diane's progress in the parade. Daredevil pauses suddenly. Unnerved. Sensing something.

ELEKTRA! She is poised on the back of the SPIDER-MAN BALLOON. Clinging tightly to the float. She crawls carefully upward. Moving toward the back of Spider-Man's head. She stops.

ELEKTRA'S POV: Diane's float is directly below. A clear shot.

Elektra's hand moves to her belt. She REMOVES a SAI...

DAREDEVIL hears the soft SHHHWIK of the knife being withdrawn echo among the rooftops.

DAREDEVIL  
Sharp metal. A knife.

He focuses on where the sound came from...

ELEKTRA's eyes are locked on DIANE. She draws back the Sai. Ready to THROW.  
Daredevil CRIES OUT:

DAREDEVIL  
No!

Elektra slows in mid-throw -- the SAI FLYING HIGH, inches over Diane's head.  
A FLOAT WALKER collapses -- the Sai embedded in her thigh.

Daredevil LEAPS OFF the building and LANDS ON TOP of Elektra. The wounded  
walker's MOORING LINE WHIPS up and the BALLOON TIPS. Daredevil and Elektra  
TUMBLE down the balloon and roll off the back...!

They each grab a separate MOORING LINE and SLIDE rapidly down toward the  
ground. Elektra shoots a foot out at Daredevil and KICKS him loose from the  
rope. He plummets to the ground...

Daredevil hits the ground hard and she slides smoothly to the street.  
Elektra turns and deftly KICKS him in the head. He rolls...

She runs swiftly into CENTRAL PARK...

Daredevil climbs unsteadily to his feet. Shaken. Confused.

DAREDEVIL  
(stunned)  
Elektra...!

Daredevil plunges after her into the park...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

DAREDEVIL races after her. Hot on her trail.  
ELEKTRA glances over her shoulder. Sees him coming after her. Whips a Sai  
from her belt and flings it --

He HEARS the dagger WHOOSHING through the air and ducks it... It CLATTERS on  
the walkway behind him. He redoubles his efforts. Fighting to close the gap  
but she's fast. Too fast. Then...

She stops suddenly. Turns. Whipping another Sai from her belt. She places  
her feet, facing him, SNAPS her arm forward and the knife WHIPS toward  
him...!

Daredevil SNATCHES it out of the air! She whirls and bolts. Spooking a  
HORSE pulling a CARRIAGE through the park.

Daredevil races after her. Sai in hand. He runs up to the horse and  
carriage. SLASHES the reins. Cutting the horse free and leaping astride it

The CARRIAGE DRIVER and his TOURIST PASSENGERS gape in amazement. The  
Driver's too stunned to protest. Daredevil spurs the horse and it GALLOPS  
off down the path...

Elektra looks back on the fly. Sees the horse and Daredevil rapidly gaining.<sup>100</sup>  
She veers down off the path...

Daredevil steers the horse after her through the woods. The animal galloping valiantly.

Elektra races down a steep slope. Into the heart of the park. Toward a familiar tunnel.

Daredevil gaining. Almost on her heels. She plunges into the tunnel...

The horse ducks its head...Daredevil senses the low headroom just in time and rolls back, off the horse...!

INT. CENTRAL PARK - TUNNEL - DAY

He lands on both feet still moving and tackles Elektra to the ground. The horse gallops off through the ECHOING tunnel and out into the park...

Daredevil tries to reason with her:

DAREDEVIL  
Elektra. Wait --

She interrupts with a SWIFT FIST to Daredevil's jaw. They begin to FIGHT. Two former lovers, punching and kicking like bitter enemies.

Daredevil manages to overpower her.. He straddles her. Pins her arms to the ground. They're both breathless. Their faces inches away from each other.

Overcome with emotion, Daredevil frees one hand and pulls down the mask.

DAREDEVIL  
Elektra. It's me. Matt.

ELEKTRA  
(confused)  
Matt?

DAREDEVIL  
(still pinning her down)  
I know what you're doing! Fisk did this to you.  
It's not your fault. I can help you...

ELEKTRA  
(softens)  
Really?

DAREDEVIL  
Yes.

Her expression suddenly changes. She looks at Daredevil with open, accepting eyes.

ELEKTRA  
It is you...

His head is spinning, flooded with the intense feelings from his past. He releases his grip on Elektra. Gazes lovingly into her eyes.

DAREDEVIL

I've missed you so much.

CLOSE-UP: Elektra's hand, slowly, carefully moving down to her belt. She removes a SAI while Matt's fingers touch the skin of her other arm. His jaw drops: her arm is like a road map with many small holes. One for every drug injection.

DAREDEVIL

What...?

ELEKTRA

I've missed you, too.

Her HEARTBEAT LOUD in his ears: SKIPPING A BEAT. He blinks. Shoves backwards -- !

DAREDEVIL

You're ly -- !

He dives at the last second and he's cut short by the Sai which PIERCES his chest! Elektra casually yanks the dagger free, standing.

Then she kicks Daredevil savagely, turns and runs off into the park.

Daredevil gets up, shaking his head, one hand examining the hole in his costume, the other reaching out after Elektra. He calls out:

DAREDEVIL

Elektra...

FADE OUT:

INT. DIANE ALBRIGHT'S OFFICE NIGHT

The curtains flutter in the breeze. Diane Albright, seated in a green vinyl chair in the corner of the office, is leafing through pages in a folder. Sensing something, she lifts her eyes suddenly to...

DAREDEVIL at the window! She screams, scared to death. Then catches her breath, reassured...

DIANE

Oh my God. You scared the Hell out of me!.

DAREDEVIL

Hell... I've heard about that place...

She places the folder in her bag, standing. Approaches him. Grateful.

DIANE

I don't know how to thank you for what you've done.  
How are you feeling?

DAREDEVIL

It's just a scratch. The new costume saved my life.

DIANE

Was it Bullseye?

DAREDEVIL

I don't know... She was dressed in --

DIANE

She?

A pause. He meets her gaze. Steadily:

DAREDEVIL

He. Whatever. Was wearing red. Anyway... I want you to be aware that they'll try again. Soon.

She looks off into the middle-distance for a while.

DIANE

I know that...

DAREDEVIL

And you know that even if it was his idea, Fisk doesn't have any intention of going one-on-one with you next Friday...

DIANE

What should I do? Get beamed into outer space for a week?

DAREDEVIL

Don't make any public appearances until Friday. Follow my instructions and you'll make it there to face him...

DIANE

And unless it's a complete circus, maybe I can dazzle 'em with my unassailable logic and force everybody to finally see Fisk for what he really is. Before they machine gun me of course...

DAREDEVIL

You won't be alone. I'll be there to watch over you.

He extends his hand. She smiles and shakes it.

DIANE

It's a deal.

