

THE SILENCERS: POWERED & DANGEROUS

#3: "Cheaper Than Free" (Part 1 of 2)

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ONE

1: ESTABLISHING SHOT: CHINATOWN MALL: LOTS OF PEOPLE ARE GOING INSIDE, INCLUDING MISSILE 21 (SANS ARMOR) AND A GUY IN A TUXEDO, COMING IN FROM AN OPPOSITE DIRECTION, WHOSE FACE WE CAN'T SEE.

CAPTION: **CHINATOWN:**

2: INTERIOR: MALL: LOTS OF PEOPLE SURGE DOWN CENTRAL ESCALATOR INCLUDING TUXEDO GUY, BUT BECAUSE OF HIS SIZE, ALL WE NOTICE IS MISSILE 21. (NO COPY)

3: ANGLE DOWN : BASE OF ESCALATOR: LOTS OF TOUGH CHINATOWN TONG STREET GANG MEMBERS ARE HANGING OUT HERE IN SEEMING RANDOMNESS. THE "STORE" AT THE BASE OF THE ESCALATOR IS A CHINESE MASSAGE PARLOR, THE FRONT OF WHICH IS DECORATED WITH BLACK DRAPES, LIKE A STRIP CLUB. A CHINESE MIDGET BOUNCER HANGS OUT IN FRONT OF THE PLACE. DOWN COME TUXEDO GUY AND MISSILE ON THE ESCALATOR. (NO COPY)

4: TUXEDO GUY & MISSILE PASS THROUGH "METAL DETECTOR" LOOKING THING, LIKE WHAT YOU SEE AT THE AIRPORT, PLACED IN THE DOORWAY OF THE STRIP JOINT. THE LIGHT AT THE TOP GOES ON AND THE THING BEEPS LIKE CRAZY. TUXEDO GUY MAKES IT THROUGH, BUT MISSILE IS STOPPED BY THE BOUNCER.

DETECTOR SFX: *BEEP!*

SHORTY (DOWN): Whoa! Hold up there. You can't go IN, Mountain Man.

5: MISSILE LOOKS AROUND, CONFUSED – DOESN'T SEE ANYBODY

MISSILE21: ¿QUÉ-?

SHORTY (DOWN): You HEARD me, Tough Guy! NICE TRY! That machine's a SNIFFER – says you're a SUPER!

TWO

1: PROFILE: FULL-BODY SHOT: MISSILE 21 GLOWERS DOWN ON MIDGET BOUNCER! THIS IS CALLED "COMEDY!" SHORTY SHOULD BARELY COME UP TO MISSILE21'S KNEES.

SHORTY: Don't matter if you got X-RAY VISION to see through CARDS or MAGNETIC HANDS to make the roulette ball go where you want it to or TELEPATHY to read the dealer's mind!

SHORTY: POKERFACE don't let no SUPERS in his PLACE!

MISSILE21: You can't DO that. I have RIGHTS—

SHORTY (DOWN): Ya sure DO! You got a right to WALK outta here-

2: MISSILE21 FINDS HIMSELF COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY TONG GOONS, SHOWING TRADITIONAL CHINESE WEAPONS AND SNEERING.

BOUNCER (DOWN): --OR you got a right to get CARRIED out in numerous ZIP-LOC BAGGIES.

3: CU – MIDGET GRINS EVILLY

BOUNCER (DOWN): But THAT'll take multiple TRIPS.

4: MISSILE 21 SKULKS SILENTLY UP ESCALATOR; BOUNCER SHOUTS UP AFTER HIM:

MISSILE21: [Charlie Brown-style "BLACK CLOUD"]

BOUNCER: Tell it to the A.C.L.U., Big Guy!

THREE

1: MASSAGE PARLOR RECEPTION AREA: TUXEDO GUY RECEIVES A RACK OF CASINO CHIPS FROM THE WIZENED CHINESE MADAM. CHECK OF THE ADS IN THE BACK OF *VILLAGE VOICE* FOR INSPIRATION AS DÉCOR ... NOT THAT >COUGH< ... I'VE LOOKED AT THEM MYSELF ...

NO COPY

2: MASSAGE PARLOR CORRIDOR: WE CAN SEE SOME ACTUAL MESSAGES GOING ON AS TUXEDO GUY, HOLDING HIS CHIP RACK, IS LED DOWN THE CORRIDOR BY SOME HOT ASIAN BABES.

