

THE SILENCERS: POWERED AND DANGEROUS

#4: "Cheaper Than Free" (Part 2 of 2)

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ONE

1: MOBSTERS' LIMOS PULL UP TO POKERFACE'S AIRPLANE HANGER ON THE EDGE OF LA GUARDIA (PLANES TAKING OFF IN BACKGROUND) ; VARIOUS MOBSTERS, CROOKS AND SCUMBAGS FILE INSIDE

CAPTION: **FLUSHING MEADOWS:**

2: INSIDE – A MAKESHIFT BETTING AREA HAS BEEN SET UP AT THE FRONT OF THE HANGER, TABLES MANNED BY TONG GOONS SERVICING SHOUTING CRIMINALS HOLDING WADS OF CASH. A BIG BLACKBOARD BEHIND THE TONG SHOWS THE ODDS IN CHALK:

KING M. -260

HAIRT. +220

3: INSIDE THE ARENA – STADIUM SEATING ON BLEACHERS SURROUNDS THE ULTIMATE SUPERS RING – THE PLACE IS FILLING UP!

DUTCHMAN (OFF): So – heh! – no HARD FEELINGS, I hope, for CHANGING FIGHTERS so late in the GAME, Pokerface...

DUTCHMAN (OFF): ...but, ah, I did not want a little thing like Sabotage SHATTERING HIS ARM to interfere with our WAGER.

4: OWNERS' BOX: AN ELABORATE AFFAIR WITH BUNTING AT THE TOP OF THE BLEACHERS. DUTCHMAN TALKS WITH HIS HANDS WHILE POKERFACE STARES OFF PASSIVELY.

POKERFACE: I have no feelings, hard or soft, about anything, Dutchman. I inspected your new man, King Missile, quite thoroughly, and do not find that he changes the odds one iota.

POKERFACE: This bout is still about strength versus endurance. I have no doubt that endurance's champion, Hairtrigger, will come out ahead.

TWO

1: IN MISSILE 21'S TRAILER: THUGGED-OUT JAMAL IN HIS "BRICKS" GEAR FLITS NERVOUSLY AROUND MISSILE, WHO SITS ON SLAB IN TRUNKS & GLOVES

JAMAL: ...that big dude SABOTAGE shattered his ARM when he punched you, and you didn't budge an INCH! You gonna clue me in on how you DID that without your ARMOR on?

2: MISSILE 21 OPENS LITTLE PANEL ON HIS WRIST, JUST LIKE IN SILENCERS VOL. 1 #4.

MISSILE: It's NOT armor. The SUPREME SOVIET designed this CARAPACE to protect his HUMAN MISSILES against impacts up to MACH 2.

3: ILLUSION SHIFTS – NOW MISSILE 21 SITS IN HIS FULL *BATTLE ARMOR*. JAMAL LEAPS BACK IN SHOCK!

MISSILE: I can never take my exo-skeleton OFF. However, the Soviet DID provide us with HOLOGRAM PROJECTORS to give the illusion of REGULAR clothing so we might BLEND IN with NORMAL society.

MISSILE: I can reprogram the holograms to look like ANY sort of clothes...

4: HAND STILL ON HIS WRIST, MISSILE WARPS THE ILLUSION BACK TO BOXING TRUNKS.

MISSILE: ...like, say, BOXING TRUNKS.

JAMAL: Oh. You mean...

5: CU – MISSILE

JAMAL (OFF): ...we're CHEATING.

6: SAME

NO COPY

7: SAME

MISSILE: There's still a lot of COP left in you, isn't there, Pyre?

THREE

1: BACK AT THE OWNERS' BOX: A SHADOW LOOMS OVER DUTCHMAN & POKERFACE! DUTCHMAN FREAKS, POKERFACE COULDN'T CARE LESS.

CARDINAL (OFF): Gentlemen.

DUTCHMAN: Yaaaagh!! What is HE doing here?

