

THE SILENCERS: POWERED AND DANGEROUS #2: "Burn the Saint" (Part 2 of 2)

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ONE

1. AERIAL SHOT – CAVERNOUS POLICE WAREHOUSE – JAMAL ASLEEP, SPRAWLED OUT ON HIS DESK – SINGLE CONE OF LIGHT ON HIM

CAPTION: NYPD LONG-TERM EVIDENCE STORAGE FACILITY, ASTORIA:

JAMAL (sl): Wait ... WAIT ... I can't – I can't feel anything below my WAIST. I can't feel...

2: IN JAMAL'S DREAM – JAMAL UPSIDE DOWN IN FROZEN ICE WAVE – ANGLE ON AREA TOWARD LOBBY

JAMAL (sl): Oh my god, I can't feel—

3: CU – JAMAL'S BLACKENED FACE - HIS EYES GO WIDE AS HEARS –

CHANGO (OFF): Where's the FIRE, officer?

4: JAMAL'S POV – HAZY CHANGO APPROACHES.

CHANGO: I'LL tell you where it is.

CHANGO: Right HERE. INSIDE of you.

5: TWO-SHOT: CHANGO LOOKS UP AT UPSIDE-DOWN JAMAL.

CHANGO: A burning RAGE at FATE. Only HATE will set you FREE. Do you WANT to be free?

JAMAL: Yes...

CHANGO: You sick of feeling POWERLESS?

JAMAL: Yes!

CHANGO: Do you BURN with FURY?

JAMAL: YES!!

6: PULL BACK TO LONG SHOT: CHANGO REACHES UP TOWARD ONE OF JAMAL'S FROZEN HANDS

PYRE (OFF): Then CLOSE YOUR EYES. You won't even need to think WARM THOUGHTS.

TWO

1: CU – CHANGO’S FLAMING HAND REACHES FOR JAMAL’S FROZEN ONE

PYRE (OFF): CHANGO has all the WARM THOUGHTS you’ll ever NEED.

2: SAME SHOT AS PREVIOUS, EXCEPT TWO HANDS TOUCH IN A BURST OF PURE, WHITE LIGHT!

NO COPY

3: REAL LIFE – JAMAL WAKES UP WITH A START!

JAMAL: Whu-? No! I... Uh...

4: JAMAL IN CHAIR TURNS AROUND AND LOOKS UP AT FLAMING SUIT.

NO COPY

5: CU – JAMAL LOOKS *SHOCKED!*

NO COPY

6: THERE’S A POLICE UNIFORM SITTING ON THE DUMMY WHERE THE PYRE SUIT ONCE WAS!

PYRE (OFF): Where’s the FIRE, officer?

7: REVERSE ANGLE – *PYRE*, IN FLAMING SUIT, SITS WHERE REGULAR JAMAL ONCE WAS!

PYRE: Right HERE, baby. Fire’s right HERE.

PYRE: All DRESSED-UP and someplace to GO.

THREE

1: PYRE, A FLAMING SILHOUETTE IN THE DISTANCE, WALKING DOWN A DARKENED BROOKLYN STREET IN CARROLL GARDENS, SWINGING HIS POCKETWATCH ON A CHAIN

PYRE (sl, with notes): *Para que nos maltratamos,
Discutiendo a cada rato
Si en un beso terminamos...*

2: AERIAL SHOT: BIG PANEL: SUPERVILLAINS BATTLE EACH OTHER IN A GOWANUS PARKING LOT (CHAINED OFF, FILLED WITH LIMOS), PUNKS WITH MULTIPLE BODY PIERCINGS AND TATOOS AND BAT WINGS AND RADIATING SONIC SCREAMS! (HERE YOU CAN THROW IN THE NEW CHARACTERS YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT.)

[SFX AS NECESSARY]

3: REVERSE ANGLE OF #1 – AS PYRE KEEPS WALKING, SWINGING HIS CHAIN, THE GLOW AND HEAT OF THE BATTLE RECEDES IN THE DISTANCE BEHIND HIM

PYRE (sl, with notes): *Si el amor que nos tenemos...
Es amor del verdadero,
Para que tanto herirnos...*

FOUR

1: PYRE WALKS UP TO THE "BROOKLYN CASKET COMPANY"

NO COPY

2: INSIDE SILENCERS HIDEOUT: MISSILE 21 IS RECHARGING HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL WITH A CORD STUCK INTO THE OUTLET, RECLINING IN A BARCOLOUNGER AND READING THE TABLOID SPANISH PAPER "HOY".