NO COPY

3: SMALL PANEL: MADAM'S HAND: PULLS BACK ON A SMALL BUDDHA

NO COPY

4: CHINESE PRINT AT END OF HALLWAY SLIDES BACK: REVEALING A DARKENED SECRET CORRIDOR.

NO COPY

5: CU: HAIRTRIGGER STEPS THROUGH DOORWAY, INTO LIGHT, GRINNING: NOW WE SEE HE IS TUXEDO GUY.

HAIRTRIGGER: All RIIIIIGHT...

6: LARGE PANEL: REVERSE ANGLE: HAIRTRIGGER STANDS AT EDGE OF POKERFACE'S CASINO: LOOKING ADMIRINGLY OUT OVER THE DECADENCE AND GAMING TABLES BEFORE HIM.

HAIRTRIGGER: ...let's get WEALTHY.

FOUR

1: CASINO – CRAPS TABLE – HAIRTRIGGER WALKS UP, LOOKING AT CROUPIER – CROUPIER CALLS OUT TO (NOTE TO STEVE: ALL CASINO CROUPIERS ARE ATTRACTIVE CHINESE WOMEN)

CROUPIER: PLACE your bets! [→ same in Chinese]

2: CU – HAIRTRIGGER – GRINNING, LOOKING AT THE CAMERA

NO COPY

3: THE FUTURE: MONOCHROME PANEL (A LA "THE SPAZ" TPB STORY): CRAPS TABLE: HAIRTRIGGER THROWS DICE: THEY SHOW "3!"

CROUPIER (OFF): THREE! The gentleman WINS!

4: HAIRTRIGGER SLIDES ENTIRE RACK OF CHIPS ONTO "3"

CROUPIER: Sir...

CROUPIER: ...are you SURE you want to bet your ENTIRE bank on your FIRST throw?

5: HAIRTRIGGER SHAKES DICE IN HANDS MANIACALLY

HAIRTRIGGER: Aw, that's real CONSIDERATE, you SAYIN' that.

HAIRTRIGGER: But TONIGHT, somethin's tellin' me...

6: EXACT SAME PANEL AS #3! (BUT COLORED NORMALLY)

HAIRTRIGGER (OFF): ...I'M not the one you should be WORRIED about!

CROUPIER (OFF): THREE! The gentleman WINS!

FIVE

1: HAIRTRIGGER LEERS AT TRIO OF BABES (GUESTS) HANGING OUT AT CRAPS TABLE. FOR SOME REASON, HE SUDDENLY SEEMS SO MUCH MORE...ATTRACTIVE TO THEM. HE SHAKES THE DICE SOME MORE.

HAIRTRIGGER: You ladies LIKE THAT?

HAIRTRIGGER: Well let's see if there's more where THAT come from!

2: HAIRTRIGGER DOES THE "INDIAN BRAVE" DANCE (I'LL DEMONSTRATE) AFTER ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL THROW.

CROUPIER (OFF): SEVEN wins!

HAIRTRIGGER: BOO-YAH!!

3: SAME SHOT: HAIRTRIGGER POINTS TO HIMSELF: YELLING DOWN AT DICE: ANOTHER SUCCESS.

CROUPIER (OFF): TEN wins!

HAIRTRIGGER: WHO'S YOUR DADDY? Aw, yeah! WHO'S YOUR DADDY?!

4: SAME SHOT: HAIRTRIGGER, BACK TO CAMERA, THROWS DICE OVER SHOULDER!

CROUPIER (OFF): BOXCARS!

5: SAME SHOT: HAIRTRIGGER LEANS AGAINST TABLE, DRUMMING HIS FINGERS AGAINST THE RAIL, WHISTLING OFF INTO SPACE.

CROUPIER (OFF): SNAKE EYES! Good you laid off that time, sir.

HAIRTRIGGER (sl): Yeah, well, y'know...You can't win `em ALL..> sigh<

6: DEEP FOCUS: HAIRTRIGGER HANGS WITH BABES (OR RATHER, THEY HANG ON HIM) WHILE THE CROUPIER TURNS AWAY FROM THEM (FOREGROUND), WHISPERING INTO A SMALL HEADSET ATTACHED TO HER COSTUME.

HAIRTRIGGER: So let's see here, we've PAID OFF Candy's STUDENT LOANS ... now Bambi, we're gonna pay for your SOPHOMORE year at ... where was it?

