

DAREDEVIL

Screenplay

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7/3/01

FADE IN:

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The street is empty save for the garbage that waits for collection. Rotten haystacks of moldered meat, soiled diapers, and sour milk crowd the sidewalks and stoops.

A HISS OF STEAM bursts from a sewer grate. It RISES UP like a spirit, skirting the face of a crumbling Catholic church as the sound of wind WHISTLES through CREAKING rafters. An oily rat SKITTERS along a rain gutter matted with dry leaves. Each noise is exaggerated, amplified into a symphony of sounds.

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

DROPS OF BLOOD trickle down a stained glass window; cutting a clear trail across the dusty pane. We trace the blood trail up to a large CRUCIFIX at the roof's peak.

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

The droplets become rivulets as we reveal a SILHOUETTE draped over the cross. The silhouette of a devil. A SEARCHLIGHT from a POLICE HELICOPTER cuts a path across the rooftops, revealing the devil to be a man in costume.

This is DAREDEVIL.

So forget what you know about superheroes. Because this is the real world. And in the real world there is no such thing as "mutant healing" or "spider sense" to keep a man alive. In the real world there's just a guy in a mask.

And he's bleeding to death.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

A skylight CREAKS OPEN and the devil slowly hangs down into the church before hitting the floor with an ugly THUD.

CUT TO:

A PAIR OF SHOES stopping at the sound. CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal the weathered face of a priest, FATHER EVERETT. He opens the door to the sanctuary to discover...

THE DEVIL.

Curled up on the altar; like a pill bug swallowing its pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The old priest runs to the devil's side and cradles his head before pulling back his crimson cowl to reveal...

MATT MURDOCK.

The searchlight hits Matt's eyes through the skylight. But as we PUSH IN we notice his pupils never dilate. They say your whole life flashes before you when you die. And it's true.

Even for a blind man.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

THOSE SAME EYES

before they went blind. We PULL BACK to reveal MATT AT 14 YEARS OLD. He sports a cut lip and a bloody nose as he stands over a kitchen sink. He splashes his face with cold water and watches as the blood swirls down the drain...

MATT

Dad? I'm home.

He steps into the living room to find his father passed out in front of the T.V. JACK MURDOCK. He's a handsome man despite a nose that's been broken too many times to count.

T.V. RING ANNOUNCER

And the winner, by unanimous decision...  
Gene "The Machine" Conlan!

Matt CLICKS the T.V. off and pries a beer bottle from his father's fingers before pulling him to his feet.

JACK

...mmm...wha...who...who won?

MATT

Conlan. By decision.

We TRACK THEM as Matt eases his father down the hall...

JACK

I beat 'em, you know...

MATT

I know, Dad.

JACK

Two...years ago...it was a...

MATT

T.K.O. They threw in the towel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They pass some old fight bills hanging in the hallway. They show Jack posing in a red satin boxing robe with two small horns sewn into the hood. JACK "THE DEVIL" MURDOCK.

IN THE BEDROOM

Matt wrestles his shoes off as Jack notices his cut lip.

JACK  
What's this?

MATT  
Nothin'.

JACK  
I told you I don't want you fighting.

MATT  
I don't fight. I get beat up.  
There's a difference.

JACK  
Matt...

MATT  
I tried to walk away. Like you said.  
But they kept giving me shit.

JACK  
Don't curse. What kinda shit?

MATT  
(hesitant)  
They said you work for Fallon. They said  
you're one of his guys now.

A LONG BEAT as Jack looks to his son's pleading eyes.

JACK  
Think I'd be bustin' my hump down at the  
docks if I was working for Fallon?

Matt smiles, relieved.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You just keep hitting the books, you hear?  
Be a doctor or a lawyer. Not like me.

MATT  
Sure, Dad.

JACK  
Promise me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MATT

I promise.

Jack pats Matt's cheek.

JACK

She woulda been proud, Matty...

And with that he falls back asleep. Matt SIGHS and steps over to the window, gazing out to the rooftops that stretch forever. As CAMERA CLOSSES ON the FULL MOON we

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A BIOHAZARD WARNING

in a circular design, FILLING FRAME, before a FORKLIFT carrying a PALLET OF DRUMS turns to reveal that we're on:

EXT. WATERFRONT LOADING DOCK - DAY

Matt quickly weaves through the busy docks with a card in his hand, searching for his father when:

VOICE

HEY! KID!

Matt spins around to face the SUPERVISOR.

SUPERVISOR

You trying to get yourself killed?

MATT

I'm looking for my dad. Jack Murdock.

SUPERVISOR

Murdock? He ain't worked here for over six months. Now beat it.

He turns, crestfallen, and tosses the card into a mud puddle. We PUSH IN to reveal it's his REPORT CARD. Straight A's.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/DOCKS - DAY

Matt trudges back for home when:

VOICE

Please...please...

He steps AROUND THE CORNER to find a MEAT PACKER in a bloody apron, shoved up against a wall by a THUG in a ski mask.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEAT PACKER

You gotta tell Fallon I need more time!

THUG

You're all out of time.

Matt freezes at the voice.

MATT

Dad?

The Thug stops and turns to face us. A LONG BEAT before he slowly slips his ski mask off to reveal...

JACK MURDOCK.

Matt shakes his head as tears come to his eyes. And then he turns and runs off down the alley.

JACK

MATT!

ON MATT

Running out toward the loading docks, blinded by tears, his father chasing behind him. BRAKES SCREECH as...

A TRUCK swerves to avoid him. Loaded with the same barrels seen earlier. At the same time...

A FORKLIFT swerves as well, its forks up high. They tear through the barrels as...

Matt looks up. Whitish fluid flies INTO CAMERA as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACKNESS.

We hear the sound of CHURCH BELLS RINGING. And as the sound grows a ghostly SHADOW WORLD begins to take shape. A world where sound isn't just heard--but seen.

A BUS ROARS past us as the shadows collapse and distort into a monstrous phantasm of visible vibration.

A HORN HONKS. A CELL PHONE RINGS. A BABY CRIES. With each noise our shadow world spills and pools, like liquid mercury.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

as he steps into the hospital room, his eyes red and tired.  
He stops when he sees an empty bed.

JACK (CONT'D)

Matt?

MATT (O.S.)

Shhh...

He turns to find Matt before the open window with his eyes  
bandaged. He holds up his hand for silence. Then:

MATT (cont'd)

Do you hear it?

JACK

What?

Matt turns to him.

MATT

Everything.

Jack shakes his head, trying to find some way to tell him.

JACK

I talked to the doctor. He said--

MATT

I'm blind. I know.

JACK

But how--

MATT

I could hear you talking in his office.

Jack looks back to where he was. Impossible.

MATT (CONT'D)

Something's happening to me. I don't  
know what it is, but I'm not afraid.

Jack bows his head as the guilt washes over him.

JACK

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

He breaks down as Matt holds him in his arms. The blind boy  
comforting the big fighter as we...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY

MUSIC UP: HIGHER by Creed.

Dappled rays of sunlight break through the gray cloud cover over the Hudson. It's a new day.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Jack has turned the roof into a makeshift gymnasium. He takes a few tentative swings at an old heavy bag while Matt sits on a weight bench with a BRAILLE TEXT on his lap. The agonizing process of learning to read all over again.

Jack sighs--it's been too long. He turns from the bag just as Matt SLAMS the book shut. They face each other. A BEAT. Then Matt picks up the book. And Jack goes back to the bag.

Two fighters on the comeback trail.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Matt is using his cane in a 'three-point tap and drag.' He steps into the intersection just as the light turns red. A taxi HONKS as Matt falls back over the curb cursing.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Where we see Jack taking a beating against the ropes in his first boxing match in years. It's a long road back.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Matt is back at his braille book. A BREEZE picks up and the SPEED BAG begins SQUEAKING on its chain. The sound is like broken glass in his brain. Until Matt focuses all of his anger and throws his book at the bag across the roof.

And nails it.

He walks over to the bag. And for the first time he doesn't fight the sounds that surround him--but lets them in.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MATT'S POV

as the *SQUEAKING* slowly burns a silhouette through the darkness until--*WHAM!* Matt smiles and hits the bag again. And again. His hyperacute senses work the bag until it becomes just a streak of brown leather!

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

As Jack valiantly fights his way out of the corner, backing his opponent up with a flurry of his own.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Matt is back at the crosswalk. An OLD MAN steps off the curb and Matt WHIPS OUT his cane to stop him--just as a bus almost flattens him. The Old Man double-takes at the blind boy who smiles and continues on his way.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Matt stands in silhouette against the stars. He slowly reaches out feeling the air around him. And as we PULL BACK we reveal that we're on the edge of the roof...

Matt does a cartwheel and the CAMERA ROLLS with him, taking us on a dizzying, vertiginous ride as Matt goes faster and faster before flipping onto TWO HEATING PIPES.

He SWINGS over them like a gymnast on parallel bars before dismounting atop a brick smokestack. Matt smiles into the night as we hear the sound of a CROWD CHEERING him on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

A sign flashes out front in bright neon lights: "LIVE! TONIGHT! JACK 'THE DEVIL' MURDOCK vs. JIMMY PALMIOTTI!"

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

Jack is warming up. Suddenly the door opens to reveal an older man dressed in an expensive suit. FALLON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALLON

Jack, it's been a while...

JACK

I don't work for you no more, Fallon.

Fallon chuckles.

FALLON

Jack, you never stopped. Did you really think you won those fights on your own? Wood, Mack, Chichester--they're all my fighters. Just like you.

Jack looks down as he realizes the truth.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Now it's your turn to take a fall.

JACK

What if I say "no?"

FALLON

You know the answer to that. You used to handle those jobs yourself.

Fallon pats him on the shoulder.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Think about your boy, Jack. I'm sure you'll do the right thing.

He steps out as we STAY ON Jack's devastated reaction.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE FIGHT.

Palmiotti is easily fifteen years younger and light years faster. He hits Jack with an upper-cut that drops him to the canvas. Jack looks out to see Fallon in the audience.

MATT (O.S.)

C'MON, DAD! GET UP!

And then he sees his son as well. He struggles to his feet. Palmiotti comes to finish him off. But in his haste he isn't watching for Jack's left hook. And it's a beauty. Palmiotti is rocked as the crowd ROARS. Jack throws a brutal series of combinations until--Palmiotti hits the canvas!

RING ANNOUNCER

And the winner...Battlin' Jack Murdock!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack smiles to his beaming son. But then he looks to where Fallon and his men were sitting. They're already gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As Jack steps out of the back door to see a black stretch limousine waiting. He doesn't bother trying to run. Instead he just bows his head. And waits.

JACK

Go on. Get it over with.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

Matt waits out front for his father when his hyperacute hearing picks up the sounds of violence. We hear the EXCITED HEARTBEATS of Fallon's men as they PUNCH and KICK and LAUGH.

The CRACK of bone gives way to the PULPY sound of spit and blood. Followed by the RASPY MOAN of his FATHER'S VOICE.

MATT

Dad...?

The sounds are suddenly overwhelmed by one THUNDEROUS BASS HEARTBEAT. Then the DEATH BLOW. And the MOANING STOPS.

MATT (CONT'D)

DAD!

CUT TO:

Jack's lifeless body lying in the alley. A single red rose is dropped onto his bloodied chest.

CUT TO:

Matt running down the alley as Fallon's limousine speeds past him. Matt finds his father's body and holds him in his arms. He feels for his face. But it's a stranger's face now.

MATT (cont'd)

I can't--I can't see you...

Matt SOBS as he tries to "see" his father one more time. But even that has been taken from him.

MATT (cont'd)

I can't see you, Dad...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We CRANE UP from the tragic scene until we stop on the Catholic church from our opening scene. The stained glass FACE OF MARY smiles back at us in the moonlight.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, we have come here today to seek the truth. We have come here today to seek justice.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - PRESENT DAY

CU LADY JUSTICE

The statue is blindfolded, with the scales of justice in one hand and a sword in the other. We PULL BACK to reveal the face of attorney MATT MURDOCK addressing a courtroom.

MATT

Lenny Bruce once said that in the halls of justice, the only justice is out in the halls. But today you can change all that. Because today you are justice.

A petite but tough-looking girl is sitting beside Matt's partner, FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON.

MATT (CONT'D)

The criminal case against Quesada and Smith was dismissed due to the arresting officer's failure to read the defendants their Miranda Rights. This civil suit is the victim's only recourse.

(beat)

But Angela Sutton doesn't seek damages. She seeks the truth. She seeks justice. And the chance to get on with her life.

CUT TO:

QUESADA

on the witness stand. He wears one of those moustaches that you only find on porn stars or dentists.

MATT

Mr. Quesada, would you please tell the jury the sequence of events leading up to the night of June 30th?

Quesada sighs, bored with this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUESADA

Me and Smitty--we was the last to leave  
Josie's Bar that night.

We slowly CLOSE ON Quesada as he continues. As he does we  
hear what Matt hears--the sound of his HEARTBEAT ESCALATING.

QUESADA (CONT'D)

Angie was closing up and asked if we  
wanted to stay and party after.

We PUSH CLOSER until we're right up against Quesada's chest.  
And then we push RIGHT THROUGH to see his HEART BEATING.

QUESADA (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A few drinks and she was good to go.  
Said she wanted to take us both on.

The HEARTBEAT SKIPS. We suddenly PULL OUT of his chest and  
WHIP ACROSS the room to Matt's reaction. Busted.

MATT

Mr. Quesada, you do understand that  
perjury is a federal offense?

QUESADA

Hey, I know what happened.

MATT

I'm sure that you do.

Foggy TAPS a stack of photos onto the table. Matt traces the  
sound and effortlessly scoops them up on his way to the jury.

MATT (CONT'D)

(passing them out)

These are photographs of the victim taken  
at Mercy Hospital that night.

(back to Quesada)

I wonder, Mr. Quesada, did she ask you  
for the cuts and bruises as well?

Quesada smiles, lecherous.

QUESADA

Trust me. She loved every minute of it.