2: REVERSE ANGLE – CARDINAL LOOMS OVER THE TWO CROOKS, WITH STILETTO CLOSE BEHIND

POKERFACE (OFF): Control yourself, Dutchman. Considering the size of the Cardinal's wager on his former enforcer, it would have been impolite not to invite him to sit with us.

3: AS CARDINAL TAKES HIS SEAT, DUTCHMAN STANDS IN A SNIT

DUTCHMAN: Pardon ME, but since my advance security, KILLJOY, was killed, I've been rather ON EDGE.

DUTCHMAN: I suppose YOU wouldn't know anything about that?

CARDINAL: Kill-WHO?

4: DUTCHMAN LEAVES THE BOX BY LITERALLY WALKING THROUGH THE CROWD WITH HIS "LIVING GHOST" POWERS! THE CROWD FREAKS.

DUTCHMAN (sl): Don't have to sit here and take this...

5: CARDINAL & POKERFACE WATCH DUTCHMAN GO

CARDINAL: The quality of your COMPANY has taken a turn for the WORSE.

POKERFACE: You have no one but yourself to blame for that.

CARDINAL: OH?

6: POKERFACE'S HAND INDICATES THE HORDES OF SUPERVILLAINS & REGULAR MOBSTERS THAT MAKE UP THE AUDIENCE

POKERFACE (OFF): The city has been overrun with these squabbling super-gangs since you destroyed the Syndicate, all fighting over the territory that was once Johnny Pro's.

MORE

THREE, CON'D

7: TWO-SHOT – CARDINAL & POKERFACE ... AND POKERFACE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DO A POKER-FACE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

POKERFACE: No one is better suited to step up and unite these fractured mobs than you, Cardinal.

CARDINAL: Is that RIGHT?

POKERFACE: It is. And I am not t he only one who thinks so.

CARDINAL: I'll take that under ADVISEMENT.

FOUR

1: STILETTO GETS UP, TELLING CARDINAL...

STILETTO: If this is as interesting as conversation GETS around here, I'm gonna go powder my NOSE.

CARDINAL: Don't FALL IN.

2: IN LADIES' ROOM – ANGLE ON TOILET AT STILETTO FLUSHES

NO COPY

3: STILETTO AT MIRROR, TOUCHING UP LIPSTICK

NO COPY

4: PROFILE – A PAIR OF GRAY ARMS REACH OUT FROM EITHER SIDE OF THE MIRROR! STILETTO, SHOCKED, CAN ONLY STARE IN HORROR!

NO COPY

5: THE HANDS GRAB THE BACK OF STILETTO'S HEAD, SMASHING HER FACE INTO THE MIRROR! OW!

SFX: KRRSSSHH!!

6: THE DUTCHMAN WALKS THROUGH THE WALL, LOOKING DOWN ON STILETTO AS SHE LIES SLUMPED ACROSS THE SINK BASIN...

NO COPY

FIVE

1: ESTABLISHING: YACHT FLOATING IN LONG ISLAND SOUND, JUST OFF AIRPORT ON COAST

STILETTO (in yacht): Clipping a WOMAN while she's in the CAN.

STILETTO (in yacht): That's wrong in just SOOOOO many ways.

2: INSIDE YACHT – STILETTO TIED UP AND STRAPPED TO A CHAIR, SURROUNDED BY DUTCHMAN, SABOTAGE, AND SUNDRY KABAL THUGS. SABOTAGE WEARS A SPLINT ON HIS BUSTED ARM; DUTCHMAN IS ON A CELL PHONE.

DUTCHMAN: My APOLOGIES, madam, but I this is a bet I simply CANNOT lose.

3: CU – GRINNING DUTCHMAN ON CELL

DUTCHMAN: One moment.

DUTCHMAN: Yes, HAIRTRIGGER, please? I'm calling from the OWNERS BOX.

4: DUTCHMAN HOLDS UP PHONE SO STILETTO CAN TALK INTO IT – MILLIONS OF GOONS STICK THEIR GUNS INTO THE PANEL

STILETTO: Hey, spaz. It's me. The Kabal's got me. They say if you don't THROW the fight in the –

DUTCHMAN (OFF): THIRD.