BABE #1: SYRACUSE! >giggle!<

HAIRTRIGGER: Cool, I hear that's a PARTY SCHOOL—

SIX

1: SECURITY ROOM, HIGH ABOVE CASINO: DARK ROOM ILLUMINATED BY MONITORS SHOWING VARIOUS PARTS OF CASINO HEAD GUARD ON PHONE: JOTS A NOTE DOWN ON A PIECE OF PAPER.

HEADSET (j): ...I mean, he hasn't lost YET!

PIT BOSS: Copy that, Craps Five. I have visual confirm on Camera Q. Am contacting the boss NOW.

2: SMALL PANEL: PIT BOSS DROPS FOLDED NOTE ON RAISED TRAY OF DRINKS AS COCKTAIL WAITRESS WALKS PAST. (NO COPY)

3: COCKTAIL WAITRESS PUSHES THROUGH DOOR MARKED "PRIVATE GAMING ROOM. EMPLOYEES ONLY." (NO COPY)

4: LARGISH PANEL: POKERFACE'S PRIVATE GAMING ROOM: A FAIRLY HUMBLE, TRADITIONAL CHINESE ROOM, WITH A BUDDHA, INCENSE BURNING, ETC. POKERFACE SITS AT A TABLE PLAYING SEVEN-CARD STUD WITH THE DUTCHMAN. SABOTAGE LOOMS OVER HIM. (NO COPY)

THIS IS IMPORTANT – WE DO NOT SEE POKERFACE'S FACE FOR THE ENTIRE PAGE!! Save it for page 14.

5: CU: POKERFACE'S HANDS ON CARDS ON TABLE: THE WAITRESS'S HAND PLACES THE FOLDED NOTE DISCRETELY ON THE TABLE BEHIND THEM. (NO COPY)

6: POKERFACE'S POV: NOTE READS: "SEE SECURITY A.S.A.P." (NO COPY)

7: ANGLE UP: POKERFACE'S POV: OTHER END OF TABLE: THE DUTCHMAN SNEERS IN POKERFACE'S DIRECTION.

DUTCHMAN: Is there a PROBLEM, Pokerface?

SEVEN

1: REVERSE ANGLE: CU: POKERFACE: THIS GUY HAS GOT THE BUSINESS END OF A FIREPLACE POKER STICKING OUT HIS LEFT EYESOCKET! DAMN!

POKERFACE: Not at all.

POKERFACE: Would you gentlemen please excuse me?

2: POKERFACE'S POV: SECURITY MONITOR (BLACK & WHITE): SHOWING HAIRTRIGGER WHOOPING IT UP WITH HIS GROUPIES AT CRAPS TABLE. THE PILE OF CHIPS HEAPED THERE COULD BURY A SMALL CHILD.

SECURITY (OFF): He's won TWENTY-THREE MILLION DOLLARS in the past HOUR-AND-A-HALF, sir.

3: POKERFACE STARES DOWN AT MONITOR IMPASSIVELY (AS HE STARES AT EVERYTHING) WHILE PLAINCLOTHES GOONS DEPLOY BEHIND HIM.

POKERFACE: 7-to-8 that man is cheating.

POKERFACE: Even split he is a Super.

POKERFACE: Detain him immediately.

SECURITY: Yes, SIR!

4: SHOOT FROM BEHIND: HAIRTRIGGER LOOKS BEHIND HIM: WE SEE HIM THROUGH THE SHOULDERS OF TWO MEN-IN-BLACK STYLE HOODS. ONE GUY IS TAPPING HIM ON THE SHOULDER.

SECURITY: Sir? Pardon ME, sir...

HAIRTRIGGER: Huh? WHAT?

5: PULL BACK: ANGLE DOWN: ARMY OF SECURITY GOONS STANDS BEHIND HAIRTRIGGER. THE GIRLS BACK OFF, KNOWING SOME BAD SHIT'S GOIN' DOWN!

SECURITY: ...could we SEE YOU for a moment, sir?

HAIRTRIGGER: You're seeing me RIGHT NOW!

6: TWO-SHOT: GOONS GRAB HAIRTRIGGER WHILE ONE CARTS AWAY RACK OF CHIPS

SECURITY: We just don't think craps is your GAME, sir...