The girl softly starts to cry as Foggy awkwardly pats her  
shoulder. Matt has to restrain himself from throttling the  
creep right here on the spot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

No further questions, Your Honor.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - EARLY EVENING

As Matt and Foggy step outside, anger and disappointment etched on their faces.

FOGGY

Look, we knew it was a risk going in--

MATT

Why? Because she's from the Kitchen and not the Upper East Side?

FOGGY

Because she had a drug problem. Juries don't like their victims to be flawed. They judged her past and not her case.

MATT

How is she supposed to sleep at night knowing that they're out there?

They stop and look out to the city together.

FOGGY

(sighs)

You wanna get drunk?

MATT

Yeah. But not tonight.

We CLOSE ON the darkness in Matt's eyes.

MATT (CONT'D)

I've got work to do.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

MUSIC UP: EVEL KNIEVEL by Ceasefire vs. The Deadly Avenger

ON MATT

He pulls his hood down over his head as we SNAP ZOOM 360 DEGREES to reveal **DAREDEVIL** in full costume. The body suit is DEEP CRIMSON--nearly black--and reveals every sinewy muscle of his taut frame. The boots are high-impact for optimal speed. The gloves wire-mesh for optimal damage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CU CANE

Matt hits a hidden stud and the curved end of its handle straightens. He snaps the cane apart into two sections. This is Daredevil's BILLY CLUB. The symbol of his handicap transformed into a weapon of his abilities.

ON DAREDEVIL

LEAPING from rooftop to rooftop; his senses guiding him along the way. He suddenly SWAN DIVES off of a ledge and PLUMMETS TEN STORIES to the street below. He smiles as he falls. The accident took his sight. But it took his fear as well.

He shoots a 50-FOOT NYLON CORD from his billy club, catches the railing of a fire escape, and SWINGS UP onto the roof of JOSIE'S BAR. A murky shit-hole down near the shipyards.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSIE'S BAR - NIGHT

MUSIC UP: WAITING TO DIE by Planet Earth

Dozens of bad asses covered in tribal tattoos and multiple piercings drift in and out of a haze of cigarette smoke. Everyone is either drunk, wired on meth, or both.

CU TEQUILA SHOT

as its raised in a toast by Quesada.

QUESADA

To the justice system!

Smith laughs as they throw back their shots.

QUESADA (CONT'D)

Line 'em up, Josie! I'm ready to par-ty!

JOSIE, the no-nonsense owner, glares at them both.

JOSIE

You got a lotta nerve coming in here after what you did.

SMITH

Hey, it's a free country, baby.

QUESADA

We're proof of that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quesada and Smith laugh. Suddenly, we hear a ROAR as TWO BIKERS ride their Harley Davidsons right into the bar.

JOSIE  
Hey hey! Bikes outside!

They push their front tires up against the wall.

JOSIE (cont'd)  
No burn-outs, you assholes!

A Biker Chick lifts her shirt and they GUN THEIR ENGINES in response, spinning their back tires in a burn-out contest. BLACK SMOKE fills the bar as they burn rubber, their engines whining LOUDER AND LOUDER as everyone CHEERS.

JOSIE (cont'd)  
(sighs)  
I shoulda opened a fuckin' Starbucks...

Suddenly, the death-metal music is cut. FIGHT by Junkie XL begins as everyone turns to look.

The only thing visible through the thick black smoke is a pool table light, swinging back and forth. And then...

The SHADOW OF A DEVIL appears through the smoke. It slowly BEGINS TO GROW across the length of the bar.

SMITH  
Holy shit. It's him. He's real.

QUESADA  
(feeling no pain)  
Yeah. Somebody's fucked, man...

Quesada downs another tequila shot before noticing that the shadow has stopped over him. Two RED EYES flicker back through the smoke, like a demon straight from hell.

QUESADA (CONT'D)  
What--what do you want?

DAREDEVIL  
I want to hear you say it.

QUESADA  
Say what?

DAREDEVIL  
That you're guilty.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Quesada looks at the guys in the bar. He feels the weight of the steel strapped to his sides. He smiles. Big.

QUESADA

Okay. So I'm guilty...

Quesada draws twin .45's and aims them straight at the devil. We TRACK THE MOB as they follow suit, whipping out a virtual ARSENAL OF WEAPONRY before the shadow of the vigilante.

QUESADA (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do about it?

We CLOSE ON Daredevil as he smiles back.

DAREDEVIL

Raise hell.

And with that he LEAPS INTO THE MOB! Daredevil attacks in a hybrid fighting style of martial arts mixed with street fighting. The brutal KICKS, PUNCHES, and ELBOWS come hard, fast and violent. Blood SPURTS. Bones CRACK. Teeth FLY.

This is not Your Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man.

NEW ANGLE

as the lights over the billiard tables SWING BACK AND FORTH in the melee. Combined with the smoke from the motorcycle burn-outs it creates a STROBE LIGHT EFFECT that confuses everyone in the bar. Everyone except for Daredevil. We watch as he lets his extraordinary senses take over...

CLIIIIICK!

Daredevil turns as we WHIP PAN across the room and PUSH RIGHT DOWN THE BARREL of a Casull .454! We see the enormous bullet slide into its chamber before we WHIP BACK to Daredevil who throws his billy club in response. We TRACK THE BILLY CLUB back like a scud missile as it sails just wide of the Gunman--

GUNMAN

HAH!

--before RICOCHETING off the wall and DRILLING him in the back of the head! It snaps back into Daredevils hand as--

CHA-CHUNK!

A STEEL MAGAZINE is slammed into place. Daredevil shoots his billy club up over a BEAM and uses it to RUN THE WALL as the bullets fly. And there are hundreds of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAREDEVIL'S POV

Where we see the bullets represented as *STREAMS OF SOUND*. They zip above him, below him, and through his legs as he contorts his body while running across the wall!

The bullets chase him over to the other side of the room, DROPPING several bikers and skinheads by mistake.

QUESADA & SMITH

make a break for it. They dive right through the plate glass window with a *CRAAASH!*

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. JOSIE'S BAR - SAME

Breathless, Quesada and Smith stop at the corner. In the colorless alley we notice a red **DD** has been spray-painted on the wall. The local gangs have tagged this as a warning: You're entering the Devil's Neighborhood.

QUESADA

No way he's getting outta there...

Behind Quesada, a RED NYLON LOOP slips down around Smith's neck and draws tight as Smith struggles silently.

QUESADA (CONT'D)

(oblivious)

They'll ventilate his ass. Right, Smitty?

Smith is lifted half out of frame--his fat legs stop kicking.

QUESADA (CONT'D)

Smitty?

He turns to see Smith hanging lifeless from the fire escape. Quesada SCREAMS as he turns and runs down the alley.

ANGLE ABOVE - DAREDEVIL'S POV

Following Quesada's footsteps from on high. And then they disappear down into the cacophony of the subway station.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY - SAME

As Quesada trips and falls down the stairs. He struggles to his feet and looks back to see...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DEVIL IS COMING.

Quesada fires back wildly until the barrel CLICKS empty.

QUESADA  
GET AWAY! GET AWAY FROM ME!

Daredevil steps from the shadows. No longer with the face of a hero. But with the face of a madman.

DAREDEVIL  
You raped a girl. In Hell's Kitchen.  
That's my neighborhood.

QUESADA  
I'll give you whatever you want! Just  
say it! What do you want?

Daredevil looms.

DAREDEVIL  
Justice.

Quesada starts to scream. But then--VROOM!--a subway train ROARS past them on the other side of the tracks.

DAREDEVIL'S POV

As his hyperacute senses are OVERWHELMED; the sensory images of his brain SHATTERED like a million shards of glass.

SUBWAY PLATFORM

Daredevil stumbles, momentarily helpless. Quesada reaches into his boot and pulls out a .38. He points the snub-nosed barrel right up against Daredevil's forehead and laughs.

QUESADA  
Back to hell, diablo.

But as the hammer COCKS the sound takes us back into--

DAREDEVIL'S POV

As his radar returns. Suddenly, we hear the CRACK of Quesada's leg as Daredevil lashes out with his billy club.

QUESADA (CONT'D)  
AAAH!!

Quesada falls back down onto the tracks, his leg bent at an ugly right angle. He looks up to see Daredevil bathed in white, then turns to see the light coming around the corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAREDEVIL

That tunnel of light--it's not heaven.

Quesada's SCREAMS are cut short beneath the subway train.

VOICE

HEY YOU!

Daredevil turns as TWO TRANSIT COPS run toward him, drawing their guns as the subway rumbles past.

TRANSIT COP

HANDS UP!

Daredevil raises his hands still holding the billy club. It HOOKS the end railing of the train as the cops stop in amazement to watch the figure go FLYING down the tunnel.

SMASH CUT TO:

CRIME SCENE TAPE

Cordoning off the subway tracks. A CIGARETTE BUTT rolls INTO FRAME before a MAN ducks under the yellow tape. BEN URICH. He wears an old Jets windbreaker over jeans and sneakers.

COP

Hey! You can't go past there!

Urich flashes press credentials before the Cop waves him in. A squatty DETECTIVE MANOLIS grimaces as Urich approaches.

DET. MANOLIS

The big story's at Josie's tonight.

URICH

So what are you doing here, Nick?

Manolis glares as Urich lights up another unfiltered Camel.

DET. MANOLIS

You're wasting your time, Urich.  
There's nothing to see here.

Urich glances over in time to see Quesada's face being covered with a white sheet.

URICH

Jose Quesada...

As they carry him past we see it's only his torso. A second stretcher follows with the lower half of his body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

URICH (CONT'D)

...and the rest of Jose Quesada. That's  
a whole lot of nothing, Nick.

Manolis scowls as we

CUT TO:

EXT. MATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A worn brownstone in Hell's Kitchen. We see the silent  
shadow of a devil slipping through a rooftop skylight.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Matt strips off his costume to reveal the SCARS that cross  
his body, like some kind of flesh-toned, patchwork quilt.  
Badges of honor from the street wars of the past.

NEW ANGLE

The apartment is as spare as a monastery. One couch. One  
chair. No coffee tables or lamps to bump into. No paintings  
or photographs to admire. Just one large BAS RELIEF on the  
wall; a tangle of ANGELS and DEVILS. Tactile art.

IN THE KITCHEN

Where we see Matt's Answering machine blinking. He presses  
one of the BRAILLE BUTTONS before turning to the sink. BEEP!

WOMAN'S VOICE

Matt, it's Heather.

ON MATT

wincing at the cut on his cheek. Or maybe her voice.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Are you there?

(sighs)

Of course you're not there. You're never  
there. At least not for me.

Matt leans over the sink as blood drips from his cheek. He  
turns on the sink and drowns his head under the water.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I didn't want to do this over the phone.  
But it's not like you give me a choice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As blood swirls down the drain we realize this is the same ritual he had as a boy. The bleeding just got heavier.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I mean--it's been three months now and I've never even seen your apartment.

Matt opens a cabinet to reveal bottles of disinfectants, band-aids, gauze, and Peroxide--the real world result of putting your body on the line night after night. He dabs Peroxide onto his cut cheek before swabbing it in orange Betadine.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Every time we sleep together I wake up in the morning alone.

He opens another cabinet to reveal a pharmacy of painkillers.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I mean, Jesus, where do you go at three o'clock in the morning?

Matt pushes aside the Tylenol, then the Demerol, before grabbing the Vicodin.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I thought that if I was patient enough you'd let me in. That we'd take our relationship to the next level.

He pops two Vicodin and chews them into a sour white powder.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Then I realized...this is the next level.

Matt slides open a third drawer to reveal a white bag full of Epsom Salts. He scoops up a handful and steps into...

THE LIVING ROOM.

He stops before what appears to be a coffin. But then he opens the lid to reveal it's a FLOATATION TANK. He drops the Epsom Salts into the tank and strips off his costume.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Good-bye, Matt. I hope you find whatever it is you're looking for.

CLICK.

Matt slides into the warm water and closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT  
'Bye, Heather.

A brief moment of silence. But then we hear the gradual rise of voices from his neighborhood:

VOICE #1  
We've got a caucasian, female, with a  
gunshot wound to the chest--

VOICE #2  
Suspect is in custody. Cordoza, Vincent.  
En route to Precinct Six--

VOICE #3  
E.M.T.'s on the scene, request police  
escort to Mercy Hospital--

VOICE #1  
Cancel that escort. Victim has expired.  
Repeat, victim has--

Matt CLOSES the door of the tank. And only now, with his sensitive skin relieved of touch, his hyperacute hearing deadened to sound, can he finally find peace.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. TAO - DAY

A giant gold Buddha dominates the super chic restaurant.

FISK (O.S.)  
I'm so glad we've found this time to sit  
down together, Mr. Urich.

We PULL BACK from the Buddha to reveal a MASSIVE MAN sitting across the table from the reporter.

WILSON FISK.

Six-foot-seven and 450 pounds. He looks more like Buddah than Buddah does. But what some may mistake for obesity is actually grotesquely over-developed muscle.

At Fisk's side (always at his side) sits his diminutive assistant, WESLEY, while TWO BODYGUARDS stand watch at the door. Urich watches as Fisk's huge hands gracefully work a pair of chopsticks over a giant plate of sushi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

URICH

I've been trying to get an interview for over a year, Mr. Fisk. Why now?

FISK

I'm well aware of the value of publicity. Even from a paper such as yours.

URICH

Or maybe one of your companies is going public--say your spice business--and you want some spin before it does?

Fisk smiles. He's good.

FISK

Of course, I can't confirm that or I'd be violating federal trade law.

URICH

Of course. It's a long way from the old neighborhood. Isn't it, Mr. Fisk?

FISK

You can take the boy out of the Bronx, but you can never take the Bronx out of the boy. My net worth may now be north of ten billion dollars, but I still believe that a little dirt on a man's hands is a sign of success.

URICH

Let's talk about the dirt.

Fisk chuckles.

URICH (CONT'D)

Have you ever heard of the Kingpin?

Fisk's smile fades slightly.

FISK

Of course. My father used to tell me stories about the Kingpin when I was a child. How one man ruled all of the crime in New York City. Preposterous.

Wesley nods, echoing his words: "preposterous."