CELL SFX: brrr brrr

3: TINY PANEL - MISSILE 21 FROWNING AT HIS CELL

MISSILE 21: ?

4: TINY PANEL - MISSILE 21'S CELL PHONE READOUT - IT SAYS "BROOKLYN MANOR"

NO COPY

5: CONFUSED MISSILE 21 ON THE BENCH, PHONE TO HIS EAR

MISSILE: Hello...?

PHONE (j): HEEEEY, Big M, what UP, man? Good to hear your VOICE.

MISSILE: HAIRTRIGGER? What—What you been UP TO, niño?

6: JOVIAL HAIRTRIGGER ON PAY PHONE IN DISGUSTING HALLWAY - CLOSE CROP IT, THOUGH, SO WE DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE YET - CAREFUL STEVE: LOADS O' DIALOGUE

HAIRTRIGGER: You know, bro, just what I do best, kicking ASS and taking NAMES, not necessarily in that order - HEH!

HAIRTRIGGER: A MILLION opportunities for a freelance operator such as myself in today's competitive CRIMINAL MARKETPLACE. I got a line on the PERFECT JOB, low-hanging fruit from the MONEY TREE, man. But it's a TWO-MAN OPERATION.

HAIRTRIGGER: What you SAY, Missile? You wanna pick up some MOONLIGHTING dough?

7: MISSILE LOOKS AT ARM READOUT - GRAPHIC THERE SHOWS HE'S ALMOST CHARGED (RIGHT "CHARGE" OVER TOP OF READOUT)

MISSILE: Eh... I don't KNOW, Trig. You're on Cardinal's LIST, niño. You in EXILE.

MISSILE: He'd FLIP knowing I was just TALKING to you.

MORE

FOUR, CON'D

8: HAIRTRIGGER ON PHONE – DOES SHARP DOUBLE-TAKE – CROP CLOSE

HAIRTRIGGER #1: SCREW Baldy! Getting “exiled” is the BEST THING that ever happened to me. And I’m trying to cut YOU in on my ACTIO—

HAIRTRIGGER #2: Hey! HEY!

FIVE

1: CU – MISSILE 21 – REELING BACK FROM HAIRTRIGGER SCREAMING ON CELL PHONE

HAIRTRIGGER: YOU! KEEP **AWAY** FROM THAT GARBAGE BAG! THAT'S **MY** GARBAGE BAG! MY **STUFF** IS IN THERE!

2: PULL BACK – HOMELESS SHELTER – HAIRTRIGGER ANGRILY CHASES AWAY THE BUMS GOING THROUGH HIS GARBAGE BAG FILLED WITH BELONGINGS WHILE THE RECEIVER FROM THE PAY PHONE DANGLES OFF THE HOOK FROM THE PAY PHONE ON THE WALL BEHIND HIM

PHONE (j): Wait ... Brooklyn MANOR? In EAST NEW YORK?

PHONE (j): You calling me from a HOMELESS SHELTER, niño?

3: DESPERATE, TERRIFIED HAIRTRIGGER ON PAY PHONE

HAIRTRIGGER: Man, you gotta help me get OUTTA HERE! It's like "28 DAYS LATER" in here, man, except it SMELLS WORSE!

HAIRTRIGGER: I'm totally BUSTED man, I need a BIG SCORE!

4: MISSILE COVERS THE CELL NERVOUSLY AS CARDINAL WALKS PAST

PHONE (j): I'm SERIOUS about this JOB! Dude in CHINATOWN runs a casino behind a PEDESTRIAN MALL on ELIZABETH STREET!

PHONE (j): I got it all FIGURED OUT, man, I can NAIL this place and get away before they knew what HIT THEM – I just need YOUR HELP to do it!

5: MISSILE 21 APPROACHES DOOR, STILL ON PHONE

SFX: NOK, NOK

MISSILE: I-I don't know, Trig. Lemme THINK about it. Somebody's at the DOOR—gotta GO.

6: MISSILE 21 STARES THROUGH PEEPHOLE IN DOOR

MISSILE: Dios mio...

MISSILE (sl): ...this is gonna be one of those NIGHTS.

7: MISSILE POV: THROUGH PEEPHOLE IN DOOR: FISH-EYE VIEW OF GRINNING PYRE

NO COPY

NOTE TO DAE: SEPIA-TINT THIS WHOLE PAGE, AS PER PREVIOUS CARDINAL FLASHBACKS IN #1 & #4

SIX

1: SAINT'S CARD: IT'S ST. BARBARA. ON THE ON-LINE IMAGES, NOTE THE LIGHTNING-BOLT-TO-THE-HEART AND FLAMING CUP MOTIFS.