HAIRTRIGGER: Uh, are you KIDDI—

HAIRTRIGGER (BIG): **HEY!! MY CHIPS!!!**

EIGHT

1: **SMALL PANEL: CU: PISTOL IS SHOVED IN HAIRTRIGGER'S RIBS!**

SECURITY: ... have you tried RUSSIAN ROULETTE?

SECURITY: Let's step OUTSI—

2: **MS: HAIRTRIGGER GRABS GUY'S GUN: AND MAKES HIM SHOOT THE GUY HOLDING HIS OTHER ARM! HIS FACE IS TWISTED INTO ANIMAL RAGE!**

3. HAIRTRIGGER: ***LET GO OF ME!***

3: **HAIRTRIGGER SLINGS LIVING GUY ACROSS ROULETTE TABLE! THE CROUPIER'S CHIP-RAKING STICK FLIES OUT OF HER HAND AS SHE LEAPS BACK, HORRIFIED! CHIPS FLY! (NO COPY)**

4: **POKERFACE WATCHES THIS ON SECURITY ROOM MONITORS. MANY GOONS STAND BEHIND HIM TO WATCH, TOO.**

POKERFACE: Odds are 2-to-1 he never makes it out of Pit Five.

5: **BIG PANEL: PIT FIVE: HAIRTRIGGER TWIRLS CHIP RAKE LIKE A NINJA QUARTERSTAFF AS AN ARMY OF GUN-TOTING GOONS SURGES TOWARD HIM!**

HAIRTRIGGER: YOU TORTOISES THINK YOU CAN POP MY CHERRY, HUH?!

NINE

1: REVERSE ANGLE: HAIRTRIGGER'S POV: GUN-TOTING GOONS SURGE TOWARD HIM – WE SEE THEM IN MULTIPLE IMAGES – YET, AS IF WE WERE LOOKING AT A FUTURIST PAINTING (“THE SWIMMERS,” SAY) IT ALSO APPEARS LIKE THEY'RE STANDING STILL! LIKE A NINJA QUARTERSTAFF AS AN ARMY OF GUN-TOTING GOONS SURGES TOWARD HIM!

HAIRTRIGGER (OFF): WELL. C'MON, TURTLES! COME OUT OF YOUR SHELLS!

2: LONG, NARROW HORIZONTAL PANEL: CU: HAIRTRIGGER SCREAMING IMPATIENTLY!

HAIRTRIGGER (BIG): *COME ON!!*

3: LONG NARROW PANEL: RAKE SWEEPS THROUGH GOONS' LEGS: TRIPPING THEM! (NO COPY)

4: LONG NARROW PANEL: GUNS FLY OUT OF GOONS' HANDS, INTO THE AIR! (NO COPY)

5: CU: HAIRTRIGGER'S HANDS – UPSIDE DOWN – GRAB TWO MACHINE PISTOLS OUT OF THE AIR! (NO COPY)

6: PULL BACK: LS: HAIRTRIGGER HAS LEAPT OVER COLLAPSING HEAP OF GOONS, AND IS UPSIDE DOWN, HOLDING GUNS! (NO COPY)

7: HAIRTRIGGER: UPSIDE DOWN: FIRES WITH BOTH HANDS INTO GOONS: DECIMATING THEM!! (NO COPY)

TEN

1: TWO-SHOT: POKERFACE & GOONS: WATCHING THIS ON (OFF-PANEL) MONITOR. THE GOONS ARE STUNNED SPEECHLESS. POKERFACE IS (GUESS) NONPLUSED.

POKERFACE: 2-to-3 he's apprehended in the massage parlor.

2: HAIRTRIGGER RUNS ON TOP OF SLOT MACHINE BANKS: BULLET TRAILS FLY ALL AROUND, BARELY MISSING HIM! HE STILL GRIPS A MACHINE PISTOL IN BOTH HANDS! (NO COPY)

3: HAIRTRIGGER LEAPS SIDEWAYS OFF SLOT MACHINES, PINWHEELING UPSIDE DOWN AS HE GOES, GUNNING DOWN THE TWO GUNSELS AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE

4: BIG PANEL: HAIRTRIGGER BURSTS THROUGH PAINTING INTO MASSAGE PARLOR AND THE GIRLS ARE WAITING FOR HIM! THEY ALL CARRY ASSAULT RIFLES!

