

ELEKTRA ASSASSIN

**First Draft Screenplay
by**

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**Based on the Graphic Novel
by**

Frank Miller

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Registered WGA**

ELEKTRA ASSASSIN

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN OF THE SEVEN -- DAY

A four-pointed, black metal Star-Of-Death spins across a clear blue sky.

ELEKTRA'S FATHER (V.O.)

Star...

A barbed Ashanti arrow pierces the hole in the center of the Star.

FATHER (V.O.)

Shaft...

The arrow zooms toward spreading wings, tattooed on the back of a copper-skinned man. Just as the arrow seems certain to strike, the man VAULTS upwards, arc-ing out of the whizzing arrow's path.

FATHER (V.O.)

Wing...

Now a huge boulder looms ahead. A black man's fist SMASHES the boulder, and the arrow whooshes through the exploding debris.

FATHER (V.O.)

Stone...

A finger brushes the shaft of the arrow, setting it AFLAME.

FATHER (V.O.)

Flame...

The flaming arrow hurtles toward a cascading curtain of water from a mountain spring.

Suddenly, a gleaming sword SLASHES through the cascade, cleaving a fleeting passage for the burning arrow.

FATHER (V.O.)

Blade...

The arrow sails through the break in the water, unquenched.

But now, a bamboo staff catches the flaming arrow in mid-air and, with a single, lightning-fast flick, ricochets it into a new trajectory.

FATHER (V.O.)

And Stick...

The arrow THWAKS home dead center into its target -- the stylized outline of a HAND: palm-out, fingers splayed in a frozen image of grasping menace. (This is the emblem of The Hand.)

The burning arrow sets the target AFIRE, the flames engulfing the image of The Hand.

Camera PANS DOWN to the gnarled, runty, unshaven bamboo-staff-wielder -- STICK: his un-mighty appearance belies a pair of eyes that burn with the fires of a thousand battles.

The VOICE of ELEKTRA, at age six, chimes in, over.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

Mighty Stick.

Gathering around Stick are the other six members of THE SEVEN -- a strange mix of races, ages, and sizes -- warriors all.

The VOICES of Elektra and her father continue, over.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEKTRA'S BEDROOM -- GENEVA -- 1975 -- NIGHT

Elektra's FATHER, 40, a vital, charismatic man, is putting six-year-old ELEKTRA to bed. Reciting together, they complete the litany of The Seven.

ELEKTRA AND FATHER

These are The Seven. The last just warriors.

FATHER
(tucking her in)
And who do they fight?

ELEKTRA
They fight against the Hand of
Darkness that threatens to engulf the
world.

He kisses her on the top of the head.

FATHER
Remember The Seven.

He reaches to turn out the light, but she stops him with a question.

ELEKTRA
Papa, why are there only seven?

FATHER
(smiles)
One must be pure of heart to be one of
them, Elektra

ELEKTRA
Which one are you, Papa?

He looks at her sadly, shakes his head, not knowing how to reply.

FATHER
Not all are worthy...

He kisses her again, turns out the light.

FATHER
Even so, one can fight.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. FUTURISTIC FAIRGROUNDS -- SAN CONCEPCION -- DAY

Opening Day of "MAÑANARAMA", an oppressively hokey, futuristic amusement park in the midst of the rotting slums of San Concepción City.

A MONTAGE of quick shots:

PEOPLE pouring through the gates of the fairgrounds.

A pair of elegantly red-sandalled, WOMAN's legs snakes through the swarm of gnarled, *huasache*-clad peasant feet.

Black-shawled PEASANT MOTHERS holding up pictures of "disappeared" sons and husbands, begging PASSERS-BY to recognize them.

A BLUR OF RED zig-zags through the crowds, unnoticed.

FLASHBULBS pop.

PHOTOGRAPHERS and TV NEWSCREWS jostle for position.

PRESIDENTE CARLOS HUEVOS smiles for the cameras.

DIGNITARIES cheer Huevos -- among them,

American AMBASSADOR REICH.

Huevos is on a futuristic Merry-Go-Round.

ARMED POLICE ring the Merry-Go-Round.

A shadowy Oriental manservant, JONIN, hands Ambassador Reich a STEAMING GLASS OF MILK.

A ROCKET RIDE near the merry-go-round.

The Woman's shimmering red silhouette enters the Rocket Ride.

A LITTLE GIRL is passed from the crowd into Huevos' arms.

Ambassador Reich drinks the milk, toasting Huevos.

A Rocket Ride CAPSULE spins in the opposite direction from the Merry-Go-Round; its Woman passenger wraps a red band around her head.

Huevos holds up the Little Girl's hand, making her wave for the cameras; her face is expressionless.

The Woman Passenger's silhouette aims a strange crossbow.

The lethal POINT of the crossbow's dart.

Through the crossbow's sights, Carlos Huevos, with the Little Girl on his lap.

The DART is loosed.

The Little Girl looking up in fear as the dart WHIZZES just over her head.

Huevos' blood SPLATTERS on the Little girl.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETT'S APARTMENT -- WASHINGTON D.C. -- NIGHT

TIGHT ON the legend:

V.E.I.L.

U.S. Patent #33064879

OFFICIAL USE ONLY

Camera PULLS BACK to reveal that the insignia is stamped on the heel of a bare, man's foot. Camera MOVES UP the perfectly formed, but oddly hairless leg, until it meets a scar-like seam.

MUSIC, off -- an ersatz instrumental version of "Blowin' In The Wind" from a political commercial on the TV.

POLITICAL PITCH-VOICE (TV, OFF)

He lit his candle in the rain at
Woodstock... burned his draft card at
Berkeley... carried our banner of peace
through the bullets at Kent State...

Camera continues MOVING UP, WIDENING to reveal that the hairless leg is attached to the decidedly hairy and well-worn body of Special Agent JOHN GARRETT, 40, who sprawls face-down on his sofa-bed, in V.E.I.L.-emblemmed boxer shorts, snoring, clutching a half-empty bottle of Jim Beam bourbon.

ON THE TV SCREEN, the American flag waves.

POLITICAL PITCH-VOICE (TV)

...And, yes, he cried -- for John... for Martin.... for Bobby... His is the soul of the Love Generation -- the Spirit of '68....

The Kennedy-esque face of Presidential candidate KEN WIND is SUPERED over the flag.

POLITICAL PITCH-VOICE (TV)

Ken Wind. Democrat. Liberal. The next President of the United States.

After the commercial, female mud wrestling comes on the TV.

Abruptly, the TV screen starts FLASHING RED, and BEEPING.

GARRETT groans and curls up, trying to ward it off.

ON THE TV SCREEN, the zooming emblem of V.E.I.L., the infamous international security agency, dissolving to the image of

COMMANDER CHASTITY McCABE, 33, Garrett's Juno-esque Section Chief. She observes Garrett's painful awakening with unconcealed pleasure.

CHASTITY (TV)

Heads up, Garrett, your country calls.

GARRETT

(mumbles)

Tell her to leave a message, I'll call back next week.

Chastity hits a button on a console in front of her -- a siren WHOOPS from Garrett's TV.

Garrett jerks into the air, blinking, his eyes finally registering Chastity on his TV screen.

CHASTITY (TV)

Snap to, Agent Garrett. You are hereby ordered to report for duty at 0530 hours, boarding San Concepción Airways Flight 209, to investigate the assassination, four hours ago, of Presidente Carlos Huevos....

GARRETT

(cuts in)

Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold your horses, Chas. I'm on two months Trauma Rehab Liberty. I lost a partner and a good left leg down in Bangladesh three weeks ago.

He shows her his hairless leg.

GARRETT

Beaker made me a new Super-Foot, see? Check the files, if you don't believe me.

CHASTITY

You check 'em, I changed 'em. I got a priority D-4 "Liberty Revocation" -- you're official.

GARRETT

You fixed a "Lib Revo" on me? You malicious piece of ass... Just can't forget Atlantic City, can ya?

Chastity blushes but doesn't back down.

CHASTITY

Don't flatter yourself. Now, listen up.

ON THE TV SCREEN, Chastity's image is replaced by TV news footage of the Huevos assassination:

Huevos is slipping off the merry-go-round.

The Little Girl is CRYING hysterically.

PEOPLE are SCREAMING, running helter-skelter.

COPS are brandishing guns.

CHASTITY (TV)

This was a very unusual assassination. Huevos was riding a Merry-Go-Round, rotating in a counter-clockwise direction, at a speed of approximately ten miles-per-hour...

ON THE SCREEN, the image FREEZES. Then, the computer SUPERIMPOSES a DOTTED LINE, showing the probable trajectory of the fatal shot.

CHASTITY (TV, OFF)

Ballistics' computer analysis of the missile's trajectory pinpoints its source as an adjacent ride...

The Dotted Line backtracks from Huevos to the Rocket Ride.

CHASTITY (TV, OFF)

... which was spinning in the opposite direction and going at twice the speed.

GARRETT squints closer to the TV screen.

GARRETT

That's a hundred-to-one with a Laserscope .73.

CHASTITY (TV, OFF)

The missile in question was a dart...

GARRETT
(unbelieving)
Million-to-one.

ON THE SCREEN, the dart that killed Huevos.

CHASTITY (TV, OFF)
(cont'd)
...from a Fourteenth Century Persian
crossbow.

ON THE SCREEN, the frozen image of the Huevos assassination. The computer
ENLARGES one detail of the picture -- the Rocket Ride capsule.

The image is too fuzzy to distinguish much of anything but the rough form of
the assassin, and the unmistakable silhouette of a crossbow.

GARRETT scratches his head.

GARRETT
Impossible. Run that again in
"Overhead Abstract".

ON THE SCREEN -- a computer-generated representation of the assassination
scene, SEEN FROM ABOVE. It shows the two rides revolving in opposite
directions and the Dotted Line, projecting the route of the dart. The image
REPEATS, over and over.

GARRETT studies it; WHISTLES, deeply impressed.

GARRETT
That shot is pure style! And nuttier
than hell. You're startin' to turn me
on, Chas.

Garrett swings his legs over the bedside, as Chastity's face returns to the
screen.

CHASTITY (TV)
By the way, Dr. Beaker's been asking
how you like...?

GARRETT'S hairless, V.E.I.L.-stamped foot hits the floor and then seems to BOUNCE, causing Garrett to LAUNCH into the air. Garrett YELPS.

CHASTITY (TV)

(cont'd)

...your new Super-Foot?

GARRETT CRASHES into a bookcase full of girly magazines. Tumbles to the floor, upside down. He glares, fuming, at his flexing artificial leg.

CHASTITY (TV)

(laughing)

The Technos were concerned you might have trouble adjusting to the Turbo-Arch.

GARRETT

(offended)

I can handle a goddamned, piece-of-shit, plastic foot.

And just to prove it to her, he executes a complicated jive shuffle over to the bathroom, and finishes it off with a Moonwalk, disappearing behind the door.

CHASTITY (TV)

Thirty-five minutes to departure, Garrett.

Garrett's head pops back out from behind the door

GARRETT

I'll catch a later flight. It's the middle of the night. I gotta get a new partner.

CHASTITY (TV)

The computer never sleeps, Garrett. Picked out one of his famous perfect match-ups for you.

GARRETT

(panicked)

Who is it? What'd you do?

CHASTITY (TV)

Ever run into Special Agent Arthur Perry?

GARRETT

Perry! That psycho-lunatic-sadist asshole? His last six partners are either dead or in the looney bin!

THWAKK! A bayonet WHIZZES past Garrett's ear and embeds itself into the wall. Garrett snaps around.

SPECIAL AGENT ARTHUR PERRY, '50's flat-top, '90's shades, permanent wise-guy grin, leans in Garrett's front doorway.

PERRY

Garr, buddy! We gonna party or what?!

Perry flicks his wrist, and the bayonet pops out of the wall and flies back into his hand. Garrett turns, utterly appalled, to Chastity on the TV screen.

GARRETT

Chas, you can't do this to me. I'm takin' this to the union!

ON THE SCREEN, Chastity smiles.

CHASTITY (TV)

You're outa luck, Chuck.

Chastity winks, reaches for her console, and FADES herself OUT. Female mud wrestling returns to Garrett's TV.

GARRETT kicks at the fold-out bed, forgetting, once again, his Super-Foot. The bed-frame folds into the sofa with such force that the sofa goes tumbling across the room and CRASHES against the wall.

GARRETT

Oh, shit!

He stamps his Super-Foot. It crashes through the floor. Perry raises his eyebrow, impressed.

PERRY

Hyper, Garr!

CUT TO:

INT. REVOLUTIONARY'S LIVING ROOM -- SAN CONCEPCION -- DAY

A cockroach scrabbling around in a dirty glass. A hand picks up the glass, chucks the roach out the window, then fills the glass with bourbon. The hand lifts the glass to Garrett's lips. He drinks it down in one long swallow.

GARRETT (V.O.)

"Outa luck, Chuck." That's what she said. This whole country's been outa luck for a long time..

A VOICE, off, delivers TV News in rapid-fire Spanish. Camera PULLING BACK reveals Garrett, hunched over the TV set.

ON THE SCREEN, rioting in the streets:

BURNING CARS in downtown San Concepción City.

A marching WALL of POLICE in full riot gear, holding up shields.

PROTESTERS hurling rocks, etc.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Ask the government here for an Enemies List -- they hand you the phone book.

ON THE TV SCREEN, Ken Wind, the American Presidential candidate, SUPERED over a map of San Concepción.

A VOICE CRIES OUT in pain, off. GARRETT, huddled by the TV, turns up the volume to drown out the cries.

ON THE TV SCREEN, U.S. Ambassador Reich's face splits the screen with Ken Wind's. The two men begin arguing vehemently. Their English is muffled by a Spanish translation.

GARRETT (V.O.)
Chickenshit mission to a chickenshit
country to find out who killed their
chickenshit Presidente...

AGONIZED SCREAMS, and the SMACK of flesh colliding with flesh from the
bedroom, off, pierce through the BLASTING of the TV.

GARRETT (V.O.)
Perry never bitches, does he?
Agency's like a mother to Perry...

Perry steps into the bedroom doorway. His hands are covered with blood.
He's grinning.

GARRETT (V.O.)
But, then, Perry's an asshole.

PERRY
You missed the fun, Garr. Went to
work on his eyes. "Seen-yor La
Revolución" confessed to laying down
the green for the Huevos pop. And,
guess what, Garr? You're gonna love
this -- the assassin had tits!

GARRETT
A woman?

PERRY
Yeah, an assassin-bunny!

GARRETT
(re: the revolutionary
in the other room)
Did you finish him?

PERRY
Nah, I saved him for you.

CUT TO:

INT. REVOLUTIONARY'S BEDROOM -- SAME

The Revolutionary is splattered all over the chair he's tied to, dying.

GARRETT

This woman, where did you find her?

REVOLUTIONARY

(gurgling laugh)

We didn't find her, she found us.

GARRETT

We want to find her.

REVOLUTIONARY

No, you don't. She is Ninja. She is
Death itself.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRETT'S MOTEL ROOM -- SAN CONCEPCION -- NIGHT

A leftover '50s formica dump. Garrett's beat-up portable computer is hooked into the room's phone line. He's standing over the computer in his undershirt, drinking straight from the bottle, chain-smoking.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Ninja. Shit. Comic book stuff --
"shadow warriors," "magic mental
powers..." Yeah, sure... I feed the
word in, start milking the data banks
for fairy tales..