MUSTACHE PETE (OFF, in Italian): <This is a SECRET SOCIETY. There is ONE way in and ONE way out.>

2: LAVISH, MASONIC-TYPE HALL IN THE 1940'S: MOBSTERS HOLDING HANDS. MUSTACHE PETE WEARS A SASH. LIGHT THIS VERY DARK AND MOODY, WITH MANY (IF NOT ALL) FACES OBSCURED.

PETE: <You walk IN on your feet. You go OUT carried in a BOX.>

3: REVERSE ANGLE – FIORE CALVINO, A.K.A. CARDINAL, PRE-POWERS, KNEELS BEFORE HIM.

PETE: <La cosa nostra is to be what comes FIRST in your life.>

4: CU – FIORE – HEAD BOWED

PETE (OFF): <If your MOTHER was on her deathbed and we called for you, would you come?>

FIORE: Si.

5: SAME PANEL

PETE (OFF): <If we asked you to kill your own BROTHER, would you?>

FIORE: Si.

6: SMALL PANEL – ANGLE UP – CARDINAL LOOKS UP AS MUSTACHE PETE APPROACHES WITH A BIG-ASS COMBAT KNIFE

PETE: <Show me which FINGER would pull the TRIGGER.>

7: SMALL PANEL: CARDINAL'S TRIGGER FINGER IS PRICKED WITH KNIFE. BLOOD WELLS OUT OF IT

NO COPY

SEVEN

1: BLOOD IS SQUEEZED OUT FROM CARDINAL'S FINGER ONTO THE CARD OF ST. BARBARA.

NO COPY

2: TIGHT-IN SHOT: A ZIPPO LIGHTS THE CORNER OF THE SAINT CARD WHILE CARDINAL HOLDS IT IN HIS FINGERS.

PETE (OFF): <Should you betray the secrets of la cosa nostra, your soul will burn in Hell like this saint.>

3: ANGLE ON MUSTACHE PETE, SWATHED DRAMATICALLY IN DARKNESS. REST OF WISEGUYS HOLDING HANDS IN CHAIN AROUND HIM. IMPORTANT: THE SMOKE FROM THE BURNING CARD WHIFFS UP FROM THE BELOW THE FOREGROUND!

PETE: <As the saint burns into ASHES, so does the life you had BEFORE this. Your CHRISTENING, your BAPTISM, your COMMUNION – all are UNDONE.>

PETE: <La cosa nostra comes BEFORE God now. We ARE your God. Do you understand?>

4: CU – CARDINAL – A SINGLE TEAR IS VISIBLE BENEATH HIS SUNGLASSES.

NO COPY

5: CU – MUSTACHE PETE – FACE SUBSUMED BY SHADOWS

PETE: <I said DO YOU UNDERSTAND, Fiore?>

6: CU – CARDINAL'S HANDS TREMBLING AS HE HOLDS THE BURNING CARD - - THE FLAMES BURN HIS FINGERS!

FIORE (OFF): ...

FIORE (OFF): ...SI.

CAPTION: "Cardinal? CARDINAL!"

EIGHT

1: SMALL PANEL – STILETTO’S HAND REACHES OUT TOWARD CARDINAL’S SHOULDER

STILETTO (OFF): Cardinal, do you HEAR me? Word on the STREET is—

2: STILETTO GETS A VICIOUS SHOCK FROM CARDINAL’S BODY!

STILETTO: YIPE!!

SFX: SSCCHRRACCK!!

CARDINAL: STILETTO! Are you INSANE?!

3: STILETTO SITS ON HER RUMP ON THE GROUND, STEAMING AND STUNNED BUT OTHERWISE OKAY. CARDINAL WORRIES OVER HER.

STILETTO: It’s alright, I’m alright, I just barely GRAZED you...

STILETTO: I forget your body DOES that sometimes.

3: BIG PANEL: CARDINAL & STILETTO SMALL IN CARD’S INDOOR GREENHOUSE: MANY OVERHANGING LAMPS. SLITTED ALUMINUM WINDOW AWNING/SHADES PROVIDE A NOIR AFFECT

CARDINAL: I CAN’T.

CARDINAL: Though the PLANTS help.