5: HAIRTRIGGER HURLS HIMSELF TOWARD METAL TRAY ON ROLLERS WITH TWO LEVELS! IT'S COVERED IN BODY OILS AND TOWELS AND SOAPS AND SUCH.

6: HAIRTRIGGER ROLLS DOWN MASSAGE PARLOR CORRIDOR, BULLETS BOUNCING OFF THE TOP OF THE TRAY! BULLETS FLY ALL AROUND HIM!

ELEVEN

1: SAME SHOT: PAGE TEN, PANEL 1: POKERFACE IS STILL A MASK. BUT NOW THE GOONS BEHIND HIM SHOVE MONEY INTO THE AIR, BETTING ON HAIRTRIGGER'S CHANCES!

POKERFACE: 1-to-2 Shorty's boys take him.

GOON #1: I got \$500 on the guy in the tux!

GOON #2: GIMME TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED!

2: HAIRTRIGGER'S CART BURSTS OUT OF FRONT DOOR: BOWLING OVER SHORTY'S STOOL!

3: MASTER: HAIRTRIGGER GETS UP TO FIND ANCIENT-WEAPON-WIELDING TEENAGE GANG GOONS LEAPING FOR HIM!

4: SMALL PANEL: HAIRTRIGGER PULLS TRIGGERS ON GUNS – BUT LOOKS DOWN – THEY'RE EMPTY!

SFX: KLIK!

5: SMALL PANEL: SHORTY LEAPS TOWARD HAIRTRIGGER HOLDING "ELEKTRA"-STYLE SAIS!

SHORTY: *AAAIIEEE--*

TWELVE

1: SAME SHOT: HAIRTRIGGER REACHES OUT AND GRABS SHORTY BY THE FRONT OF HIS SHIRT!

SHORTY: --huh?

2: MASTER: HAIRTRIGGER SLINGS SHORTY AT GOONS, BOWLING THEM OVER!! (NO COPY)

3: HAIRTRIGGER BOUNDS UP ESCALATOR: TAKING THE STAIRS TWO AT A TIME! (NO COPY)

4: TOP OF ESCALATOR: METAL BULKHEAD SLAMS SHUT OVER FRONT OF MALL, BLOCKING HAIRTRIGGER'S ESCAPE!

SFX: *SWAMM!*

THIRTEEN

1: MASTER SHOT: HAIRTRIGGER LOOKS BEHIND HIM: THE TOP-FLOOR MERCHANTS HAVE HIM COVERED WITH SHOTGUNS, PISTOLS, AND VARIOUS OTHER WEAPONS!

POKERFACE (OFF): I'm afraid that every streak, no matter how good, must eventually come to an end.

2: ANGLE ON ESCALATOR: POKERFACE COMING UP: WE CAN SORT OF SEE THE DUTCHMAN AND SABOTAGE COMING UP BEHIND HIM.

POKERFACE: Now other men might be enraged at how you shot up my club, sir. Other men might be shamed at how you humiliated my security forces.

POKERFACE: Other men might have killed you outright in retaliation.

3: MS: TWO-SHOT: POKERFACE APPROACHES HAIRTRIGGER

POKERFACE But when this poker was blown through my ventromedial prefrontal cortex, it rendered rage, shame ... all emotions...

POKERFACE: ...rather beyond me.

4: HUGE SHADOW FALLS OVER STARTLED HAIRTRIGGER

POKERFACE (OFF): All I see is you beat the odds, and that is a very rare and lucrative quality in my line of work.

POKERFACE (OFF): So I'm not going to kill you, sir.

5: SABOTAGE LOOMS BEHIND POKERFACE, GRINNING, CRACKING HIS KNUCKLES. SHOW DUTCHMAN THERE, TOO.

POKERFACE: I'm going to give you a job.

FOURTEEN

1: ESTABLISHING – BROOKLYN CASKET CO.

CAPTION: **GOWANUS:**

CARDINAL (in bldg.): I'm VERY disappointed in you, Missile. You WENT BEHIND MY BACK and—

2: BIG PANEL – INSIDE GREENHOUSE – CARDINAL, MISSILE 21, STILETTO

MISSILE 21: Don't talk to me like I was a CHILD, Cardinal. I've been a Silencer as long as YOU – as long as NIL.

MISSILE 21: Hairtrigger was BROKE. He needed MONEY. He asked for my HELP to distract the casino's SNIFFER so he could get inside and win big with his FUTURE-SENSE.