ON THE SCREEN, a parade of files -- field reports, government records, a few newspaper clippings with lurid references to "Ninja", and a mysterious Oriental cult, "The Hand -- Clan Of Darkness". Sketches of leaping, sword-wielding, hooded, black-clad figures. Repeated images of the stylized Hand outline. It all seems a bit outlandish.

GARRETT (V.O.)

... Stray reports pop up, all looking like
lazy field work...

GARRETT works the computer impatiently.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Ninja with tits. Jesus. I focus on the last five years and the Western Hemisphere.

He punches ENTER, the computer HUMS. Garrett turns to the TV while he's waiting.

ON THE TV SCREEN: Ken Wind's arrival at San Concepción airport, being greeted by Ambassador Reich.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Post-Kennedy-do-gooder-faggot's come down to San Concepción to "listen to the hearts of the People..." Sure, pal.

LIGHT FLASHES in the night sky outside the motel-room window. Then, a second later, the RUMBLE of explosions and the CRACKLE of machine guns, far off in the hills.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Listen to that, pal.

The computer BEEPS and starts displaying data: files, photos, newspaper clippings from a dozen countries.

GARRETT (V.O.)

The computer bank spits out a swell bunch of so-called Ninja-type cases.

Garrett's sifting through info on the computer screen, a lot of it from sensational, *Esquire*-style tabloids

GARRETT (V.O.)

Most of them are pure, weird bullshit. Latest one's Presidente Carlos Huevos, hit by a crossbow bolt...

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN, newphotos of the Huevos assassination.

Then, clippings about a Ninja-style massacre at a Swiss mental hospital. An institutional photo of the Ninja-killer -- a beautiful, dark-haired girl PATIENT with a haunted look in her eye.

GARRETT (V.O.)

But one of them is damned weirder.
Seems that four years ago, a nineteen-
year-old patient in one of those fancy
Swiss nut-houses went a little wild...

ON THE SCREEN, a sequence of FREEZE FRAMES from a security camera in the asylum operating room:

In the first frame, DOCTORS are hovering over the operating table, a miniature, hand-held buzz-saw raised for a crude lobotomy.

In the next, the CHIEF SURGEON is suddenly flying backwards, toward the camera.

Next, the FEMALE PATIENT is vaulting out of the picture, ripping off anaesthesia gear.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Shoved her hand through a guard,
punched holes in a surgical team, left
a doctor with two scalpels in his eyes.

The next frame shows two ARMED ORDERLIES charging across the screen.

The Medical Team is fleeing in terror.

The body of one Orderly is smashing into a medical cabinet.

A TERRORIZED DOCTOR is running toward the camera.

In the next frame, the Terrorized Doctor (CLOSE-UP to the camera) karate-kicked by the Patient's bare foot -- his neck snapping.

The next frame is quiet -- a pile of dead bodies and a lot of blood.

The Patient is in the next frame, looking up at the camera.

In the next frame, the Patient hurls a surgical tool straight at the lens.

In the last frame, the lens is shattered.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Then, she disappeared...

GARRETT goes back to the newsphoto of the Patient; hunches over the computer keyboard, punching in commands.

GARRETT (V.O.)

OK. So take it back. She's a Jane Doe. Asylum has no I.D. on her, so let's see what the banks call her. I cross-reference the photo out the ass. The first picture that comes up belongs to a nun...

ON THE SCREEN, pictures pop up -- a NUN; a morgue-shot of a similar-looking YOUNG WOMAN.

GARRETT (V.O.)

... the second to a corpse. The third one fits her like a fresh pair of pantyhose. Elektra.

ON THE SCREEN -- ELEKTRA

Family snapshots, high school mug shots, passport photo, driver's license, etc.

GARRETT's madly pumping the computer for data, playing it like a pinball machine.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Elektra Natchios, no-middle-initial, daughter of Greek diplomat/freedom-fighter Hugo Natchios and his wife, Christina. Mother died in childbirth. Twelve years parochial school, poor grades, high IQ... Hello... trained by father in the martial arts. Black belt at age thirteen. You're looking good, Elektra.

The computer displays press clippings and news footage of the aftermath of the Natchios killing.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Father assassinated in front of her, at
age sixteen.... in Japan.... Ninja-style...

On the computer screen, a newspaper clipping with a photo of Elektra's father's body, pierced through the throat with a *sai*, a three-pronged, Ninja short sword.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Ninja! Shit...

(reading on)

"The girl was rendered mute by this
trauma, and anonymously
institutionalized..." The Swiss nut-
house! That's why they didn't have
her name...

To a series of Garrett's commands, the computer answers: NO DATA.

GARRETT (V.O.)

After she breaks out, *nada*. Not a
damn thing in the last four years. No
job, no home, no marriage, no death,
just fell off the face of the Earth....

Garrett calls back two newsphotos, side by side: the Patient -- Elektra, age 19; and Elektra's dead Father, the *sai* in his throat. He lights a cigarette, stares at the screen, trying to add things up.

GARRETT

Elektra... Ninja... Whereyat, baby?

Garrett's phone RINGS. He answers: it's Perry, breathing hard, excited.

PERRY (V.O.)

Hey, Garr, you know that bitch we
been trackin'? I'm right on her ass.
It's a sweet one. I'm at the Hilton, in
the basement. Want me to save you a
piece?

EXT. SAN CONCEPCION STREET -- NIGHT

Garrett's chain-smoking in a taxi in the middle of a traffic jam.

GARRETT (V.O.)

It takes me a while to figure what all
the traffic is about...

Watching PASSERSBY converging on the Hilton, he sees three PLUMP INDIAN GIRLS, walking arm in arm, wearing Ken Wind masks! Garrett does a double take.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Hilton. Ken Wind is at the Hilton...
Ambassador Reich is at the Hilton...
Perry's at the Hilton...

Garrett jumps out of the taxi and charges through the crowds on foot.

GARRETT (V.O.)

... And so is Elektra...

INT. HILTON -- BASEMENT -- SAME

Garrett has found Perry, suspended two feet off the ground. His head has been pierced by his own bayonet, which pins him to a doorframe.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Lousy way to die, even for an asshole.

Nearby, he sees that a grate has been pulled off of an air-conditioning duct. He looks up into the open duct, then dashes upstairs.

INT. HILTON -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Two MARINES are stationed on either side of a closed doorway to the Grand Ballroom. Milling in the hall are SECURITY TYPES, EMBASSY AIDES, and KEN WIND YUPPIE AIDES.

Garrett is stopped at the end of the hall. He pulls out his I.D, talking urgently to the GUARD.

Just then, there is a SHOUT from inside the Ballroom. The two Marines throw open the door, rushing inside, followed by a stream of Aides and Security people. Garrett hot-foots it down the hall.

As Garrett reaches the door, Ken Wind, looking dazed, is being hustled out by Jonin, the Oriental manservant, and two Security Types. Aides trail after Wind, relieved: "He's alright!" A Security Type with gun drawn leads the Marines running out of the room and down the corridor to the back, shouting orders.

Garrett pushes against the tide, into the room.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM -- NIGHT

A SECRETARY runs past Garrett, crying. Alarms are SOUNDING. An Aide is climbing out the window.

In the far corner of the room, Ambassador Reich sits in a Louis Quatorze chair, skewered on a Japanese sword. It is the pointed end of the sword that sticks out from his chest.

Beside Reich are an empty chair and a table, on which stand two empty, milk-coated glasses, and a steaming VESSEL, embossed with the emblem of The Hand.

Alone for a moment, Garrett approaches the dead Ambassador. He wrinkles his nose, sniffs -- there's a powerful, sour aroma, coming from the Vessel.

GARRETT (V.O.)

That smell... rotten milk...

He touches the point of the sword, sticking out of Reich's chest.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Another million-to-one shot. Bitch did her homework. Knew exactly where he'd be sitting. Exactly where his heart would be.

Following Garrett's eyes, we see that the sword has impaled Reich through the wall.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Gotta hand it to you, baby: you're one
classy killer... I want you, baby.

Suddenly, the blade of the Japanese sword begins to move, withdrawing
through Reich's body, and disappearing into the wall.

GARRETT (V.O.)

... and you waited for me.

Garrett raises his Super-Foot and kicks down the wall (shredding his shoe).
He hurtles through the opening and finds himself face-to-face with Elektra.

She is, indeed, the Patient from the Swiss asylum; stopped with two fingers
to her lips in a gesture of surprise. But more -- a young, fierce, and beautiful
warrior.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Jesus, look at those eyes.

TIGHT ON Elektra's eyes, still mad, but now they burn with fiery purpose.
Suddenly, they soften.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Jesus, baby, you're... a beauty...

She cocks her head with an unspoken question.

GARRETT (V.O.)

What the hell am I thinking?!
(snapping out of it)
Sorry, baby -- dead beauty...

He goes for his gun.

At the same moment, Elektra whirls, sword in hand.

Garrett's gun is coming up.

Elektra's sword is flashing, a blur.

Garrett's face, registering surprise. His hair is blown back.

Garrett's gun hand in motion, finger jerking the trigger.

GARRETT (V.O.)
What's wrong with.... ?

The gun GOES OFF. The hand flies upwards, from the recoil. Now we see that Garrett's gun hand is no longer attached to his body. It's spinning through the air. Garrett doesn't understand.

GARRETT (V.O.)
What the hell...?

His severed hand, holding the gun, hits the floor.

Garrett looks at the wall -- it's being sprayed with blood. He looks down at his arm -- it's cut off below the elbow, pumping blood.

GARRETT (V.O.)
Jesus, I'm painting the room.

Garrett's on his knees, strapping his belt around the stump of his arm.

GARRETT (V.O.)
.... Slippery, but it holds. I'm cold.
Room's shaking. You're in shock,
you stupid bastard.

He's scrambling around on the floor, trying to find his severed arm.

GARRETT (V.O.)
Goddamn son-of-a-bitch. Floor's dirty.
Who the hell cares, find the hand.
Find the goddamn...

GARRETT'S POV -- HIS HAND

It's lying by the hole he kicked through the wall, twitching.

Through the hole, he sees Elektra, in the Ballroom, at the table where Reich and Wind had sat.

GARRETT (V.O.)
Elektra.

Elektra picks up the Vessel of steaming milk.

GARRETT (V.O.)
Milk... ? You thirsty, bitch... ?

Elektra starts for the windows across the room.

GARRETT (V.O.)
Unh, no... no-no-no-no.... uh-uh...

GARRETT writhes on the floor, his one good hand yanking a plastique grenade that's strapped to his leg. He fumbles it into the Ballroom.

ELEKTRA leaps onto the windowsill, poised to escape.

THE GRENADE EXPLODES.

ELEKTRA is hit, thrown back into the room.

GARRETT is much closer to the explosion, and gets the brunt of the blast.

GARRETT (V.O.)
Gotcha, baby, didn't I...?

CUT TO:

INT. CYBORG LAB -- DAY

CLOSE ON GARRETT'S FACE, wrapped in bandages, only one closed eye showing through the gauze mask. The eye opens.

GARRETT (V.O.)
... Funny thing is, you got me, too.

Camera PULLING BACK, reveals wires and tubes coming out of a plate in Garrett's skull.

GARRETT (V.O.)
So funny, I'd slap my knee and bust
out laughing...

We now see Garrett's full head and shoulders, camera still PULLING BACK. More wires and tubes are attached to different parts of him. The stump of

his right arm has circuitry coming out of it. He seems to be suspended in some kind of apparatus. He has no legs.

GARRETT (V.O.)

... if I had the pipes to laugh... or the knee... or something to slap it with.

GARRETT'S POV -- BEAKER'S CYBORG LAB -- DAY

A hi-tech medical laboratory. TECHNOS in lab coats with V.E.I.L. badges are buzzing around Garrett.

DR. BEAKER, the effeminate, mad scientist who runs the Research and Development division of V.E.I.L., is bustling around a blinking computer console studying read-outs.

DR. BEAKER

Blood flow is gorgeous.

TECHNO 1

How's the brain activity?

TECHNO 2

Meat loaf, commissary's got meat loaf again...

GARRETT watches with his one good eye.

GARRETT (V.O.)

First they remove my spine. Then my organs, one by one...

A MONTAGE of shots illustrates the Technos, picking through the wreckage of Garrett's body.

GARRETT (V.O.)

They roll my liver around their waldoes like it's something that grew by accident in the refrigerator. Then fractionate it, telling me I was working on a case of cirrhosis.

A Techno shows Garrett his diseased liver.

As the MONTAGE continues, the Technos zealously reassemble him with a dazzling array of synthetic parts, including a hairless, but otherwise perfect set of prosthetic limbs.

GARRETT (V.O.)

They get their biggest kicks from
rewiring my nervous system and
checking my pain centers.

Technos GIGGLE as they hit buttons that cause excruciating spasms in different parts of Garrett's body.

Camera MOVING IN on Garrett -- his one crazed eye watches through the gauze mask.

GARRETT (V.O.)

All the while, I think about Elektra...
They're breaking her down in the
Probe-Lab, two levels up from this
monster movie I'm starring in....

Garrett looks up at the ceiling. Camera follows his gaze, CRANING UP through two floors of wires and machinery to

INT. PROBE-LAB -- SAME

Camera FINDS Elektra, enthroned and imprisoned in a huge, hi-tech contraption that monitors her every cerebral and bodily function. Though she's unconscious -- head is slumped to one side, eyes open, but unfocused -- her power and mystery remain undiminished.

BEAKER (OFF)

Look at her -- she's magnificent!
They don't make bodies like that any
more. She's Athena! She's Artemis,
the Huntress!

CAMERA PANS over an array of METERS, GAUGES and LED. DISPLAYS that register Elektra's vital functions.

BEAKER (OFF)

Three days ago, she was blown up,
and now she's in perfect health. I
didn't do anything -- she fixed herself.

DR. BEAKER is talking to an impatient Chastity McCabe on the TV monitor.

CHASTITY (TV)

(cutting him off)

So, talk to me, Beaker -- what's wrong
with her?

BEAKER

Nothing, Commander. Except she's in
a coma -- totally unresponsive...

He picks up a computer print-out from her brainwave monitor, studies it,
shaking his head.

BEAKER

At the same time, her brain activity is
simply phenomenal --

(muses)

I'd love to slip in there with a knife
and have a look around..

CHASTITY (TV)

(reprimanding)

I didn't hear that, Doctor.

(back to business)

Just tell me -- can she see us? Can
she hear what we're saying?

BEAKER

(shrugs)

Your guess is as good as mine. She
doesn't respond to anything. We've
tried drugs, strobe-analysis -- all the
latest reaction-inducement techniques
-- but she doesn't even blink.

ELEKTRA -- Camera MOVING SLOWLY IN on her unmoving face.

CHASTITY (TV, OFF)

I hear you -- you're telling me she's a
lost cause.

BEAKER (OFF)

Not lost -- hiding, maybe. But Beaker
will know her. He still has a few
tricks...