CARDINAL: You should be more CAREFUL. If anything HAPPENED to you—

4: STILETTO, SMILING, PICKS HERSELF UP OFF THE FLOOR

STILETTO: What, you’d CRY your eyes out until you ELECTROCUTED yourself?

5: CU – CARDINAL – PENSIVE, HURT

NO COPY

6: TWO-SHOT – CARDINAL QUICKLY TURNS HIS BACK ON STILETTO

CARDINAL: Of COURSE not. You’re my UNDERBOSS, now. I NEED you to run the organization, that’s all.

CARDINAL: You have NEWS?

NINE

1: FULL-BODY SHOT: STILETTO: MM-MM, GOOD. PUT HER IN REDESIGNED FULL-LENGTH DRESS, PLEASE.

STILETTO: Bad ENOUGH since we took out the SYNDICATE the city's become a CROOK VACUUM, sucking in every WANNABE who can shoot GAMMA RAYS out his ass from here to frigging NOME.

STILETTO: NOW the word on the street is that KILLJOY just arrived in town from ZURICH. He's GOTTA be advance security for the DUTCHMAN. The KABAL must be planning to make a plan for the city, Cardinal.

2: SHOOT CARDINAL WITH HIS GARDEN FROM THE BACK.

CARDINAL: This is not good.

STILETTO (OFF): No. If we want to UNITE the New York mobs, we now have COMPETITION.

CARDINAL: I'll have to THINK about that for a bit. Anything ELSE?

3: SAME SHOT

STILETTO (OFF): Not really.

STILETTO (OFF): Oh, wait -- PYRE is back.

4: SAME SHOT: CARDINAL, CONFUSED, COCKS HIS HEAD SORT OF BEHIND HIM.

CARDINAL: I'm SORRY...I thought you said PYRE was back.

STILETTO (OFF): Yeah, he's downstairs playing POOL with the GUYS.

5: SAME SHOT: CARDINAL TURNS ALL THE WAY AROUND THE FACE CAMERA (I.E., STILETTO).

CARDINAL: Stiletto...

CARDINAL: ...Pyre is DEAD.

TEN

1: DEEP FOCUS SHOT: STILETTO WALKS AWAY FROM CARDINAL, THROWING UP HER HANDS.

STILETTO: Yeah, I know, and he's playing pool DOWNSTAIRS with the GUYS. What are you gonna do? People DIE, they COME BACK, who can keep track?

STILETTO: NOTHING lasts these days, not even DEATH.

2: MS - CARDINAL

STILETTO (OFF): I'm waiting for TAXES to go any second.

3: LONG SHOT – CARDINAL COMES DOWNSTAIRS. PYRE, MISSILE 21, & NIL ARE PLAYING POOL, YUKKING IT UP.

NO COPY

4: CARDINAL'S MENACING SHADOW FALLS OVER PYRE, WHO IGNORES HIM WHILE HE CHALKS HIS POOL CUE.

CARDINAL (OFF): Who are YOU?

PYRE: Aw, c'mon, stop your JOSHING, Big Man. You know your old buddy PYRE when you see him, don't you?

5: CU – CARDINAL – UNIMPRESSED.

CARDINAL: No. Seriously.

CARDINAL: Who ARE you?

CARDINAL: You don't look anything LIKE Reginald James.

6: PYRE LEANS OVER TO LINE UP A SHOT.

PYRE: Reggie's WORMFOOD, baby! But it's the THREADS that make the MAN.

PYRE: Chango, the voodoo FURY GOD, be riding this punk COP like he a SHETLAND PONY at the COUNTY FAIR! He ASLEEP. He think he DREAMIN', back at the EVIDENCE LOCK-UP where I'm being stored.

7: CARDINAL YANKS THE CUE OUT OF PYRE'S HANDS! HIS BODY IS SURROUNDED IN SPARKS.

CARDINAL: You're a COP? This is a COP I'm talking to here?

ELEVEN

1: CARDINAL GETS IN MISSILE 21'S FACE

CARDINAL: You let a cop WALTZ into our SECRET HIDEOUT just because he was wearing a ZOOT SUIT?

MISSILE 21: Uh...

MISSILE 21: ...it was a FLAMING zoot suit...

2: EXTERIOR – "BROOKLYN CASKET CO."

CARDINAL (in bldg.): How did you know where this place was?

PYRE (in bldg.) Come ON, baby! You only been USING it as a SAFE HOUSE since Nineteen-eighty SIX. We watched that BALL go between Buckner's LEGS in this corner right HERE, remember? Crappy little sixteen-inch black and white T.V. "Let's go METS!"