STILETTO: --third round ... I'm TOAST.

5: HAIRTRIGGER IN TRAINERS' ROOM, ON BENCH, ALL SUITED UP AND READY TO GO, PLASTIC THINGEE IN HIS MOUTH, ONE OF THE CHINESE TRAINERS HOLDING UP PHONE TO HIS EAR – HAIRTRIGGER'S EYES ARE BUGGED-OUT IN SHOCK!

DUTCHMAN (on phone): Listen to your LADY FRIEND. She has her OWN best interests at HEART. >klik<

SIX

1: SABOTAGE BEGS DUTCHMAN AS HIS BOSS CLOSES PHONE

SABOTAGE: Aw ... can't we just rape her a LITTLE BIT?

DUTCHMAN: It is generally considerably BAD FORM to sodomize the opposition's UNDERBOSS, my monstrous friend.

DUTCHMAN: But once I kill CARDINAL after the BOUT, she will be STRIPPED of her title...

2: SABOTAGE LEANS MENACINGLY OVER STILETTO, PICKING UP A STRAND OF HER HAIR AND LEERING. STILETTO GRIMACES. DUTCHMAN WALKS OUT OF THE BOAT – *THROUGH THE HULL OF THE SHIP!*

DUTCHMAN: ...feel free to strip everything ELSE from her then, as well...

3: OUTSIDE ON RIVER – DUTCHMAN WALKS ACROSS THE WATER AWAY FROM THE YACHT!

NO COPY

4: DUTCHMAN WALKS THROUGH THE WEEDS OF THE SHORE, TOWARD THE MASSIVE AIRPLANE HANGAR

NO COPY

5: DUTCHMAN RETURNS TO THE OWNERS BOX, AND POKERFACE

DUTCHMAN: My APOLOGIES. Your New York HOT DOGS have been SAVAGING my gastrointestinal system all DAY. What did I MISS?

6: CARDINAL LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY DOWN ON STILETTO'S EMPTY CHAIR BESIDE HIM

NO COPY

SEVEN

1: TODAY'S EXTRA-SPECIAL GUEST-STAR: STAN THE MAN FROM TRANQUILITY #2! HE'S GOT THE MIKE AND THE SPOTLIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING...

STAN: FACE FRONT, TRUE BELIEVERS!

STAN: Are you READY for a CATAclysmic CONFLICT of PULSE-POUNDING PUGILISM?

2: ANGLE ON SLEEZY SPECTATORS – ALL ROARING AS ONE –

STAN (OFF): Are you READY for a TORPIDLY TERRIFYING TOURNAMENT of FERVENT FISTICUFFS that will put the "SUPER" in ULTIMATE SUPERS FIGHTING?!

SFX: YEEAAAAAAAAHHH!!

3: STAN SHOWS OFF "KING MISSILE" IN ONE CORNER, WITH JAMAL WORKING HIS SHOULDERS

STAN: In THIS corner, weighing FIFTEEN HUNDRED pounds, straight out of HAVANA, the ONE-MAN WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION, the INTERCONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MAN-MAULER...

STAN (BIG): ...KING MISSILE!!

SFX (off, smaller): YEEAAAAAAAAHHH!!

4: TWO-SHOT: JAMAL & MISSILE

JAMAL: Remember – we're gonna THROW it in the THIRD ROUND.

MISSILE: Understood.

5: STAN SHOWS OFF HAIRTRIGGER WITH POKERFACE'S TRAINERS, LOOKING HAUNTED ON CONFUSED IN HIS CORNER

STAN: And in THIS corner, weighing in one hundred SIXTY pounds, from CLEVELAND Ohio, the prancer, the dancer, the LADY ROMANCER, if you can read what's on his SHIRT you're already DEAD...

STAN (BIG): ...HAIRTRIGGER!

SFX (off, smaller): YEEAAAAAAAAHHH!!

6: HAIRTRIGGER, SLUMPED IN HIS CORNER, HAUNTED, HAS A MEMORY OF DUTCHMAN'S HEAD FLOATING ABOVE HIM...