Camera MOVING IN on Elektra's impenetrable eyes.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

You will never know me. No-one can
know me. Only one person ever knew
me --

We're going inside her head.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK -- EXT. SHINTO SHRINE STEPS -- TOKYO -- 1985 -- DAY

CLOSE ON Elektra (at age 16), SCREAMING.

ELEKTRA

Papa!

ELEKTRA'S POV -- HER FATHER

He's reeling, reaching out to her -- a *sai* piercing his throat.

ELEKTRA runs toward him, horrified, reaching out.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- HER FATHER

He's reaching toward her, but falling away from her, down the ceremonial
wooden steps of the medieval Shinto shrine.

ELEKTRA watches, paralyzed, as he falls. She opens her mouth to cry out,
but no sound comes.

AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS -- Elektra's Father, dead, a pool of blood spreading under his head, trickling into a sewer grate. BYSTANDERS gather around.

ELEKTRA kneels over him. She reaches for the sai, still sticking out of his throat. Her hand freezes as she sees something.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- THE SAI

Stamped on the heel of the hilt is the outline of a hand, palm out, fingers splayed -- the emblem of The Hand. A Bystander GASPS.

BYSTANDER (OFF)

The Hand!

END FLASHBACK:

INT. PROBE-LAB -- NIGHT

ELEKTRA'S FACE, still outwardly impassive.

A TECHNO appears, hurriedly attaching a nest of electrodes to her head. Then he steps back and gives Beaker the high sign.

BEAKER is fiddling at his console, Chastity's face on the monitor.

CHASTITY (TV)

What are you up to now?

BEAKER

Just something we used to do back in the '80s, Commander.

(to Elektra,
sing-songy)

Come out, come out, wherever you
are...

He pushes a button. Elektra's body is JOLTED into frenzied spasms. Her muscles ripple under her skin. The electrodes start smoking.

Camera begins MOVING SLOWLY IN on Elektra's stoic face, criss-crossed with waves of pain.

We're going inside her head again.

FLASHBACK -- MONTAGE

A rapid-fire vertigo of violent, fragmented, inchoate images:

BLOOD erupts into the lens.

Elektra's FATHER falls away from her down the steps of the Shinto Shrine, the sai in his neck.

STEAMING MILK overflows the Hand-embled Vessel.

The camera is FALLING AWAY from Elektra's mentor, STICK.

BLOOD explodes from the dart entering Carlos Huevos' neck.

The Chief Surgeon (at the Swiss Asylum) is FLYING AWAY from the camera.

MILK cascades over Elektra's body.

GARRETT is FALLING AWAY from Elektra, his severed gun-hand spinning in the air.

MILK and BLOOD cover the lens, bringing darkness.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

No! Stop pain.

We hear the VOICE of Elektra's dead Father, coming from far away.

FATHER (V.O.)

Find The Seven. Call The Seven.
Remember The Seven.

EXT. SNOWSTORM -- DAY

A tiny figure struggles across a landscape of endless white.

FATHER (V.O.)

(cont'd)

If you would find them, you must not seek them. You must wander without direction, without hope....

The tiny figure is Elektra (at age 19, after escaping from the asylum). She comes to the base of a massive, almost sheer wall of ice and rock.

FATHER (V.O.)

(cont'd)

... And scale a wall that cannot be scaled.

EXT. MOUNTAIN OF THE SEVEN -- DAY

Elektra is a speck, scratching up the side of the mountain. She's almost to the top. She clings to an outcropping, the wind trying to blow her off. The jagged rock CRACKS.

She FALLS.

CHASTITY (TV, OFF)

Stop!

END FLASHBACK

INT. PROBE-LAB -- NIGHT

ON THE MONITOR, Chastity's alarmed face.

CHASTITY (TV)

(cont'd)

You're killing her!

BEAKER chuckles.

BEAKER

Squeamish, Commander?

BEAKER'S HAND cuts off the current.

ELEKTRA slumps. Camera MOVING IN on her face.

We're going back into her head.

FLASHBACK -- EXT. MOUNTAIN OF THE SEVEN --DAY

Elektra's body plunges into a snowbank and lies motionless. After a beat, a bamboo staff is punched in the snow. Followed by a foot. Elektra's eyes flutter open.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- STICK

Stick leans on his bamboo staff, looking down at Elektra. Behind him, half-obscured by the driving snow, the other six members of The Seven.

Stick winks at Elektra.

END FLASHBACK

INT. PROBE-LAB -- NIGHT

Beaker studies Elektra's body, marvelling, his bifocals inches from her satiny flesh.

BEAKER

Amazing resilience... If you'd only let me do one little cut with a laser, I could...

ON THE MONITOR, Chastity cuts him off.

CHASTITY (TV)

You could what? What could you find out that we need to know?

BEAKER shrugs.

BEAKER

Nothing, maybe... But you have to take something apart if you want to find out how it ticks.

CHASTITY (TV)

Let's leave her in peace, not pieces,
Beaker. I think we're done with her.
They need you back in the Cyborg
Lab, anyway.

Beaker peers up at Elektra's face.

BEAKER'S POV -- ELEKTRA

She's still comatose, but sweat is running across her face, and she's breathing hard. Camera begins MOVING IN.

We're going back inside her head.

FLASHBACK -- EXT. MOUNTAIN OF THE SEVEN -- 1990 -- DAY

A BIRD in flight, against a clear blue sky. We hear Stick's VOICE.

STICK (V.O.)

Though you've trained with us for
months... though you've learned to
catch a bird in flight...

ELEKTRA'S HAND snatches the bird out of the sky.

STICK (V.O.)

(cont'd)

... and leave no footprints in the
snow...

Camera PANS across an expanse of virgin snow, PICKS UP a pair of feet,
running across the snow, away from camera, *leaving no footprints*.
Camera TILTS UP along the legs, up the back, across the shoulders, to the
back of

ELEKTRA'S HEAD -- it's completely shaven, except for a topknot pony tail
that bounces as she runs.

STICK (V.O.)

(cont'd)

... Though you've mastered all of the disciplines of physical combat...

FLASHBACK -- EXT. MOUNTAINTOP EYRIE OF THE SEVEN -- DAY .

Elektra (at age 21) sits cross-legged in a seven-arched courtyard. Stick squats, facing her.

STICK

(cont'd)

... Still, there's one final leap -- one more power to find. This one's inside yourself. Only a few can reach it...

Elektra looks at him quizzically.

STICK

Don't you know what I mean?

Elektra shakes her head: no.

STICK

I'm talking about the mind -- what's in there. Only the power of the mind can hold back the many-fingered Hand of the Darkness.

Elektra doesn't understand. Stick LAUGHS.

STICK

Am I gettin' too heavy for ya? Here, let me show ya -- you're gonna get a kick out of this.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- STICK

Stick reaches toward Elektra, puts his palm on her forehead. Suddenly, a JOLT goes through both of their bodies.

MIND SWAP -- Suddenly, Stick's face CHANGES -- it softens into a very un-Stick-like expression, as if someone else were behind those eyes. He puts two fingers to his lips -- Elektra's characteristic gesture.

It's Elektra, inside Stick's body.

STICK'S POV -- ELEKTRA

It's Stick, inside Elektra's body.

Elektra grins with Stick's characteristic leer, looks down admiringly at her figure, cups her breasts in her hands. And SPEAKS, in Stick's weathered voice.

ELEKTRA
(Stick's voice)

Hey, nice tits!

Elektra (Stick inside her) reaches out, touches her palm to Stick's forehead (Elektra inside him) -- their bodies are JOLTED again.

MIND SWAP -- Elektra's face CHANGES: the leer disappears. She's back in her own body, bewildered, looking at her hands.

Stick has jumped their minds back into their own bodies. He CACKLES at her.

STICK
Yeah, that was me. I did that. I
swapped minds with you. Mind
Power can do a lot of funny things.

Elektra raises two fingers to her lips, astonished.

STICK
Let's start you out with something
a little easier -- just talking, mind to
mind.

Stick takes her chin, holds her to meet his gaze.

STICK
Look at me.

She looks, concentrating.

STICK

Now, I'm gonna quit talking *at* you...

ELEKTRA'S POV -- STICK

Stick's lips stop moving, but his VOICE continues, in Elektra's head.

STICK (V.O.)

... but keep talking *in* you. Get it?
I'm talking to you inside your head.
You hear me, don't you?

She nods, amazed.

STICK (V.O.)

Now *you* talk to *me*.

Elektra motions that Stick knows she can't talk. Stick ignores her, turning away.

STICK (V.O.)

What? I can't hear you.

Elektra scurries around into his line of vision -- but he shuts his eyes.

STICK (V.O.)

I don't need to see you to hear you.
You don't need your mouth to talk.
Come on, doll, give it to me -- mind to
mind -- you to me. Open your mind,
free your mind -- don't hold back.
Talk to me.

ELEKTRA -- she's straining, her eyes squeezed shut, tears pouring down her cheeks. But nothing's coming out.

STICK (V.O.)

What? I can't hear you!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. PROBE-LAB -- NIGHT

Most of the lights have been turned off, Technos are filing out. Beaker mock-salutes Elektra, exiting.

BEAKER

Sweet dreams, Sleeping Beauty.

He pauses at the door for one last jibe at Chastity.

BEAKER

I could try to wake her with a kiss...

CHASTITY (TV)

I can't hear you, Beaker. Go home.

He gives Chastity an ironic bow and leaves, turning off the last light.

ON THE SCREEN, Chastity stares at Elektra for a beat, then FADES herself OUT

ELEKTRA is alone in the lab now, spreadeagled in the grip of Beaker's mammoth, blinking machine. Camera starts MOVING IN again.

We're going back into her mind.

FLASHBACK -- EXT. MOUNTAIN OF THE SEVEN -- SNOWSWEEP CLIFF -- TWILIGHT

Elektra and Stick are two small figures walking along the edge of the cliff.

STICK turns to Elektra, holds her fiercely with his eyes.

STICK

You gotta leave.

ELEKTRA's face is stricken. She shakes her head, protesting.

STICK

You ain't clean inside. You're full of pain and hate.

Elektra clamps her hands over her ears, refusing to hear any more. Stick stops talking with his mouth -- but continues talking inside her head.

STICK (V.O.)

I tried to teach you how to reach past
that and free the power of your mind.
But you can't do it. All you've learned
here is how to use your pain. There's
no peace inside you, toots.

A beat. Then, Elektra drops her arms, nodding bleakly -- she knows what
he's saying is true.

STICK

That's why there's no place for you in
this war we're fighting.

She takes a step forward, grabbing at him, her eyes pleading.

STICK stops her with the tip of his staff. He looks at her for a long beat;
shakes his head.

Then, with a jerk of his staff, he sends her toppling back, off the cliff.

ELEKTRA reaches out to him as she falls. Her mouth opens to cry out, but no
sound comes.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- The irresolute figure of Stick, getting smaller and smaller,
as she falls away from him.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. PROBE-LAB -- NIGHT

Elektra's alone in the dark, stretched out on Beaker's torture machine.
Suddenly, a door BURSTS OPEN, off. Elektra's eyes snap open.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- THE PROBE-LAB DOOR

Garrett lumbers in, wrapped in wires and bandages, a half-empty bottle of
Jim Beam in his hand. He squints across the room at Elektra

GARRETT

Been a night, honey... kept dozing and
waking up, trying to keep you out of
my mind.

Garrett takes a drink, starts weaving around the lab

GARRETT

Watched "Three's Company" and
"Bosom Buddies"... They kept turning
into you... Shit... Maybe I'm losing my
mind... Maybe I give a shit... Anyway,
I'm drunk enough so you look good to
me...

He looks up at Elektra, his eyes travelling hungrily over her body. But, he
shakes his head dismissively.

GARRETT

Seen better... Too long and stringy.
Too damn many muscles for a woman.
Hell, a man could break himself on a
woman like you, babe...

With difficulty, he tears his eyes away from her. He addresses the empty
room.

GARRETT

Then I got to laughing right out loud,
thinking of what you did to Perry and
all the rest... How funny it is... to think
of a goddamn killing machine as a...

He looks back up at her, swigging from the bottle.

GARRETT'S POV -- ELEKTRA

Infinitely mysterious, infinitely desirable. Her gaze is no longer blank. She's
looking down at him, straight into his eyes.

GARRETT blinks, momentarily speechless.

ELEKTRA -- Almost imperceptibly, her face softens.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- GARRETT

Abruptly, he lurches toward her.

GARRETT

Bitch. Blew my ass to hell... made me... Goddamn machine... Right in my bed. I smelled you... like you were right there with me... Screwing with my brain...

ELEKTRA looks down at him, drawn to his passion.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- GARRETT

He's wildly fumbling for his gun.

GARRETT

Splatter your brains all over those wires... Guard couldn't stop me... nobody could... I'm in charge... Splatter your brains if I want...

He raises his gun, the barrel looming up, an inch from her face.

ELEKTRA -- She doesn't blink; only keeps looking at him.

GARRETT

See? How's it feel...? Goddamn whore... got you where I want you..

GARRETT, Still holding the gun to her head, raises his other hand to roughly grab her breast.

GARRETT

At my mercy... Whaddaya say to that, babe? Hah? C'mon, talk to me.

GARRETT'S POV -- ELEKTRA

Her eyes pierce deeper and deeper into his. And, suddenly -- though her lips don't move, he hears her VOICE inside his head.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

Yes, Garrett... I am yours...

GARRETT reels, blinking.

SCREEN FLASHES BLACK.

ELEKTRA blinks, too, stunned that her mind spoke.

PROBE-LAB MAIN POWER SWITCH -- Garrett's hand knocks the switch from ON to OFF, as he falls, blacking out.

SCREEN GOES BLACK.

An alarm RINGS.

CUT TO:

INT. PROBE-LAB -- LATER

Garrett coming to, blinking, holding his head. He's on the lab floor, surrounded by SECURITY PERSONNEL.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Suddenly, I'm flat on my ass in the middle of the Probe-Lab, feeling like a dog in heat and a Number One chump...

He looks up.

GARRETT'S POV -- THE CONTRAPTION THAT HELD ELEKTRA

It's empty.

GARRETT (V.O.)

... and Elektra's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. CYBORG CHOP SHOP -- EXTECHOP -- DAY

Garrett's uncomfortably leaning over a table, his pants around his ankles. Two fey TECHNOS do a final check on his circuits through a removable plastic plate in his left buttock.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Before the Brass debrief me, they let the Technos check me out, part by part. They're real cheerful about it...

Techno 1 reaches his arm through the flap in Garrett's butt, deep down inside his leg, adjusting something. He winks at his partner, Techno 2, who grins maliciously and flicks a microswitch.

Garrett's hips begin to BUMP and GRIND involuntarily. The Technos think it's real funny; Garrett doesn't.

GARRETT

Hey, knock it off, you pervos!

Garrett grits his teeth and thinks of Elektra.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Everybody's laughing, baby, thanks to you. Whole Agency's been treating me like a joke, ever since they found me passed out drunk after your getaway last night...

TECHNO 1

(to Garrett, still laughing)

Why so glum, chum? Look at the bright side -- don't you like the new you?

TECHNO 2

Yeah, you've got Super-Beaker-Bod now -- metal bones, pneumatic muscles, plastic skin... You ought to be grateful.

GARRETT

(grumbles)

Yeah, grateful I still got my own pair of balls... Almost nothing human left.