CARDINAL: A FOOLPROOF PLAN – but not HAIRTRIGGER-PROOF. He's a SCREW-UP, Missile. You DISOBEYED me to help him, and now you're asking for MY help? To get him out of the mess HE made?

CARDINAL: Sorry, I don't believe in throwing GOOD money after BAD.

3: CU – MISSILE 21 ANGRY

MISSILE 21: Hairtrigger is a SILENCER. We OWE HIM for his help in defeating JOHNNY PRO.

MISSILE 21: You've always been too HARD on him, Cardinal. You KNOW because he sees ALL probable futures at the same time he's ... *un poco loco*.

4: CU – CARDINAL

CARDINAL: That's why he's never BELONGED here. I'm trying to run a CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION, not a DAY-CARE CENTER.

CARDINAL: I TOLD HIM that if he left he'd be DEAD to us, and I'm not accustomed to GOING BACK on my WORD.

5: CU – STILETTO

STILETTO: Cardinal...You KNOW I'm no fan of the SPAZ.

STILETTO: But he saved my LIFE.

FIFTEEN

1: FLASHBACK TO SILENCERS VOL. 1 #2, PAGE ONE, PANEL 2: ARMORFORM ATTACKS, HAIRTRIGGER DEFENDS WHILE STILETTO CRADLES KID CHAOS'S DEAD BODY (USE SAME PANEL?)

CAPTION: "When the SYNDICATE'S Armorforms killed KID CHAOS, I was so messed-up I would have been NEXT if Hairtrigger hadn't acted so QUICKLY."

2: STILETTO & CARDINAL – CARDINAL RUBS HIS EYES IN FRUSTRATION

STILETTO: No DISRESPECT, but if YOU won't help him...

STILETTO: ...I WILL.

CARDINAL: Alright, alright ... rather than have a MUTINY on my hands ... what CAN we do?

3: TWO-SHOT: CARDINAL & PEEVED MISSILE

MISSILE: So MY WORD doesn't mean anything to you, but the minute SHE says something you're all FOR it?

CARDINAL: What's THAT supposed to mean?

4: MISSILE 21 TURNS ANGRILY AWAY FROM CARDINAL

MISSILE: Never mind. I asked AROUND. One of Pokerface's side ventures is running ULTIMATE SUPERS FIGHTING tournaments. Real "two men enters, one man leaves" kind of thing.

CARDINAL: Right ... In an old HANGAR just outside LA GUARDIA.

5: TWO-SHOT – STILETTO & CARDINAL LOOK AT EACH – SPEED LINES AND EVERYTHING!

MISSILE (OFF): The DUTCHMAN was there when Hairtrigger was taken. He BET Pokerface that Trig couldn't last THREE ROUNDS with his bodyguard, SABOTAGE.

MISSILE (OFF): The wager was FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS.

6: CARDINAL, DEEP IN THOUGHT, WHILE STILETTO TALKS QUICKLY AT HIM

CARDINAL: The Dutchman is the ADVANCE MAN for the KABAL, here to set up their NEW YORK OPERATIONS. Where would he get FIFTEEN MIL...

STILETTO: ...unless he used the KABAL'S MONEY to place the bet!

SIXTEEN

1: ESTABLISHING - LONG BLACK LIMO ON B.Q.E. - NIGHT

CAPTION: **FLUSHING MEADOWS:**

2: LIMO PASSES LA GUARDIA AIRPORT

NO COPY

3: OUTSIDE LA GUARDIA, LONG ISLAND SOUND - LIMO PULLS UP TO RUSTING AIRPLANE HANGAR DOOR - TONG GOONS WITH MACHINE GUNS OPEN HANGAR DOORS SO CAR CAN PASS THROUGH

NO COPY

4: INSIDE LIMO - POKERFACE, HAIRTRIGGER & GOONS POINTING GUNS AT HIM LOOK SURPRISED

NO COPY

5: BIG PANEL: CAR HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATE STILETTO & NIL STANDING IN CENTER OF WAREHOUSE! NIL SHIELDS HIS EYE-SLITS FROM THE GLARE OF THE HEADLIGHTS. (THERE'S A BUNCH OF STUFF BEHIND THEM THAT'S INDISTINCT & WE CAN'T SEE.)