DUTCHMAN: You GO DOWN in the THIRD, or the lady DIES.

EIGHT

1: PROFILE: HAIRTRIGGER & MISSILE 21 FACE EACH OTHER WITH THE REF BETWEEN THEM

REF: You know the RULES: No OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE or WEAPONRY of any kind. Otherwise, ANYTHING goes.

REF: Shake HANDS ... and let's have an entertainingly DIRTY fight.

2: HAIRTRIGGER & MISSILE 21 GET CLOSE ENOUGH TOGETHER TO "SHAKE HANDS" ... I.E., BUMP THEIR GLOVES TOGETHER. HAIRTRIGGER IS CLOSE ENOUGH TO WHISPER...

HAIRTRIGGER (sl): Missile, what are you DOING here?

MISSILE (sl): Just FIGHT and keep your MOUTH SHUT and we'll be FINE.

3: SEXY CHINESE BABE IN SPANGLY LEOTARD WALKS BY HOLDING UP "ROUND 1" SIGN

HAIRTRIGGER (OFF): Wait - I gotta tell you about STILET—

4: CU - BELL

SFX: DING, DING!

NINE

1: MISSILE, FIST OUTSTRETCHED, HURLS HIMSELF RIGHT AT HAIRTRIGGER, WHO JUST BARELY DODGES OUT OF THE WAY IN TIME! MISSILE PRESSES THE ROPES ALL THE WAY BACK!

MISSILE SFX: **BOOOM!!**

CROWD SFX: *RRRAAAAAGGHHH!!*

2: HAIRTRIGGER RAINS INNUMERABLE BLOWS ONTO MISSILE 21'S BODY, FLASH-STYLE!

SFX: BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA!

CROWD (OFF): KILL that CRACKER!

CROWD (OFF): PUT HIS EYES OUT! PUT HIS EYES OUT!

3: CARDINAL, POKERFACE & DUTCHMAN WATCH THE FIGHT – DUTCHMAN IS BEAMING.

POKERFACE: You see? Your man cannot withstand that beating for long. 2-to-3 Missile goes down in the third.

DUTCHMAN: I'd be more than happy to make a SIDE WAGER on that if you'd like...

4: HAIRTRIGGER WINCES AT HIS THROBBING GLOVES

HAIRTRIGGER: DAMN, what is your skin MADE of? CONCRETE?

TEN

1: ON THE YACHT: KABAL GOONS HAVE TO HOLD BACK SABOTAGE FROM DISMEMBERING A SNEERING STILETTO!

SABOTAGE: WHAT'RE YOU SAYING? ***WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?!***

STILETTO: I've seen pictures of WEIGHTLIFTERS. I bet you're hiding a COCKTAIL WEENIE in those trunks.

2: PROFILE CU – SWEATING GOON SCOWLS AT GRINNING STILETTO

GOON: You're really ASKING FOR IT, lady!

STILETTO: Yeah, like GIGANTISM is a real TURN-ON for me.

3: CU – STILETTO'S HANDS – HER BLADE IS SHOOTING OUT OF ONE FINGER...

NO COPY

4: GOING INTO THE FLOOR...

NO COPY

5: CU – UNDERWATER – ANGLE UP - SHE'S CUTTING A CRACK DOWN THE BOTTOM OF THE HULL!

NO COPY

ELEVEN

1: SEQUINED HONEY HOLDS UP "ROUND TWO" SIGN AND WALKS ACROSS THE RING

SFX: DING, DING!

2: BIG PANEL – HAIRTRIGGER P.O.V. – HE SEES *MULTIPLE IMAGES OF MISSILE 21 TRYING TO LAND PUNCHES* – AND HAIRTRIGGER MOVES TO THE ONLY PLACES THE FISTS *AREN'T!*

NO COPY

3: REVERSE IDEA: OUR VIEW – MULTIPLE HAIRTRIGGERS SEEMING TO MOVE FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, DODGING PUNCHES!