Dr. Beaker sweeps in, beaming.

BEAKER

Yes. Beaker has made you better!

GARRETT

I was good enough already.

BEAKER

Don't be so modest, dear boy. If you weren't Top Secret, I'd win the Nobel Prize. Sixty-three per-cent body replacement -- no-one's ever done that before.

An officious Agency AIDE-DE-CAMP enters, tapping his watch.

AIDE

Agent Garrett, they're ready!

BEAKER

(ignoring the Aide)

Bask in this brief spotlight while you can, Garrett -- soon you'll be obsolete.

Beaker sidles near Garrett, punching commands into the computer, calling up a picture.

BEAKER (OFF)

Voila!

ON THE OVERHEAD SCREEN, the Cyborg Lab -- Perry's severed head, bayonet still piercing his skull, is mounted on a tripod, serviced by a maze of throbbing wires and tubes. On a table below, Technos are hovered over a partially reconstructed torso.

Perry's eyes open! They glance over at the monitor, see Garrett.

PERRY (TV)

Hey, Garr! Gettin' any?

GARRETT, stupefied, turns to Beaker.

GARRETT

Perry? But, Beaker, he's dead.

BEAKER

Gloriously, not any more. The hitherto impossible is being achieved -- the revivification of a human being!.
After Beaker, Death has lost her sting!

ON THE SCREEN, Perry's grinning.

PERRY (TV)

Hey, Garr, check it out.
(starts to sing)
"I ain't got no bo-o-o-dy..."

TECHNO 3 (TV)

(to Techno 4)
Couldn't remember to detach the vocals, could you?

BACK HERE, in the Chop Shop, the Aide's getting more impatient.

AIDE

(to Garrett)
They're waiting!

Techno 1 closes the plastic flap on Garrett's butt and indicates he's finished. Garrett bends to pull up his pants.

AIDE

Now, Garrett!

The Aide turns and starts out. Hurrying to follow, Garrett yanks his pants up too fast and too hard (forgetting, again, his new Beaker-Bod). The pants SHRED through the crotch and end up around Garrett's ears.

Everybody LAUGHS uproariously, as Garrett exits, fuming.

PERRY (TV)

(still singing)
"... and no-body cares for me..."

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR -- V.E.I.L. HQ -- DAY

Garrett storms down the hall, tying his suit jacket around his waist, trying to cover his shredded pants, passing AGENCY PERSONNEL, who nudge each other, laughing at his ridiculous appearance.

GARRETT (V.O.)

They won't be laughing long, Elektra..
I did my homework, too, bitch. I
connected the dots. Huevos, Reich,
now you're here, spitballing around
Washington... You're in on something
big, aren't you? And I think I've
figured part of it...

He turns into a door marked "Operations Room".

INT. V.E.I.L. OPERATIONS ROOM -- LITTLE LATER

Garrett's in the hot seat, trying to be cool.

GARRETT

... I believe this dame's an agent for an
organization of super-powered Ninja,
called The Hand.

Garrett's statement is greeted with DERISIVE LAUGHTER. We are in a
conference room, full of top-level AGENCY EXECS. At the head of the table,
Chastity -- seen here in the rosy flesh for the first time.

EXECS

Ninja, Christ! ... You gotta be kidding...
Come on, Garrett, that's comic book
stuff! ...

Garrett's furiously punching up computer data onto the overhead screen,
including the newspaper clipping about Elektra's father's death.

GARRETT

Comic books? This is Agency-available research data. It all fits -- even her own father's death was Ninja-related.

Garrett takes out a cigarette, starts to light it. Chastity wags her finger toward the "No Smoking" sign.

GARRETT

Yeah, yeah, yeah... Look, this bunch that call themselves The Hand -- they're cold mother-fuckers. They live like monks -- killer monks. They specialize in political assassinations, and dedicate their whole lives to mastering ancient weapons and arcane methods of death. The same kinds of Ninja weapons and Ninja techniques this Elektra bitch used in the Reich and Huevos killings. Some of them do *mind control*, too..!

More LAUGHTER. A PSYCH-TECH interrupts, casually dismissing Garrett's passionate theorizing.

PSYCH-TECH

Garrett, Garrett, this pathetic girl is nothing more than an ordinary, run-of-the-mill, homicidal maniac...

V.E.I.L. EXEC

... who happens to have a little martial arts training...

CHASTITY

... and a bit of a hang-up about her dead Daddy, that's all...

GARRETT

Pathetic? She's phenomenal. I'm telling you, she talked to me inside my head! I heard her!

CHASTITY

You got the hots for this girl, Garrett?

GUFFAWS around the table. Garrett blushes; Chastity takes note.

PSYCH-TECH

She's a sicko, wierdo, nut, trying to exorcise the trauma of her father's murder, by killing substitute father figures.

GARRETT

Political figures. She's a Ninja, I tell you...

CHASTITY

Ninja don't exist, Garrett. I'm turning this case over to the D.C. Police. And I'm reassigning you for Negligent Conduct...

Garrett bolts out of his chair, fed up.

GARRETT

OK, OK, but don't come to me when this "sicko, wierdo, nut" assassinates the next President of the United States or something!

In his hasty exit, Garrett puts his artificial hand through the door, tearing it off of it's hinges. He shakes off the broken door, splintering it against the wall, and keeps going.

The Execs gape, then burst out LAUGHING.

CUT TO:

INT. KEN WIND HEADQUARTERS -- ANTEROOM-- DAY

A TV SCREEN shows a Ken Wind For President commercial:

THE BUTTON -- a small, metal box, housing a big, red button.

A HAND reaches in and pushes The Button.

MISSILES take off. Bombs EXPLODE. Cities are BURNING.
ARMAGEDDON.

Then all the images start going in reverse, until we are

Back at The Button,

The hand pulling back from it in slow motion.

KEN WIND (TV, V.O.)

Who's hand do you want on the
button? You want your hand on the
button. My hand is your hand.

Ken Wind reaches out his hand to the camera.

KEN WIND (TV)

Come on, America, take my hand.

Hands of all colors and ages ENTER FRAME and unite.

Camera PULLS BACK to reveal TV monitor in the anteroom of Wind's
campaign headquarters.

Garrett's waiting along with AGENT HONDA, small, round, Japanese-
American, and AGENT MINELLI, a spinsterish black woman. He pulls out a
cigarette under a "No Smoking" sign. A SECRETARY notices, reaches into her
desk.

Garrett lights a match -- as the flame touches the cigarette tip, a SPRITZ of
water douses it out. Garrett looks up, ticked off, to see the cheery Secretary
aiming a WATER PISTOL at him.

Disgusted, Garrett gets up, crushes the cigarette out in his hand, slips behind
a large potted plant, to take a surreptitious belt from his hip flask.

GARRETT (V.O.)

First, Chastity closes the case. Then
she busts me down to watchman at a
pretty-boy politician's headquarters.

He surveys the huge, over-ferned, converted storefront, bubbling with upbeat imminent-victory spirit. Some YUPPIE CAMPAIGN WORKERS are tossing around a Nerf football.

GARRETT (V.O.)

In two days, these yuppie dipsticks
are gonna be running the country.

Ken Wind's right-hand-man, BRAD, a 6'10" Ivy League beanpole with glasses, bounces out of the inner office, clapping his hands together.

BRAD

OK! Ken will see you now, friends.

INT. KEN WIND'S OFFICE -- SAME

Ken Wind greets them from behind a huge desk, politically perfect in tie and shirtsleeves, yapping on the phone. A mostly-drunk glass of milk sits on the desk in front of him. He reaches out to glad-hand Honda.

HONDA

Special Agent Honda, Mr. Wind. These
are Special Agents Minelli and Garrett.

KEN WIND

Call me Ken. Have a seat, friends.
This won't take a minute.

Ken Wind goes back to the phone. Garrett looks around, sniffing the air perplexed.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Something smells... like mayonnaise
gone bad. God, it's awful. Nobody else
seems to notice.

Minelli, blushing girlishly, shakes Wind's hand.

KEN WIND

Glad to see V.E.I.L. showing some
ethnic diversity this time.

BRAD
(chortles)

Last time, they sent us a bunch of
Mormons.

GARRETT (V.O.)
Mayonnaise... Coming out of
Ken Wind? Nobody else notices...

Garrett fumbles out a cigarette. Ken Wind hangs up the phone, stretches.

KEN WIND
Thanks for waiting. I'm all yours....
You're not going to smoke, are you...
Garrett, isn't it? You don't own the
air, friend.

Garrett stuffs the cigarette back into its pack, a sick look on his face.

GARRETT (V.O.)
My stomach is trying to climb out my
throat, and he's telling me not to
smoke... The window... make it look
casual...

Garrett lurches dizzily toward the open window.

KEN WIND
I appreciate V.E.I.L.'s providing extra
security in the last days of the
campaign. But, you have to
understand that I've built my socio-
ethnic coalition on People Power,
Hands-On Democracy. I've got to be
able to reach out my hand to The
People, as they reach out to me.

Jonin enters from a side door, marked "Private". He's wearing a big Ken
Wind button, and carrying a silver tray. Garrett's leaning out the window,
gulping air.

50
GARRETT (V.O.)

Spillt mayonnaise... I'm not going to
pu...

Jonin removes the almost-empty milk glass from Wind's desk, puts it on the
tray, and exits past Garrett. Garrett sniffs and turns, following the receding
glass.

GARRETT (V.O.)

It's the milk... The smell comes from
the milk... I've smelled that before...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK -- INT. -- HILTON BALLROOM -- SAN CONCEPCION -- DAY

GARRETT'S POV -- ELEKTRA picking up the vessel of milk at Ambassador
Reich's death-scene.

BACK TO SCENE -- GARRETT'S POV

Jonin disappearing through the "Private" door with the glass of milk.

CUT TO:

INT. KEN WIND'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The whole storefront is dark and empty. Garrett is trying the knob of the
"Private" door -- it's locked.

GARRETT (V.O.)

I take the night shift, because I'm
after that milk...

GARRETT (V.O.)

I'm after the milk because you were
after the milk. Weren't you, Elektra,
baby?

Garrett flops into Ken Wind's office, takes a swig from his flask,
staring at the "Private" door. The light from a street lamp pours through the
windows behind him onto the side door.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Maybe you're still after the milk...
Maybe it's not over between us,
bitch...

Suddenly, Elektra's shadow falls across the "Private" door. Garrett freezes.

Elektra is at the window behind Garrett. She jimmies it open, enters. An ALARM goes off, but Elektra ignores it, stealing across the room, to the "Private" door.

GARRETT

Hello, baby... I was hoping you'd
drop by...

Elektra whirls, crouching, instantly poised to attack.

Garrett kicks the desk across the room at Elektra with sudden force

Elektra somersaults into the air, drawing her Ninja sword as the desk
crashes into the door behind her.

As in their first meeting, Garrett goes for his gun.

At the same moment, Elektra whirls.

Garrett's gunhand is coming up.

Elektra's sword is flashing down, a blur.

Producing an unexpected sound -- a METALLIC THUD

Elektra's face registers Surprise. Garrett chuckles.

There's no gun in Garrett's hand, just his finger pointing, and his thumb
cocked.

Elektra's sword is embedded in Garrett's artificial forearm -- the cloth of his
jacket is cut away, as is some of the plastic skin, revealing the prosthetic
clockworks inside.

GARRETT

I'm all new for you, baby! Like it?

Elektra's surprised only a fraction of a second. She sidesteps, back-slicing across his midsection. Garrett grins as the bottom half of his tie drops off. He swaggers toward her, an aroused glint in his eye.

Backpedalling, Elektra executes a dazzling series of cuts and jabs, criss-crossing Garrett's body. His clothes are being cut to ribbons, but Garrett keeps coming on. One powerful swipe from Elektra's sword opens Garrett's shoulder, exposing some sparking wires.

GARRETT

All replaceable. Come on, baby,
come to papa...

She thrusts forward with her sword. Garrett grabs her wrist, pulling her against him. With her other hand, Elektra reaches behind her for a weapon in her belt, but Garrett's free hand catches that arm, pinning it behind her.

Now he's got her in a tango-lovers' embrace. They're eyeball-to-eyeball, breathing heavy, still struggling. She's wild-eyed, like a trapped animal. Garrett nods.

GARRETT

Yeah, I'm happy to see you, too...
You're under arrest, baby. You have
the right to remain sil---of!

Suddenly, Garrett's flying through the air. Then he's spread-eagled on his back and Elektra's standing over him, smiling, her legs straddling his head, the point of her sword at his throat. She nicks his throat, loosing a tiny trickle of blood.

Garrett's eyes follow the blade up to her eyes. For a long moment, their eyes remain locked, while each one wonders whether she'll kill him.

She doesn't.

Suddenly, Ken Wind's office door opens. It's Brad, Wind's 6'10" right-hand-beanpole, followed by ~~four men in tactical gear~~

JONIN

So, lovely Elektra, you still would
trifle with The Hand?

Garrett does a bewildered double-take from Jonin to Elektra.

Elektra snaps a small throwing-dart [*shuriken*] from the hilt of her sword.
Hurls it at Jonin.

With surprising agility, Brad blocks the dart with his attaché case. Then, in almost the same motion, he whips out a *manrikigusari* [weighted Ninja chain] from his briefcase and crouches into a fighting stance.

GARRETT

Brad Jesus what the fuck?!

Elektra leaps at Brad, her sword arc-ing. Brad deflects the blade with his *manrikigusari* chain, flipping Elektra. She lands in a crouch.

Jonin, meanwhile, fades silently back out the office door.

Garrett scrambles to his feet, waving his badge and his gun.

GARRETT

Hold it! Agent of V.E.I.L! She's my
prisoner!

Brad half-turns, delivers a punishing Ninja kick to Garrett's arm, knocking the gun from his hand.

Elektra siezes this split-second to cleave Brad's back down the middle. Brad crumbles against Garrett.

Elektra darts out the office door after Jonin, disappearing into the darkened storefront.

Garrett unloads Brad's dead weight, finds his gun, and runs to the office door.

GARRETT'S POV -- THE INTERIOR OF THE STOREFRONT

A pool of light, spilling out from the office, then pitch darkness beyond. Suddenly, he sees Elektra backing slowly toward him out of the darkness, her sword poised above her head.

Garrett starts toward her, gun raised. Then he sees what Elektra's backing away from --

GARRETT'S POV --TWO KEN WIND YUPPIE CAMPAIGN WORKERS

A fat, balding ACCOUNTANT and a rangy POLLSTER, neatly-dressed in three-piece suits, stalk slowly out of the darkness toward Elektra.

Garrett puts his gun to the back of Elektra's neck, holds up his badge to the Yuppies.

GARRETT

OK, friends, I got her.

As the Yuppies emerge from the shadows, Garrett sees that they're each strangely wielding a deadly-looking Ninja weapon.

GARRETT

What the... ?

Suddenly, the Pollster-Ninja hurls his spear through Garrett's gun arm, throwing him back against the office door, and pinning him there.

GARRETT

Hey, man, are you kidding, or what?!

Elektra lunges, cutting down the Pollster Ninja, momentarily exposing her back to the Accountant Ninja.

The Accountant Ninja raises his sickle.

Garrett yanks his gun arm free, FIRING automatically, dropping the Accountant Ninja.