URICH

Maybe. Or maybe not.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

FISK

Of course, you're the one who writes about the Devil of Hell's Kitchen. What is it that you call him again?

URICH

'Daredevil.'

FISK

'Daredevil.' I wonder why the New York Times hasn't picked up on it yet?

URICH

Maybe they don't like being scooped.

FISK

Yes, I'm sure that's it.

Fisk smiles condescendingly as Urich returns to his notes.

URICH

I understand that you've been buying up the harbor through several different holding companies.

FISK

You obviously have me mistaken for Nikolas Natchios, the shipping tycoon.  
(grins)  
Now there's a powerful man.

URICH

I have a source that says Natchios is only a soldier for the Kingpin.

FISK

Your very own 'Deep Throat.' How exciting for you, Mr. Urich. You'll have to let me know how it ends up.

URICH

I will.

Fisk extends a bowl of fish.

FISK

Now try the kimchi, it's to die for.

Wesley mouths the words: "to-die-for."

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Fisk steps into his stretch limousine with Wesley and the two Bodyguards in tow. Urich lights up another Camel as he watches them drive off, shrouded behind tinted windows.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME

Where the two massive Bodyguards sit facing Fisk and Wesley in the back of the limousine.

FISK  
Someone's been talking.

WESLEY  
That's impossible. The only ones who know anything are Natchios and us.

FISK  
This source of Urich's would have to be either very foolish or very weak. And Natchios is neither.

Fisk runs his fingers over the heavy crystal end of his cane.

FISK (CONT'D)  
You know, Wesley, in ancient times you'd cut your bodyguard's tongue off his first day on the job...

Fisk suddenly BRAINS Bodyguard #1 with his cane! BLOOD SPLATTERS across the tinted windows as Wesley SCREAMS.

Bodyguard #2 reacts. But not quick enough. Fisk CLUTCHES his windpipe with one massive paw and SNAPS his neck in two.

And then it's over.

Two men dead. In a matter of seconds.

FISK (CONT'D)  
Handkerchief.

Wesley hands a handkerchief to Fisk who calmly wipes off the crystal setting on his cane.

FISK (CONT'D)  
Now, when does our friend Natchios get back into town?

Wesley can't take his eyes off of the corpses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WESLEY  
Tomorrow. Noon.

Fisk glances at his reflection in the window.

FISK  
If the press wants a Kingpin, I'll give  
them a Kingpin. On a silver platter.

He lights a Cuban cigar.

FISK (CONT'D)  
Get me Bullseye.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RACE TRACK - PRESENT DAY

MUSIC UP: MEET THE CREEPER by Rob Zombie

As the racehorses are released from their starting gates.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
...and Gimme Some Sugar jumps into the  
lead...it's Gimme Some Sugar followed by  
King Kirby and Excelsior...

Amongst the CACOPHONY OF NOISE we single out a MAN sitting  
close to the track. He wears a long, blue leather coat and  
his head is shorn clean like a bullet. CAMERA SLOWLY SWINGS  
AROUND HIM to reveal the TATTOO on the back of his head.

A BULL'S-EYE.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
It's Gimme Some Sugar and Excelsior...  
Gimme Some Sugar and Excelsior rounding  
the corner with King Kirby in third...

VOICE  
Bang! Bang!

Bullseye turns to see a LITTLE BOY sitting beside him. He  
wears a cowboy hat and shoots at the horses with a cap gun.

LITTLE BOY  
My Dad let me bet five dollars! I picked  
the black one with the spot on his nose!

BULLSEYE  
You don't say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
It's Gimme Some Sugar pulling ahead...  
Gimme Some Sugar and Excelsior...

A WAITRESS steps over with a glass of wine. And as she sets it down Bullseye reaches over and "accidentally" knocks it off the table. The wine glass SHATTERS as red Cabernet bleeds across the white cement floor.

WAITRESS  
Oh dear. I'll be right back to clean that up for you...

And as she turns to leave Bullseye holds up the STEM OF THE BROKEN WINE GLASS; it's jagged end is as sharp as a knife. He looks over to the Boy and holds his finger to his lips.

BULLSEYE  
Shhh...

TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
It's Gimme Some Sugar by a length! Gimme  
Some Sugar heading for the stretch!

Bullseye suddenly spins and WHIPS the glass stem out into the track piercing the neck of the lead Jockey! The Jockey falls to the track where he's TRAMPLED by the other horses!

TRACK ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
OH MY! Gimme Some Sugar's jockey is  
down! A jockey is down! And now it's  
Excelsior at the finish!

Paramedics rush to the rider as Excelsior crosses the finish line. It's the black one with the spot on his nose.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
It's Excelsior followed by King Kirby in  
second and Saving Grace in third!

Bullseye smiles back at the Little Boy.

BULLSEYE  
Looks like your lucky day.

He winks and "shoots" back at the Little Boy with his finger as his PAGER goes off. He checks the message before turning and disappearing into the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

CLOSE-UP NEWSPAPER

A photo of Josie's with the headline: BARROOM BLITZ-KRIEG!  
Below that, in much smaller letters, COLLEGE STUDENT SLAIN  
with the photo of a girl named LISA TAZIO.

NEW ANGLE

As we reveal Foggy and Matt sitting with their morning coffee. Foggy reads Matt the story:

FOGGY

'...police are still investigating.'

(looks up)

I bet they are. Check this out.

(reading)

'Witnesses say Quesada and Smith were  
singled out by the demonic vigilante  
known as Daredevil.'

MATT

Here we go again...

FOGGY

Wait, it gets better.

(reading)

'A policeman on the scene reports that  
the suspect flew'--got that?--'flew down  
the subway tunnel to make his escape.'

MATT

It's the Post, Foggy. That's one step up  
from the National Enquirer.

FOGGY

There must be something to these stories.  
We've been hearing them for years.

MATT

Yeah, like the alligators that live in  
the sewers.

FOGGY

That's true about the alligators. I'm  
serious. I got a friend in sanitation.

Foggy smiles at an artist's rendering of Daredevil. It looks  
like something out of H.R. Geiger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOGGY (cont'd)

I don't know what scares me more--that the Devil has come to New York or that some nut job is dressing up in a Halloween costume to fight crime.

(chuckles)

I'd hate to see that guy's therapy bills.

MATT

(smile fading)

Yeah...

FOGGY

Speaking of bills, we got our first payment from Mr. Lee this morning.

Matt knows what's coming and tries to change the subject.

MATT

Great. Could you pass the sugar?

Foggy unscrews the lid on the SALT SHAKER and slides it over.

FOGGY

Actually, it's not great. He paid us in fluke. That's a fish, Matt. Did you know that? Because I sure didn't.

MATT

He goes fishing on weekends.

FOGGY

And I go salsa dancing. But you don't see me offering to dance for my bills.

MATT

And a grateful city thanks you.

Matt pours the salt into his coffee.

FOGGY

We can't keep taking these pro bono cases. We need better clients.

Foggy squirts ketchup into the creamer.

MATT

Define "better."

FOGGY

Guilty rich people. Cream?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT  
(taking it)  
Remember what we talked about in college?  
How we wanted to make a difference?

FOGGY  
I remember. I just thought that we  
would've sold out by now.

Matt pours the ketchup/creamer into his salted coffee. But before he drinks it he suddenly turns and SNIFFS the air.

MATT  
Mmmm...

Foggy's seen this before.

FOGGY  
Where-where-where?

MATT  
Behind you.

Foggy looks over his shoulder to see...

ELEKTRA NATCHIOS.

An exotic beauty with a wild mane of black hair. Her body is equal parts muscle and sensuality. And although she's dressed casually (low-slung hip-huggers, baby doll t-shirt, belly ring) she still has the aura of privilege about her.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Tell me.

FOGGY  
You want the truth?

MATT  
And nothing but.

FOGGY  
She's hideous.

Matt grins. He knows Foggy's lying, of course. Foggy picks up a spoon and uses it to check his reflection. And as he does Matt deftly switches their coffee cups.

FOGGY (cont'd)  
As your attorney in this matter I must  
advise against any further action.

Foggy puts the spoon down to see--Matt's already gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ON MATT

using his cane like a normal blind man as he steps across the cafe. He 'accidentally' bumps into Elektra's table.

MATT

Excuse me.

Elektra never looks up from her Village Voice.

ELEKTRA

Sure.

MATT

Seems every time I get the lay of the land here they rearrange the furniture.

ELEKTRA

Umm hmm...

MATT

I was looking for some sugar.

ELEKTRA

Right in front of you.

MATT

Could you be more specific?

ELEKTRA

What are you--?

And then she looks up and freezes.

MATT

(helpfully)

'Blind?'

ELEKTRA

Oh! Oh, I'm so sorry I...here...

She holds up the sugar and places it in his hands. And as she does Matt touches her hand and smiles.

MATT

Funny. I can't tell where the sugar ends and you begin.

A LONG BEAT as Elektra looks him over.

ELEKTRA

Does that line actually work for you?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

Foggy CHUCKLES before sipping his coffee--and BLOWING IT across the table! Matt bites his lip to keep from laughing.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)  
(glancing over)  
Friend of yours?

MATT  
Never seen him before.

She finally laughs.

MATT (CONT'D)  
(offering his hand)  
Matt Murdock.

ELEKTRA  
(taking it)  
Nice to meet you, Matt Murdock.

And then she gets up and starts for the door.

MATT  
Wait. I didn't get your name.

She glances back.

ELEKTRA  
That's because I didn't give it.

She walks out of the coffee shop as Foggy hoots:

FOGGY  
DE-NIED!

Matt smiles ruefully. And then he grabs his cane.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
Hey...where you going?

MATT  
To file an appeal.

FOGGY  
We have to be at the courthouse at twelve o'clock. I'm not going to wait for you.

MATT  
I'll be there.

FOGGY  
Twelve o'clock!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

He walks out the door as Foggy shakes his head.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
Poor guy doesn't have a clue...

And then he absent-mindedly sips his coffee--and BLOWS IT  
across the table for the *second time* as we

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

As Matt tracks Elektra's scent through the park. He walks  
past a large oak tree as a BREEZE RUSTLES through the leaves,  
momentarily scattering the trail when:

ELEKTRA (O.S.)  
What do you want?

NEW ANGLE

as Matt whirls around to reveal Elektra with her arms  
crossed. She looks pissed.

MATT  
I just wanted to know your name.

ELEKTRA  
I don't like being followed. So don't.

She turns to leave. Matt reaches for her arm. Bad idea.

MATT  
Hey wait--

She expertly SNATCHES his wrist in a Kenpo lock.

ELEKTRA  
And I don't like being touched.

MATT  
Why don't you tell me what you do like  
and we'll start from there?

Matt suddenly collapses her hold and reverses their hands  
into a classic Wuxia guard. Elektra reacts, surprised.

ELEKTRA  
How did you do that?

MATT  
Ancient Chinese secret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She offers a little smile and deflects his guard before lashing out with an iron claw. Matt cross-blocks it.

MATT (CONT'D)  
That's a shao-lin technique.

ELEKTRA  
So is this.

She backs him up with a succession of STRIKES AND LUNGES. Her style is graceful and deadly; ballet meets Kung Fu.

MATT  
(sensing)  
You're holding back...

ELEKTRA  
Yes.

MATT  
Don't.

She ups the attack. They circle each other as a HOMELESS MAN stops to watch this bizarre show.

ELEKTRA  
What are you? A sensei?

MATT  
Nope. A lawyer.

HOMELESS MAN  
Kick his ass!

Elektra laughs and doubles-up her attack. The fight is growing more intense--but also more playful. Sexual even. They sense each other's every move--like fighting a mirror.

MATT  
All this just to get your name?

ELEKTRA  
Try asking for my number.

She drives Matt back until he PUSHES OFF a park bench and wraps her arms. He's got her beat. And she knows it.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)  
I never fall for the same move twice.

MATT  
I'll remember that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He releases her. Elektra finally offers her hand.

ELEKTRA  
Elektra Natchios.

Matt takes it. In a split-second she FLIPS HIM to the ground and holds a two-fingered strike to his windpipe. A BEAT.

MATT  
So can I call you?

She smiles. And then she starts to laugh as we

CUT TO:

Matt and Elektra walking through the park together.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Who did you train with?

ELEKTRA  
It was always changing. My father had me study with a different sensei every year since I was five years old.

MATT  
Sounds like he wanted to turn you into some kind of warrior.

ELEKTRA  
No. Just not a victim.  
(changing the subject)  
What about you? How does a blind man learn to fight like that?

MATT  
(a la "Karate Kid")  
"Wax on...wax off..."

She laughs and punches him in the arm as Matt winces. Damn she's strong. We hear a car horn HONKING as she turns to see a black limousine pulling up along the road. She SIGHS.

ELEKTRA  
He always finds me.

MATT  
Who?

ELEKTRA  
Stavros. I thought I lost him at the cafe. But I swear he's part bloodhound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A BIG GREEK steps out of the limousine.

STAVROS  
(pointing to his watch)  
*Pame, Elektra.*

ELEKTRA  
(muttering)  
*Malakas.*

MATT  
Little help for the blind guy?

Elektra laughs.

ELEKTRA  
Stavros is my bodyguard.

MATT  
You need a bodyguard?

ELEKTRA  
My father can be a little over-  
protective at times.

MATT  
(realizing)  
Natchios as in Nikolas Natchios?

ELEKTRA  
That's Dad.

The horn HONKS again.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)  
I really do have to go.

MATT  
How will I find you if you won't give  
me your number?

ELEKTRA  
You won't.

She leans over and kisses Matt's cheek.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)  
I'll find you.

She walks off as we CLOSE ON Matt's smile. But then he  
reaches for his wristwatch and flips up the glass lid. He  
feels the BRAILLE FACE and winces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MATT

Shit.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

As WE TRACK Matt and Foggy down the hallway together...

FOGGY

'Don't be late.' Those were my last words...

MATT

I'm sorry.

FOGGY

I told you I wouldn't wait.

MATT

But you did wait.

FOGGY

Wha--that's not the point.

MATT

I said I was sorry. What do you want?

FOGGY

Details. You owe me that.

MATT

Her name is Elektra Natchios.