3: PYRE LOOKS ADMIRINGLY AROUND LOFT WHILE CARDINAL WATCHES.

PYRE: You sure SPRUCED IT UP NICE, though. Done some CAPITAL IMPROVEMENTS since you cashed in JOHNNY PRO'S operation.

CARDINAL: If you've been in an EVIDENCE LOCKER this whole time, how do you even KNOW about our war with the Syndicate? You DIED right as that STARTED.

4: PYRE BEGS A SUSPICIOUS CARDINAL FOR WORK

PYRE: Look at Mr. Suspicious! God DAMN, Big Man, ain't you listening? Chango can pick my mount's MIND like it was a SALAD BAR. Black Kiss... Getting rid of the LEAGUE ... It's all there in the folds of my horsie's BRAIN MATTER.

PYRE: Look, baby, I'm back from the DEAD and dyin' for ACTION! Don't make me BEG, Big Man!

5: CU - CARDINAL RUBS HIS EYES BENEATH HIS GLASSES IN EXASPERATION

CARDINAL: Gang meeting. NOW.

6: CARDINAL USES A FINGER TO WAVE AWAY PYRE (JUST SHOW FINGER) WHO TRIES TO HANG WITH THE OTHER GROUP

CARDINAL (OFF): Not YOU.

TWELVE

1: CU – TWO-SHOT – CARDINAL & STILETTO

CARDINAL: I didn't realize Pyre was one of those "Whoever-wears-the-suit-IS-Pyre" deals.

STILETTO: Me neither.

CARDINAL: It's MAGIC. I HATE magic.

2: PYRE LOOKS UP FROM HIS SOLO POOL AS CARDINAL APPROACHES

CARDINAL: You're lucky we're SHORT-HANDED. You want to ENLIST so badly, OKAY. We'll give you an ENTRANCE EXAM.

PYRE: You won't regret it, baby. Who's the TARGET?

3: ESTABLISHING SHOT: EAST RIVER SKYLINE, WITH UNITED NATIONS BUILDING

CAPTION: "Handle's KILLJOY. He's a BUTTON MAN for the Tel Aviv ECSTASY cartel – the KABAL."

CAPTION: "He and his CREW are staying at the U.N. MILLENNIUM and for reasons you don't need to know, we can't TOUCH him..."

CAPTION: UNITED NATIONS PLAZA:

4: ALLEY: STILETTO'S SPORTS CAR IS PARKED INSIDE IT: SHE WATCHES PYRE PUT ONE OF THOSE SECRET SERVICE CURLED-WIRE DOOHICKEYS IN HIS EAR.

STILETTO: Why don't your flames melt the WIRE?

PYRE: Baby, why don't they flash-fry the ZOOT SUIT? Powerful HOODOO, that.

STILETTO: Yeah, okay, whatever.

5: STILETTO, IN DRIVER'S SEAT, STICKS HER HEAD OUT OF WINDOW AS PYRE WALKS AWAY DOWN ALLEY

STILETTO: Killjoy's got the PENTHOUSE SUITE. How are you going to get all the way UP there in that get-up?

PYRE: Ain't gonna go up.

PYRE: Gonna make HIM come down to ME.

6: CU – STILETTO – SMILES RUEFULLY, WATCHING HIM.

STILETTO: Good effin' LUCK.

THIRTEEN

1: KILLJOY'S BEDROOM – DARKENED – LYING THERE IS DEAD NAKED WHORE (TANGLED SHEET COVERING NASTY BITS) – WHO HAS BEEN STRANGLED TO DEATH WITH HER OWN FISHNET STOCKING.

GOON (OFF): "Avenue Q?"

KILLJOY (OFF): No.

GOON (OFF): "Chicago?"

KILLJOY (OFF): No.

GOON (OFF): "Wicked?"

KILLJOY (OFF): HELL, no.

2: PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM: GOON LOOKS AT PAPER WHILE KILLJOY SMOKES. BOTH SIT IN PLUSH ARMCHAIRS OVERLOOKING N.Y. SKYLINE. OTHER GOONS WITH ASSAULT RIFLES SURROUND THEM.

GOON: "Boy from Oz?"

KILLJOY: WOLVERINE still in that?

GOON: Yeah.

KILLJOY: Call TICKETMASTER.

3: SAME SHOT – GOON LOOKS UP, ANNOYED, AS ALARM GOES OFF! (KILLJOY DOESN'T BUDGE.)