Garrett and Elektra are alone, facing each other, flushed.

A beat. Elektra reaches out and brushes a drop of splattered blood from Garrett's forehead. Conflicting feelings flash across Garrett's face.

Suddenly, they hear a RUSTLING sound in the rafters, and look up to see

THEIR POV -- THE RAFTERS

Three bespectacled **SPEECHWRITER NINJAS** are leaping down at them.

GARRETT dives into Ken Wind's office, shoving Elektra ahead of him, firing back at the Yuppie Ninjas.

INT. KEN WIND'S OFFICE -- SAME

Garrett slams the door, starts tumbling furniture to blockade it, as we hear the Speechwriter Ninjas **BATTERING** at the other side.

Garrett turns to see Elektra jumping out the window. He starts after her.

Suddenly, the mutilated figure of Brad rises up and leaps on Garrett's back, snapping the *manrikigusari* chain around Garrett's throat, choking him insanely.

Garrett struggles forward, choking to death, unable to shake Brad off, unable to use his gun.

GARRETT (V.O.)

(choking)

Goddamn yuppie Ninja... Can't reach
around... Choking... only human...

He sees the spear sticking through his artificial forearm, realizes something.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Not completely human... Beaker-Bod...
Replaceable!

He turns his own gun on himself, **FIRES** through his own prosthetic chest, blowing Brad away, off his back.

Garrett staggers across the room, grinning, amazed, at the smoking hole in his chest.

At the window, he sees

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE WIND'S OFFICE -- SAME

Elektra's at the base of a fifteen-foot-high wall at the end of an L-shaped alley. SCREECHING up the other leg of the L are Agents Minelli and Honda, with a bunch of D.C. COPS.

From the hilt of her sword, Elektra unfolds a *hashigoyari*, a collapsible ladder pole, that extends to hook over the top of the high wall. Then she pulls herself up and disappears over the other side.

EXT. OFFICE WINDOW -- SAME

Garrett comes out the window after Elektra, ignoring the yelled questions of Honda and Minelli. He looks up at the forbiddingly-high wall, then down at his prosthetic feet.

GARRETT

Feets don't fail me now.

He takes a wild leap, smashing onto the top of the wall, his super-arms tearing away parts of it.

INT. OFFICE -- SAME

The Speechwriter Ninjas smash into the office, led by the Jonin. Running up to the window, Jonin pulls the "Ken Wind for President" button off his jacket and flings it after Garrett.

EXT. ALLEY -- SAME

In mid-air, the spinning button sprouts blades.

The button-turned-Star-of-Death THWACKS into Garrett's leg as he clings to the top of the wall.

EXT. RIVERFRONT -- OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL -- SAME

Garrett drops down off the wall, pauses, crouched, looking and listening.

GARRETT'S POV -- THE RIVERFRONT

A hundred yards away, he sees Elektra, disappearing into a network of drainage tunnels. SIRENS and the THUMF of helicopter blades, off.

GARRETT looks up to see a V.E.I.L. MINI-HELICOPTER with a searchlight swoop by.

GARRETT
Shit, the "Chas-Chopper".

He ducks under a tree to avoid being seen.

INT. CHAS-CHOPPER -- SAME

Chastity is at the controls. She swoops low over the L-shaped alley:

Below, she sees Honda, Minelli, and the D.C. Cops, stopped at the high wall, unable to scale it.

CHASTITY
(into headset)
Honda, this is Chastity McCabe. What the hell's going on down there?

HONDA (V.O.)
(through headset)
Chastity, ma'am, it's that Ninja woman...

CHASTITY
Elektra?

HONDA (V.O.)
Yeah, she broke into Ken Wind's Headquarters, killed three campaign workers, and got away over this wall here.

CHASTITY
(ruefully, to herself)
Garrett, you crazy bastard, you were right about her all the time.
(into headset)
Where is Agent Garrett?

HONDA (V.O.)
(pointing over the wall)
He's over there with her.

Chastity wheels the chopper back over the wall, aiming her searchlight.

INT. DRAINAGE TUNNEL -- SAME

Garrett leaps into the pitch-dark tunnel.

INT. ANOTHER TUNNEL -- SAME

Elektra is scurrying through another part of the maze of pipes. Abruptly she stops, sniffing, looking at a crack in the ceiling of the drainage tunnel.

Garrett appears at the far end of the pipe, sees her.

GARRETT
Elektra!

She turns and hurries in the opposite direction, disappearing around a corner.

Garrett comes running down the tunnel, stops at the same place he saw Elektra stop, sniffing and looking up at the crack in the ceiling.

GARRETT (V.O.)
That smell -- the milk again.

He hurries down the tunnel, after Elektra, calling to her.

GARRETT
Come on, come back, baby, talk to
me... Remember how you talked to
me the last time...? Inside my head...?

INT. ANOTHER TUNNEL -- SAME

Elektra stops, startled, hearing Garrett's VOICE, echoing along the walls.

GARRETT (OFF)
Come on, baby, talk to me.

Elektra blinks.

FLASHBACK -- MOUNTAIN EYRIE

Elektra, tears rolling down her cheeks, struggling to speak with her mind, while Stick's voice badgers her:

STICK (V.O.)

Talk to me!

END FLASHBACK:

INT. TUNNEL -- SAME

There are tears on Elektra's cheeks.

GARRETT (OFF)

Talk to me, baby...

FLASHBACK -- MOUNTAIN OF THE SEVEN

Elektra falling away, off the mountain; Stick on the edge, watching her fall.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. TUNNEL -- SAME

Elektra's backing away, into the dark tunnel.

GARRETT (OFF)

I can't hear you, baby.

EXT. END OF THE TUNNEL -- SAME

Elektra comes out of the tunnel, and finds herself face to face with a COP on a motorcycle, pointing a TASER* at her.

* The TASER is a pistol-shaped device that fires two thin wires that pierce the victim's skin and shocks him with a powerful jolt of electricity.

MOTORCYCLE COP

Halt!

Elektra leaps. The cop FIRES the TASER. Elektra is flung akimbo by the JOLT of electricity.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

G-a-r-r-e-t-t...!

INT. TUNNEL -- SAME

Garrett hears her inside his head!

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

G-a-r-r-e-t-t...!

Garrett scrambles down the tunnel.

GARRETT

I hear you, baby, I'm coming!

INT. CHAS-CHOPPER -- SAME

Chastity's seachlight finds Elektra, her body dancing violently at end of the TASER wires. The cop is above her, atop a slope that leads to a bridge across the Potomac.

CHASTITY

(into headset)

They've got Elektra. Follow my light!
South end of the Bridge. If she's hurt
Garrett...

HONDA (V.O.)

You're not going to like this,
Commander, ma'am, but the Ken Wind
people are saying Garrett aided the
woman's escape...

CHASTITY

(dismissing)

Not a chance, Honda. Garrett would
give his left nut...

Suddenly, Garrett bursts out of the drainpipe into her searchlight beam. COP CARS are converging on Elektra. Garrett, smoking and sparking, his clothes in tatters, looks up at the Chas-Chopper.

CHASTITY

(grinning to herself)

Garrett, you bastard, I love ya!

ON THE GROUND -- Garrett yanks the two TASER wires out of Elektra, and jams them into the exposed circuitry of his shoulder, shorting the wires and sending 10,000 volts back at the Motorcycle Cop. Elektra slumps against Garrett.

The shock knocks the Cop off the motorcycle. The motorcycle leaps forward, down the slope.

Garrett swoops Elektra up under one arm, and bulldogs the motorcycle.

INT. CHAS-CHOPPER -- SAME

Chastity sees Garret rescuing Elektra and taking the motorcycle.

CHASTITY

No!

Chastity flicks a switch and her voice BOOMS out of the Chas-Chopper's loudspeaker

CHASTITY

(loudspeaker)

Agent Garrett, this is Chastity McCabe!

What the hell are you doing down there?

ON THE GROUND, Garrett glances up.

GARRETT

(under his breath)

That's a good question, Chas. Can I get back to you on that?

He points the motorcycle toward the bridge and peels out. Honda, Minelli, and Cops race to cut him off.

ELEKTRA, mounted behind Garrett, opens her eyes, takes in the situation immediately. She draws her Ninja sword.

HONDA, Minelli, and three Cops form a line across the entrance to the bridge, aiming their weapons at Garrett and Elektra on the bike.

HONDA

Garrett, halt!

CHASTITY

(loudspeaker)

Garrett, you're in violation of every regulation there is! Cease and desist!

GARRETT revs the motorcycle, throws a last, rueful look up at Chastity, then ROARS through the line of Cops and Agents, scattering them like tenpins.

ELEKTRA swings her sword, cutting down Minelli and a D.C. Cop.

GARRETT

No, baby, no!

But it's too late; they're already crossing the bridge in a hail of bullets.

GARRETT

Jesus, baby, you killed Minelli... Never be able to square it with the Agency... Oh, shit, never...

INT. CHAS-CHOPPER -- SAME

Chastity's aiming a ROCKET LAUNCHER. She's got Garrett and Elektra in her sights. There are tears in her eyes.

CHASTITY

Garrett, you sorry bastard...

She FIRES.

EXT. BRIDGE -- SAME

KABLOOEY! Chastity's rocket explodes just behind the fleeing motorcycle.

GARRETT flies through the air, SPLASHES into the Potomac.

EXT. POTOMAC -- UNDER WATER -- SAME

Garrett's tattered body, shoulder sparking, sinks, lifeless in the murky water. Camera MOVES IN on Garrett's face: his eyes are closed, bubbles of air are pouring out of his mouth. He's a goner.

Suddenly, Elektra appears, cradles him in her arms, kisses him, breathing life back into him.

Garrett's eyes flap open.

CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC BRIDGE -- LATER

It's an hour later. Police and V.E.I.L. crews swarm about, at their forensic work. The bodies of Minelli and the D.C. Cop are being loaded into a van. The Chas-Chopper is down, and Chastity's supervising the post-mortem, and being barraged by Ken Wind's outraged YUPPIE AIDES.

YUPPIE #1

Three of our people killed! Is that what you call V.E.I.L. protection?

CHASTITY

Gentlemen, the entire Agency is on Red Alert. We're doing everything we can.

YUPPIE #1

We're talking about the most important man in the world, here.

Two V.E.I.L. DIVERS in hi-tech underwater gear report to Chastity.

VE.I.L. DIVER #1

Ma'am, our bio-sensors aren't picking up any appreciable life-readings in the river, and our Search Crew can't find any trace of bodies.

YUPPIE #1

(cutting him off)

Does this mean you let them get away?

Another V.E.I.L. AGENT calls Chastity from the Chas-Chopper.

VE.I.L. AGENT

The Colonel's on line! Pronto, ma'am!

CHASTITY

(to Yuppies)

Excuse me, gentlemen, duty calls.

YUPPIE #1

The Colonel? You tell that boss of yours that if V.E.I.L. wants a friend in the White House...

But Chastity's already loping over to the Chas-Chopper, barking orders to SUBORDINATES to wrap things up here without her.

INT. CHAS-CHOPPER -- SAME

Chastity climbs into the cockpit to be confronted with the glowering face of THE COLONEL, the cigar-chomping Director of V.E.I.L., on her TV screen.

THE COLONEL (TV)

McCabe, get your ass back to base!

CHASTITY

I'm on my way, Colonel.

Chastity lifts her helicopter up over the city, heading for V.E.I.L. HQ.

THE COLONEL (TV)

I've got some very strange reports in front of me about some female Ninja cuckoo and a certain agent, under *your* command, who seems to be *helping* her! I want an explanation, thirty seconds after you touch down.

CHASTITY

Yes, sir.

The Colonel hits a button on his console, and his image disappears from the screen.

Chastity looks down at the waking city below her, shaking her head.

CHASTITY

John Garrett, what the hell are you doing?

CUT TO:

EXT. HONEYMOON HIDEAWAY -- DAY

A tacky, X-rated motel on the Virginia side of the river. The parking spaces are all filled with station wagons.

INT. HONEYMOON HIDEAWAY -- SAME

The room is a wet dream of kitschy love objects, cupids, mirrors, hearts. Garrett sits in his V.E.I.L. boxer shorts on the sofa, drinking. A sleeveless T-shirt barely covers the self-inflicted hole in his chest.

GARRETT (V.O.)

What the hell are you doing, Garrett?
A while back, you were an agent of V.E.I.L.. Now you're a wanted man...
Some kind of mind-slave to a Ninja assassin... Christ, look at her down there...

GARRETT'S POV -- ELEKTRA, asleep, swathed in a red satin sheet, on a heart-shaped water-bed.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Ten hours, now, she's been sleeping...
Ten hours -- and she shifts and sighs
just often enough to keep my interest
up... The complimentary pink
champagne isn't helping...

He takes another swig, starts flipping channels on the TV, stops at a Ken Wind commercial, intro-ed by an orchestral version of "Blowin' In The Wind". Garrett starts HUMMING along, turns to the sleeping Elektra.

GARRETT

Theme song of your next target, -- or
what? -- baby.

He looks at her, then turns away, freshly aroused.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Goddamn killing machine... Think
about what she did to Perry, Minelli...
think about Huevos and Reich...
Maybe you'll cool off enough to stand
up without embarrassing yourself..

ON THE TV, Ken Wind is out in the streets, shaking hands with The People. Among his aides, we recognize two Speechwriter Ninjas that Garrett and Elektra fought last night.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Goddamn yuppie Ninjas...

ON THE TV, Ken Wind turns to the camera and reaches out his hand.

KEN WIND (TV)

Come on, America, take my hand.

GARRETT laughs drunkenly, turning again to the sleeping Elektra.

GARRETT

Ha ha ha... Take my hand... Get it,
baby? Take my Hand?

Camera MOVING IN on Elektra's face, haloed by her long black hair.

GARRETT

I thought you were The Hand... Now, I
don't know what to think...

We're going inside her head again.

FLASHBACK -- EXT. SHINTO TEMPLE STEPS -- TOKYO -- 1991 -- NIGHT

Elektra (at age 22, after banishment from The Seven) has returned to the scene of her father's death. She moves through the shadows, finds the steaming sewer grate that once caught his blood. She lifts the grate, and disappears inside.

INT. SEWER -- SAME

Elektra descends a long, winding, cobbled staircase. At the bottom, a group of ROBED FIGURES awaits her, some holding torches.

Jonin is their leader. The Vessel of milk, embossed with the emblem of The Hand, sits on a ceremonial tripod beside him. The emblem is also embroidered on their robes.

JONIN

Ah, lovely Elektra, The Seven have
cast you out, and so you have come to
The Hand. You must hate them very
much to want to join us.

Elektra's eyes flare. She nods.

JONIN

We have watched you. Your talents
are many. Well could the forces of
Darkness use such a weapon as you,
Elektra.

Elektra nods again. Jonin holds up a cautionary finger.

JONIN
We require a test.

Jonin points to a pit in the cobbled floor.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- It's like a gaping mouth. She looks down into darkness, can't see the bottom.

JONIN
Down there.

ELEKTRA -- without hesitating, she jumps into the pit.

INT. PIT-BOTTOM -- SAME

Elektra lands in a crouch, weaponless. It's impossibly dark down here. Before her eyes can adapt, she hears, smells, then sees a FIGURE, armed with two sais, lurching toward her from the shadows.