FOGGY

Sounds like a Mexican appetizer.

MATT

It's Greek, Brainiac. Her father's Nikolas Natchios, the shipping heir.

FOGGY

And I'm Ted Kennedy's love child.

MATT

That explains a lot, actually.

FOGGY

You know, you're pretty funny for a blind guy...

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Where VINCENT CORDOZA is handcuffed to a ringlet on the wall. Tattoos on his neck, his knuckles, a jail yard stare. He looks up as the doors opens and Matt and Foggy step inside.

CORDOZA  
The hell are you?

MATT  
We're your lawyers. If you're innocent.  
(beat)  
So are you? Innocent?

We slowly CLOSE ON Cordoza as Matt listens in...

CORDOZA  
Hell ya...

We PUSH THROUGH his chest to reveal his HEART BEATING. And unlike with Quesada, his heart is rock steady.

CORDOZA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Hell ya...

We PULL OUT and WHIP PAN to Matt's reaction.

MATT  
I believe you.

CORDOZA  
(surprised)  
You do?

FOGGY  
You do?

Matt offers his hand out to Cordoza.

MATT  
You've got yourself a defense.

Foggy buries his face in his hands as we

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. 38TH STREET - NIGHT

Amidst the pedestrian traffic we find Foggy and Matt walking down the sidewalk together holding Styrofoam cups of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOGGY

I wonder what Cordoza will pay us in?  
Free tattoos? Malt liquor?

MATT

Foggy...

FOGGY

He's a three-time loser that was found  
holding the murder weapon a block away.

MATT

He's also innocent.

FOGGY

How can you be so sure?

MATT

Have I ever been wrong?

FOGGY

...no. Which is really annoying, by  
the way.

Foggy stops and checks his clipboard.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

Okay. We're here. Lisa Tazio's  
apartment.

They stop before a small walk-up next to a Korean mini-mart.

MATT

What was Tazio doing out here at one  
o'clock in the morning?

FOGGY

(checking his notes)  
Coming home from night class.

MATT

At one o'clock in the morning?

FOGGY

So it was a late night class. Look, I  
know you've got this built-in bullshit  
detector, but this time it's on the  
blink. I mean, why would somebody go to  
all this trouble just to cover-up the  
murder of a college girl?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

We can't answer that until we find out more about Lisa Tazio.

FOGGY

I don't like the sound of this...

CUT TO:

INT. LISA TAZIO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLICK. Matt picks the lock as they step inside.

FOGGY

I must've been sick the day they taught that. Real estate law, right?

MATT

What do you see?

FOGGY

Small, bachelorette apartment. Nice kitchen. Fireplace. Exposed brick. You think they've already rented this place?

MATT

Foggy.

FOGGY

What? I might as well get *something* out of this case.

(looking around)

College textbooks. Diet Coke. Lots of Diet Coke. Computer. Village Voice. A college student, like the report said.

Matt inhales the room.

MATT

Ammonia. Someone cleaned this place out.

He stops at the desk and feels the computer.

FOGGY

Want me to turn it on?

MATT

Don't bother. I'm sure everything's already been erased.

Matt places his hands over the pine desktop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOGGY  
There's nothing there, Matt.

EXTREME CLOSE UP

as Matt's finger pads touch the surface of the desk. They brush over the slightest indentation in the wood.

MATT  
Give me some paper. And a marker.

Foggy takes both from his clipboard and hands them over.

FOGGY  
What are you doing?

MATT  
She wrote a note with a ball point pen.  
The impression is still in the wood.

Matt lays the paper over the desk and runs the marker over it. Like magic, the marker shades everything except for the indented letters: MARK WELCH 6301000.

MATT (CONT'D)  
What do we got?

FOGGY  
(smiling)  
A name and a phone number.

Suddenly the TELEPHONE RINGS. They look to each other.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
You gonna get that?

Matt smirks. The answering machine picks up:

LISA TAZIO VOICE MESSAGE  
Hi, this is Sexy Sadie...

FOGGY  
Oh Jesus. We broke into the wrong house--

MATT  
Shhh.

LISA TAZIO VOICE MESSAGE  
--if you want to help me study, leave  
your name and number at the beep. I'll  
help you straighten out your Longfellow.

BEEP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN'S VOICE

Hi, um, I saw your ad in the paper and  
I'd like to make an...appointment. I'm  
at 328-1020. Um, bye.

Matt feels a button on the answering machine and presses PLAY  
while Foggy grabs the Village Voice and rifles through it.

BEEP.

SECOND MAN'S VOICE

Sexy Sadie, it's your favorite professor.  
I'm staying at the Plaza. How's tomorrow  
after midnight? Bring the ruler.

FOGGY

Check this out...

CU VILLAGE VOICE CLASSIFIEDS.

A shot of a sexy girl busting out of a sorority sweater in  
one of those call girl ads in the back. It's Lisa Tazio.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

College girl by day, call girl by night.

MATT

Lisa Tazio wasn't coming home at one  
o'clock in the morning.

FOGGY

(catching on)

She was going out...

MATT

And somebody was waiting.

We CLOSE ON the desk top: MARK WELCH 6301000.

CUT TO:

EXT. LISA TAZIO'S APARTMENT - SAME

A CIGARETTE BUTT is flicked onto the sidewalk. We follow the  
wisp of smoke up to the face of...

BEN URICH.

He drives off down the street. And as goes we TILT UP to see  
the lights of an AIRPLANE flying overhead.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Where we meet a SWEET OLD LADY flying to New York. She's knitting while she talks. And talks. And talks...

SWEET OLD LADY

...and then my daughter, Susie, not the Susie from Buffalo--that's my son Larry's daughter from his first marriage, eloped with a semi-colored fellah from Long Island. What's that word? Mulatta? Let's just say he's got a little cream in his coffee. Anyhow he does very well for himself on that internet. Don't ask me to explain. They got me a computer last year for Christmas but I won't use it because I'm afraid it'll start a fire...

The CAMERA slowly PULLS BACK to reveal...

BULLSEYE

sitting in the seat next to her. He's listening to Korn's TWIST on his Walkman.

BULLSEYE'S POV

The old lady's lips move as the sound of DEATH METAL comes out of her mouth. He finally takes the headphones out.

SWEET OLD LADY (CONT'D)

...and do you know what she said to me?

BULLSEYE

*Would-you-shut-the-fuck-up?*

SWEET OLD LADY

(without blinking)

No, she said: "Come and visit, Mom." But who can afford to fly these days?

Bullseye puts his headphones back on as a flight attendant walks by and drops a bag of airline peanuts onto his tray. Bullseye opens the tiny bag and three peanuts total roll out.

SWEET OLD LADY (cont'd)

But then my sister Florence called from St. Paul...

CU PEANUT

as Bullseye rolls it under his forefinger on the tray...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEET OLD LADY (cont'd)  
...and she said she has frequent flier  
miles that she can't use on account of  
her sciatic nerve acting up--

And then he FLICKS it into the seat before him. The peanut  
RICOCHETS off of the seat and INTO the Old Lady's mouth!

SWEET OLD LADY (cont'd)  
...and I said--ACCCCKK!

The old lady CHOKES on the peanut, until nothing comes out of  
her mouth except for an empty GASP. Bullseye watches as her  
eyes bulge out in horror--until she finally collapses back  
into her chair. A BEAT. The Flight Attendant comes by and  
sets a blanket onto the 'sleeping' old lady's lap.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Can I get you anything before we land?

Bullseye smiles.

BULLSEYE  
More peanuts?

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

CLOSE-UP Matt

as he addresses the jury:

MATT  
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I'm not  
going to tell you that Vincent Cordoza is  
a model citizen. He's been in and out of  
reform schools and prisons since he was  
twelve years old. But this isn't a court  
of character--it's a court of law. And  
in this case Vincent Cordoza is innocent.

ON THE JURY

All of whom appear ill-at-ease. And as we PULL BACK into the  
courtroom we see why: Matt is facing the wrong way.

ON CORDOZA

as he whispers to Foggy:

CORDOZA  
He's facing the wrong way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOGGY

Don't worry. Matt's got 'em right where he wants 'em.

CORDOZA

Right...

ON MATT

as she suddenly stops and turns back to the jury.

MATT

Just kidding.

The jury LAUGHS. They love him. But not the no-nonsense JUDGE. She's clearly seen this trick of his before.

JUDGE

Does this defense come with a two-drink minimum, Mr. Murdock?

MATT

No Your Honor. I just wanted to show the jury what it's been like for Vincent Cordoza. Like talking to a wall.

Matt steps before the jury as he concludes:

MATT (CONT'D)

But today his story will be heard. Today the truth comes out. And with your help, justice will be found. Thank you.

Foggy steps over to help guide Matt back to his seat. Maybe overkill, but the jury doesn't know that.

SMASH CUT TO:

OFFICER POLLINA

On the witness stand. He's clean-cut, honest-looking, as he answers the Prosecutor's questions:

POLLINA

We were a block away when we got the call of shots being fired. When we arrived on the scene Miss Tazio was lying dead on the steps of her apartment. We found Cordoza in the alley, incoherent, and still holding the murder weapon...

Foggy sighs. This is not going to be easy. He glances to the back of the courtroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FOGGY  
Wonder what he's doing here?

MATT  
Who?

NEW ANGLE

to reveal Ben Urich sitting down. Watching the trial..

FOGGY  
That Daredevil reporter from the Post.  
Now it's Matt's turn to look rattled...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Matt steps down the sidewalk for home when we hear FOOTSTEPS behind him. The footsteps GROW CLOSER. He turns the corner towards his apartment. Tenses as the footsteps follow. But then he catches an intoxicating scent and stops.

MATT  
Does this mean you want a re-match?

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal...

ELEKTRA

standing behind him on the sidewalk.

ELEKTRA  
How did you know I wasn't a mugger?

MATT  
Muggers don't smell like Chanel No. 5.

She smiles.

ELEKTRA  
I was in the neighborhood.

MATT  
On purpose?

Elektra LAUGHS.

ELEKTRA  
I told you I'd find you...

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT AND ELEKTRA

walking through the sidewalks of the Kitchen at night,  
sharing a slice of real New York pizza.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

I've died and gone to heaven...

MATT

Yeah. Thank God there are still some  
places where you can't find a Pizza Hut.

ELEKTRA

You really love it here, don't you?

Matt smiles and nods.

MATT

The Kitchen's like family. Sometimes  
it's the Manson Family--

She laughs.

MATT (CONT'D)

--but we all look out for each other.  
Watch your step here...

She takes his arm as they walk around an open sewer grate.

ELEKTRA

Thanks, I didn't see--  
(she stops, reacts)  
How do you do that?

MATT

After you take a few headers onto the  
sidewalk you tend to remember where the  
hazards are.

Elektra smiles as she breathes in the night. We notice she  
still hasn't let go of his arm. Matt notices too. Smiles.

ELEKTRA

It's nice to have history some place. I  
feel like I'm always shuttling between  
planes and hotels and countries. There's  
a ball tomorrow night at my father's  
hotel that I'm absolutely dreading.

MATT

So don't go.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

ELEKTRA

It's not that simple. My father needs me. We're all we have left.

Matt suddenly looks up to the sky.

MATT

Did you bring an umbrella?

ELEKTRA

Why?

Suddenly, THUNDER BOOMS as the rain begins to come.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Come on!

Elektra ducks under an awning in the alley, laughing. But Matt stays out in the rain, welcoming it like an old friend.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

You're getting soaked!

MATT

You know what a nice day is? When there's a breeze. Scraps of leaves and paper dance down the sidewalks giving me a world of detail I'd usually miss...

(smiling)

But a perfect day is when it rains.

We hear the MUTED PATTERN of the raindrops now, hitting the leaves overhead, as Elektra listens to Matt's world.

MATT (CONT'D)

Suddenly there's a roof to the universe ...and everything that was shapeless is given contours and textures...

He stops and inhales the world around him.

MATT (CONT'D)

Car exhaust washes away replaced by the smell of earth and grass...and for a moment everything is clear...

MATT'S POV

Where we see the rain visualized as DROPS OF SOUND. Elektra steps closer as they bounce off of her shoulders, her hair, the bridge of her nose, until they reveal her in a perfect silhouette. She's even more beautiful than he imagined.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MATT (CONT'D)  
For a moment...I can see again.

NEW ANGLE

As she takes his hand and places it on her face.

CU FINGERTIPS

as Matt slowly caresses her delicate features, the raindrops streaming between his fingers and her cheeks in rivulets.

MATT (CONT'D)  
You are so beautiful.

They start to kiss. Matt losing himself in the moment...

And then the VOICES start.

The VOICES that only Matt Murdock can hear.

VOICE #1  
Take the watch! Just don't hurt me!

VOICE #2  
Crank? Base? Watchoo want, mistah?  
Cuz I got 'em all.

VOICE #3  
Take the money outta the register!

Matt grits his teeth.

MATT  
No...

ELEKTRA  
What is it?

MATT  
Nothing...

ELEKTRA  
Matt?

Matt grimaces. Determined to shut them out. But then we hear the voice of a LITTLE BOY crying.

LITTLE BOY'S VOICE  
Please! Please don't hurt me!

ABUSIVE FATHER'S VOICE  
Don't you run from me, boy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

And he can't shut them out anymore.

MATT  
I have to go.

ELEKTRA  
Matt?

MATT  
I'm sorry...

Matt hurries off as we STAY ON Elektra's puzzled reaction.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE ROOFTOPS

Matt rips open his shirt to reveal the CRIMSON DOUBLE D on the costume he wears underneath. His face a mask of rage.

MATT  
One night. That's all I wanted.  
One Goddamn night to myself...

CU CANE

as it's snapped apart into Daredevil's billy club. It's folded and holstered as we TILT UP to the face of DAREDEVIL.

DAREDEVIL  
Say your prayers, asshole.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

An ABUSIVE FATHER stumbles down the hallway with greasy hair hanging over bloodshot eyes. His voice is thick, drugged.

ABUSIVE FATHER (O.S.)  
WHERE ARE YOU? LITTLE BASTARD!

He pulls the belt from his pants and SLAPS it against the walls as he goes. He stops to see the WINDOW IS OPEN.