NO COPY

4: ANGLE ON RESTLESS CROWD

FAN: You call this ULTIMATE FIGHTING? It's ULTIMATE **SUCK!!**

FAN #2: FLOATING BALLOON: Stop DANCING and MURDER EACH OTHER, already!!

5: ANGLE ON *YAWNING* MERV ALBERT-TYPE RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER

ANNR.: The BIG ONE can't hit the FAST ONE and the fast one can't HURT the big one.

ANNR.: This is quite possibly the most BORING BOUT in supers fighting HISTORY...

TWELVE

1: SABOTAGE THROWS OFF THE GUYS HOLDING ONTO HIM WITH A ROAR!

SABOTAGE: SABOTAGE GROSSLY OVERSIZED!! SABOTAGE HAS GROSSLY OVERSIZED **PENIS!!**

STILETTO: Then why get so DEFENSIVE? You're not exactly filling me up with CONFIDENCE, here.

2: SABOTAGE JUMPS TOWARD STILETTO, FIST THROWN BACK! STILETTO ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY.

SABOTAGE: SABOTAGE FILL YOU UP WITH SOMETHING! RRAAAGGHH—

3: MS – SABOTAGE LOOKS SHOT AS HIS FIST GOES THROUGH THE HULL OF THE BOAT! WATER SPRAYS EVERYWHERE!

SABOTAGE (sl): Whuh?

SFX: KRRAAAAAAKKK--

4: ON RIVER- YACHT SPLITS IN HALF, BOTH ENDS SHOOTING UP LIKE THE TITANIC!

GOONS (inside): AAGGGHHH!!

5: UNDERWATER – STILETTO SWIMS TOWARD SHORE!

NO COPY

THIRTEEN

1: TERRIFIED LOOKING BABE HOLDS UP "ROUND THREE" SIGN – SHE'S BEING PELTED WITH APPLE CORES AND BEER BOTTLES!

SFX (OFF): BOOOOOO!

2: CU – DETERMINED HAIRTRIGGER!

HAIRTRIGGER & MISSILE 21 (*1 balloon, 2 pointers, extending over the two panels*): Time to go DOWN.

3: CU – DETERMINED MISSILE 21!

(SEE #2)

3: CARDINAL, POKERFACE & DUTCHMAN LOOK UP SHOCKED (OKAY, POKERFACE ISN'T SHOCKED) AT...

STILETTO (OFF): Cardinal ... can I TALK to you in PRIVATE?

4: REVERSE ANGLE – CARDINAL'S POV - SOAKING WET, FURIOUS STILETTO

CARDINAL (OFF): What happened to YOU?

5: TWO SHOT – CARDINAL & STILETTO (AWAY FROM BOX) – STILETTO FRANTIC

STILETTO: ...and he told HAIRTRIGGER to go down in the THIRD! Cardinal, they're BOTH TRYING TO THROW THE FIGHT!!

STILETTO: We HAVE to pull out our BET!

6: CU – CARDINAL

CARDINAL: Bet?

FOURTEEN

1: BETTING AREA: TONG HUGS COUNT MONEY AND WATCH THE MISERABLE FIGHT ON CLOSE-CIRCUIT MONITORS.

NO COPY

2: CU: COUNTING THUGS: LOOK UP, SHOCKED –

NO COPY

3: NIL RISES UP OVER GOONS! THEY PULL GUNS, BUT TO NO AVAIL!

CAPTION: "WHAT bet?"

FIFTEEN

1: PANICKED GUY RUSHES TO TOP OF STANDS – YELLS –

PANICKED GUY: Somebody's jacked the BANK! All our bets been RIPPED-OFF!!

2: PANDEMONIUM! GUN-TOTING AUDIENCE MEMBERS RUSH TOWARD EXITS—

FB: Aw, man, I got half a year's BRIBES riding on this!!

FB: Some dumb bastard's gonna get every gangster in NEW YORK on his tail—

3: SHOOT FROM BEHIND STILETTO – DUTCHMAN IS PHASING OUT FROM THE BLEACHERS BEHIND CARDINAL, KNIFE RAISED!