With startling suddenness, Elektra leaps on her attacker, and in three quick moves, disarms him, and plunges his own sai into his heart. As he crumples to the ground, the pit is suddenly flooded with torchlight from above.

The cowl of her attacker's robe slips from his face, and Elektra sees him for the first time -- it is Stick, her mentor from The Seven. He's dead.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)
Stick... master... no!

Elektra pulls back in horror, as Jonin's laughter ECHOES down the pit. She looks up.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- JONIN, holding a torch over the rim of the pit.

JONIN
The Staff Wielder was difficult to catch, yes. But, once drugged, he served his purpose. Did you think you could trick us, Elektra? Join our ranks and then betray us from within?

The torchlight begins to recede. The jonin is gone from the rim. but we hear his voice ECHOING, OFF.

JONIN (OFF)

We are The Hand, Elektra. None can
stop the coming of The Beast...

Elektra looks down at Stick, the sai through his heart. Tears of rage and shame are pouring down Elektra's cheeks.

END FLASHBACK

INT. V.E.I.L. HQ -- THE COLONEL'S OFFICE -- DAY

The Colonel is on a rampage; Chastity's trying to keep her composure.

THE COLONEL

You're telling me we got an
assassin/Agent team-up that's
stalking the next President of the
United States?

CHASTITY

That's how it looks, sir. I've got thirty
top S&D Teams out combing the city
for them right now.

THE COLONEL

(snorts)

What the hell are they going to do if
they find 'em? This renegade agent --
Garrett? -- he's rebuilt out of
indestructible alloys! Courtesy of our
very own genius, Dr. Beaker.

CHASTITY

Sir, Dr. Beaker...

THE COLONEL

(cutting her off)

And who knows what the hell the girl
is made of? But she seems a little
more than human, too!

The Colonel jumps up, paces the room, ignoring Chastity. He's working himself up into a lather about the implications of all this.

THE COLONEL

We've got a Worst-Case-Scenario here!
Tomorrow's the election -- Ken Wind
could become the first President ever
to be elected and assassinated on the
same day!

CHASTITY

Sir, may I suggest...

THE COLONEL

How're we going to stop them? I don't
know if we've got the firepower to do
it.

CHASTITY

Colonel, Dr. Beaker has been working
on something....

THE COLONEL

(interrupting)

I've got it -- Beaker!

The Colonel punches a button on his console --

ON THE SCREEN, Beaker's Cyborg Lab.

THE COLONEL (OFF)

Beaker! What's the status of that
Super-Agent you keep bragging
about?

Beaker bustles to the console, bright-eyed.

BEAKER (T.V.)

Colonel, the integration of Super-
Agent Arthur Perry is, for all intents
and purposes, complete.

Beaker directs their attention to the dormant, almost-completed figure of the
reconstructed Arthur Perry. Still off the body, Perry's right arm is goboed to
a stand, a spaghetti of wires connecting it to his shoulder joint. Beaker
fondles Perry's blank brow.

BEAKER (T.V.)

His head is equipped with a completely digitalized optic system, with radar, sonar, and infra-red sensing capabilities. Housed in his chest, roughly where his heart would be, is a miniaturized solar generator, powerful enough to light a city block. He is fireproof, bulletproof, and shockproof. He can generate extreme heat from his hands, and he can spit acid from his mouth.

CHASTITY

Yuk.

THE COLONEL

Sounds like just what we need to deal with these Super-Nuts. How soon can this Frankenstein go operational?

BEAKER (T.V.)

With the flick of a switch, my Colonel.

ON THE SCREEN, Beaker flicks the switch and Perry comes to life.

Perry blinks his eyes, sees The Colonel on the monitor, and snaps to attention. On the stand, Perry's detached right arm throws a spiffy salute.

The momentum spirals the arm into the air, sparks flying. The hand grabs onto a cage full of laboratory rabbits. The cage starts to glow, red-hot -- the rabbits are smoking.

CUT TO:

INT. KEN WIND HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Perry, now re-activated, saunters, grinning, into the sunlit storefront. CAMPAIGN WORKERS are hanging red, white, and blue bunting, in preparation for tomorrow's certain victory.

BEAKER (V.O.)

(cont'd)

With Perry we have been able to produce a weapons and surveillance system with the mind of a human agent, dedicated to the goals of V.E.I.L. -- and of America.

Perry cocks himself against the RECEPTIONIST's desk. His voice has a hint of ELECTRONIC FEEDBACK.

PERRY

Hey, squirrel-tits, where's the Big Wind? V.E.I.L. sent me over to take care of him.

(shows his badge, grinning)

Super-Agent Arthur Perry.

A Nerf football comes WHIZZING at Perry. His mechanical arm snaps up, snags it, and rockets it back at the Campaign Worker who tossed it, knocking him sprawling into some furniture.

Jonin cocks an appraising eye at Perry.

CUT TO:

INT. HONEYMOON HIDEAWAY -- DAY

Elektra is sleeping. Then she wakes, rolls her eyes toward Garrett.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- GARRETT

He's watching TV. He doesn't see Elektra watching him.

ELEKTRA sits up, stretching, the sheet slipping away from her body.

GARRETT catches her movement in the corner of his eye -- he looks up at the mirror behind the TV, sees her reflected in it.

GARRETT'S POV -- ELEKTRA IN THE MIRROR

Unconscious of Garrett's gaze, Elektra rises, nude, from the bed, glides across the deep pile red carpet to the adjacent shower-alcove.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Oh, Jesus... You'd think there wasn't a man in the room. Hell, maybe there isn't. Just an ex-spy mind-slave. In heat...

GARRETT guzzles the last of the complimentary champagne, tosses the empty bottle at the waste basket. We hear the sound of a SHOWER RUNNING.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Oh, no... no. That's not water running. She's taking a shower again... Oh, Jesus, look at that... No goddamned doors in this place.

GARRETT'S POV -- THE SHOWER ALCOVE

The shower-alcove is walled with mirrors, and Garrett can watch Elektra showering from several different angles at once. She's soaping her legs inside a transparent cylindrical shower curtain.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Don't miss a spot, honey. Seen better. Shit... What the hell am I doing here?

GARRETT lurches to his feet, sways dizzily, groaning. Steadying himself, he glances again at the shower-alcove.

GARRETT'S POV -- THE SHOWER ALCOVE

The multiple images of Elektra are beginning to dissolve in billowing steam.

GARRETT (V.O.)

This could be my chance. Chance to get free of her. Die if I don't.

GARRETT starts to make his way to the door.

GARRETT (V.O.)

One way or another, she'll kill me...
What the hell am I going to do?
Turn myself in? Never square it with
the Agency. Hell, they probably think
I'm in cahoots with the bitch...

Garrett's hand is on the doorknob.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Just open the door, Garrett. Hot-wire
one of those station wagons and drive.

His hand drops from the doorknob, and he turns back into the room.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Shit... Who'm I trying to kid... ?

He looks back through the open arch of the shower-alcove.

GARRETT'S POV -- Elektra's lathering herself once again.

GARRETT (V.O.)

How clean does that bitch have to get?

GARRETT stands, swaying, in the middle of the room, gaping at her.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Maybe it's the booze. Maybe I'm just
tired of living. Got no life anyway...

Garrett weaves toward the shower-alcove, into the mist, to Elektra.

He rips away the cylindrical, cupid-studded shower-curtain that encloses Elektra. She turns, looks up at him, glistening, steam rising off of her skin.

Garrett grabs her into his arms and kisses her. At first, it's him kissing her; then she's kissing him back; then she breaks the kiss, pulling away.

But Garrett can't stop now. He roughly tries to grab her again.

Suddenly, she whirls him around, hurling him up against the mirrored wall, shattering the glass. And, before he can blink, she's eyeball to eyeball with him, holding a deadly-looking shard of glass to his throat.

GARRETT

OK, OK, that's all I wanted to know
-- kill me or kiss me. One way or
another, let's get it done.

A long beat.

Then, she kisses him.

CUT TO:

INT. HONEYMOON HIDEAWAY -- LITTLE LATER

Garrett and Elektra are churning together, making love on the heart-shaped water-bed. Elektra is thrashing around in a kind of anguished frenzy.

GARRETT

Take it easy, baby -- this is love, not
war.

Garrett cradles her in his arms, slowing her down. Gradually, she surrenders to his rhythm, pulls herself tight against him.

Garrett GROANS, rocking gently inside of her. But, suddenly they are caught again in spasms of urgency.

Elektra's tossing her head, wild-eyed, her mouth stretching open, as if to cry out, but no sound comes. Garrett watches her, touched and fascinated.

GARRETT

Elektra... who are you, baby...?

ELEKTRA looks at him, eyes misting.

GARRETT

(rocking her)

Tell, me, baby. I love your voice
inside my head... Talk to me, baby...
Talk to me...

Elektra's shaking her head with fierce sadness. But Garrett hears her VOICE inside his head.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

I can't...! I can't...!

GARRETT

Sure you can.

She shuts her eyes, bumping against him harder and faster, not hearing what he's saying.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

No... no...

Garrett's moving with her, urging her on.

GARRETT

Yeah... you're doin' it.

Suddenly, her eyes blink open -- she looks at him, puts two fingers to her lips.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

You hear me...?!

GARRETT

(still rocking)

I hear you, baby...

She's grabbing and pulling at him in amazement, burying her head in his shoulder, sobbing, as her body is wracked with an uncontrollable orgasm.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

You hear me!

GARRETT

I hear you...

He climaxes with her.

FADE OUT:

GARRETT (V.O.)

I love you...

INT. HONEYMOON HIDEAWAY -- LITTLE LATER

Garrett and Elektra are asleep, wrapped in each other's arms.

ELEKTRA's eyes open. She takes a long look at Garrett, as he sleeps. She carresses his forehead, softly, then slips carefully out of his arms.

She reappears a moment later, dressed and armed. She steps up onto the windowsill, pauses, looking back at Garrett, her eyes clouding.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

Oh, Garrett...

ELEKTRA'S POV -- GARRETT

Sleeping. He mumbles.

GARRETT

(in his sleep)

What, baby...?

ELEKTRA leaps out the window, into the night.

GARRETT wakes, reaching for Elektra. She's not there. He looks around, sees the curtain flapping in the open window, scrambles to the window

GARRETT'S POV -- OUT THE WINDOW

Elektra, running across the parking lot toward the river.

GARRETT

Oh, shit...!

CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER BRIDGE -- VIRGINIA SIDE -- NIGHT

Garrett's running along the riverfront toward the bridge.

GARRETT (V.O.)

She's still gonna do it, isn't she? I
can't believe it. How can she...? Even
after all we...

He comes to the entrance to the bridge, peers carefully around.

GARRETT'S POV -- THE BRIDGE

Elektra, crossing the bridge, has almost reached the D.C. side. A hundred yards ahead of her -- the rear wall that backs Ken Wind's Campaign Headquarters.

GARRETT (V.O.)

What does she think I'm gonna do?
Stand by and watch?

GARRETT starts quickly after her on the far side of the bridge.

GARRETT (V.O.)

What does she think -- I'm gonna let
her kill Ken Wind? My Next
President? The Hope Of The Sorry
Goddam World? No, lady, uh-uh.
John Garrett may be an insubordinate
fuck-up/chump/has-been, and drunk,
and a lot of other things, too, but he
ain't no goddam traitor!

He reaches the D.C. side of the bridge, sees

GARRETT'S POV -- REAR OF WIND HQ

Elektra's gliding toward the wall.

GARRETT (V.O.)

God, the way she moves, I...

Elektra stops, looks back over her shoulder.

GARRETT ducks behind a bridge statue. After a beat, he peers around again, sees she's gone, and hustles toward the wall.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Ain't love grand?

EXT. REAR OF KEN WIND'S HQ -- NIGHT

Garrett finds the entrance to the maze of drainage tunnels, where he tracked Elektra last night. He shakes his head, drops inside.

INT. DRAINAGE TUNNELS -- NIGHT

Garrett's trailing Elektra deeper down into the darkness.

INT. TUNNEL JUNCTURE -- SAME

Elektra's at the jagged crack in the roof of the tunnel. The milk-stench curls from the crack, stronger than last night. Elektra pulls herself up into the crack. It seems much too small for her to fit through, but, using amazing body-control, she wriggles through it.

Just as she disappears, Garrett arrives --- dribbling dirt from the crack cues him where Elektra's gone. Then the milk-stench hits him powerfully, stumbling him back.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Rotten damn milk... Worse shit--

Garrett shakes it off; squints up at the impossibly small crack. Then he rams both fists into the roof of the tunnel, pulverizing a huge area around the crack.

INT. CAVERN OF THE HAND -- SAME

Elektra, flattened on a ledge, in almost pitch darkness. She whirls at the sound.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- THE CRACK

Garrett's hand shoots up out of the crack. He hoists himself up into the cavern. The milk-stench is overwhelming him. Garrett's gasping dizzily, blinking.

She hurls her alarm at him, voicelessly, inside his head.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

Garrett, no...!

He spots her in the darkness.

GARRETT

There you are, you murderous bitch...

His voice ECHOES away through the cavern.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

Go away.... You don't understand...
You...

GARRETT

(interrupting)

I understand, all right -- Ken Wind's
headquarters, plus, you're an assassin,
equals you want to kill Ken Wind.

He starts crawling toward her. She shakes her head, anguished, willing him away.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

Ken Wind... not what he seems... only
a tool...

GARRETT

(interrupting)

I ain't lettin' you do it.

The CLICK of a light switch ECHOES. Elektra and Garrett look up.

A RECTANGLE OF LIGHT outlines a door above them. Then, the door opens, throwing a shaft of light down a cobbled staircase. We see the word "Private" on the inside of the door (it's Ken Wind's office).

ELEKTRA leaps on Garrett, clapping a hand over his mouth, as a procession of ROBED NINJAS comes through the door, leading Super-Agent Arthur Perry down the steep, winding staircase.

Garrett's eyes pop when he recognizes Perry.

The Robed Ninjas, all carrying torches, and wearing "Ken Wind For President" buttons, lead Perry past a nest of hissing snakes.

NINJA

Hear the snakes, Perry. They cheer
for you. You have been chosen,
honored warrior, beloved weapon of
Destiny.

PERRY

Makes me all tingly when you say
that, Chuckles.

The procession disappears around a corner. Garrett pries Elektra's hand from his mouth and hoarsely whispers.

GARRETT

What the hell is Perry doing here?
And who the hell are these jerks in
nightgowns?

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

They are the Brotherhood of The Hand
-- servants of the Beast.

GARRETT

Servants of wh-a-a-a-t?!

Suddenly, the procession reappears below them, spreading out, their torches lighting up a huge subterranean cavern.

ROBED NINJAS

(chanting)

The Beast is power. The Beast is
magic. Learn the truth and the way of
the Beast. The Beast will make you
clean.

GARRETT

(incredulous)

"The Beast"?

The Robed Ninjas raise their hands in unison, palm out.

ROBED NINJAS

We are his Hand, clawing at the
foundations of Man's great lie...
clearing the path...

Perry slaps a high-five on one of the Ninjas' raised hands.

PERRY

I can dig it.