SFX: BROOP! BROOP! BROOP! BROOP!

GOON: Stupid TOURIST BRATS, pulling the FIRE ALARM...

4: BIG PANEL – DOWNSTAIRS LOBBY ON FIRE – GUESTS AND UNIFORMED DESK STAFF RUN AROUND SCREAMING – PYRE CAN SORT OF BE SEEN IN BACKGROUND BY WINDOWS, GRABBING ONTO SOME DRAPES.

SFX (FIRE ALARM): BROOP! BROOP! BROOP! BROOP!

FOURTEEN

1: ANGLE DOWN ON PYRE AS HE YANKS DRAPES DOWN

SFX: BROOP! BROOP! BROOP!

2: PENTHOUSE – GOON ON PHONE, SHOUTING

GOON: It's no PRANK, K.J.! Some firebug's torching the LOBBY with his BARE HANDS! Gotta believe he's gunning for YOU.

3: CU – KILLJOY – SMOKING

KILLJOY: Cool.

KILLJOY: He volunteering to get DONE.

KILLJOY: Let's go DO him.

4: PENTHOUSE ELEVATOR FOYER – GOON CARRYING AK-47 PUNCHES CALL BUTTON TO NO AVAIL

GOON: Elevator's OUT! Stairs!

4: GROUND FLOOR STAIRWELL – MAKE SURE A BIG #3 IS PROMINENT ON ONE WALL – PYRE TORCHES PILE OF DRAPES ON THE FLOOR – BLACK SMOKE BILLOWS UP...

5: PENTHOUSE LEVEL: GOONS PUSH OPEN STAIRWELL FIRE DOOR CLEARLY MARKED #3 – BUT REEL BACK FROM ALL THE SMOKE BILLOWING OUT OF IT!

GOON: >KOF!< Try ANOTHER ONE!

FIFTEEN

1: ANOTHER ANGLE OF SAME BASIC THING – SMOKE DRIVES THE GOONS BACK FROM A DOOR MARKED #2 – KILLJOY STANDS OFF TO THE SIDE, PASSIVELY SMOKING.

GOON: Maybe we should >KOF!< wait for the FIRE DEPARTMENT?

KILLJOY: Screw THAT. There's ONE MORE DOOR.

2: GROUND FLOOR – BY BOTTOM OF STAIR MARKED WITH BIG #2 SIGN – PYRE BLASTS DRAPES – SMOKE BILLOWS UP

NO COPY

3: GOONS BUST THROUGH STAIRCASE AREA MARKED #1!

GOON: This one's CLEAR! Let's MOVE!

4: GROUND FLOOR – HIGHLY MARBLED LOBBY – GOONS (BUT NO KILLJOY) COME BURSTING THROUGH.

GOON: TOOK long enough...

GOON: Where's the HOTSHOT?

5: ANGLE DOWN AT CARPET – CU – FLAMING FOOTPRINTS HEAD OFF IN ONE DIRECTION

GOON: Look! On the RUG!

6: SHOOT FROM BEHIND CONCIERGE DESK – PYRE STANDS UP FROM HIDING BEHIND IT AS ARMY OF GOONS RUSH OFF WITH THEIR BACKS TO HIM

GOON: Punk musta PUNKED OUT! Took off THIS WAY!

PYRE: Fools oughta change your names to "TIC-TAC-TOE"...

SIXTEEN

1: BIG PANEL – PYRE, STANDING ON TOP OF CONCIERGE DESK, TORCHEST HE GOONS, LAUGHING LIKE KIRBY'S DEMON!

PYRE: ...'CAUSE THAT'S HOW EASY IT IS TO **PLAY** YOU! *HAHAHAHA!!*

GOONS: GAAAGGHHH!!!

2: FROM HIS PERCH, PYRE WATCHES CONTEMPTUOUSLY AS KILLKOY STRIDES OUT OF THE STAIRWELL, AROUND THE TORCHED BODIES OF HIS FLAMING GOONS.

PYRE: You Silencers so TOUGH, why don't you just BITCH-SLAP this punk and send him back to ZURICH?

3: SMALL, CIRCULAR PANEL – STILETTO BLOWING BUBBLEGUM BUBBLE

STILETTO: Yeah, his goons aren't much to write home about. Problem is we can't go near Killjoy HIMSELF.

4: PYRE LEAPS OFF CONCIERGE DESK, LANDING ON THE GROUND, AS THE UTTERLY UNIMPRESSED KILLJOY JUST STANDS THERE SMOKING.

PYRE: Yeah? What's his POWER, the ability to be too stupid to RUN when I'm about to FRICASSEE his ass?

SEVENTEEN

1: SAME SHOT – PYRE STUMBLES AS HE LOOKS DOWN – HIS FLAMES ARE FLICKING ... GOING OUT!

PYRE: Wha...?

2: PYRE FINDS HIMSELF FACING KILLJOY AS A COMPLETELY NORMAL GUY IN A STUPID PURPLE ZOOT SUIT!

STILETTO (j): Nah ...

STILETTO (j): ...try the ability TO BLOCK ALL OTHER POWERS within a FIFTY YARD RADIUS.

3: MS – KILLJOY – SHOOTS OUT SWITCHBLADE

KILLJOY: Nice SUIT.

KILLJOY: Better be BLOOD-ABSORBENT.

4: DEEP-FOCUS SHOT: KILLJOY'S SWITCHBLADE IN FOREGROUND, TERRIFIED PYRE IN BACKGROUND

KILLJOY: Cause you about to have a HEAVY FLOW DAY.

EIGHTEEN

1: PYRE STANDS THERE – LOOKING AT THE KNIFE

**2: SAME SHOT: PYRE WHIPS OUT A GUN AND FUCKING GUNS DOWN
KILLJOY! DAMN!**

SFX: BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

**3: PYRE LOOKS DOWN AT HIMSELF – HIS *FLAMES* FLICKER BACK TO LFIE
AGAIN!**

SFX (SMALL): AWOO AWOO AWOO AWOO AWOO

**4: THE FLAMING-AGAIN PYRE TAKES OFF, LEAPING OVER THE BURNED AND
STEAMING BODIES OF GOONS!**

SFX (BIGGER): AWOO AWOO AWOO AWOO AWOO

NINETEEN

1: ESTABLISHING – BROOKLYN CASKET CO.

CAPTION: GOWANUS:

PYRE (in bldg.): "For reasons YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW we can't go near him?!"

2: BIG PANEL - GREENHOUSE – CARDINAL CLIPS CARNATION WHILE PYRE YELLS AT HIM. NO SIGN OF OTHER SILENCERS...YET.

PYRE: YOU DON'T THINK I HAD A GOOD GODDAMN REASON TO KNOW he gonna snuff me out like a BIRTHDAY CANDLE, Big Man?!

CARDINAL: Your indignation is MISPLACED. You're trying to join the top SUPERGANG in New York, not the SHRINERS.

3: CARDINAL PLACES FRESH FLOWER IN HIS LAPEL.

CARDINAL: A jamook with POWERS is still a JAMOOK. REMOVE the powers, THEN when we get to see what you're REALLY made of.

4: CARDINAL TOSSES A WHITE PLASTIC BAG TO A DELIGHTED PYRE.

CARDINAL: You PASSED. We don't have a DECODER RING or a SECRET HANDSHAKE for you, so try THIS on for size.

PYRE: All RIGHT!

5: ANGLE UP AT PYRE TAKING SOMETHING OUT OF PACKAGE. HIS EXPRESSION QUICKLY CHANGES TO THAT OF UTTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

PYRE: I ain't NEVER gonna let you down, Cardinal. You can COUNT on...

PYRE: Uh...

6: CU – PYRE HOLDS UP A SUPERMARKET PACKAGE OF BACON.

PYRE: I don't GET it.

TWENTY

1: NIL LEAPS UP AROUND PYRE, ENVELOPING HIM!

CARDINAL (OFF): Playing DUMB now only makes you look DUMBER, Officer WILLIAMS. We've checked UP on you.

CARDINAL (OFF): How stupid you cops must think I am. It's DISRESPECTFUL.

2: CARDINAL POINTS A BLUE-SPARKING FINGER AT THE PROSTRATE PYRE, TRAPPED BY NIL, AS STILETTO & MISSILE EMERGE FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE GREENHOUSE. *CAREFUL OF LOADS O' DIALGOUE.*

CARDINAL: Killjoy dampens powers and all SIDE EFFECTS of powers. If you'd been under some MAJOR HOODOO as you CLAIM, your REAL personality would have asserted itself as soon as you got NEAR him. Yet you showed no sign of DISORIENTATION at all.

CARDINAL: Furthermore, you had the WHEREWITHAL to pack your SERVICE REVOLVER before going out on the HIT, which shows considerable PRESENCE OF MIND for someone allegedly POSSESSED.

3: ANGLE UP – PYRE'S POV – SILENCERS SURROUND HIM MENACINGLY

CARDINAL: You have THREE SECONDS to convince me not to fertilize my HOSTAS with your BRAINS.

4: CU – PANICKED PYRE SPILLS ALL

PYRE: Okay! You CAUGHT me! When I TRIED ON THE SUIT, I got some... PSYCHIC RESIDUE off it, memory snatches from the previous owner, like where THIS place is! That's what gave me the idea to COME here!

CARDINAL (OFF): WHY? Why come here?

5: THE IMPETUOUS PYRE LEAPS FORWARD THREATENINGLY, GETTING INTO CARDINAL'S FACE. THE SILENCERS ARE SURPRISED – ALMOST MOVE FORWARD –

PYRE: You people OWE me! For what you DID to me --

TWENTY-ONE

1: THE SPARKS SURROUNDING CARDINAL ZAP PYRE BACK, LIKE A BUG-ZAPPER! CARDINAL DOESN'T EVEN MOVE!

SFX: BZZZZAPPP!

PYRE: Unnnnh!!!

CARDINAL: Which was WHAT, exactly? You'll have to REMIND me. I do a LOT of things to a LOT of people.

2: PYRE/WILLIAMS SLUMPED IN CORNER, HAT HELD IN HAND, WITH HIS HEAD BOWED.

PYRE: The FROSTBITE I got from that !@#%! FREEZE GUN you used on me, last year, in the HALL job. That's right, I was one of the COPS you iced.

PYRE: After they thawed me out, a couple of my TOES got amputated. The POLICEMEN'S UNION made me go on DISABILITY. I can't be a COP anymore. If I can't WORK I'm gonna lose my MIND... I don't even care what kind of work it IS.

3: CARDINAL REACHES OUT SPARKING HAND, READY TO ZAP PYRE!

CARDINAL: Sorry, Officer. That's a tough break.

CARDINAL: But we don't take on TOURISTS.

4: LONG SHOT – EVERYONE STOPS AND TURNS AS STILETTO'S CELL PHONE GOES OFF! (CAN ANYONE THINK OF A GOOD WAY TO CONVEY A NOVELTY CELL PHONE RING IN COMIC BOOK SOUND EFFECTS?)

CELL SFX: brrring brrrrring brrrrring

5: CU - STILETTO ON CELL PHONE

STILETTO: It's our SNITCH at J.F.K.

6: CUTAWAY – J.F.K. AIRPORT – THE DUTCHMAN HAS ARRIVED, WITH THE HUGE HULKING MASS OF HIS BODYGUARD, SABOTAGE, BEHIND HIM! THE DUTCHMAN IS THE CAPTAIN OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN, SO HE'S A "LIVING GHOST," GRAY AND VAGUELY TRANSLUCENT. BUT HE'S DRESSED LIKE TOTAL EUROTRASH – WITH A PONYTAIL AND A TURTLENECK WITH A BLAZER. NO SEA CAPTAIN SHIT HERE.

CAPTION: "The DUTCHMAN just TOUCHED DOWN."

TWENTY-TWO

1: CU – CARDINAL, SMOKING, LOOKING DOWN ON PYRE

CARDINAL: Don't all VOODOO SPIRITS have some kind of Catholic saint EQUIVALENT?

2: CU - CARDINAL'S HAND REACHES DOWN OVER A TERRIFIED PYRE

PYRE: Y-yeah, I think Ch-chango's is...Saint Barbara's. Patron of GUNSMITHS.

CARDINAL (OFF): Yes...

3: CUTAWAY BACK TO PAGE ONE, PANEL 1 – ST. BARBARA SAINT CARD!

CAPTION: "I'm FAMILIAR with her."

4: CU -CARDINAL

CARDINAL: Do you understand this is a ONE-WAY TICKET you're buying? The minute you turn your BACK on this business, there will be a BULLET in it. I learned that the HARD WAY. We ALL did.

5: CU - PYRE

PYRE: Better a hard life ... than NONE AT ALL.

6: CARDINAL WALKS TOWARD CAMERA, THE REST OF THE SILENCERS BEHIND HIM, READY TO BACK HIM UP AND KICK ASS!

CARDINAL: Time will TELL. Baphomet and the Kabal want WAR.

CARDINAL: Let's go GIVE it to them.

NEXT: HIGH STAKES