STILETTO (BIG): CARD--

4: TIGHT ON KNIFE TIP – IT ENTERS CARDINAL'S FORCE FIELD AND GETS STUCK THERE! ELECTRICITY COURSES UP THE BLADE!

SFX: SSHHRRAKKK!

DUTCHMAN (OFF): YAA--

5: TIGHT – TWO-SHOT – CARDINAL & STILETTO – CARD SMOKES – IN THE BACKGROUND, STILETTO COVERS HER MOUTH LIKE SHE'S GOING TO BARF.

DUTCHMAN (OFF, sl): ...gurgle...

CARDINAL: When the Good Lord handed out SUPERPOWERS, there was one in particular he SKIMPED ON.

STILETTO (sl): >urp<

SIXTEEN

1: BIG PANEL REVEAL – HORRIFIC SIGHT – DUTCHMAN WENT SOLID WHILE TRYING TO MOVE BETWEEN THE LATTICE OF THE BLEACHERS! IT’S STICKING OUT HIS EYE, THROUGH HIS BODY – WHAT A BLOODY MESS. TRULY NASTY.

CARDINAL (OFF): BRAINS.

2: CARDINAL TURNS AS STILETTO PUKES HER GUTS OUT.

CARDINAL: Guess his NERVOUS SYSTEM IS still active when he PHASES--

STILETTO: HRRULLLGG!!

3: EXHAUSTED, MISSILE 21 AND HAIRTRIGGER LIE PROPPED UP AGAINST EACH OTHER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING. THE AUDIENCE RUNS AROUND OUTSIDE THE RING LIKE CHICKENS WITH THEIR HEADS CUT OFF, TOTALLY IGNORING THEM.

HAIRTRIGGER: It’s over >pant!<, right? We can stop >gasp< fighting now.

MISSILE 21: Dios mio >gasp<, I hope so. >pant!<

SEVENTEEN

1: ESTABLISHING SHOT – DAYTIME – PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE WHITE CITY, TEL AVIV (THE WHITE CITY HAS THE MOST BAUHAUS ARCHITECTURE OF ANY PLACE IN THE WORLD)

CAPTION: The White City, TEL AVIV, Israel:

BAPHOMET (in Bauhuas bldg.; "DEMONIC" font): I WAS planning on simply TAKING OVER the New York mobs, Cardinal.

2: BIG PANEL – BAPHOMET RECLINES IN A LUXURIOUS WHITE COUCH BEING ATTENDED BY HALF-NAKED BLONDE RUSSIAN PROSTITUTES. CARDINAL IS ON A HORIZONTAL VIDEO CONFERENCE SCREEN MOUNTED ON ONE WALL (WITH AN ENTERTAINMENT CENTER) . *BAPHOMET IS A BIG MUSCULAR GUY WITH A BLACK CAT HEAD, WEARING SATAN-STYLE SHAGGY GOAT PANTS. SUPERVILLAINS ARE A FAIRLY TACKY BUNCH.*

BAPHOMET: But you shall be a WORTHY PARTNER. Rescuing my FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS from an unreliable underling like the DUTCHMAN is an excellent sign of GOOD FAITH.

CARDINAL (j): We still have a LONG ROW to HOE, Baphomet. We have the SILENCERS and Pokerface's TONG now, but the rest of these MINI-MOBS won't go QUIETLY.

3: DETAIL ON BAPHOMET

BAPHOMET: Perhaps NOT. But your HEIST at the tourney financially CRIPPLED many of them ... and we can replace all the drugs, prostitution, gambling and loan sharking they previously offered faster than they can RECOVER.

BAPHOMET: It was GOOD you contacted me before the FIGHT, Cardinal. Our COUPLING has the tinge of DESTINY.

4: CARDINAL TURNS AWAY BAPHOMET-ON-VIDEO SCREEN ON HIS END. HE'S IN A PENTHOUSE CORPORATE BOARDROOM IN THE OLD PROVENZANO BUILDING.