From the darkened bowels of the cavern comes a deep, snarling, mucousy, terrifying, bestial GROAN.

ROBED NINJAS

Behold, Perry, the Darkness comes.
The Beast is with us.

A huge, amorphous SHADOW rises on the cavern wall, higher and higher, towering over the disciples, even over the niche where Elektra and Garrett are hiding. Garrett's watching in awed bewilderment.

GARRETT

You're right, baby -- I don't
understand anything...

A viscous, milky liquid oozes up from the floor of the cavern below. Perry squishes his foot in the liquid.

PERRY

Yeah. Hey, great. Like in *Alien*.

The huge shadow starts whirling, and suddenly, Jonin gyrates into the torchlight, foaming at the mouth, dancing, POSSESSED. The GROAN of the Beast is coming from his mouth.

ROBED NINJAS

Rejoice in his presence. He favors
you... with his mother's milk.

Jonin holds up the milk-Vessel. Perry reaches out.

PERRY

Yeah, shoot me the juice, Bruce.

Jonin tips the Vessel, and a torrent of milk floods out -- much more than this Vessel could ever hold. The foul liquid cascades over Perry, driving him to his knees. He throws his head back, gasping and gulping.

ROBED NINJAS

Drink deep. He shares with you his
holy dream.

Elektra grips Garrett's arm.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

This is why I am here, Garrett -- to
know the Beast, to learn his plan...

Jonin begins to speak in the Beast's unearthly VOICE.

JONIN

(Beast-voice)

In the beginning, there was Darkness.
Endless. Cold. Perfect. Then came the
corruption. The poison. Light. Life.
Flesh. It crawled across the world,
mewling, rutting, bleating, sprawling...
Filthy. Loud. Interrupting the
Darkness.

Garrett's shaking his head, growing spooked by the spitting, ranting figure of Jonin.

JONIN

(Beast-voice)

But no longer!

Garrett turns to Elektra, wanting to understand the import of all this.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

Listen...

JONIN
(Beast-voice)
For, my Hand has crafted the Final
Tool of the Darkness.

Garrett's eyes go from the Jonin to the "Ken Wind For President" button on his robe, to Ken Wind's smiling face on the button.

ROBED NINJAS
The Final Tool of the Darkness.

Garrett has made the connection -- Ken Wind is the Tool of The Beast. He looks to Elektra for confirmation. She nods.

JONIN
(Beast-voice)
And now it is time to burn out the
Light.

The Robed Ninjas bring the flaming ends of their torches together in a blinding BALL OF FIRE.

Camera MOVING IN to the center of the ball of fire.

THE BEAST'S VISION -- From out of the flames rises the image of The Button.

JONIN
(Beast-voice,
OFF)
Now, my Tool will end the chain of
Light and Life and Flesh.

A hand pushes the button. Missiles take off. Bombs EXPLODE. Cities BURN.
ARMAGEDDON.

JONIN
(Beast-voice)
And burn. Flesh, all Flesh, will burn
and scream and die. And die.

Ken Wind's face (on Jonin's button) smiles through the FLAMES.

Camera PULLING BACK from the Ball of Fire. The Robed Ninjas turn their torches upside down and, all at once, extinguish them in the milky liquid on the floor. The whole cavern is thrown into absolute darkness, and all that remains is the voice of The Beast.

JONIN

(Beast-voice)

And all will be Silence. And the
Darkness will return -- perfect again.

Garrett turns to Elektra, an expression of horrified realization on his face.

GARRETT

My dear Lord... I didn't know...

CUT TO:

INT. HONEYMOON HIDEAWAY -- DAY

CLOSE ON Garrett's stricken face, bathed in the flickering blue light of the TV. Camera slowly PULLING BACK.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Darkness... Lord... My dear Lord... He's
gonna push The Button... I didn't
know... The end... Why... I didn't...
know... Ken Wind's...

Behind him, the TV is broadcasting election returns, showing the beginnings of a landslide for Ken Wind. On a map of the U.S., seven states are stamped with Ken Wind's face.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Ken Wind's first act as President will
be to launch a full nuclear strike on
Soviet Russia...

Ken Wind's on the TV, flashing a V-sign. Garrett tries to tap a cigarette from a pack, but his hands are shaking so badly that cigarettes spill all over the place.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Full nuclear strike... Mutually...
Mutually assured destruction... The
Russians will have time to strike
back... End of the... End of the world...

As camera continues PULLING BACK, we see that Garrett's sprawled against the bed, wearing a MR. Goody ice-cream-man's uniform.

GARRETT (V.O.)

My dear Lord... Unless we...

Garrett's hands reach OUT OF FRAME, and begin working -- we can't see what they're doing. Camera still slowly PULLING BACK.

GARRETT (V.O.)

It'll be the end of the ... Mutually....
assured... end... End of the... end of
the... Son of a... goddamn world...
Unless we...

The widening ANGLE reveals that Garrett's hands are assembling a WEAPON. Elektra ENTERS FRAME, sits beside him, oiling her crossbow. They're warriors, girding for battle.

GARRETT (V.O.)

... Unless we kill Ken Wind tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. V.E.I.L. BRIEFING ROOM -- NIGHT

Chastity, dressed in a gull-winged nun's habit, is addressing a room full of BIZARRELY DIGUISED V.E.I.L. AGENTS.

ON THE SCREEN behind her, the image of Elektra.

CHASTITY

The primary target at Ken Wind's
victory rally tonight is this woman.
She has demonstrated inhuman
combat skills. Shoot to kill.

Chastity raises her arm, displaying a high-tech sensing device, strapped to her wrist. All of the other Agents have them, too.

CHASTITY

You each wear a device that is tuned to pick up signals from the cyborg circuitry of former Agent Garrett, your secondary target.

ON THE SCREEN, Elektra's picture is replaced by a shot of Garrett.

CHASTITY

Do not underestimate John Garrett. His skills are those of a first-rate field agent, and his artificial limbs make him virtually unstoppable. Go for a head wound.

Now she leans forward, dropping into a more personal and urgent tone.

CHASTITY

Now, people, I don't have to tell you that Ken Wind is in the process of being elected President by the largest landslide in history. The American people have chosen him to bring us back from the brink of nuclear war. He's got the world in his hands. If he dies tonight, the world may die with him....

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERGATE MALL-- WASH. D.C. -- NIGHT

A sprawling hotel/shopping center/office complex on the edge of the Potomac. The central plaza is festooned with banners, and packed with ecstatic VOTERS, thronging in Ken-Wind-Mania. An impromptu stage has been rigged at one end, and, above it, the election returns are broadcast on a huge screen.

ON THE OVERHEAD SCREEN, an outline of Texas. Ken Wind's face is stamped on it. Texas ZOOMS BACKWARDS to take it's place a giant map of the United States -- thirty-seven states have Ken Wind's face stamped on them.

THE CROWD CHEERS, waving placards that also have Ken Wind's face stamped on them.

ABOVE THE CROWD, a network of scaffolding supports banks of TV cameras and TECHNICIANS. At the top, two massive arc-lights.

BEHIND THE ARC-LIGHTS, Elektra crouches in the shadows, poised with her crossbow, sighting down at the stage.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- THE STAGE

She gets a WORKMAN in her sights, follows him across the stage, then picks up Agent Honda, huddled in conversation with a RABBI AGENT, a NURSE AGENT, and a ICM-AGENT AGENT. They're all wearing the sensing devices on their wrists.

BEHIND THE ARC-LIGHT, Elektra lowers her crossbow and looks down into the crowd.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- THE CROWD

Her eyes scan the sea of cheering Citizens, and pause on a BLACK CABBIE, wearing the same V.E.I.L. sensing device on his wrist. Then, in another part of the crowd, a DELEGATE, with the same device. Then,

BY THE FOUNTAIN -- Chastity, in her nun's habit, talking into a headset, checking her wrist-sensor, as she moves through the crowd.

ON THE OVERHEAD SCREEN, California is stamped with Ken Wind's smiling face.

THE CROWD surges forward, clamoring for their hero, sweeping Chastity stage-ward -- past a Mr. Goody ice-cream vendor.

This Mr. Goody is Garrett. Neither Garrett nor Chastity notices the other.

GARRETT -- his eyes magnified by horn-rimmed glasses, upper lip sporting a bushy moustache. He's selling ice cream to a FAT MOM and her FAT BRAT.

He's jittery, in a cold sweat, still mind-blown.

GARRETT (V.O.)

End of the... Mutually assured end...

FAT MOM

Butter pecan or cinnamon raisin or
lemon whip...

FAT BRAT

Chocolate chocolate chip...

GARRETT (V.O.)

End of the... chocolate chocolate chip...
Son of a God damn world...

Garrett's shaking hands open the hatch of his ice cream cart. Inside, among the Popsicles, we glimpse a WEAPON.

GARRETT

(to Fats)

Banana custard.

ON THE OVERHEAD SCREEN -- a wide shot of the Mall, tagged with the graphic:

"Wind Victory Rally
Watergate Mall
LIVE"

THE CROWD ROARS at the sight of itself.

ON THE SCREEN -- the image CUTS to a shot of a hotel hallway, and the graphic:

"Watergate Hotel
LIVE"

Ken Wind, trailing an ENTOURAGE, steps out into the hallway, flashing the V-sign, and almost immediately disappears into an elevator.

IN THE CHEERING CROWD, the word ripples through: "He's coming!" Voters are jumping and crying. SOMEBODY lights a match. OTHERS around him do the same. Suddenly, matches are lighting up all over the Mall.

CHASTITY, bumping a path through the crowd, as the BEEPS from her wrist-sensor get LOUDER. and faster. She's picking up Garrett's signal.

ON THE STAGE, Ken Wind steps out, his arms spread to embrace the world.

THE MALL, alight with ten thousand matches.

BEHIND THE ARC-LIGHT, Elektra raises her crossbow.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- THE STAGE

She's trying to draw a bead on Ken Wind, but his Entourage is preventing a clear shot.

IN THE CROWD, Chastity searches frantically, but all she can see is a forest of match-wielding Ken Wind-ites. The BEEPS are even LOUDER and faster. Then she spots him.

CHASTITY'S POV -- GARRETT

He's knocking aside the Fat Mom and Fat Brat with one arm, while reaching into the ice cream cart with the other.

CHASTITY -- pulling her gun, pushing through the crowd, SHOUTING.

CHASTITY

Out of my -- let me through --

CROWD

What's she -- a gun -- oh, Jesus --
gun she -- oh, my God --
a nun with a gun --

BY THE FOUNTAIN, Garrett is drawing a huge weapon -- a hand-held ROCKET LAUNCHER -- from his cart.

CROWD

Look out! -- Mr. Goody's got a canon!

The Crowd scatters.

CHASTITY shouts into her headset.

CHASTITY

I've got Garret! Sector Three!
Scramble!

V.E.I.L. AGENTS plow through the crowd, waggling weaponry.

CHASTITY draws a bead on Garrett.

CHASTITY

Garrett! Freeze or die!

GARRETT ignores her, raising the rocket launcher toward the stage.

CHASTITY's squeezing the trigger when a crossbow arrow THWACKS down the barrel of her gun, knocking her backwards.

BEHIND THE ARC-LIGHTS -- Elektra, hovering over the scene below, putting down her crossbow, unsnapping Stars-Of-Death from her belt.

BY THE FOUNTAIN, V.E.I.L. Agents converging on Garrett' are suddenly felled by a storm of Stars-Of-Death.

BEHIND THE ARC-LIGHTS -- Elektra, lightning-fast hands whipping the Stars with deadly accuracy.

ON THE LIGHT-TOWER -- The remnants of Ken Wind's Yuppie Ninja pack scale the scaffolding toward Elektra.

BY THE FOUNTAIN, Garrett is aiming at Ken Wind.

THE PANICKED CROWD parts in the path of the rocket launcher.

CHASTITY yanks the arrow from her gun barrel, re-aiming at Garrett.

BEHIND THE ARC-LIGHT, Elektra is zeroing in on Chastity. Suddenly, a SPIKED NET swoops through the air and descends on Elektra, dropping her to her knees. Speechwriter Ninjas spring up around the ensnared Elektra.

ON THE STAGE, Honda sees Garrett aiming; leaps at Ken Wind.

CHASTITY FIRES at Garrett.

GARRETT is hit in the shoulder, just as he FIRES the rocket launcher.

ON THE STAGE, Honda tackles Ken Wind, just as the rocket WHOOSHES past.
And EXPLODES behind them.

BY THE FOUNTAIN, Chastity is SHOUTING into her headset.

CHASTITY

Chopper Five, execute Escape Plan!

Two V.E.I.L. Agents pounce on Garrett.

BEHIND THE ARC-LIGHTS, Elektra, her arms immobilized in the spiked net, besieged by Yuppie Ninjas, kicks out, sending Speechwriter Ninjas #1 and #2 tumbling off of the light tower to their deaths.

Then, in one fierce motion, Elektra SLASHES open the net and leaps out, battle-ready.

A V.E.I.L. helicopter swoops down over the tower, toward the stage.

ON THE STAGE, Agent Honda is shoveling Ken Wind into a heavily-armored, egg-shaped Security Pod.

BY THE FOUNTAIN, Garrett, with his super-strength, sails the two V.E.I.L. Agents into the air like Frisbees.

CHASTITY leaps at Garrett.

GARRETT

(warning her)

Dammit, Chastity, you just don't
know...

He sucker-punches Chastity, flooring her, then grabs up the rocket launcher and rushes toward the stage.

BEHIND THE ARC-LIGHT, Elektra cuts down the last of the Yuppie Ninjas.
Then, turns to see --

ELEKTRA'S POV -- THE STAGE

Honda shuts Ken Wind into the pod, as another Agent hooks a cable from the hovering helicopter to the Security Capsule.

THE HELICOPTER starts to climb, carrying Ken Wind aloft in his pod.

GARRETT vaults onto the stage, but too late -- the pod is lifting away, just out of reach. Frantically, he reloads the rocket launcher. Agents mob him.

ATOP THE LIGHT-TOWER, Elektra FIRES a rope at the helicopter. The hooked end of the rope CATCHES in the helicopter's undercarriage. Hanging on to the rope, Elektra leaps from the tower, plummeting toward the stage.

ON THE STAGE, Elektra swoops down on the rope, and PLUCKS Garrett from the middle of the fray.

ELEKTRA AND GARRETT are carried up, in each other's arms, clinging desperately to the rope, dangling beneath the pod. Below them, the D.C. riverfront is receding. Garrett and Elektra look up.

THEIR POV -- THE HELICOPTER

The Security Pod starts to rise, slowly winching up into the belly of the chopper.

ELEKTRA starts climbing the rope.

JONIN appears in the maw of the helicopter. He sees Elektra and Garrett, straining toward him. He unclips his Ken Wind For President button, and flicks it.

THE BUTTON sprouts blades and neatly SEVERS Elektra's rope.

MID-AIR -- GARRETT AND ELEKTRA

As the rope snaps, Garrett and Elektra go free-falling apart, hurtling toward the ground.

But Garrett grabs Elektra, pulls her back for a last kiss.

GARRETT

So long, baby...

Then he raises the rocket launcher at the helicopter.

GARRETT

... And adios, motherfuckers!