ABUSIVE FATHER (CONT'D)  
Did I say you could open this window?  
You little son of a bitch?

We hear WHIMPERING coming from under the stairs. The Father stumbles over and yanks the LITTLE BOY out before throwing him up against the wall. The boy covers his ears, CRYING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABUSIVE FATHER (CONT'D)  
LISTEN WHEN I TALK TO YOU!

He raises his belt over his head when--Daredevil's gloved hand comes into frame and grabs him by the wrist!

ABUSIVE FATHER (CONT'D)  
What--?

Daredevil TWISTS his arm and CRACKS it at the elbow! The Father HOWLS IN PAIN as he crumples to his knees.

DAREDEVIL  
See how it feels?

ABUSIVE FATHER  
I'll kill you, motherf--!

DAREDEVIL  
Wrong answer.

He GRABS him by the neck and YANKS him up off the floor, shouting at him in the man's own words:

DAREDEVIL (CONT'D)  
'LISTEN-WHEN-I-TALK-TO-YOU!'

Daredevil's about to go off when:

LITTLE BOY  
NO!

The Little Boy grabs Daredevil's arm.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)  
Don't hurt my Dad!

Daredevil stops. A BEAT. And then he lets the Father drop to the ground. The Little Boy holds his Father, SOBBING, as Daredevil stands there, unsure.

DAREDEVIL  
I'm not the bad guy, kid...

But it's more of a plea than a statement. Daredevil turns and slips out of the dark room as we

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Where Matt stands overlooking the city. His hood pulled back from his face. Looking sick of the life that he's created.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT  
I'm not the bad guy...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NELSON & MURDOCK - DAY

Their offices are right in between a yellow "CHECKS CASHED" sign and a Korean pet service named "U WASH DOGGY."

CUT TO:

INT. NELSON & MURDOCK - SAME

As we meet their secretary/receptionist KAREN PAGE. She's a beautiful, wholesome-looking blond who has a thing for Matt, which we can sense from the moment he steps in.

KAREN  
Hi, Matt. You got some messages. I typed them into your braille printer.

MATT  
Thanks, Karen.

Foggy steps out of his office as Karen hands Matt a fancy gold-embossed invitation.

KAREN  
And this came by messenger this morning. It's your invitation to the Black and White Ball at the Grand. Plus one.

She smiles, clearly wanting to be asked.

FOGGY  
Plus one? Sweet.

Foggy snatches the invitation as Karen glares.

KAREN  
Would you like some coffee?

MATT  
I'm fine, thanks.

Matt walks into his office. Foggy holds up his empty cup.

FOGGY  
I'd like coffee.

Karen just walks back to her desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOGGY (CONT'D)

O-kay...

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is crowded with junk--remote control sailboats, leisure suits, boxes of shoes, all from the pro bono cases of the past. Matt steps in and hits a button on a BRAILLE PRINTER as his COURT TRANSCRIPTS begin printing out.

FOGGY

(reading the invite)

How'd you rate? This is the toughest ticket in town.

MATT

I don't know. What'd you find on our mystery man?

FOGGY

Mark Welch? Nothing. No records. No priors. That phone number is a disconnect. It's like he never existed. Now about this party tonight--

MATT

I'm not going.

FOGGY

What? Are you crazy? That place will be crawling with rich people. The kind of people who don't pay their fees in fish.

MATT

Then you go.

FOGGY

I'm a Plus One. Plus Ones can't get into anything by themselves.

(stops)

This is about Elektra, isn't it?

MATT

No.

FOGGY

That's it. Natchios owns the Grand. She's the one who invited you. This is getting serious, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Not exactly. I blew it last night.

FOGGY

What happened?

Foggy picks up a Nerf basketball from Matt's desk.

MATT

It's hard to explain...

Foggy shoots but hits the rim.

FOGGY

Karen said it was messengered this morning. So at least one of you isn't giving up so easily. Ball.

Foggy tosses him the Nerf ball. Matt throws a perfect SWISH.

MATT

I don't wanna talk about it.

FOGGY

Right. God forbid you share anything personal with your best friend.

Foggy shoots again, this time missing completely.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

Swish.

Matt smirks.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

Look, can I speak to you as your friend for a second and not as a whore monger?

MATT

Only if it's for a second.

FOGGY

That whole love-at-first-sight thing? Never happened to me. I always thought it was some crap Hallmark invented to push product on Valentine's Day. Until I saw you two in that coffee shop. Ball.

Matt catches the Nerf ball as he thinks that over.

MATT

Plus One, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Foggy grins. Matt hits nothin' but net as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GRAND HOTEL BALLROOM - EARLY EVENING

A luxurious old-time hotel along the lines of the St. Regis or the Plaza. Matt and Foggy make their way through.

FOGGY

Do you know how much money is here tonight? One new client and we could be set for a year.

Matt suddenly catches a WHIFF OF CIGARETTE SMOKE as:

URICH (O.S.)

Matt Murdock?

NEW ANGLE

to reveal Ben Urich stepping over. Matt tenses.

URICH (CONT'D)

Ben Urich with the Post.

They shake hands.

MATT

This is my partner Franklin Nelson.

FOGGY

That's "N-e-l-s-o-n."

MATT

You were at the Cordoza trial.

URICH

That's right.

MATT

You're covering it for the paper?

URICH

No. Not really. Curious, that's all.

Urich offers them his business card.

URICH (CONT'D)

Here's my number. Give me a call if anything comes up.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

But as he does he accidentally knocks Matt's RED CANE out of his hands. It hits the floor with a CLATTER.

URICH (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Urich picks it back up, noticing...

URICH (CONT'D)

Interesting color.

Matt quickly takes it away.

MATT

I wouldn't know.

But then Matt stops as he hears the sound of a heavy BASS HEARTBEAT approaching. A HUGE SHADOW falls over them as:

FISK (O.S.)

I didn't expect to see you here,  
Mr. Urich.

NEW ANGLE

to reveal Wilson Fisk. Wesley is at his side, as always.

FISK (CONT'D)

Not relegated to covering the society  
pages I hope?

URICH

Comped some tickets from my publisher.  
Thought I'd get a word in with Natchios.

FISK

Still chasing the boogie man?

URICH

Something like that.

Fisk offers his hand to Matt.

FISK

Wilson Fisk.

They shake, Matt's hand is swallowed up in his.

MATT

Matt Murdock. I've heard a lot about  
you, Mr. Fisk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FISK  
Hopefully not from Mr. Urich here.

Foggy hands Fisk his card.

FOGGY  
Franklin Nelson. Nelson and Murdock.  
That's our card. You can keep it.

FISK  
Wonderful.

MATT  
You used to promote fights at the Garden,  
didn't you, Mr. Fisk?

FISK  
That was a long time ago. You're a  
boxing fan, Matt?

MATT  
My father was a fighter. Jack Murdock.

Fisk stops. Smiles.

FISK  
I remember your father. He was a solid  
heavyweight. Whatever happened to him?

MATT  
Fight game didn't agree with him.

FISK  
It can be a brutal business.

MATT  
Yes it can.

Fisk pats Matt on the shoulder.

FISK  
Nice meeting you, gentlemen.

He walks off with Urich in his wake.

URICH  
Mr. Fisk one more thing...

Foggy gives a low whistle as he watches him go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FOGGY  
Wow. Talk about a side of beef.  
(noticing)  
Hey, you okay?

Matt shakes it off.

MATT  
Yeah. Fine.

Foggy suddenly stops as he sees...

ELEKTRA

walking their way. She looks absolutely breath-taking.

FOGGY  
Oh wow.

The crowd parts for her like the Red Sea.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
If I could give you my eyes for one  
night, buddy, it'd be tonight.

MATT  
Like that, huh?

FOGGY  
Like that. I'm gonna be at the bar if  
you need me.  
(stops)  
You don't think it's a cash bar, do you?

MATT  
Go.

Foggy slips through the crowd as Elektra steps over.

ELEKTRA  
You look fantastic.

MATT  
Then I'm a reflection of you.

She smiles.

ELEKTRA  
Now that line actually does work.

MATT  
I'm sorry about last night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ELEKTRA

It's okay.

MATT

I wish I could explain...

She sees him struggling, takes his hands in hers.

ELEKTRA

You're here now. That's all that matters.

They smile at each other.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Come on. I've got someone that I want you to meet...

CUT TO:

FOGGY

at the bar as the band suddenly changes to a SALSA number.

FOGGY

(smiling)

Oh yeah. And Matt said those dance lessons would never pay off.

He glances over to a circle of South African Diplomates and winks at a seven-foot-tall BLACK GODDESS.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

Hell-o...

CUT TO:

NIKOLAS NATCHIOS

A distinguished Greek businessman. He's greeting a series of VIP'S from around the world, all here to kiss his ring. He lights up at the sight of his daughter.

NATCHIOS

Elektra...

ELEKTRA

How are you doing, Dad?

NATCHIOS

(under his breath)

I think my smile is stuck this way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elektra laughs.

ELEKTRA

I'd like you to meet my friend, Matt  
Murdock.

Natchios' smile fades as Matt holds out his hand.

MATT

It's a pleasure, sir.

NATCHIOS

(shaking his hand)  
It's rare when my daughter introduces me  
to one of her "friends."

ELEKTRA

Dad...

NATCHIOS

What do you do for a living?

ELEKTRA

Dad.

MATT

It's okay, Elektra. I don't mind.  
(to Natchios)  
I'm a professional gold digger, sir.

Natchios freezes.

MATT (CONT'D)

It's my intention to make your daughter  
fall in love with me, ingratiate myself  
to you, and eventually walk away with  
millions of your family's money.

Stunned silence.

MATT (CONT'D)

And may I add that you look fantastic  
this evening, sir.

Natchios bursts out LAUGHING. Elektra watches in amazement  
as her father takes Matt and claps him on the back.

NATCHIOS

Very good! Very good indeed! Can I have  
someone bring you something to eat, Matt?

MATT

I'm fine, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

One of Natchios' aides is flagging his attention.

NATCHIOS

Duty calls. I hope you have a wonderful time with my daughter.

(walking off, laughing)

'Professional gold digger...'

Elektra is floored.

ELEKTRA

Oh my God, he offered you food. I've never--he's never done that before...

MATT

Let's dance.

CUT TO:

THE DANCE FLOOR

As Foggy slow dances with the beautiful amazon. It's obvious she doesn't understand a word that he's saying:

FOGGY

Did you hear about that new sushi place that caters just to lawyers?

(beat)

It's called *SOSUMI*!

He cracks himself up. The woman just stares.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

Sosumi! So-sue-me, it's a...so you're from *Uganda*?

NEW ANGLE

as Matt and Elektra dance. But as they do Matt hears the **BASS HEARTBEAT** of Wilson Fisk in the distance.

MATT

How does your father know Wilson Fisk?

ELEKTRA

They used to be business partners a long time ago. Why?

MATT

No reason. Just curious.

CUT TO:

FISK & NATCHIOS

They sip champagne as they glance over to see Matt and Elektra dancing together.

FISK  
She looks so happy...

NATCHIOS  
Yes.

FISK  
I haven't seen her smile like that  
since before the tragedy.

Natchios stops as Fisk whispers:

FISK (CONT'D)  
Poor girl. Right in front of her eyes...

NATCHIOS  
Why must you bring that up?

FISK  
History has a way of repeating itself.

And then Fisk takes the red rose from his jacket and slips it into Natchios' lapel. Natchios goes pale.

NATCHIOS  
W-What are you saying?

FISK  
Just saying good-bye, old friend.

Fisk pats the rose.

FISK (CONT'D)  
Just saying good-bye.

Fisk walks off as we CLOSE ON Natchios' horrified reaction.

CUT TO:

THE BAR

Where we see Foggy trying to close the deal.

FOGGY  
Where are you staying?

AMAZON  
"Staying?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOGGY

Hotel?

She nods, understanding.

AMAZON

Mark.

FOGGY

Uh oh. Who's Mark?

AMAZON

Mark. Hotel.

FOGGY

Oh, you're staying at The Mark.

She nods. And then Foggy freezes as he realizes:

FOGGY (CONT'D)

There is no Mark Welch...

(beat)

There's a Welch at The Mark...

BACK TO:

ELEKTRA & MATT

Lost in each other's arms when:

NATCHIOS (O.S.)

*Elektra!*

She looks to see her father waving her over, flanked by two of his bodyguards.

NATCHIOS (CONT'D)

*Pa-me!*

ELEKTRA

*Ti hora eine?*

NATCHIOS

(flustered)

NOW!

Elektra turns to Matt.

ELEKTRA

I have to go.

MATT

What is it?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

ELEKTRA  
Something's wrong. Something bad.

She kisses him.

MATT  
Elektra...

ELEKTRA  
I'm sorry, Matt...

She hurries off to join her father. We STAY ON Matt's reaction as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

MUSIC UP: WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE by Powerman 5000

We watch as TWO MOTORCYCLE COPS park their bikes and stroll into the neighborhood diner just as...

BULLSEYE

steps out with a cigarette dangling from his lips.

He's wearing an "I LOVE NEW YORK" T-shirt beneath his long, blue leather coat. He whips out a FORK from the diner and jabs it into one of the police motorcycle's gas tanks.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - SAME

Where the two Motorcycle Cops sit at the counter, talking up the bottle-blond WAITRESS.

MOTORCYCLE COP #1  
Hiya, Margie. What's good today?

WAITRESS  
The diner down the street.

They LAUGH good-naturedly. And then we hear the sound of a motorcycle engine ROARING to life.

WAITRESS (cont'd)  
Hey, ain't that--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTORCYCLE COP #2  
Hey! HEY!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Motorcycle Cops run out in time to see Bullseye ROARING  
OFF on one of their police bikes!

MOTORCYCLE COP #1  
Crazy sonofabitch!

MOTORCYCLE COP #2  
He won't get far...

Cop #2 starts up the other bike and ROARS after him,  
unknowingly leaving a TRAIL OF GASOLINE in his wake...

CUT TO:

BULLSEYE

as he speeds down the Avenue. The Motorcycle cop pulls up  
alongside him with his LIGHTS FLASHING.