BAPHOMET (j): I expect BIWEEKLY status reports. I trust you have all the MANPOWER to control things from YOUR END.

CARDINAL: I think so...

5: OTHER END OF BOARDROOM TABLE – SILENCERS (STILETTO, HAIRTRIGGER, MISSILE 21 – NO NIL) EYE SABOTAGE AND POKERFACE AND TONG GOONS WARILY

CARDINAL (OFF): ...over here we're ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY.

EIGHTEEN

1: HAIRTRIGGER TRIES TO LEAVE WITH THE OTHERS, BUT CARDINAL'S IMPERIOUS FINGER STOPS HIM

CARDINAL (OFF): YOU.

CARDINAL (OFF): I want to TALK to you.

2: LONG SHOT - HAIRTRIGGER AND CARDINAL FACE EACH OTHER AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF LONG ROOM - LIGHT FILTERS IN THE BLINDS - NOT TO STEVE: THIS SEQUENCE SHOULD VERY SELF-CONSCIOUSLY ECHO THE JOHNNY PRO/CARDINAL CONVERSATION FROM SILENCERS #1

CARDINAL: Why are you STILL HERE?

CARDINAL: What did I TELL YOU, Hairtrigger?

HAIRTRIGGER: You don't need to REMIND ME, Old Man, I can see PROBABLE FUTURES, remember? I can HEAR what you're gonna say before you SAY it.

3: HAIRTRIGGER POV: MONOCHROMATIC: CARDINAL TALKS WITH HIS HANDS

CARDINAL: You walk through that door, it won't EVER open again. You leave NOW and you're OUT.

HAIRTRIGGER (OFF): My PARENTS just got CLIPPED, man, doesn't that MEAN anything to you?

4: BACKLIT, PENSIVE CARDINAL - THE BLINDS SHADOWS STRIATE HIS FACE

CARDINAL: I just wish YOU were as predictable to ME as I am to you.

CARDINAL: You're a LOOSE CANNON. Loose cannons I can't AFFORD.

CARDINAL: I meant what I SAID, Hairtrigger. I want you GONE.

5: HAIRTRIGGER, ON THE VERGE OF TEARS, BEGS CARDINAL

HAIRTRIGGER; Silencers are my FAMILY, man. Alright, I said it! Not just in the MOB way - I mean the REAL way!

HAIRTRIGGER: This is the only thing I've ever BELONGED to, y'know? I gave the Silencers EVERYTHING 'cause it's the only thing I HAD! Don't take THIS away from me, too!

6: CU - HAIRTRIGGER - HE LOOKS CONFUSED, SHOCKED

NO COPY

EIGHTEEN, CON'D

7: HAIRTRIGGER POV: MONOCHROMATIC: CARDINAL BLASTS H.T. WITH HIS ELECTRIC TOUCH!

NO COPY

NINETEEN

1: HAIRTRIGGER PULLS HIS GUNS ON CARDINAL! HE'S SHAKING LIKE MAD!

CARDINAL (OFF): What are you DOING?

HAIRTRIGGER: What are YOU doing?! I can see PROBABLE FUTURES, man! You wanna WHACK me!!

2: LARGE PANEL – ANGLE DOWN HAIRTRIGGER'S GUNS AT SMOKING CARDINAL

HAIRTRIGGER (OFF): You're giving the speech JUSTIFYING it in my head, right now!

HAIRTRIGGER (OFF): "My whole life I've been pushed around by the DONS, but now I'M in charge. I can make a DIFFERENCE. I can do something with this organization that's never been DONE before, GOOD things! But I can't have a FREAK like you runnin' around out of CONTROL!"

3: ANGLE UP – DESPERATE, CRAZED HAIRTRIGGER

HAIRTRIGGER: You're crazier' n I am, Cardinal, if you think that's gonna stick! Bring down the mob from the INSIDE, as a GODFATHER, that's completely NUTS!

HAIRTRIGGER: But don't worry, I'm not gonna stick around and watch you IMplode. I'm getting far, far away from here – the West Coast,. L.A., maybe, Vegas even.