He FIRES. The helicopter EXPLODES, obliterating them all.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL -- LITTLE LATER

Black smoke fills the air. Camera PANS DOWN, REVEALING the Lincoln Memorial and the wreckage of the helicopter crash, then DISCOVERS Garrett and Elektra, lifeless in each other's arms, amid the smoking debris. GURGLING noises are coming from Garrett's body.

GARRETT (V.O.)

For the longest time, I just lay there,
listening to my chest sputter...

Garrett's eyes open.

GARRETT (V.O.)

... but I wasn't dead, so I got up.

Garrett looks at Elektra -- she's blood-spattered and out. His eyes survey the scene -- spot Ken Wind's Security Capsule. Jonin is crushed under the capsule, dead.

Garrett crawls toward the egg-shaped pod, choking on the sour-milk smell seeping from it.

GARRETT

(gasping)

Rotten milk. Son of a bitch...

He cracks open the hatch of the pod -- Ken Wind's smiling blandly out.

KEN WIND

Having trouble breathing, Garrett?
Having trouble thinking?

Garrett raises his fist.

GARRETT

... Kill you, you son of a bitch...

A hand clamps Garrett's upraised wrist with a metallic SNAP -- It's Perry.

GARRETT

Perry!

Perry yanks Garrett's arm out of its socket. Garrett SCREAMS. Ken Wind smirks from his pod.

KEN WIND

A heartening gesture of support.
Truly.

Garrett swings at Perry with his left arm.

GARRETT

Perry, you asshole... You just don't
know...

Perry stops Garrett's left in mid-swing, snaps it off, too.

PERRY

About Ken Wind? My man, Ken
Wind? I know all about Ken Wind,
Garr.

The armless Garrett launches a pneumatic KICK at Perry's gut. Perry nonchalantly grabs Garrett's leg and breaks it like a match, then goes after the other one.

PERRY

And the Beast... I know all about the
Beast, and that milk that makes you
feel like you got the balls of every shit
who ever made you crawl, right in
your hands...

KEN WIND

I can't tell you how validated this
makes me feel.

Perry starts spewing acid onto Garrett's limbless torso. Garrett's SCREAMING in agony.

PERRY

Shit, yeah.

ELEKTRA wakes, sees Garrett being wasted by Perry.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- GARRETT

Most of Garrett's body has dissolved in Perry's acid. All that's left is a head, shoulders, and a plastic rib-cage.

GARRETT (V.O.)

By then, there wasn't shit left of me.

Perry holds Garrett by the scruff of the neck.

GARRETT (V.O.)

I didn't care -- let Ken Wind drop the Big One... Let him... Just let me die...

A HISS echoes through the Memorial. Perry grins, tosses Garrett aside.

GARRETT's dismembered torso tumbles through the air.

GARRETT'S POV -- THE MEMORIAL

Tumbling, he glimpses Lincoln, then the floor coming up at him.

GARRETT -- WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM

Face smashing into the marble floor; then rolling around; coming to rest on one cheek.

GARRETT (V.O.)

And then I saw her...

GARRETT'S POV -- ELEKTRA

She's poised, legs apart, drawing her Ninja sword. Dead! and beautiful.

PERRY flicks his wrist -- his bayonet flies into his hand.

PERRY
(to Elektra)
Whoah, hey, assassin-bunny!

Perry moves toward her, leering.

Leaping in a blurring stroke, Elektra slices her sword clean through Perry's neck. His rebuilt head BOUNCES on the marble floor.

PERRY'S REBUILT HEAD
(bouncing)
You bitch!

GARRETT -- A grin lights up his near-lifeless frame, as Perry's head skids by. He looks, misty-eyed, at Elektra.

GARRETT
One in a million, baby.

IN A CORNER, Perry's rebuilt head slams upright, beaming lasers from his eyes.

PERRY'S REBUILT HEAD
(to Elektra)
You whore, eat this!

ELEKTRA, falling back, deflects the laser beams with the blade of her sword, bouncing them back at Perry's rebuilt head, FLICKING it in the air.

PAGE 96 IS DELETED.

Suddenly, Perry's headless body rises up behind Elektra, flashing the bayonet.

GARRETT

Baby, look out!

Elektra wheels. The bayonet WHIZZES past her ear and clatters against the marble wall.

Perry's headless body flicks its wrist and the bayonet flies back to its hand. But, before he can throw again, Elektra leaps and plunges her sword deep into the place where Perry's heart ought to be.

ZZAKKK! Elektra's metal sword penetrates Perry's electric circuitry, and his awesome internal power JOLTS her into the air.

Elektra lands, dazed, nose-to-nose with Perry's GIGGLING head.

PERRY'S REBUILT HEAD

Helluva shock, eh, bunny?

PERRY'S HEADLESS BODY kneels on the base of Elektra's spine, bending back her leg at an ugly angle — it CRACKS.

PERRY'S REBUILT HEAD

Hear that, bitch? That was your leg.

Hyuh, next up is your spine...

GARRETT

... Baby, his brain...

Ken Wind's foot steps on Garrett's windpipe. Garrett GURGLES.

KEN WIND

It pains me to impede this free exchange of ideas, Garrett, but I can't let you impact on my plans.

ELEKTRA gropes toward the wires and lines dangling from Perry's gaping neck. Another CRACK -- Perry's headless body is crawling its way up Elektra's spine. Rectrosum by rectrosum.

GARRETT
(chokes, to Elektra)
Get to his brain...! Only part of him...
you can kill...

Shuddering in agony, Elektra's hand strains deeper into Perry's rebuilt head. His mouth is foaming acid, burning the flesh off of Elektra's arm.

But suddenly, she THRUSTS, up into his cranium. And finds what she's groping for.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)
Flesh... soft flesh...

She squeezes. Perry's eyes BLOW OUT. His body CLATTERS off of her.

GARRETT
Baby, you did it!

Elektra turns to see

ELEKTRA'S POV -- GARRETT

Under Ken Wind's motionless foot. SIRENS, SCREECHING BRAKES, SHOUTS are heard from outside.

ELEKTRA'S POV -- KEN WIND

He doesn't move; he doesn't run.

GARRETT
Kill him, baby... before they get here...

ELEKTRA siezes Ken Wind, her sai poised over his heart.

GARRETT
Kill him, baby... then, kill me...

Elektra looks down at Garrett. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS and SHOUTS are heard. OFF, getting closer.

GARRETT

You gotta kill me... or they'll put me
back...

Elektra looks at Ken Wind, at Garrett. Her *sai* CLATTERS to the floor.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

No...

She kneels and puts a hand on Garrett's head.

AT THE ENTRANCE, Chastity and a V.E.I.L. Riot Squad burst in, bristling with weaponry. They stop in their tracks at the sight before them.

THEIR POV -- ELEKTRA, KEN WIND, AND GARRETT

Elektra's kneeling, like a bridge between Garrett and Ken Wind, a hand on each of their heads.

GARRETT (V.O.)

She said no...

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT -- WHITE HOUSE -- DAY

SUPER TITLE: "Three Months Later"

INT. OVAL OFFICE -- SAME

The august room is empty, except for the solitary figure of The President, silhouetted against the bay windows.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Ken Wind was possessed by a demon
out to destroy the world through
nuclear armageddon.

ON THE PRESIDENT'S EYES, camera slowly PULLING BACK. They're the familiar clear blue eyes of Ken Wind, but now they're bloodshot. His boyish face is smudged with a three-day growth of beard

GARRETT (V.O.)

Ken Wind was elected President of the United States by the biggest landslide in American history...

Camera still PULLING BACK. Now we see that President Wind's clothes are disheveled. He has his feet up on the desk, which is littered with papers and magazines, including TIME, with his picture on the cover, and Penthouse, opened to the centerfold. The office is a mess.

GARRETT (V.O.)

That was three months ago.

President Wind is watching Chastity on a TV screen, part of a bank of monitors, which he controls from a computer keyboard. As he watches, his hands toy absently with a small metal box that houses a big red button (The Button).

ON THE TV SCREEN, Chastity's in the Probe Lab.

CHASTITY (TV)

Sir, I'm afraid I have nothing new to report about the Election-night attempt on your life since our last conversation. Or the one before that.

The TV image WIDENS to reveal Elektra and Garrett, unconscious, locked side-by-side in Beaker's inquisition machine.

CHASTITY (TV)

The would-be assassin, Elektra Natchios, and her collaborator, former V.E.I.L. Agent John Garrett, remain unresponsive to all interrogation techniques.

Chastity pushes buttons on her console, ZOOMING the picture IN to a CLOSE-UP of Elektra.

CHASTITY (TV)

As you can see, the woman has made a remarkable full-physical-recovery -- the last cast was removed yesterday -- but her brain seems functional only on the most primitive level required to sustain life.

The camera PANS to Garrett's wreck of a body, imprisoned beside Elektra. His lips are moving continuously, but we can't hear what he's saying.

CHASTITY (TV)

As for Garrett, he remains a hopeless, cyborg vegetable...

Chastity shrugs uncomfortably, faces the TV camera.

CHASTITY (TV)

Frankly, sir, considering the current... uh... world situation, this has become a back-burner case for us...

BACK IN THE OVAL OFFICE, SECRETARY OF STATE WHITTAKER, patrician, bow-tied, bursts through the door, dithering.

WHITTAKER

Excuse me, Mr. President, but I've got to talk to you now.

ON THE SCREEN, Chastity turns to President Wind, salutes crisply.

CHASTITY (TV)

Mr. President, I'll leave you to The Crisis. My prayers are with you.

PRESIDENT WIND grins, hitting a switch -- Chastity disappears from the screen.

WHITTAKER

Mr. President, the Premier is still waiting for your answer. He's been sitting there for three hours!

Unperturbed, President Wind snakes a bottle of Jim Beam from his desk drawer and takes a snort. Whittaker gestures anxiously toward the bay windows.

WHITTAKER

And the crowd outside -- Security's got their hands full. Just look out there, Mr. President...

WHITTAKER'S POV -- THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS

Mobs of demonstrators are marching along the White House fence.

WHITTAKER (V.O.)

Those people campaigned for you... Put you in office... They gave you a mandate...

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE -- SAME

Camera weaves through DEMONSTRATORS, NEWSCREWS, COPS, signs saying: GIVE PEACE A CHANCE, WAR IS DANGEROUS TO CHILDREN, REALLY, LUV, BAN THE BOMB, BAN THE BUTTON (a picture of The Button, crossed out), NO NUKES, MAKE LOVE NOT WAR.

TV NEWSCASTERS (V.O.)

Angry crowd here at the White House... The Soviet Premier has been sighted in the West Wing... Still no word from President Wind... Tactical nuclear missiles on full alert across America's Arctic Defense Zone... Wind's own supporters accuse him of provoking the Soviets...

DEMONSTRATORS

Can't believe he... Voted for that son-of-a-bitch... Lied to us... Can't believe he'd let this happen...

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE -- SAME

President Wind is scribbling on a piece of paper. He rips it off the pad and thrusts it at Whittaker. The Secretary looks at the paper, bewildered.

WHITTAKER

Sir, new conditions at this stage...? Sir,
are you sure?

President Wind wordlessly escorts Secretary Whittaker to the door.

WHITTAKER

(reading the paper.)

"Sign the treaty or I'll kick your butt
all the way back to Red Square." ???
But, sir, you can't say that to the
Premier of Soviet Russia...!

President Wind shoves Secretary Whittaker out the door, and slams it. He drifts over to the computer, starts punching commands. The TV screen lights up.

ON THE SCREEN, Elektra and Garrett, imprisoned in the Probe Lab.

PRESIDENT WIND ZOOMS the image into a CLOSE-UP of Elektra. He takes out a crumpled pack of cigarettes, lights up, takes a deep drag, exhales. The President studies the image of Elektra.

ON THE SCREEN, Elektra -- motionless, impenetrable.

GARRETT (V.O.)

Three months ago... she said no...

PRESIDENT WIND begins typing commands into the computer, playing it like a pinball machine, overriding access codes, and breaking into the command structure of Beaker's Probe-Lab.

ON THE SCREEN -- Suddenly, the bonds that imprison Elektra SNAP open. She wakes, blinking, looks warily around. She sees the TV camera, looks straight at it. And smiles.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

Hello, Garrett.

PRESIDENT KEN WIND smiles back at the screen. And speaks -- in Garrett's whiskey-soaked VOICE.

PRESIDENT WIND

(Garrett's voice)

"Mr. President" to you, baby.

ON THE SCREEN, Elektra sit up, stretches, unkinking her body for the first time in three months.

PRESIDENT WIND (V.O.)

(Garrett's voice)

Been a long wait, hasn't it, honey...?
Three months... to let that amazing
body of yours heal.. Three months...

PRESIDENT WIND takes another hit of Jim Beam.

PRESIDENT WIND

(Garrett's voice)

... to get me inaugurated... and to make
sure the Agency hadn't tipped to the
Big Switcheroo...

FLASHBACK -- LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Elektra's kneeling, like a bridge between Garrett and Ken Wind, a hand on each of their heads. We hear Chastity and the V.E.I.L. Riot Squad arriving, off.

PRESIDENT WIND (V.O.)

(Garrett's voice)

That was some trick you pulled,
baby...

A JOLT of energy shoots through Garrett, Elektra and Ken Wind.

END FLASHBACK

PRESIDENT WIND swallows, shivering as the bourbon courses through him. He grins at Elektra on the screen.

PRESIDENT WIND

(Garrett's voice)

... Swapping Ken Wind's mind with
mine...

ON THE SCREEN, Elektra smiles back.

CUT TO:

INT. PROBE-LAB -- SAME

Elektra slips lightly to the floor, steps up to have a look at the still-imprisoned shell of Garrett. His lips are moving. She leans close to hear what he's saying.

GARRETT

(Ken Wind's voice)

... ethnic and sexual diversity...
inspiring outpouring of concern...

Elektra turns and looks up at President Wind on the screen.

ELEKTRA (V.O.)

Good-bye, Mr. President.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE -- SAME

President Wind leans close to the TV screen.

PRESIDENT WIND

(Garrett's voice)

Take care of yourself, doll...

The Oval Office door opens behind him, and the shaken Secretary Whittaker peeks in.

PRESIDENT WIND

(Garrett's voice)

.. And I'll take care of the country...

Whittaker's trembling hands are holding the treaty.

WHITTAKER

Mr. President, the Premier has agreed to your terms. He's here to sign the treaty.

Whittaker opens the door wider, revealing the apprehensive SOVIET PREMIER behind him.

President Wind LAUGHS, nods conspiratorially to Elektra on the screen.

PRESIDENT WIND

(Garrett's voice,
to Elektra)

I knew that son-of-a-bitch would fold.
You see, he thinks I'm crazy...

ON THE TV SCREEN, Elektra springs to a windowsill. Looks back one last time at the camera. Then leaps out the window.

PRESIDENT WIND grins, clicks off the monitor.

PRESIDENT WIND

(Garrett's voice)

And I'm the President.

PRESIDENT WIND'S HAND, holding The Button.

PRESIDENT WIND

(Garrett's voice)

So I've got the Button...

President Wind extra-casually shoves The Button into his back pocket, as he rises to greet the Soviet Premier.

PRESIDENT WIND

(Garrett's voice)

But I ain't no fool. Damn straight.

FADE OUT

The End