MOTORCYCLE COP #2  
PULL OVER!

Bullseye points innocently to himself.

BULLSEYE  
Me?

MOTORCYCLE COP #2  
I SAID PULL OVER! NOW!

Bullseye flicks his CIGARETTE at the enraged Motorcycle Cop.

MOTORCYCLE COP #2 (CONT'D)  
You missed, asshole!

BULLSEYE  
The name's Bullseye.  
(beat)  
And I never miss.

The cigarette IGNITES the trail of gasoline!

THE MOTORCYCLE COP

looks in his rearview mirror to see a TRAIL OF FIRE racing up  
behind him!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He panics and GUNS THE ENGINE, forcing even more gasoline out of the tank! The Cop SCREAMS as the flames race up onto the back of the bike causing the gas tank to EXPLODE!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

THREE STONE GARGOYLES are perched atop an old bank building. But as we CLOSE IN we see the one in the middle is...

DAREDEVIL.

Sifting through the sounds of the street. The heavy engine of a STRETCH LIMOUSINE passes by as we hear:

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

I don't understand--

NATCHIOS (V.O.)

New York is not safe. Not tonight.  
That's all you need to know.

Daredevil stands.

DAREDEVIL

I'm watching over you, baby...

He follows the limousine from above as we

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As Bullseye sees a BLACK STRETCH LIMOUSINE. He grins and guns his bike to head them off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

As Daredevil leaps from building to building. The ROAR of the rogue motorcycle is headed straight for the limousine.

ON DAREDEVIL

as he SWAN DIVES off of the roof! But at the last minute he tucks his legs and hits the roof of the limousine! KA-THUMP! Elektra and Niko look up through the sunroof to see--

DAREDEVIL

standing on top of the roof!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

Bullseye with a child-like smile spreading across his face.

BULLSEYE

This is my kind of town...

He pulls a STRAP from his coat and locks the throttle in place. And then--he stands--SURFING the motorcycle down the street and freeing his hands to do what Bullseye does best.

NEW ANGLE

as Bullseye presses the middle button on what appears to be a STAR-SHAPED BELT BUCKLE. But the "buckle" is actually a stack of deadly SHURIKEN. Six Chinese throwing stars snap off and slide between each one of his gloved fingers.

BULLSEYE (CONT'D)

Here comes the pain!

He CROSS-THROWS both hands of his shuriken at once!

WHIP PAN TO:

DAREDEVIL'S POV

As the SOUND OF THE SHURIKEN cutting through the air are pinpointed by the sonograph of his radar sense.

ON DAREDEVIL

drawing his billy club from his holster and FANNING it across his body as--CHUK! CHUK! CHUK! CHUK! CHUK!--he catches each shuriken in the shaft of his club!

BULLSEYE

(stunned)

You made me miss...I never miss...

DAREDEVIL

Neither do I.

Daredevil THROWS his billy club down INTO THE SPOKES of the motorcycle! It LOCKS UP against the fork, sending the bike CRASHING and SLIDING down the street!

BULLSEYE

leaps from the skidding motorcycle and onto the limousine. They begin trading punches and kicks as the car drives on!

BOOM! BOOM!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sound of gunfire erupts at their feet as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE- SAME

As Stavros fires up through the roof at both men!

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMOUSINE - SAME

Daredevil KICKS Bullseye back to the rear of the car. But Bullseye reaches back and *rips* the CAR ANTENNA off.

He WHIPS it across Daredevil's face! Daredevil stumbles back and *falls off the back of the moving limo!*

ON BULLSEYE

as he turns back to the business at hand. He SMASHES through the glass of the sunroof with a Muy Thai elbow strike...

CUT TO:

DAREDEVIL

hanging onto the rear fender by his cane! His thighs and stomach SCRAPE along the speeding asphalt, SHREDDING his costume to his bleeding torso. He fights back the pain as he PULLS himself back up onto the limousine...

BULLSEYE

reaches for Natchios just as DAREDEVIL'S HANDS reach into frame and THROW him off of the limo and onto the pavement! We watch as he tumbles along the street behind them when:

NIKO  
(looking up)  
WATCH OUT!

The Limo Driver turns to see a TRAFFIC JAM up ahead! He SLAMS on the brakes as Daredevil is THROWN OVER THE HOOD!

ON DAREDEVIL

as he SOMERSAULTS through the air before *sticking* a perfect landing onto the hood of a cab! Even as...

THE LIMOUSINE

slides out sideways and SLAMS into a bus!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We hear SIRENS WAIL as Elektra tumbles out the back with her father. Stavros is out cold, his head through the rear windshield.

ON BULLSEYE

as he picks the jagged-ended **billy club** from the motorcycle wreckage. He smiles and turns back as we see...

NATCHIOS

comforting his daughter. He turns just as--THWAAACK!--the billy club pierces Natchios' chest! Elektra SCREAMS!

ON BULLSEYE

grinning at his infallible aim from a city block away.

BULLSEYE

Bull's-eye.

He disappears into the shadows of the alleyway.

ON ELEKTRA

as she cradles her father in her arms. A dark pool of BLOOD spreads out across the asphalt. She tries to stop the flow of blood with her hands as Natchios spasms, clutching at his daughter as he dies.

ELEKTRA

No...no...

Elektra looks up to see Daredevil standing atop the taxi cab.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Murderer.

DAREDEVIL

No...

Elektra lunges for Stavros' gun and OPENS FIRE!

NEW ANGLE

Daredevil is forced to flee as the police arrive. Elektra keeps pulling the trigger until the clip CLICKS empty. And then she drops to her knees and SOBS as we

CUT TO:

CU BILLY CLUB

broken and bloody, being bagged by a Forensics Unit as Detective Manolis looks on. Manolis scowls when he sees...

URICH

pull up, still wearing his rental tuxedo from the party. Urich watches the scene unfold in disbelief.

URICH

No...

DET. MANOLIS

You made him out to be a hero. But a vigilante is just a killer with style.

Manolis flicks his cigarette to the ground.

DET. MANOLIS (CONT'D)

And you can quote me on that.

Off Urich's look we...

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CU BLOOD

swirling down the drain. Matt splashes his face with cold water before opening the medicine cabinet. Looks like Demerol tonight. He peels his shredded costume back to reveal the bloody ROAD RASH on his chest and stomach...

CUT TO

The fireplace to reveal Matt's shredded Daredevil costume burning. He watches as the double-D warps and melts in the blaze before walking over to the bas relief on the wall.

The relief OPENS UP to reveal a hidden COMBINATION LOCK. He spins the dial, knowing the CLICKS by heart, before unlocking the door and SLIDING the wall open to reveal...

A whole closet full of spare billy clubs and costumes. He hangs up his boots and gloves and slides the door shut...

SMASH CUT TO:

NEW YORK TIMES NEWSPAPER

The headline VIGILANTE. Under that: NIKOLAS NATCHIOS DEAD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. NATCHIOS MANSION - MANHATTAN - MORNING

As we move past a series of ON-CAMERA REPORTERS jockeying for position before the mansion...

REPORTER #1

...a scene of carnage last night with explosions, police officers killed, and gunfire in the streets--

REPORTER #2

...the breaking New York Times story will identify Nikolas Natchios as the so-called 'Kingpin of Crime.' Files found in Natchios' office seem to implicate Natchios in a myriad of crimes which terrified this city since--

REPORTER #3

...Daredevil, New York's self-styled vigilante, was said to be the prime suspect in the murder. Police believe Daredevil was seeking justice for a litany of crimes committed by Nikolas 'The Kingpin' Natchios...

ON MATT

as he tries to work his way past the police...

POLICEMAN

Behind the line!

MATT

I'm a friend of Elektra Natchios.

POLICEMAN

That's what every reporter here says. You ain't cleared, you ain't goin' in.

Matt is turned away as we CLOSE ON a window in the second story of the Natchios mansion.

CUT TO:

INT. NATCHIOS MANSION - SAME

ON ELEKTRA

sitting on the floor, watching the reporters on television.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Slowly rocking back and forth, her arms wrapped around her knees, nearly catatonic. Her eyes are wild. Feral.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK POST/EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A furious EDITOR holds up the New York Times paper.

EDITOR

What's wrong with this headline, Urich?  
It says New York Times! I let you chase  
boogie men for six months and when they  
actually turn out to be real you get  
scooped by the Times?

URICH

I was waiting for the facts. There's no  
real proof that Natchios was the Kingpin  
or that Daredevil was the killer. That  
story is premature.

EDITOR

'Premature?' The Times outsold us today  
ten-to-one! Premature!

Urich storms out as the Editor calls after him:

EDITOR (CONT'D)

YOU CAREER IS PREMATURE!

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Where we see Matt sitting at the table, reading the braille  
newspaper version of The New York Times. We hear a loud  
POUNDING on the door.

FOGGY (O.S.)

Matt? You home?

He POUNDS some more. Matt finally gets up and opens the door  
to reveal Foggy, breathless.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

I heard. It's all over the news.  
How is she doing?

MATT

I can't get to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOGGY  
Jesus. The poor thing...

He stops when he notices the cuts on Matt's face.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
What happened to you?

MATT  
Ran into a door.

Matt turns back inside as Foggy reacts.

FOGGY  
How many times?

Matt sits back at the table. Foggy sits across from him.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
Guess what I found out?  
(beat)  
There is no Mark Welch.

MATT  
Then you were right. It's a dead end.

Foggy takes out the piece of paper that Matt used in Lisa Tazio's apartment. MARK WELCH 6301000.

FOGGY  
It's not a name. It's a hotel. Someone  
named Welch was at The Mark. And that  
phone number wasn't a phone number...

Foggy puts a SLASH on the 630 and TWO DOTS onto the 1000.  
Changing what looked like a phone number into: 6/30 10:00.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
She didn't press hard enough for us to  
read it. Lisa Tazio was meeting somebody  
named Welch at ten o'clock at The Mark.  
June 30th. The night she was murdered.

MATT  
It doesn't prove anything.

Matt gets up and walks into the kitchen. He pours from a  
specialized coffee maker for the blind (timed braille  
buttons, burn protection) and pours himself a cup.

FOGGY  
But if you're right and that's the last  
thing she wrote on the day of--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

What do I know, Foggy?

He turns away and stands before the open window.

MATT (CONT'D)

What do I know about anything?

FOGGY

You know about justice. All that talk about making a difference? Sticking up for the little guy? Well I'll be damned if you don't got me believing it.

Matt shakes his head.

MATT

I'm sorry. You're on your own today.

FOGGY

What?

MATT

The funeral is this morning. It's the only way I can get to Elektra..

FOGGY

I can't do this by myself...

MATT

You're a better lawyer than I am. You just have to believe it for yourself.

FOGGY

I will. But not today. Now come on. Put on your lawyer clothes and let's go.

Matt doesn't move. A LONG BEAT. Foggy scowls.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

I'll give Cordoza your regards.

Foggy walks out as we STAY ON Matt's reaction...

CUT TO:

INT. FISK INDUSTRIES/LOBBY - DAY

Where the PRESS have stopped Fisk on his way to work.

FISK (V.O.)

I am overwhelmed with grief at the death of my dear friend Niko Natchios.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I ask that the press please allow his daughter to bury him in peace, and to not destroy his memory with these ridiculous accusations of organized crime.

Fisk leaves the bank of microphones and walks for the elevators with Wesley in tow.

WESLEY

I don't understand, sir...

FISK

Better to appear loyal to a friend than open-minded to his slander. Especially if you're the one who slandered him.

WESLEY

Brilliant, sir.

FISK

Wesley, if you must patronize me, at least try to be clever about it.

WESLEY

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. FISK'S OFFICE - DAY

A massive, sound-proofed room with black marble walls. Fisk steps in and takes off his coat. But then he stops when he hears a high-pitched WHIRRING from off-screen.

FISK

How did you get past security?

ON BULLSEYE

sitting at his desk, holding a PENCIL in an electric sharpener. He pulls the sharpened pencil out and walks it across his fingers, like a magician with a card trick.

BULLSEYE

You mean that guy?

NEW ANGLE

to reveal Fisk's new Bodyguard laying on the floor, stuck with a half-dozen sharpened pencils. Fisk sighs.

FISK

Was that necessary?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BULLSEYE

No. But it was fun.

Fisk pours himself a drink.

FISK

You've exceeded all of my expectations.  
Even managed to implicate Daredevil in  
the process. You should be pleased.

Bullseye scowls.

BULLSEYE

He made me miss.

Fisk smiles as he holds up an olive for his drink.

FISK

Too much pride can kill a man.

Fisk drops the olive just as Bullseye whips the sharpened  
pencil through the air--SPEARING it against the wall.

BULLSEYE

Tell your boys to stay out of Hell's  
Kitchen. Anybody gets in my way and  
they end up like pencil boy.

FISK

Done. Anything else you need? Now that  
you've seen Daredevil for yourself?

BULLSEYE

Yeah...

Bullseye leans forward.

BULLSEYE (CONT'D)

I want a fuckin' costume.

CUT TO:

INT. NATCHIOS MANSION/GYMNASIUM - DAY

MUSIC UP: BRACKISH by Kitty

Where we see Elektra wearing a black leotard and work-out  
wraps. She holds a razor sharp sai (three-pronged sword) in  
each hand. She expertly whips the sai around her body,  
savagely attacking the air around her.

Primitive rage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE

The walls are covered with newspaper articles. She pulls a hidden sai from her leg holster and THROWS it across the room. It sticks into the wall with a THUNK!

Right through the picture of Daredevil.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT - MORNING

Where we see Foggy trying to fill in for Matt. He's sweating profusely through his coat, winging it:

FOGGY

...and what happened from there?

Cordoza is up on the witness stand.

CORDOZA

Man, I was so wasted...it's kind of hard to remember everything...

FOGGY

But you remember where you were until ten fifteen p.m. Remember?

CORDOZA

Yeah. Sure. Where was I again?

The Prosecution smiles while the Judge rolls her eyes.

FOGGY

(checking his notes)

Um...where is--here--you said you were in Chumley's Bar until ten-fifteen. And then you went to meet a friend--

CORDOZA

That's right. Turk. I was going to meet Turk. Cause he owed me some money.