INT. FISK INDUSTRIES - LIVING QUARTERS - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Fisk stands in a conservative suit coat and button-down shirt. A VALET fixes his tie. Fisk examines himself in a tall mirror that optically narrows his image. ELEKTRA and KEN SUGIMOTO stand behind him in attendance. TONIO, the goon who shot Matt in the water drainage tunnel, is sitting on a chair, looking very nervous. Fisk talks to him:

FISK

Tonio... did you guys handle the Murdock matter exactly according to my instructions?

TONIO

Huh... yeah Boss. He's dead. For sure...

FISK

I didn't ask that. I asked: "Did. You. Shoot. Him. In the Head?"

Tonio is sweating. Absolutely terrified.

TONIO

It was Mike, Boss! He said Murdock was gonna drown anyway. But I shot him, Boss! I wanted to do what you said and I shot at him several times. And then we locked him inside! No chance he could have survived...

Fisk towers over Tonio like a human volcano ready to explode. The goon is scared to death. Then Fisk puts his thumbs on Tonio's face and starts to massage him. The goon catches his breath, relieved.

FISK

(very calm)

He was hopeless, Tonio. And a man without hopes is a man without fear... That's why I told you to blow his brains out.

Now Fisk starts to squeeze. His big fat thumbs slowly smashing the goon's face and skull. Tonio's CRIES are inhuman. As is his pain. Elektra turns away while Sugimoto stares at the scene betraying no emotion. It's finished. And Fisk cleans the blood from his hands using a silk towel.

FISK

(to Tonio's body)

You were lucky, Tonio. The other one will be burned alive. Very slowly.

(to Elektra)

So my dear... You don't know if it was him?

Elektra doesn't answer. An assistant strides up holding a stack of photographs in front of Fisk. Fisk cocks an eye at them.

CLOSE ON THE PICTURES: Telephoto shots of DAREDEVIL leaving Diane's office.

FISK

Thank you.

Fisk takes the photos. Turns and crosses to Elektra. Holds them in her face. Her eyes shift precisely to focus on the photographs.

FISK

Ring any bells? Wedding bells?

Elektra staring blankly at the pictures. She shakes her head in denial. Fisk lowers the photos and hands them back to the assistant. She turns. Away from him. Stares out a window. Out over the city. Fisk speaks softly:

FISK

Sugimoto? I think our Elektra needs a pick me up.

Sugimoto nods and pulls something out of a small leather case. He walks toward Elektra. A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE secreted casually behind his back...

steps up to her and drives the needle into her upper arm. Softly squeezes the plunger. Pulls the needle free.

Elektra turns to him for a moment with a gasp. Fixes her gaze on the needle.

Confused. Then the blank look fills her face again like liquid in a pitcher. She detaches from the room. Stands there. Rigid. Bolt upright. Staring impassively through the bright glass of the window. Her mind FILLS with a flood of memories. WE SEE what ELEKTRA SEES: SPLIT SECOND IMAGES from her past. Her life unfolding quickly before her eyes.

NINJAS kidnapping her as a teenager. Her life stolen. A humid, dark cell.

A secluded Japanese mansion. Sugimoto hypnotizing Elektra. Her education switching toward ancient disciplines. Her mastery of every martial art: kendo, aikido, kung-fu, tai-chi...

She is bald and dressed in black for a strange blessing ceremony. Sugimoto is the priest. Then, night time, Sugimoto waking her up and taking her away. An airplane. A long trip. Fisk waiting for her at the airport. Nikos crying at the joy of hugging his daughter again. Nikos hugging Fisk with gratitude. Nikos dying. Matt's face. Daredevil pulling off his cowl. Then everything becomes TOO FAST.

TOO ABSTRACT. It means nothing to Elektra. It only CONFUSES her. Elektra closes her eyes.

CROSS FADE TO:

LATER: Fisk walks up behind Elektra, now sitting on a rocking chair. He has a dripping bottle of Champagne and two fluted glasses in one hand. With the other hand he softly caresses her neck.

FISK  
What is it, my dear?  
ELEKTRA

Just that...same feeling again. It's gone now.

Fisk puts his arm around Elektra. Tears glisten surprisingly in her eyes.

ELEKTRA  
Usually I don't want to know. But sometimes, suddenly, I'm seized by this desire to know...the past. My life... Before I met you. I'm sorry...

FISK  
(soothingly)  
No. No. The answer will come. In time. We'll find it. Together. Whatever it takes.

Elektra turns to face him. Smiles warmly. He draws her gently to him and KISS her. Then holding her head against his chest he strokes her hair...

ELEKTRA  
I don't know where I'd be...if it weren't for you.

Fisk looks at himself into the mirror. There is a hint of wistfulness in his face.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Staring at the ominous, highly-secure, darkened building of Wilson Fisk, Daredevil stands on the rooftop of the opposite skyscraper. A very nervous Foggy is sitting beside him, scared quite a bit by the height.

FOGGY

Jeez... I guess I'm not cut for this super-hero stuff...

DAREDEVIL

Shhh... Let me hear.

DD focuses on Fisk's building and hundreds of heterogeneous sounds flow into his mind from each window... Electronic sounds... Water sounds... Organic sounds... And among these, DD's inner-sonar starts to select heartbeats... Dozens of them... Finally there is only one: a gentle, high-pitched one.

DAREDEVIL

I found her. (points a finger) The second window from the right, below the penthouse.

FOGGY

(amazed)

So you really have X-rays...

DAREDEVIL

C'mon, Foggy. Now it's your turn. This is something a blind guy could never do...

FOGGY

Okay... I'm ready. I just hope the picture Karen took is good enough...

Foggy takes, out of a vinyl case, a powerful slide-projector and turns it on...

EXT. FISK BUILDING - NIGHT

A light beam projected into the night... Sliding over the surface of Fisk's building and settling on a particular window...

INT. ELEKTRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA follows the beam, penetrating the window, crawling over the walls, then stopping right in front of Elektra's bed. Her face is magically lit by the reflected luminescence of the projection. She slowly opens her eyes and startles at what she sees...

The beautiful, enigmatic snowy landscape of her mother's painting projected right there in her room! She relaxes, lost for a few seconds in the beauty of the exotic place. The projection ends. The magic is gone and Elektra snaps back to reality. She moves to the window but there's nothing for her to see. Nevertheless, she continues to stare into the darkness, a strange resolve in her expression.

INT. ELEKTRA'S ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Sugimoto opens the door to check on Elektra as usual. But this time she is not in her bed and she's nowhere to be seen. Angry and frustrated, the Japanese man goes to the open window. He looks down, one hundred stories below. Nothing.

SMASH CUT TO:

A black Ferrari racing down a deserted Madison Avenue and turning left on 89th.

INT. FERRARI - NIGHT

It's Elektra. Her hair blown by the wind. Speed relaxing her lips in a satisfied smile. She turns right on 5th Avenue, slows down and parks on the side of the street opposite the Guggenheim Museum. She steps out of the car and crosses the street.

EXT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - NIGHT

Bypassing the super-sophisticated electronic security systems, Elektra sneaks inside the perimeter. Using a rope, she crawls up the structure. Finally, she enters the museum from the roof.

INT. FISK PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

An extremely irate Fisk hits Sugimoto with a powerful backhanded slap sending him crashing into an expensive glass sculpture.

FISK

You idiot! That's your idea of constant vigilance over her.

Sugimoto stands up and wipes the blood from his lips with the back of his hand. He says nothing. Fisk's assistant, breathless, comes in.

ASSISTANT

Thank God, sir. She took the Ferrari.

Fisk sighs, almost relieved. Sugimoto betrays a skeptical expression.

FISK

(to Sugimoto)

That car has a homing beacon. You'll be able to track her down. C'mon Sugimoto... Bring her back home... dead or alive.

INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - NIGHT

The lights are off except for the tiny spots that illuminate the paintings. Moving fast and agilely, like a cat, ELEKTRA descends from the top floor, looking carefully at all the artwork. She stops in front of her mother's painting. Stares at it for a long moment. Then realizes there is something attached to it. Elektra walks to the painting, reaches up and removes a photo.

ELEKTRA'S POV: It's a PHOTO of Matt and Elektra smiling for the camera, in better, more carefree days.

EXT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - NIGHT

Sugimoto jumps out of his car and looks at the Ferrari with a satisfied smile, then runs toward the museum's front doors. A security guard gets in his way and the killer instantly slashes him down with his katana, a samurai sword.

INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - NIGHT

Elektra stares at the photo of her younger self together with her former love. Her emotions, if any, unreadable. Then...

A noise comes out of the speakers. A SONG begins to PLAY. Elektra looks up. It's the song she used to dance to with Matt. The beautiful music FILLS the museum and seems to strike a chord within Elektra. She stands frozen. IMAGES FLASHING rapidly and randomly through her head: RUSHING down the SKI SLOPE... RUNNING across the high-wire... For a brief moment: Matt kissing her...

MATT (O.S.)

There's a reason you took me to that tunnel!

She turns and sees... Matt! He's walking slowly toward her.

MATT

*Remember.*

ON ELEKTRA: Her eyes cold. She throws the photo away and pulls out a sai.

ON SUGIMOTO: Hearing the song. Looking up from the first floor. Realizing, perhaps, what's going on. He exhales through his teeth and a mean, cold light appears in his eyes. He raises his katana and starts to run up toward the upper floor. Yelling...

SUGIMOTO

(loud)

Elektra! FOCUS!

Elektra doesn't react. She stares at MATT for a long moment. Then she snaps out of it. Raises the Sai. Fixes her aim on MATT. Snaps back her arm and --

MATT

Elektra... Listen to me!

The Sai flies wild and...POPS a painting! She misses the target on purpose.

MATT

They've done this to you. Whatever it is, it's wearing off.

Elektra looks torn and confused. Another Sai already raised. The MUSIC still PLAYING...

MATT

Please, Elektra. My darling, please...

ON SUGIMOTO: RUNNING up the round ramp. His sword raised.

ON MATT AND ELEKTRA: He's very close to her now.

MATT

Fisk killed your father. And he was behind your kidnapping. You lost everything to him.

Elektra stares at him. Hesitating. For just a moment.

MATT

I always loved you.

ON SUGIMOTO: He's quickly approaching. His POV: Elektra, a sai raised, her back turned to him. Matt is almost in front of her. 108

The MUSIC suddenly ENDS. The needle lifts off the record.

SLOW-MOTION: The silence loaded. Sugimoto's feet running... His katana ready to strike... His mouth open emitting a samurai cry... Then Elektra's grip tightens on the Sai and --

She turns around and JAMS it into SUGIMOTO's heart! The Japanese man goes down, stricken and dies with an incredulous look stamped on his face...

Elektra turns to Matt. A tear crawls down the side of her face. Complex emotions rippling over her. MATT takes her hand. She looks at him.

MATT

You remember.

ELEKTRA

No... But I believe.

Suddenly the ring of a cellular phone startles them. It's hooked to the dead Sugimoto's belt.

Elektra looks at it, hesitating. She reaches down and picks up the phone. Answering.

ELEKTRA

Yes.

FISK (V.O.)

Elektra...?

No answer.

FISK (V.O. Cont'd)

Elektra...is it you? Where is the sensei?

ELEKTRA

He's dead.

INTERCUT: FISK AND ELEKTRA. Fisk pauses. Uncertain.

FISK

Are you okay?

ELEKTRA

I know the truth.

Nothing from him. Finally:

ELEKTRA (Cont'd)

You didn't save my life. You stole it.

ON FISK: He sits there for a long moment. Nods to himself and hangs up. Distant. Regretful. He takes a breath, then to his assistant:

FISK

They have her...

Fisk walks through a dimly lit corridor. His expression is calm but determined. He stops in front of a door and pushes a button. Fisk waits, looking right up into the lens of a security camera. The heavy, armored door opens with a buzz.

INT. BULLSEYE'S LOFT - DAY

Wagner's *Parsifal* plays in the background. Fisk enters the dark loft. It looks like a cross between an Army museum and a decorator's drug-induced nightmare. Weapons of all kinds are everywhere: on the walls, hanging from the ceiling, displayed with a sick sort of order on the floor. A giant portrait of Hitler towers over a black leather sofa. In one corner, a decapitated mannequin with a Daredevil costume is pierced St. Sebastiane-like by a bunch of arrows. Most people would be horrified by such a place. But not Fisk. He actually smiles at a picture of himself framed in a bullseye with many darts protruding from the center.

FISK

I like that, Mr. Del Toro... Are you around? I'm afraid I don't have much time today.

Fisk is standing still in the middle of the room. Behind him, hanging upside down, coiled like a snake, Bullseye slowly descends from the ceiling.

BULLSEYE

(whispering)

Don't move...

Fisk eyes turn to a crawling black spot on his shoulder.

FISK's POV: A big black Tarantula is staring back at him...

Fisk doesn't look so impressed.

FISK

Take away your pet, Mr. Del Toro. If you don't want to see it scrambled all over the walls...

Bullseye's hand reaches quickly for the spider and pulls it away, depositing it gently on a hanging bazooka.

The Tarantula crawls safely inside the gun's barrel.

BULLSEYE

(grinning)

It's nice to see you again Kingpin. It's been a long time...

FISK

I need you. Right now. You name the price.

BULLSEYE

(shaking his head)

You can't pay me if you're dead.

FISK

(cold)

You can't get paid if you're dead...

BULLSEYE

(smiling)

If I remember correctly, you fired me and replaced me with that nasty girl. What's wrong? She's not satisfying you anymore? 'Cause I think I am busy now...

FISK

As I said I don't have time for this. One hundred thousand. Half now... half after.

BULLSEYE

Three hundred grand...

Fisk exhales, impatient.

BULLSEYE (Cont'd)

And your apologies...

A very tense pause.

FISK

I never apologize, Mr. Del Toro. But I'll give you five hundred thousand instead.

Bullseye smiles, satisfied.

BULLSEYE

I can live with that. It's never about the cash... it's strictly for the pleasure...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAVITS CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Spinning SEARCHLIGHTS crawl through the sky overhead. A brightly lit marquee reading "WILSON FISK vs. DIANE ALBRIGHT in the Battle for Mayor!" FISK's limo comes to a stop in front of the golden cage of steel and glass that is the Javits Convention Center. Fisk climbs out and looks around, nervous. Then, realizing, that appearance is everything in politics, he lifts his hands to the crowd. They answer with a ROAR...

A small pastry TRUCK approaches and stops right across the street. FOGGY gets out and DIANE with him. Dressed in blue, disguised as delivery people, they cross the street and enter through a service door.

INT. JAVITS CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

A CHURNING MASS of PARTISAN SPECTATORS. It is the circus Diane predicted. Balloons and banners and confetti and streamers. People wave "FISK" and a few "ALBRIGHT" signs.

Fisk and Diane, who's now in more formal clothes, are standing at podiums on opposite ends of the stage.

They're fielding questions from lines of PEOPLE arranged behind two microphones in the middle of the auditorium. Fisk has the crowd in the palm of his hand:

## FISK

...There are even rumormongers suggesting that I have an interest in this development. Well I do. Yes. I have the same interest we all do -- in seeing this city reborn! Into a place where we won't live in fear of walking down our own streets! Of being preyed upon by thugs and murderers in our own homes! Now who could possibly object to that?!

The CROWD CHEERS WILDLY. CAMERA TRAVELS UPWARD... TO the upper levels of the open-interior structure... Lights from below bursting through the spaces between the metallic web. Girders. Catwalks.

A walkway all the way around the squared perimeter.

## FISK (Cont'd)

Yet... that doesn't mean that I've paid somebody to burn the whole city to just buy the dust!

O.S.: The CROWD laughs at what seems to be a joke.

ON BULLSEYE. He is here! Kneeling in the darkest spot of a catwalk. Wearing his high-tech costume. Loading a SAI into a CROSS-BOW RIFLE. He shoves the Sai handle-first into the barrel with a RATCHETING sound. The Sai LOCKS into place. He carefully shoulders the rifle. Sights through a powerful SCOPE.

HIS POV THROUGH THE SCOPE: SCANNING the vast crowd. Looking for Murdock... But finding instead...

FOGGY. Changed into casual clothes. Glancing around. Scanning the crowd nervously. Then looking up... Right into the SCOPE. SPOTTING BULLSEYE!

BULLSEYE knows that Foggy knows. He steadies the CROSS-HAIRS on the pea-green coat. Fingering the trigger. The three points of the Sai glinting... He FIRES it!

THE LAUNCHED SAI rocketing through the air...

THE SAI'S POV racing toward its target. Foggy's EYES opening wide in anticipation of its imminent impact...

The sai stops just a few inches from Foggy... Caught in mid-air by the hand of Elektra who stands at his side! Her eyes flashing upward -- to the upper levels of the structure.

Foggy sighs in relief. It happened so fast that nobody seems to have noticed. Foggy looks for Elektra but... She's gone.

Up above, BULLSEYE glares down and curses. Then he hears from below -- MATT'S ECHOING VOICE:

## MATT (O.S.)

Mister Fisk...? Are you going to do to this city...

Bullseye's eyes flash downward. Frantically searching and loading ANOTHER into the gun at the same time...

ON THE OPPOSITE MICROPHONE

MATT MURDOCK is standing at the microphone at the head of the other line. He is dressed in a suit coat and tie.

MATT  
...what you did to me?

The DIN in the auditorium quiets. Fisk rolls his eyes and shrugs resignedly: "No. Not this again."

MATT  
A few months ago Wilson Fisk tried to kill me. And the only thing unusual about that is...he didn't succeed!

FISK  
This guy is crazy... We are not in a courtroom Murdock! And I am not on trial here!

He makes a "Let's can this guy" gesture with his head. SECURITY GUYS move in on Matt but DIANE SHOUTS in protest...

DIANE  
Pleaaasee!!! Let him speak! Matt Murdock is an honorable man! I want to hear what he has to say!

And the crowd seems to want the same now. The SECURITY MEN back off.

MATT  
There would be many more of us up here...telling you the truth about this man...but they're all dead. Would you reward him for silencing them so completely that their voices can never be heard? Let me speak for them! You've listened to Mr. Fisk...

ON KINGPIN: He looks up everywhere, asking himself where the hell is Bullseye and why is he taking so long to shoot Murdock.

MATT (O.S. - Cont'd)  
Heard him deny and dismiss the days when he was breaking bones and destroying families for a living. Let me tell you the names of the people he killed... Of the lives he ruined. Because they can't.

ON BULLSEYE: He now has MATT right in the center of his scope. His finger ready on the trigger. But he doesn't pull it. He listens to Matt's passionate speech and smiles...

BULLSEYE  
(to himself)  
Go ahead Murdock... I like to see the fat ass in such deep shit.

BACK ON MATT.

MATT(Cont'd)

Because he was good at what he did. He beat my father to death. He annihilated my existence... destroyed my career... I was this close to the end. But because there was still a spark of life in there...I came back. To tell you...to warn you... You know in your hearts the man he is. Don't let him do to you...to this city...what he almost did to me.

Stunned silence. Confused WHISPERS. Angry SHOUTS. Eyes searching out Fisk for a response. Seeing on his face an off-putting sight: clenched, angry hatred. Fisk, even now, wrestling to gain control of it. Forcing a smile onto his face. Shaking his head disappointedly at the "outlandishness"... But he loses the battle. And this comes out:

FISK

Will somebody please kill this punk...? Or do I have to do it with my own bare hands ?!!

VIDEO INSERT: The angry expression of FISK as captured by dozens of video-cameras.

The Crowd collectively GASPS. Shocked.

ON BULLSEYE: He grins, enjoying every moment of it.

BULLSEYE

(to himself)

What a riot! Okay Murdock, you got your time, now...

BULLSEYE'S POV: Cross-hairs FIXED ON MATT. But he's being SWAMPED now. By PRESS. ONLOOKERS. SECURITY. Awash with NEWS CAMERA SPOTLIGHTS.

ON ELEKTRA crawling through the metallic spider web of the upper levels.

ON BULLSEYE: Exhaling. Lowering the gun for a moment. A crazy light in his expression. Then resolved. He pulls out what looks like a giant tommy-gun... But it's not. Bullseye loads the weapon with sphere-shaped bullets! They are smaller but identical in shape to the bomb we have seen him using before. Bullseye lifts the scope of the weapon to his eye.

HIS POV THROUGH THE SCOPE: MOVING OFF Matt who disappears... SWEEPING across the crowd...TO THE STAGE...FIXING ON the head of Diane Albright.

BULLSEYE (V.O.)

Good for you, lady. You win the battle, but you lose the war.

ON ELEKTRA: HEARING that. She finally sees him and snaps into ACTION launching a sai...

ON BULLSEYE'S FINGER: About to pull the trigger...

THE SAI cutting through the air...

ON BULLSEYE: HE FIRES, but his hand is PIERCED by the SAI in the same split second!

POV OF THE SPHERE: Flying toward DIANE ALBRIGHT. Its trajectory slightly altered.

The SPHERE veers over DIANE's head and *bullseyes* into a massive Fisk poster! There is an INFERNO! The sphere EXPLODES spreading flames everywhere! Its devastating power mitigated only by the hangings and decorations on the stage.

FISK looks at the giant poster of himself reduced quickly to dust, together with his dreams.

FISK

Nooo!

DIANE can't believe what's happening. She looks around, then leaves the stage, running toward FOGGY.

BELOW: There is chaos. FOGGY looks up for Elektra while the crowd flees for the exits. FIRE is getting closer. FOGGY holds DIANE by the arm. Her hair has fallen out of its tight chignon.

FOGGY

You know. You look much younger with your hair down.

They leave the stage together.

ABOVE: BULLSEYE stands, gritting his teeth. The weapon in his hand. The sai buried in his wrist. Despite the pain, he starts to pull it out.

ELEKTRA (O.S.)

Bullseye...

He turns. Freezes.

ELEKTRA stands at the end of the catwalk. A fearsome look on her face. A SAI in each hand.

BULLSEYE finishes pulling out the sai, without a blink.

BELOW: The place has been completely evacuated. FIRE spreading everywhere. On stage, FISK coughs in the smoke. A voice:

DAREDEVIL (O.S.)

It's over Kingpin. It's all over.

Fisk turns and sees his nemesis. Coming out of the smoke, tall flames dancing in the background, a nightmare, a vision out of a Bosh painting: DAREDEVIL!

ABOVE: ELEKTRA's eyes bore into BULLSEYE. Gleaming darkly.

ELEKTRA

You helped him kill my father. Now let me tell you what's going to happen. You're going to feel a little jab...

BULLSEYE starts backing off. Eyes wide. He points the weapon at her -- she turns her wrist and *flips* a knife!

Sai cuts BULLSEYE down. He clatters to the cat-walk -- But his weapons BLAZE...!

ELEKTRA turns to flee. The SPHERE misses her by less than an inch and EXPLODES right behind her. She is blown off the catwalk...

CRAAACK!!! -- a giant section of shell and glass ERUPTS out of the structure and plummets downward, trailing dust and plaster...

BELOW: DAREDEVIL is facing KINGPIN, but the huge section falls right in between them! DD dives, just in time to avoid the impact! Fragments fly all around... More FLAMES and SMOKE... DD gets up... But there is no trace of KINGPIN... He's gone.

ABOVE: ELEKTRA's bleeding and hanging by both hands from a metal brace. Dangling hundreds of feet in the air. The last Sai falling down... down... down... and CLANGING on the burning floor far below.

DAREDEVIL turns toward the sound... then looks up.

DAREDEVIL  
Elektra hold on...!

DAREDEVIL tosses out the cable of his club hooking a grasp up above. Then he jumps out of the burning stage, bringing his legs together to gather speed and spinning at the end of the wire. Focusing on ELEKTRA through the CHAOS of the SWIRLING FLAMES. He's fifty feet below her. And few feet wide of her.

He swings through the FIRE in a widening arc...

ELEKTRA's grip is weakening. He swings wider...swooping closer and closer to where she will fall...!

ELEKTRA  
Matt... I'm sorry...I...can't...

Her fingers begin to slip...

ON DAREDEVIL: He kicks -- swinging wider now -- and reaching the farthest point away from her calls out:

DAREDEVIL  
NOW!

ELEKTRA lets go of the brace and drops...

DAREDEVIL swinging back around now...

ELEKTRA falling onto the FIRE and.

DAREDEVIL at the apex of his swing CATCHING her in his arms! He clutches ELEKTRA tightly. Swinging through the burning space.

Round and round looking for a way out... Until he makes one himself!

KICKING and SMASHING a wall of glass and BURSTING outside!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

lands on the street and places her gently on the floor.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

ELEKTRA (V.O.)  
(whispering)

Matt...

He pulls the mask off his head. She gazes deeply into his eyes. Tears welling in her eyes.

ELEKTRA

Oh, Matt...

She touches his cheek. Tenderly. Sadly.

DAREDEVIL

I love you.

ELEKTRA

I lost...so much. He took...he took you from me...he took it all...

MATT

It's not over. We still have time.

ELEKTRA

I... remember...

She trails off, overcome. Lost. He tries to keep it together.

MATT

... What my love?

She manages a small dreamy smile.

ELEKTRA

... Our dance. Our last dance. We never finished it.

She leans her head against him and he holds her tight. The starry firmament turning dizzily overhead. There is an ECHO of "What Are You Doing New Year's Eve?" on the SOUNDTRACK...

ELEKTRA

I think... I'm finally going to see what it's like being there... you know... the edge. And beyond...

They hold each other swooning in space. Matt HEARS Elektra's heart BEAT with the MUSIC. And then we don't hear the music and her heart is not beating at all. She's gone...

DAREDEVIL

Oh God!

DD can't accept it! He cries then he starts CPR -- PUMPING her heart -- and giving her mouth to mouth respiration. He doesn't surrender...

DAREDEVIL

Please don't die! Please!

Then, weak, almost imperceptible, a beat. He pumps more oxygen into her u; then he holds her tightly, tears in his eyes. Her head slipping loosely to the side but he can feel she's still alive.

Oh God, please. Please...

KA-BOOOM!!!! There is another EXPLOSION! And then ANOTHER! And ANOTHER! SHATTERING THE NIGHT AIR, LIGHTING UP THE BLACK SKY. It's A CHAIN REACTION OF DESTRUCTION all around DD and ELEKTRA!

TWISTERS OF FLAME SWEEP THROUGH THE STREETS.

DD flattens ELEKTRA to the pavement to keep her from being sucked into the MAELSTROM.

DAREDEVIL'S POV: MONSTROUS WINGS OF BLACK FLAME FLAP THROUGH AN INSANE UNIVERSE. AN EXPLOSION OF BLACK. ANOTHER...

THE EXPLOSIONS ARE MOVING DOWN THE STREET TOWARD THEM! Suddenly, THEY STOP. And out of the INFERNO comes a dark figure... It's BULLSEYE! Wounded and bleeding but still lethal.

BULLSEYE

Isn't it crazy? All my talents wasted on these silly...fireworks. I really hate that arrogant fat-ass!

DAREDEVIL leaves Elektra and jumps into the air. He double-spins, gathering speed and in a flash he's on Bullseye, KNOCKING him down!

BULLSEYE ROLLS on the ground. He's quickly ON HIS FEET and throws four shuriken at DD.

DD jumps again, avoiding them.

BULLSEYE pulls out another SPHERE and sets up 25 SECONDS on the digital display. Holding the bomb in one hand, he raises a gun with the other...

ON DAREDEVIL: Still, studying the situation.

The timing device TICKS OFF DIGITAL SECONDS: 23...22...

ON BULLSEYE: He pulls the trigger...

ON DAREDEVIL: As the GUN FIRES, he WHIPS the CLUB across his BODY. The BULLET WHINES off the CLUB and DEFLECTS HARMLESSLY away...

BULLSEYE

(astonished)

Nobody can do that. How did you do that? Even I...can't do that.

He lowers the gun, more and more child-like and AMAZED.

ON THE DISPLAY: 15...14...

BULLSEYE

Are you a damn real devil, by any chance? Why you don't just let me send you back to hell? It won't hurt, I promise...

DAREDEVIL doesn't answer. He perceives a movement behind Bullseye.

ON ELEKTRA: GETTING UP and slowly limping toward Bullseye from behind.

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BULLSEYE

I hope you're a football fan... 'cause I wanna show you something really special... 4th and 1... tie game ... do I run or do I kick?... I kick... I score... You're dead.

He looks at the display. It shows: 5...4...

BULLSEYE

(grinning)

No overtime.

Bullseye throws the gun away and grabs the SPHERE with both hands, then he arcs his body ready to kick it like a football...

ELEKTRA is right behind him now.....3...2...

ON DAREDEVIL: Shakes his head to Elektra.

DAREDEVIL

Nooooo...

Bullseye's leg moving forward. His foot about to kick the SPHERE...

1...

ELEKTRA FLIES AND KICKS BULLSEYE IN THE SAME SPLIT SECOND! Bullseye leaps forward, falling right on top of the bomb. He freezes realizing...

IT IS TOO LATE:...0. KA-BOOOOOM!!!!

The EXPLOSION DISINTEGRATES BULLSEYE! It's so huge that all the HYDRANTS around explode together in sync! GEYSERS ERUPT into the burning night... FIGHTING THE FIRE... CUTTING ITS PATH... AND SLOWLY EXTINGUISHING IT!

DAREDEVIL gets up fifty feet away, shaken but intact. He runs in the steamy rain to the explosion spot and frantically TEARS through the WRECKAGE, looking for Elektra...

BUT ELEKTRA IS NOT THERE... AND SHE'S NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

FOGGY (O.S.)

Matt...

DD turns. FOGGY approaches him. FIREMEN, COPS behind him.

FOGGY

Where's Elektra?

DAREDEVIL shakes his head, devastated.

DAREDEVIL

I don't know... I have a strange feeling...

FOGGY

We'll find her, if she's still around.

DD nods, a perplexed expression on his face. Then he comes back to reality.

Fisk...?

FOGGY

I guess he wasn't cut out for politics. They saw him heading for his headquarters...

DD stands straight, his face is a stone mask.

Foggy watches him run away.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Kingpin stands at the window, watching the smoke from the Hell's Kitchen's fire few blocks away. His office is darkened and utterly quiet. He fishes two things from his desk: a small REMOTE-CONTROL BOX and a HANDGUN. He slips the gun into his pocket. He ACTIVATES the Hell's Kitchen MODEL with the remote. Lights flash on. Smoke trails from factory chimneys. MUSIC plays from a little TOY BAND in a TINY BISTRO.

He smiles at it all with satisfaction.

DAREDEVIL drops INTO VIEW outside the window. Swinging at the thick glass. He BANGS into it with both feet. Bounces off. Swings into it again.

BANG! Fisk lifts an eyebrow.

FISK

Who's that tap-tap-tapping at my chamber door?

CRASH! -- Daredevil flies through the window in a rain of SHATTERING glass and lands with both feet on the floor. He reels the cane in. Stands there. Eyes burning.

DAREDEVIL

It's the blind kid.

Fisk circles the model toward him. Caresses the top of the "Hell's Kitchen" portal with his hand.

FISK

Why would anybody want to stop something so grand as this? Can you tell me that?

DAREDEVIL

It's you who needs to be stopped.

FISK

Oh, but I won't be. You see? There are too many people out there who think like I do. You are in a minority, my friend. You are a dying breed.

DAREDEVIL

There are far more than you could ever know, Fisk. Good, decent, honest, hard-working men and women. But they've been frightened. Into inaction. Into silence. By people like you. Because they have too much to lose. Families. Futures. Loved ones. Lives.

Daredevil slams his fist on the edge of the model, causing the structures to vibrate and lights to flicker.

DAREDEVIL (cont'd)

And the belief that good shall prevail and the meek will inherit the earth and every good boy deserves favor and virtue is its own reward and what goes around comes around... Well, I guess even I still believe that one. And here it comes. Cause I, like you, am free. I am unburdened. Of those things. Those beliefs. You took them away from me. And now you must deal with it!

Fisk works the remote. Speaks close into it and his VOICE EMANATES life-like from somewhere to Daredevil's right:

FISK

(from hidden speakers)

That was very pretty.

DD hesitates. Thrown off. Fisk circles him. Turns a dial and speaks into the remote again. This time his VOICE EMANATES from the left:

FISK

Now you listen.

He taps a few keys and DD comes to a complete halt. Grimacing.

FISK

Ultrasounds. Aren't they something?

DD hears nothing. But tiny waves shiver atop the water in a tall clear glass on Fisk's desk. DD tightens up, cringing and raising his hands toward his ears...

FISK

I'm sorry, is that too loud?

Waves ripple across the surface of the aquarium set into the office wall. The fish dart around madly.

Daredevil steels himself. Straightens. Gritting his teeth. Focusing...

His fat lips puckered, Fisk is about to peck another key.

FISK

As you can hear... I have many options.

Suddenly MARCHING MUSIC BLASTS from every direction. The aquarium glass SHATTERS and fish and water gush out...

Fisk circles Daredevil. Manipulating the remote. Adding layers of realistic SOUNDS: WHISTLES, BELLS, a GUNSHOT --

Daredevil jerks and whirls out of the "path" of the nonexistent bullet. Another GUNSHOT comes from another direction... Daredevil ducks it.

Fisk smiles, enjoying it. He speaks into the remote so that his VOICE never comes from any one place:

FISK

Do you like my sound system? I had it custom made with you in mind. A good investment, no? Now that you're back from the dead... (beat) And I'm glad you are. Because you owe me.

Daredevil rallies himself to yell back at Fisk over the pain and confusion:

DAREDEVIL

No! You owe them! All of them! My father... Nikos... They all died... Because of you. Nobody else.

Fisk sighs, stepping to one side. He puts on a strange pair of goggles, then pushes another button on the remote.

FISK

No more debates.

Dozens of slender light projectors come down from the ceiling, each of them inundating the room with a different color light. RED. WHITE. GREEN. YELLOW. BLUE, etc. Every tone and sub-tone of the spectrum is projected into the room, which has become like the interior, if that was possible, of a rainbow formed by dozens and dozens of colors. DD stands still, completely disoriented.

DAREDEVIL POV: Violent waves of different shades of black, swirl crazily all around. Confusing his radar-sense. Completely blacking out his perception. Now DD is really blind.

FISK POV THROUGH THE GOGGLES: A calm black and white vision of Daredevil motionless and harmless in the middle of the room.

FISK

How many things there are to learn about.  
Did you know each color has its own temperature?

Fisk takes a gun from his pocket and points it at him. DD turns slowly around. Trying to hear his heartbeat... He does, for just a second...

CLOSE ON FISK'S GUN (SLOW MOTION): The hammer RATCHETING back as the trigger is pulled...then SLAMMING home:

ON DAREDEVIL: Head turning minutely toward the beat and these sounds --

BOOOM!!! -- He dives backwards and the shot glances off his upper arm and spins him around...! The walking cane flips through the air.

DD hits the floor. Comes up on one knee. His senses searching madly in every direction. The MUSIC and SOUNDS still BLASTING. The crazy 3-D RAINBOW still sweeping the room. DD rises to his feet. Fighting through the din. He scans...

Fisk THUMBS back the hammer.

DD dives as Fisk FIRES...! The shot going wide. DD rolling into the Hell's Kitchen model. Coming up and bracing himself with one hand against a model high rise. DD's brow furrowing. His hand curiously caressing the model...

Fisk turns the cocked gun on him. Fed up. Striding toward him. DD suddenly <sup>122</sup> BLURS OUT OF VIEW. Fisk's SHOT BLOWS A HOLE in the tiny billboard.

Fisk wades into the model. Red-faced. Determined. Turning the gun this way and that. DD FLASHES PAST behind him. Fisk turns FIRING -- POW! POW! POW! Shooting up the town. Glass BREAKING and lights POPPING.

DD steps up onto a church and FLIPS through the air...! Fisk FIRES -- the bullet LOPPING OFF the church spire!

DD lands next to him and fires a spinning kick at Fisk! The gun is knocked out of his hand...!

The gun skitters across the floor and comes to a stop near the edge of the wide open broken window.

DAREDEVIL

You forget. I know this part of town.

Fisk fires a punch at him and Daredevil ducks -- Fisk's massive fist CRASHING into the side of an office building. Sparks FLY and neon FLASHES. Fisk lets out a BELLOW. Daredevil smashes head-first into his mid-section and the two men CRASH through the model like King Kong versus Godzilla. Stores and buildings collapse in their path.

It is a titanic battle of brute force vs. agility. They crash back and forth. SPARKS spray and FLAME erupts throughout the display. A building EXPLODES behind Daredevil. He turns, startled. Fisk catches DD high with a vicious PUNCH across the face and Daredevil goes flying.

Fisk crawls from the model. Heals himself to his feet and tramps across the water of the "Hudson River" encircling the display. Beaten up. Breathing hard. He plucks up Daredevil's cane.

DD rises to his feet in the middle of the devastated city which glows madly with endless combinations of colors. Smoky flames blaze infernally across the ruined landscape. Disoriented by the chaos of colors, heat and noise, DD has lost Fisk.

Fisk turns the cane over in his hands.

FISK

How does this work? I'm referring to your cane, by the way. With all your tricks, I sometimes forget...that you're just a blind man.

DD steps tentatively to the edge of the display. Behind the sputtering "Hell's Kitchen" archway.

Fisk eyes the cane curiously. Points it at Daredevil. Thumbs the button. The cane-top shoots spinning through the air!

The handle glances hard off Daredevil's head and he buckles. The hook clatters somewhere back among the model buildings.

FISK

Fancy.

DD reaches down to the fallen pistol at his feet. The wind through the broken window buffets him.

The flames from the model suddenly ignite the SPRINKLER SYSTEM. Water SHOWERS down from the ceiling. The fires throughout the model SIZZLE and HISS. Dark smoke curls up. The spray RAINS down. Pounds the shining floor.

Fisk turns his face up to the water as he rises up with the gun. He is impervious. DD is motionless. Inert. Beaten down. Lost.

The water washes the blood from the gash in his head.

DAREDEVIL

FIIIIIIISK!! You can't kill me. Anymore.

Fisk smiles at that. Points the gun at his beaten quarry. An easy shot. Water courses down Fisk's fat, gleaming face. Over his shiny smiling lips. Spattering the SMALL ROSE pinned to his breast... DD lifts his head slightly in the downpour. A spark in his eyes. HOMING IN ON something... His nostrils DILATING...

CLOSE ON FISK's ROSE. In the rainfall, the petals of the small rose ever so slightly begin to BLOOM!

FLASHBACK: Matt placing two roses on his father's grave...

ON DAREDEVIL: He has a TARGET, now. He rears up suddenly and swings his forearm swiftly at the "Hell's Kitchen" awning -- KNOCKING it from its moorings! It flies across the floor.. skidding over the slick wet surface! straight toward Fisk...!

He's too big and slow to move out of its path -- he staggers back -- it SWEEPS his feet out from under him and soars out the open window behind him!

Fisk hits the ground on his belly and slides over the edge after it -- his eyes white and wide. One hand gripping the cane as he DROPS OUT OF SIGHT...

Behind DD the unseen cane-hook GRAPPLES one of the models and the cane's wire goes taut at his feet, THRUMMING.

DD walks the length of the tight wire. Drops pattering the floor. Follows it to the edge over which it disappears. It slides back and forth against the edge with a grating SCREECHING, pulled by some great shifting weight... Daredevil steps to the edge. The wind buffets him.

Fisk hangs there, clinging desperately with his sweating hand to the cane, dangling a hundred stories over the city.