NO COPY

SEVENTEEN

1: BIG PANEL: NIL & STILETTO SURROUNDED BY TONG GUNS WITH GUNS POINTED AT THEM! POKERFACE APPROACHES.

STILETTO: You KNOW who we work for.

POKERFACE: The Cardinal of New York. Yes, of course.

POKERFACE: If you are his Underboss, as they say, I presume you do not believe in wasting my time.

2: STILETTO HOLDS UP BRIEFCASE IN HER HANDS

STILETTO: No.

STILETTO: You've captured HAIRTRIGGER, who is – was – one of the CARDINAL'S people. The Cardinal TAKES CARE of his people.

3: POKERFACE LOOKS DOWN ON SUITCASE AS STILETTO OPENS IT ... IT'S FULL OF MONEY

POKERFACE: Assuming this briefcase is of standard depth, you have only brought \$750,000.

POKERFACE: No ... no, that will not do.

4: STILETTO HANDS POKERFACE THE SUITCASE ANYWAY

STILETTO: Then how about THIS: Take the money. The Cardinal will place it on Hairtrigger.

STILETTO: He WINS, you KEEP our earnings.

STILETTO: WE get Hairtrigger. Sound fair?

5: AERIAL SHOT – LS – ULTIMATE SUPERS FIGHTING RING AS SEEN FROM ABOVE – POKERFACE JUST A SPEC DOWN BELOW AS HE WALKS AWAY WITH SUITCASE – SOME GUY MOPS BLOOD OFF THE RING

POKERFACE: No, it sounds sentimental. A concept quite beyond me.

POKERFACE: But gambling is ever about exploiting the stupidity of others. So I accept your employer's offer...

POKERFACE: ...however misguided it may be.

EIGHTEEN

1: STILETTO & HAIRTRIGGER, HIS HANDS PINNED BEHIND HIS BACK BY TONG GOONS

HAIRTRIGGER: You can TALK to these whack-jobs, right? Because, they're like, YOUR PEOPLE?

STILETTO: Not QUITE. I'm KOREAN.

2: BLANK HAIRTRIGGER

STILETTO (OFF): They're CHINESE.

3: SAME PANEL

STILETTO (OFF): Different LANGUAGE.

STILETTO (OFF): Different CULTURE.

4: SAME PANEL

STILETTO: Different place ALTOGETHER.

5: SAME PANEL

HAIRTRIGGER: Is that a NO?

6: STILETTO – BURIES FACE IN HAND

STILETTO (sl): That's it. Go ahead and make me REGRET sticking up for you...

7: TWO-SHOT – HEADS – H.T. MANAGES TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO STILETTO TO *WHISPER*:

HAIRTRIGGER (whisper): Doesn't Baldy have a PLAN for getting me OUTTA here?!

STILETTO (whisper): JESUS, Spaz... You haven't been gone THAT long.

NINETEEN

1: ESTABLISHING: EXTERIOR, UPPER FLOOR BRONX GYM: THE SIGN OUTSIDE SAYS "BRUISER'S GYM" OR SOMETHING. THROUGH THE FROSTED GLASS WE CAN SORT OF SEE FIGURES MOVING AROUND INSIDE.

CAPTION: "This is CARDINAL we're talking about here."

CAPTION: THE SOUTH BRONX:

SFX: **WHAP! WHAP!**

DUTCHMAN (inside):

2: ANGLE DOWN: BOXING RING: SABOTAGE STANDS OVER BLOODIED OPPONENT, WHOSE FACE IS JUST AN INDISTINGUISHABLE MASS OF RED. BLOOD DRIPS OFF OF SABOTAGE'S BOXING GLOVES. THE DUTCHMAN AND A CRUSTY TRAINER WATCH FROM RINGSIDE.

DUTCHMAN: That's ENOUGH, Sabotage...

DUTCHMAN: ...I'm fairly certain MURDER counts as a TECHNICAL KNOCKOUT.

3: TRAINER & DUTCHMAN TURN AROUND AS THEY HEAR...

JAMAL (OFF): Pretty IMPRESSIVE...

JAMAL (OFF): ... for the ROYAL BALLETT.

4: REVERSE ANGLE: JAMAL & MISSILE 21 ENTER GYM: MISSILE IS OUT OF HIS ARMOR, WEARING TRUNKS, ROBE AND GLOVES. JAMAL IS THUGGED-OUT IN GOLD CHAINS, A BASKETBALL JERSEY – TYPICAL RAP STAR GEAR.