FOGGY

That's right. And you talked to Turk outside of his apartment at 33rd, a block from Lisa Tazio's apartment. There you passed out from drinking, correct?

CORDOZA

Right. No wait. I just remembered--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOGGY  
Moving on here...

The Prosecutor jumps in:

PROSECUTOR  
Objection. Defense didn't allow Mr.  
Cordoza to finish answering.

JUDGE  
Sustained. Continue, Mr. Cordoza.

Foggy wipes his perspiring forehead.

CORDOZA  
Turk didn't have my money but he did have  
a couple blunts. We got stoned and then  
he went inside to get something to eat.

FOGGY  
Terrific and then you passed out.

CORDOZA  
Yeah. I woke up with this gun in my hand  
and cops everywhere.

FOGGY  
(turning to the jury)  
So he was unconscious during the time of  
the shooting. Thank you, Mr. Cordoza.  
I have no further questions.

The Judge hits her gavel.

JUDGE  
Court's in recess. Counsel?

Foggy steps up to the bench.

JUDGE (CONT'D)  
For your sake, I hope that your partner  
comes back soon.

Foggy nods.

FOGGY  
Me too.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

As the rain continues to fall. We see Elektra dressed all in black as she will be from now on in our story; as if in perpetual mourning. She watches as the casket is lowered into the ground beside her mother's tomb. But she doesn't cry. Her eyes are cold and dead. She turns for the limo.

MATT

Elektra...

NEW ANGLE

To reveal Matt standing before her. Stavros starts for him but Elektra waves him away.

ELEKTRA

It's okay.

Matt steps over and holds her in his arms.

MATT

I've been trying to reach you.

ELEKTRA

It's better this way...

MATT

You don't have to go through this alone.

ELEKTRA

Stay away, Matt. Please.

MATT

I can't do that.

ELEKTRA

I feel like I'm going crazy. Like I'm split right down the middle...

MATT

I understand. Believe me.

ELEKTRA

I won't be a victim again...

She kisses him on the cheek and turns away...

MATT

Elektra!

But she slips into her limousine and drives away.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE

As we see Fisk smile and get into a limousine of his own. The limousines drive off, leaving Matt behind. Until...

A CIGARETTE BUTT

rolls into frame. Matt turns to find Ben Urich before him. And finally he loses it:

MATT (CONT'D)

What do you want?

URICH

(startled)

Matt, it's Ben Urich--

MATT

I know who it is! Why are you following me all the time? If you know something just say it! Get it over with!

A BEAT.

URICH

I think Cordoza's innocent.

Matt stops as realizes he was way off.

URICH (CONT'D)

I've been working on a story about the Kingpin. Pulitzer Prize stuff. Or at least it was until the New York Times published theirs first.

MATT

You lost me...

URICH

I had a Deep Throat source.

(beat)

Named Lisa Tazio.

MATT

Tazio had access to the Kingpin?

URICH

One of the Kingpin's men, I think. Pillow talk in a hotel room. She sold the information to me piecemeal. I never got a name. But her getting killed at random doesn't sit well with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

Will you testify to that?

URICH

(shakes his head)

Fifth Amendment and all that. Story's still open as far as I'm concerned.

MATT

Is there anything you can tell me now that will help my client?

Urich lights a cigarette.

URICH

'Good luck.' That's all I got about now. I'll keep in touch.

As Urich heads off we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE MARK HOTEL - DAY

Very upscale hotel on the Upper East Side. Foggy steps inside and strolls over to a perky RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to the Mark, my name is Grace. How may I help you today?

FOGGY

Hi Grace. My boss stayed here a while back on June 30th. Mr. Welch? And he thinks he was mischarged for the room.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh dear. Let's check that out...  
(looking up the computer)  
His name again?

FOGGY

Welch.

RECEPTIONIST

First name?

Foggy hesitates.

FOGGY

Mister.

She looks up at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOGGY (CONT'D)

I just started working for him.

The Receptionist nods, unsure, before going back to the computer screen:

RECEPTIONIST

Yes. Here we are.

FOGGY

If you could print me out his bill...

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, I'm sorry, sir. We can't give out personal information on hotel guests.

FOGGY

Mister Welch will be terribly upset.

RECEPTIONIST

Hotel policy, I'm afraid. I'd need to get his authorization first.

FOGGY

Go ahead. Call him.

The Receptionist looks to Foggy.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

I'll wait.

She dials up the phone number as Foggy smiles. Then:

VOICE

Yes?

RECEPTIONIST

Wesley Welch, please.

Foggy smiles. He's got the full name now.

INTER-CUT WITH:

INT. FISK INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - SAME

Where we see Wesley on his cell phone.

WESLEY

Speaking. Who is this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST  
I'm sorry to bother you, sir. I have  
someone here who's requesting a copy of  
your last hotel bill.

Wesley freezes.

WESLEY  
What?

Foggy motions to the Receptionist.

FOGGY  
Let me talk to him.

She hands Foggy the phone.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Mr. Welch?

WELCH  
Yes?

FOGGY  
Lisa Tazio says "hello."

Wesley freezes. Foggy smiles.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
You're going down, asshole.

Foggy hands the phone back to the Receptionist. Smiles.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
Have a nice day.

He walks out as we STAY ON her reaction.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Matt pops some pills from the kitchen cabinet. And then he  
stops. Smells. That scent...

VOICE  
The door was open.

He turns around as we reveal...

ELEKTRA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tears streaming down her face.

ELEKTRA

I don't want to be alone anymore.

MATT

You don't have to be. Ever.

She falls into his arms, crying.

ELEKTRA

I'm sorry...

He kisses her head.

MATT

(echoing her own words)

You're here now. That's all that matters.

He kisses her through her tears as we slowly

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER.

As Matt and Elektra make love. Elektra's hands trace the battle scars on Matt's back. Matt's fingers trace old scars on Elektra's wrists. Two people with road maps of pain. We lose them in a twisted mesh of sheets as we...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

TO BLACKNESS.

And then we hear the hellish sounds of SCREAMS and GUNFIRE. We PULL BACK to reveal we're in an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of a LITTLE GIRL'S EYE. She stares back at us in a catatonic trance as RED BLOOD splatters across her white dress--

SMASH CUT TO:

ELEKTRA

waking up in Matt's bed. Her eyes wild, her chest heaving. She looks over to Matt as she begins to remember where she is. And then she kisses his cheek and slips out of bed...

CUT TO:

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Where we see FIVE STREET PUNKS hanging out in an alleyway getting high. One of them turns as he notices:

STREET PUNK #1

Check this out.

ELEKTRA

walks towards them down the alley. But it's a different Elektra than we've seen before.

She's a warrior now.

Black leather body suit. Sais strapped on each leg. Leather wraps lace up her arms, dangling in the breeze. Her hair and her eyes are black and wild as midnight.

ELEKTRA

I'm looking for Daredevil.

The punks look to each other and start laughing.

STREET PUNK #1

Hear that? She's lookin' for Daredevil.

STREET PUNK #2

What's wrong with us, bitch?

She turns to go when he steps in her way.

STREET PUNK #2 (CONT'D)

Where you think you're going?

ELEKTRA

Get out of my way.

They laugh again.

STREET PUNK #2

Sure. I'll get out of your way.  
Right after I'm done with you...

He pulls a LARGE KNIFE from his side and waves it before her eyes as the others close in, smiling. Hungry wolves.

STREET PUNK #2 (CONT'D)

Do you like it rough, baby?

Another Punk slides a CHAIN from his belt loop...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET PUNK #2 (CONT'D)  
Cuz we like it real rough...

The CAMERA SLOWLY CIRCLES Elektra until we can see her expression. She's smiling. God help them. She's smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - SAME

As we see Matt's eyes flutter open. He reaches over for Elektra and stops when he feels she's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As Punk #1 reaches for Elektra. All it takes is a milli-second and--CRAAAACK!--he won't be using that arm again for a long, long time.

STREET PUNK #1  
AAAHHH!

PUNK #2

LUNGES for Elektra with his hunting knife. But Elektra expertly SIDE-STEPS his parry and PALM STRIKES his nose, driving his sinus cavity up into his brain.

NEW ANGLE

As she whips out her SAIS and spins them in her hands before stabbing him like a matador with a bull!

PUNK #3

attacks Elektra from behind. But she drops and SWEEP-KICKS his LEGS out, immediately laying waste to his windpipe with a two-fingered Ninjitsu hand strike.

PUNK #4

The biggest of the gang swings at Elektra with his FIST WRAPPED IN CHAINS. Elektra SNATCHES his hand and TWISTS the chain around it, turning his wrist to pulp. He SCREAMS as she DROPS HIM with a doubled-up kick to the groin and chin.

ON ELEKTRA

as she pulls the sais out of the dead Punk's body and spins them again before returning them to her leg holsters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELEKTRA  
I like it rough.

CUT TO:

INT. NELSON & MURDOCK - NIGHT

Where we see Foggy working late into the night. Notes and briefs are everywhere. He's doing it. He's in the zone. Even Karen looks impressed as she steps in to check on him.

KAREN  
You need more coffee...

She takes his cup for a refill as Foggy smiles his thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Urich slaps a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL into the palm of a young, hip-looking FORENSICS ASSISTANT.

URICH  
This better be good, Adam...

FORENSICS ASSISTANT  
I'm always good. You know that.

They step into a PRIVATE ROOM where the Forensics Assistant takes out the plastic bag holding Daredevil's BILLY CLUB.

URICH  
I've seen it.

FORENSICS ASSISTANT  
You haven't seen this.

The Forensics Assistant presses a HIDDEN STUD on the inside handle as--SNIKT!--the end of the club CURLS into a handle.

FORENSICS ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
You said to look out for weird shit.  
This is pretty weird, man.

We CLOSE ON Urich's stunned reaction as he recognizes the deep red cane of Matt Murdock.

URICH  
You have no idea...

Suddenly, Urich's phone RINGS, causing both men to jump. Urich smiles ruefully before answering the call:

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

URICH (CONT'D)

Urich.

We INTER-CUT with Foggy back at the office.

FOGGY (V.O.)

Ben, it's Foggy Nelson.

URICH

This...this isn't a good time--

FOGGY

It's about Lisa Tazio.

Urich stops.

URICH

Go on.

FOGGY

Does the name 'Wesley Welch' mean anything to you?

Urich stops. And then he begins to smile.

URICH

Oh yeah...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Daredevil SWINGS UP to the rooftops, searching for Elektra, when we hear a SCREAM coming from the darkness:

WOMAN'S VOICE

HELP! SOMEBODY!

Daredevil grimaces.

DAREDEVIL

Not now...

But the woman SCREAMS again:

WOMAN'S VOICE

PLEASE HELP ME!

Daredevil CURSES under his breath and turns towards the sound of the woman in distress.

CUT TO:

## A BROWNSTONE

As Daredevil lands on the roof, listening. Laundry has been strung up across the rooftop, creating a maze of imagery.

We hear a RUSTLING coming from the darkness. And as Daredevil steps closer to investigate we go to...

## DAREDEVIL'S POV

Of what looks to be a WOMAN IN A DRESS. He steps closer and closer until--FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP!

## PIGEONS

FLY INTO CAMERA, beating their wings in our face!

## NEW ANGLE

To reveal the dress is empty, hung by clothespins in the shape of a woman. Daredevil tries to get his bearings as--

WHAM!

He's KICKED in the back of the head by a BLACK LEATHER BOOT! Daredevil hits the ground hard before looking up to see...

## ELEKTRA

standing over him, seething! The cry for help was a trap.

## ELEKTRA

Remember me, murderer?

She TRIPLE-KICKS to the BALLS, STOMACH, and FACE! Daredevil struggles back to his feet as Elektra circles around him...

## ELEKTRA (cont'd)

It's your turn to bleed.

She delivers a series of RAPID FIRE KICKS AND STRIKES that drive Daredevil back across the rooftop. But then she throws a kick to his head which Daredevil catches in an ANKLE-LOCK.

## DAREDEVIL

I didn't kill your father.

## ELEKTRA

Liar!

She JUMPS UP with the other foot and KICKS Daredevil across the face! He stumbles back as she whips out her sai and expertly TWIRLS it in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAREDEVIL

It was the man with the Bullseye.

She STABS at Daredevil. He narrowly misses her parry as the razor-sharp blade SLICES through the fabric of his costume. Elektra whips the other sai up into his face but Daredevil deflects the blade and GRABS HER in an ELBOW LOCK.

NEW ANGLE

He wraps his other arm around her throat, pulling her against his chest. He whispers pleadingly:

DAREDEVIL (CONT'D)

I'm not going to fight you.

And in this moment we realize--that they're in the same exact position they were in that day in the park. When Elektra said she'd never fall for the same attack twice.

ELEKTRA

Good. Then this will be quick.

She suddenly WHIPS her sai out and THRUSTS it into his chest! He CRIES OUT as he drops to his knees, blood pouring out as Elektra pounces on him with her sai against his throat!

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

Now I want to look into the eyes of my father's killer as he dies.

She PULLS BACK HIS HOOD. And then she freezes as she sees.

MATT

Now you know...

She shakes her head in disbelief.

ELEKTRA

No...

MATT

It's not too late, Elektra.

ELEKTRA

I've done bad things...

MATT

We've all done bad things.

ELEKTRA

You don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And then from the darkness:

BULLSEYE (O.S.)  
Oh, Daaaaaredevil...?

We hear FOOTSTEPS CLANGING up the metal fire escape from the other side of the building as Elektra's eyes narrow.

ELEKTRA  
He's going to pay for what he did.

MATT  
(getting weaker)  
Don't...don't go...

Elektra bends down and kisses Matt on the lips. It's a hungry kiss of passion and pain and remorse...

ELEKTRA  
I'm sorry, my love.

Daredevil passes out from the blood loss. Elektra gently pulls his hood back down over his face.

ON BULLSEYE

As he steps off of the fire escape and onto the roof. He smiles as Elektra unsheathes her sai.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)  
Murderer...

BULLSEYE  
Yeah. But you gotta admit that was one helluva toss.