FISK

Please...

He looks imploringly up at Daredevil.

FISK

Please...help me...

His grip slipping. Sliding down a few inches. Eyes rolling wildly.

FISK

Please goddamn it!! Help me!

DD lowers himself to one knee. Unhurriedly. He reaches down toward Fisk. Hope glimmering in the big man's gaze.

DAREDEVIL

I'll show you how it works.

Daredevil's hand closes on the cane. Slips down to the button. Fisk's brow furrowing suspiciously. Daredevil's hand pauses there. Fisk starts to shake his head.

FISK

No! Just pull me up!

DD pauses for a second. His finger poised over the button. Fisk pleading, now, desperate:

FISK

Listen to me!! You don't want revenge! Daredevil?!  
An executioner?! No! No... You want *justice*.

DD pauses for another second. Then --

DAREDEVIL

Right, I should forgive you. Shouldn't I?

DD leans down toward Fisk with a look on his face we've never seen before. Fierce. Savage. Cruel. We really think he's gonna kill Fisk...

But he stretches his arm instead and starts to help Fisk up...

This is the moment FISK was waiting for...

SLO-MOTION: FISK RAISES THE GUN that he was still holding with his other hand!

DD PRESSES the button.

FISK pulls the trigger in the same moment.

ON THE DISPLAY: The curved grappling handle hooked on the model suddenly straightens and FLIES out of the display. It WHIPS across the penthouse floor...!

THE BULLET FLYING INSIDE THE BARREL...

Fisk's mouth opens in horror as he DROPS away...

THE BULLET FLIES OUT OF THE BARREL, but the hand holding the gun is in a different position now, a few inches lower...

THE BULLET MISSES DAREDEVIL by a few millimeters!!!

ON FISK: Eyes and mouth wide... PLUMMETING toward the city streets SCREAMING...

END OF SLO-MOTION. The SCREAM trailing off in the SOUND of the wind. DD rises up against the night sky in the open window. There is resolution in his voice...

DAREDEVIL

Justice is blind.

The wind sends ripples across the flooded floor. The SOUNDS, the COLORS and the SPRINKLER SYSTEM cease. CAMERA PANS TO Daredevil's shadow cast over the dark ruined "Hell's Kitchen" display.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

AERIAL SHOT. Hell's Kitchen streets are slowly healing from the ravages of the fire. People are back on the streets. Kids are playing again. Life seems to thrive right where death and annihilation once were. DAREDEVIL BURSTS INTO FRAME SWINGING through the streets.

He stops at the rooftop of SACRED HEART CHURCH...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINS - DAY

CAMERA PULLS BACK from two MOON BOOTS and FOLLOWS a SOLITARY FIGURE running on the snowy HIMALAYAN landscape. She's dressed in a blue mountain climbing suit...

CUT TO:

INT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - NIGHT / EXT. HIMALAYAS - DAY (CROSS CUTTING)

A CANDLE being lit. CAMERA PULLS BACK and reveals the NUN, the one we've seen many times before. She is kneeling and praying in the deserted church. The church doors OPEN. Daredevil steps into the doorway. The Nun turns. She stands. Staring at him...

HIMALAYAS. An GRAPPLING HOOK holds successfully to its grasp. The person in blue looks up at the MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN whose crest, miles above, is hidden by a bank of clouds...

CHURCH ANTEROOM. A small dark room of the cathedral. MATT is seated on a small chair. He's dressed in street clothes now. The armored suit draped across a kneeling bench. The Nun is seated across from him.

MATT

Why do I always come here when I feel lost?

NUN

No one is all alone in this world.

HIMALAYAS. The wind blows and the snow dances crazily around the blue lonely figure who is smaller than an ant compared to the huge mass of the mountain. Yet, the ant is persistent. And hammering piton after piton into the cracks of the mountain she slowly makes her way up, scaling a wall that cannot be scaled...

CHURCH ANTEROOM.

Matt lowers his gaze.

MATT

She left me. She went away.

The nun smiles, enigmatic.

NUN

Nothing goes away forever...

MATT

Your name is Maggie.

NUN

Yes.

HIMALAYAS. The ASCENT is almost metaphysical. The solitary figure leaves the world and tries to conquer her place in Heaven. It's an intense, determined process of purification. Nothing can stop her. Not the frosted wind. Not the severe law of the eternal glaciers. She struggles against all odds. But she continues to climb up...

CHURCH ANTEROOM. Maggie gently puts an old sport robe on Matt's lap. Matt nods. Looks down and raises a sleeve to his nose. Sniffing softly.

MATT

This... smells so familiar...

His FINGERS start scanning the fabric now. Slowly. Finding something. A name embroidered on it: "Battling Jack Murdock". Matt's fingers delicately trace the needlework as if it were a face. Then:

MATT

After all these years. He's still in here. Isn't he?

She nods. A tear coming down her face. Matt stands and takes her gently by the forearm. Fingers touching her wrist. Gradually we HEAR the RHYTHM of the blood beating through her veins.

MATT

Tell me please. Are you my mother?

MAGGIE

No...

The rhythm SKIPPING.

HIMALAYAS. A foot falls from the piton and the figure almost loses her grasp. Snow and ice falling down onto the white abyss. She HANGS ON. And finally, emphatically, she RAISES herself on top of the crest...

CHURCH ANTEROOM. Matt releases her hands. A slow smile spreading on his face. It makes her uncomfortable. Gingerly holding the robe.

MATT

It's a sin, you know.

MAGGIE

...What?

MATT

A sin. To tell a lie. In the house of God.

(a beat)

Dad used to say that.

She looks down. After a moment, she nods.

MAGGIE

I know.

Her eyes fill with tears. He comes to her. They EMBRACE.

With one last brief look into his eyes, she retreats into the depths of the church. He stands there as she fades into the darkness...

HIMALAYAS. CAMERA CRANES UP from the figure revealing a beautiful temple in the middle of a HIDDEN VALLEY. Clouds surround it, giving it an otherworldly quality. The solitary figure gazes at it and finally pulls back her hood. Is ELEKTRA. More beautiful than ever. A sense of peace and calm in her eyes. She smiles at the landscape portrayed in her mother's painting.. Enjoying every second, absorbing every detail of the miracle of nature in front of her. Then she starts to walk toward the temple. Disappearing into the mist. Her final destination. Beyond the EDGE...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SACRED HEART CHURCH - NIGHT

MATT. Somehow he can feel it. Thanks to the magical empathy of LOVE he seems to be almost aware of her destiny. He stands there, on the steps of the church. Head up. Listening to the sounds of traffic and people. Feeling the breeze. Smelling the chill of the wind coming from far and away. The very special fragrance of the night. ALIVE.

1492 09  
THE END