JAMAL: But this is ULTIMATE SUPERS FIGHTING we're talking about here, Mr. DUTCHMAN, and if you REALLY want to beat Pokerface, you're going to have to do better than paint the ring with NORMALS' faces.

JAMAL: I say my boy KING MISSILE, here, can DISMEMBER Sabotage before the bell rings FIRST ROUND.

TWENTY

1: JAMAL & DUTCHMAN SHAKE HANDS

DUTCHMAN: And what concern might be that of YOURS, Mister...

JAMAL: BRICKS, son. As in "fall on Pokerface like a motherfucka ton OF."

2: MISSILE 21, IN TRUNKS, WEARING BOXER HEAD-THING, LETS TRAINERS LACE UP HIS GLOVES

JAMAL (OFF): My cousin, he just a SHORTY, he fell in to Pokerface for TWENTY LARGE, yo.

JAMAL (OFF) That droopy-faced freak had the TONG boys GUT his ass, FISH MARKET style, hung him upside down in his garage 'til all the BLOOD ran out of him.

3: SABOTAGE, HIS BOOTS LACED UP, GETS THE PLASTIC MOUTH THINGEE SHOVED INTO HIS MOUTH BY A TRAINER

JAMAL (OFF) My AUNT came back from CHURCH to see that shit, yo.

JAMAL (OFF): Yo, I wanna HURT that Chink bastard in the only place he BLEEDS – his WALLET. Just call me ALL-STATE. Wanna get you some INSURANCE.

4: MISSILE & SABOTAGE GET INTO THE RING, TRAINER IN THE MIDDLE ACTING AS REF. JAMAL & DUTCHMAN ARE AT RINGSIDE

DUTCHMAN: No DISRESPECT intended, Bricks, but SABOTAGE is MORE than capable of handling Hairtrigger.

JAMAL: Yo, yo, yo. DUTCH. Breaks down like THIS: You in AMERICA, son. I'm not saying Whitey don't know how to FIGHT, but in the ring...

5: CU – JAMAL ILLIN', WITH HAND GESTURES

JAMAL: ...ALWAYS bet on BLACK.

JAMAL: Word.

TWENTY-ONE

1: THERE GOES THE BELL!

SFX: *DING DING!*

2: MANGA SPEED-LINES – SABOTAGE COMES RUSHING TOWARD THE CAMERA!

SABOTAGE: *RRRAAAAAGGGHHH—*

3: REVERSE ANGLE – NO SPEED LINES – MISSILE 21 STANDS PERFECTLY STILL.

NO COPY

4: SAME AS PANEL 2 – EXCEPT SABOTAGE IS CLOSER! HE'S FROTHING AT THE MOUTH, NOW!

SABOTAGE: *RRRAAAAAGGGHHH—*

5: SAME AS PANEL 3 – THERE'S MISSILE 21, CLOSER (TO REPRESENT SABOTAGE'S POV), BUT STILL MOTIONLESS!

NO COPY

6: DETAIL – SABOTAGE'S FIST – DRAWN BACK

NO COPY

TWENTY-TWO

1: RINGSIDE CREW – TRAINERS, DUTCHMAN, EVEN JAMAL – WINCING IN PAIN! AS MASSIVE SOUND EFFECT FILLS UP PANEL:

SFX: KRACKK!!

2: IN RING: JAMAL STANDS MOTIONLESS, WHILE SABOTAGE CLUTCHES A BLOODY ARM – THE FEMUR PROTRUDING FROM THE SKIN!

SABOTAGE: GAAAAGHH!!

SABOTAGE: GAAAAGGHHH!!! MIJN ARM!!!

3: MISSILE JUST REACHES OUT AND TOUCHES SABOTAGE'S SHOULDER WITH HIS SHOULDER.

SFX: doink!

SABOTAGE (OFF, sl): Mijn verdomde ARM...

4 SAME PANEL, BUT WE SEE HEAR THE OFF-PANEL...

SFX: THUDD!!

5: SABOTAGE SPRAWLED OUT ON THE GROUND – THE TRAINER HOLDING UP MISSILE'S HAND – DUTCHMAN LEANING OVER, SCREAMING AT THE K.O.'D FIGHTER – JAMAL GRINNING BY RINGSIDE

JAMAL: See you SUNDAY, homes.

NEXT: THE FIX IS IN!