4: CU - CARDINAL

CARDINAL: No.

5: EXTREME CU – SCREAMING HAIRTRIGGER

HAIRTRIGGER: No?! NO?! What do you MEAN, no?!

HAIRTRIGGER: How you going to STOP me? I can PREDICT your EVERY MOVE!

HAIRTRIGGER: You'd have to do something with a point-oh-oh-oh-sixteen percent LIKELIHOOD to get it past ME!

6: EXTREME CU – CARDINAL

CARDINAL: Oh.

CARDINAL: Is that ALL?

TWENTY

1: BIG PANEL: NIL SPRINGS AROUND HAIRTRIGGER, COMPLETELY ENVELOPING HIM! HE STILL MANAGES TO GET OFF A SHOT, THOUGH!

HAIRTRIGGER: >Ngk!<

SFX: KPOW!

2: NIL HAS HAIRTRIGGER ON THE GROUND, STRANGLING HIM. CARDINAL WATCHES, HOLDING HIS SHOULDER.

CARDINAL: WHY is Nil always where I NEED him? No matter WHERE I am? Why did he DISAPPEAR when I went to PRISON?

3: CU – NIL

CARDINAL (OFF): Nil is one of my SUPERPOWERS. A fact I've always kept as my proverbial ACE in the SLEEVE.

4: CU – HAIRTRIGGER – NIL'S CLAWS AROUND HIS NECK – HE'S DYING!

CARDINAL (OFF): You SHOULDN'T have said you knew my plans, Hairtrigger. I WAS going to let you have a second chance.

5: CARDINAL STANDING BY HAIRTRIGGER'S HAND IS IT GOES LIMP – DEAD.

CARDINAL: But you were on the street for THREE WEEKS before getting into trouble. I can't afford you going and get yourself STUCK again, with nothing to UNSTICK you...

CARDINAL: ...except what you have on ME.

TWENTY-ONE

1: CU – CARDINAL – HE HEARS A VOICE BEHIND HIM – HE WHIRLS

STILETTO (OFF): >Choke!<

2: STILETTO STANDS IN THE DOORWAY TO CARDINAL'S OFFICE, HORRIFIED!

NO COPY

3: STILETTO'S HORRIFIED FACE, TEARS ROLLING DOWN HER EYES!

STILETTO: How...?

STILETTO: HOW?

4: DEEP FOCUS SHOT – STILETTO'S BOOT TAKING OFF IN FOREGROUND – CARDINAL TAKING A STEP FORWARD IN BACKGROUND

CARDINAL: Stiletto, I had NO CHOICE. It was for YOU, so you would have a FUTURE you can be PROUD of. I—

CARDINAL: STILETTO, COME BACK HERE!

5:BIG PANEL – CARDINAL, HEAD BOWED, STANDS OVER HAIRTRIGGER'S DEAD BODY, EYES WIDE ... NIL DISSIPATES INSIDE HIS BODY AS A CURL OF INKY SMOKE.

NO COPY

TWENTY-TWO

1: SMALL PANEL – CU – CARDINAL TURNS HIS HEAD WHEN HE HEARS A TAPPING AT THE GLASS...

SFX (OFF): *tap tap tap*

2: CARDINAL'S POV: SUPERGUY FLOATS BY WINDOW OF PENTHOUSE!

NO COPY

3: CARDINAL GOES OUT ON TERRACE AS SUPERGUY FLOATS ABOVE HIM. CARDINAL HOLDS A SUITCASE.

NO COPY

4: CARDINAL OPENS THE SUITCASE TO SHOW IT TO SUPERGUY – IT'S FULL OF MONEY.

NO COPY

5: SUPERGUY FLIES OFF, SUITCASE STILL IN HAND, WHILE CARDINAL GOES INSIDE.

NO COPY

6: CARDINAL SITS AT EMPTY BOARD TABLE IN EMPTY ROOM, BURYING HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS

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TO BE CONTINUED IN

SILENCERS: THE CARDINAL OF NEW YORK