Elektra LEAPS for Bullseye, KICKING him across the face while SLASHING at him with her sais!

BULLSEYE

dodges the sword strikes as the blades send SPARKS FLYING across the brick wall of the rooftop! But then he flinches a millisecond too late and--WHOOOSH!--a blade catches his chin. Bullseye touches the cut and tastes his own blood.

BULLSEYE (cont'd)  
Mmmmm...

NEW ANGLE

To reveal he's SNAPPED a T.V. ANTENNA off. Elektra CHARGES as he whips the antenna out across her face--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ELEKTRA

Ahh!

--while taking her feet out from beneath her! But Elektra springs up in a HANDSTAND and JUMP-KICKS him in the face!

ON ELEKTRA

delivering KICKS and STRIKES so fast that Bullseye can barely defend himself! He's driven back against the ledge.

NEW ANGLE

We see a crowd gathering on the street below to watch as we hear the sound of POLICE SIRENS approaching.

ON ELEKTRA

as she twirls her sai in her hand.

ELEKTRA

Last words before you die?

Bullseye grins as he reaches into his belt for...

A PLAYING CARD.

The Ace of Spades.

BULLSEYE

Pick a card. Any card.

Elektra reacts as he suddenly THROWS THE CARD with incredible precision--SLICING Elektra's throat!

ON ELEKTRA

Dropping her sai as she falls to her knees--holding her hand against her neck to stop the bleeding.

BULLSEYE (cont'd)

You're good, baby. I'll give you that.

She reaches for her sai but Bullseye KICKS IT UP into his own hand and smiles.

BULLSEYE (cont'd)

But I'm magic.

Elektra tears the sash from her arm and ties it around her neck like a tourniquet, still game to fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON DAREDEVIL

as his eyes flutter open in time to see...

BULLSEYE (CONT'D)  
And for my next trick...

BULLSEYE

Swinging the sai UP INTO ELEKTRA'S STOMACH!

DAREDEVIL  
NO!

ON ELEKTRA

as the blade POKES OUT of her back in silhouette! Bullseye slides the blade out as she crumples to her knees.

A POLICE HELICOPTER

Flies overhead, ILLUMINATING THEM in the passing flash of the spotlight. Bullseye SCOWLS and slips into the darkness of the rooftops and chimneys, leaving them to die together.

ON ELEKTRA

As she stumbles towards Daredevil...leaving a trail of blood behind her...until she falls into his arms...

DAREDEVIL (cont'd)  
No...

Her eyes flutter as she slowly reaches up and touches his cheek. Blood flowing from her mouth. He touches her face. Just like he did that day in the rain. A million years ago.

DAREDEVIL (CONT'D)  
Please...

ELEKTRA  
Shhh...

DAREDEVIL  
Oh God...

ELEKTRA  
Thank you, Matt...

A little smile as the light leaves her eyes...

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)  
...for helping me see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And with that she collapses in his arms.

NEW ANGLE

As we see the POLICE coming up the steps. Daredevil can't stay any longer. He kisses her one last time.

NEW ANGLE

As the door on the roof BURSTS OPEN to reveal Detective Manolis and his men, armed with guns at the ready.

MANOLIS

HOLD IT!

But Daredevil is already gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

The SEARCHLIGHT from a POLICE HELICOPTER passes over the old church, revealing a FIGURE draped over the crufix...

DAREDEVIL.

We're back to the beginning of our story.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

As we see Bullseye crouched down, smiling at what he's found.

A BLOOD TRAIL.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

As Father Everett pulls off Daredevil's cowl. He reacts to the dead eyes of the man before him.

FATHER EVERETT

You. You're the vigilante...

MATT

(grimacing)

I'm not much of anything...

The Priest takes the purple cloth from his neck and uses it to stop the bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER EVERETT

God has infinite mercy, my son. All you have to do is ask...

MATT

Everything's been taken from me, and now I'm supposed to ask for mercy?

(beat)

I don't ask for mercy. People ask me.

BULLSEYE (O.S.)

Good line. Can I use it?

NEW ANGLE

as Bullseye steps through the front door.

BULLSEYE (CONT'D)

You leave one helluva blood trail. A blind man could follow it.

DAREDEVIL

(to the Priest)

Is there a back way out?

FATHER EVERETT

Yes.

DAREDEVIL

Take it. Now.

FATHER EVERETT

What about you?

DAREDEVIL

I have to finish this.

FATHER EVERETT

You can't fight like this.

DAREDEVIL

Have faith. Isn't that right, Father?

Father Everett says a silent prayer before he turns and hurries out. Until it's just Daredevil and Bullseye.

BULLSEYE

Bring it on.

And in that split second Daredevil WHIPS his billy club out across the church--SMASHING Bullseye's mouth!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

BULLSEYE (cont'd)

Motherf--

ON BULLSEYE

as he spits a mouthful of teeth into his hand! And then he WHIPS his teeth back at Daredevil STRIKING HIM in his eyes!

ON BULLSEYE

as he kicks the billy club up into his hand and CRACKS the grappling hook into Daredevil's chest wound. Daredevil grimaces as he drops to his knees from the pain...

BULLSEYE (cont'd)

This is my favorite part. Where I get to choose how you die.

We hear the BELLS up in the tower as they automatically begin to ring on the hour. Bullseye gets an idea and smiles.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - SAME

As police cars pull up outside. Manolis steps out. He looks up to the BELL TOWER in the moonlight as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

As Daredevil drops to his knees in pain; the CLANGING SOUND is like knives driving into his hyper-sensitive ears.

BULLSEYE

What's with you?

DAREDEVIL'S POV

as even the shadow world he sees is disappearing. Until all that's left is infinite blackness.

CUT TO:

MANOLIS

Shouting over to his men as they take position:

MANOLIS

I don't care if it's a church! Break the Goddamned door down if you have to!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANOLIS (CONT'D)  
(to his other men)  
Keep him in your sites!

SHARPSHOOTER  
Which one?

MANOLIS  
Both of them!

NEW ANGLE

As Ben Urich's car pulls up. He jumps out and freezes at what he sees.

URICH  
Matt...

BACK TO:

BULLSEYE

Laughing as he holds a SAI up, glistening in the moonlight.

BULLSEYE  
It's hers. Seems fitting, doesn't it?

But then the BELLS RING for the last time as we go to...

DAREDEVIL'S POV

Coming back from his shattered senses...

CU DAREDEVIL'S HAND

as he clenches his fist and...

WHAM!

PUNCHES his way out of the darkness! We hear the CRACK of Bullseye's jaw--like the sound of a bottle breaking--as it hangs open unhinged!

ON DAREDEVIL

as he WHIRLS around and GRABS Bullseye, shoving him out the window of the tower. Holding him out by the neck. Bullseye spits out words through broken teeth:

BULLSEYE  
You can't do it, can you Devil? That's what separates me and you. You're soft. You'll try to have me arrested. Maybe I'll even go to jail again. For a little while. But Fisk will get me out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Daredevil goes cold as he realizes:

DAREDEVIL  
Fisk is the Kingpin...

Bullseye laughs and nods.

BULLSEYE  
Owns the whole Goddamn town. I'll get  
his lawyers. And his judges. And I'll  
walk out the door.  
(spitting blood)  
And I'll kill again. And again. And  
that blood will be on your hands then.

A LONG BEAT.

DAREDEVIL  
You'll kill no one...

ON BULLSEYE

as he begins to realize...

DAREDEVIL (CONT'D)  
Ever again.

We watch his horrified face as he DROPS all the way down to  
the street below with a sickening THUD!

THE POLICE

approach the body with their guns drawn, taking no chances.  
But Bullseye isn't getting up.

CUT TO:

THE POLICE

Running up the steps to the bell tower to find--he's gone.

CUT TO:

URICH

As he steps over to Manolis.

DET. MANOLIS  
What do you want?

URICH  
I've got a gift for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. MANOLIS  
The hell are you talking about?

URICH  
The collar of a lifetime.

Manolis looks him over, suspicious.

DET. MANOLIS  
Why me?

URICH  
It kills me to admit this, Nick, but  
you're the only honest cop I know...

Off his reaction we

CUT TO:

EXT. FISK INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

As we see the glorious Fisk building all lit up. It's empty--  
except for one LARGE SILHOUETTE on the top floor. And then:

WOOSH! WHOOSH! WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

The power is turned off one floor at a time. Until the  
entire building is shrouded in darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. FISK INDUSTRIES -NIGHT

As we see Wilson Fisk standing in the darkness. The lights  
of the city behind him. We hear the GROAN of heavy metal  
doors opening as he turns to see the **shadow of a devil**.

The two stare each other down for a LONG BEAT.

FISK'S CANE

tightens in his grip...

DAREDEVIL'S BILLY CLUB

slides out of his holster...

DAREDEVIL  
Kingpin.

Fisk smiles. Nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISK

Yes.

As Daredevil looms...

DAREDEVIL

Time to give the devil his due.

Daredevil SHOOTs his billy club across the room! But Fisk is fast for such a big man and he WRAPS the club around his cane, YANKING Daredevil off of his feet!

NEW ANGLE

As they COLLIDE like two mighty bulls! Brute, massive strength against speed and agility!

The STORM RAGES outside as the fight intensifies! Fisk picks up a barbell and THROWS IT at Daredevil! It CRASHES INTO the wall as DD barely ducks underneath!

ON DAREDEVIL

as he jumps onto Fisk, CHOKING HIM OUT. But Fisk is too strong. He FLIPS Daredevil over his head and brutally SMASHES him onto the ground. Broken and bloodied.

DAREDEVIL'S POV

His senses a mess. As helpless as any other blind man.

ON FISK

He pulls a **red rose** off of a vase on the table. He smells it through his bloody nose and grins.

FISK

Time to say good-bye.

Fisk DROPS THE ROSE onto Daredevil's body.

FISK (CONT'D)

I always thought the rose was a nice touch...

ON DAREDEVIL

He closes his fist around the rose as he realizes.

DAREDEVIL

Fallon...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FISK

You've done your homework. Fallon was an early employer of mine. Some didn't like to give the death blow. But I could kill a man just as soon as look at him.

We hear the THUNDER outside and the sound of the RAIN INCREASING. Daredevil turns towards the sound of the storm...and we remember what he once said about the rain...

FISK (CONT'D)

See you in hell.

The Kingpin raises his heavy cane over his head as Daredevil summons his last ounce of strength and THROWS HIS BILLY CLUB up to the ceiling. He misses Fisk but strikes...

A SPRINKLER HEAD.

The sprinkler SPRAYS WATER down into the office as Fisk looks up, confused.

DAREDEVIL'S POV

As the beads of water bounce down off of Fisk's massive body, showing him now in perfect silhouette. Just like Elektra in the rain that day in the park.

ON FISK

As he swings down with his cane--but Daredevil rolls out of the way just in time! Fisk GROWLS and swings again.

But now Daredevil can hear the SPLASHING of his footsteps. The SWOOSH of his heavy fists through the rain.

Fisk struggles to regain his balance as Daredevil slides through his legs and SCISSOR-KICKS his legs!

CRACK! CRACK!

The mighty Kingpin falls, crippled at the knees!

FISK

AAAH!

NEW ANGLE

As both men lie battered on the floor. A BEAT. And then Daredevil struggles to his feet. He eyes Fisk's heavy cane.

FISK (CONT'D)

Go on.

(CONTINUED)

\*  
\*  
\*

CONTINUED:

Daredevil picks up the cane.

FISK (CONT'D)

Do it.

Daredevil raises the solid crystal setting high in the air.  
The death blow. Fisk smiles through cracked, bloody lips.

FISK (CONT'D)

You see? We're the same, you and I.

Daredevil stops. A LONG BEAT as Fisk's words hang in the  
air. He drops the cane to the floor as Fisk's smile fades.

DAREDEVIL

No.

We hear the SHOUTS OF THE POLICE, running up the steps. But  
before they get there the door swings open revealing--

BEN URICH.

He looks to Daredevil...

URICH

You'd better go. I'll watch him 'til  
the cops arrive.

DAREDEVIL

Why should I trust you?

URICH

Because I know the truth...

Daredevil stops.

URICH (CONT'D)

Justice is blind.

Off Daredevil's reaction we

SMASH CUT TO:

THE POLICE

BARGING into the office to see...

FISK

on his knees in a pool of bloody water. Urich leans against  
the desk calmly smoking a cigarette as Manolis steps in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

URICH

Nothing to see here, Nick.

Manolis smirks. Fisk glowers from the floor.

FISK

You've got nothing on me!

URICH

Funny thing about nothing. It usually turns out to be something.

And then Manolis calls to his men:

MANOLIS

BRING HIM IN!

Fisk stares in disbelief as we see...

WESLEY

Being led into the room in handcuffs. He points his locked hands at his bloodied boss.

WESLEY

That's him. The Kingpin.

Urich smiles. Even Manolis cracks a grin.

MANOLIS

Somebody see if they can fit a pair of cuffs on this tub of shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

ON DAREDEVIL

As he opens the palm of his hand to reveal...

THE ROSE.

He lets it drop. And with it, the pain of the past.

DAREDEVIL

This one's for you, Dad.

The rose strikes the sidewalk in SLOW-MOTION as we

FADE OUT.



FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

CLOSE-UP NEWSPAPER

The headline screams in the typical Post style: THE REAL KINGPIN? And below that: DAREDEVIL STRIKES BACK!

NEW ANGLE

Where we see Matt and Foggy having a cup of coffee.

FOGGY

(reading)

'...police say that although there was no eyewitnesses, they suspect Daredevil was the one to bring Fisk to justice.'

MATT

See? No eyewitnesses.

FOGGY

Don't tell me you're still a skeptic?

MATT

Even Bigfoot has eyewitnesses.

FOGGY

Aw come on...

Matt laughs. And then:

MATT

Hey...

Foggy glances up.

MATT (CONT'D)

You did it. You got Cordoza off.

FOGGY

Yeah. I just wish I knew what happened. Ulrich won't tell me anything and neither will the police. I just hope this Welch guy gets what's coming to him.

Matt smiles.

MATT

He will...

CUT TO: