

WRITTEN BY HALSWAYNE1

AS PART OF THE DESTINY MARVEL UNIVERSE

BASED ON THE CHARACTERS BY BILL EVERET AND STAN LEE

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HALSWAYNE1 PRESENTS..

MARVEL DESTINY



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MATT MURDOCK'S BEDROOM

The low hums and pulses from an old, bedside lamp. The small patter of a cockroach's legs against a wooden floor. The faint hiss from a heater long past its usage. The brushing of thin curtains against the piles of unadministered dust clumps. 9-year-old Matt Murdock feels it all.

The harsh wails of numerous police sirens. The shrill shrieks of an arguing couple a few blocks away. The gleeful skips of a child walking on concrete alongside his mother, whose slower shuffles indicate a subtle nervousness. Matt Murdock hears it all.

The connection between the layer of tongue against a mixture of cream, milk, sugar and vanilla flavoring. The creeping ashes of a burning apartment staining and engulfing a firefighter's jacket. The intolerable wheezing of a long-time smoker's lungs. Matt Murdock knows it all.

Then, in the midst of the overwhelming cacophony of sounds and sonars, Matt hears it. A sudden crackle in an otherwise calm alleyway. The expulsion of heated gunpowder so strong that Matt can almost feel it against his tongue. The quiet wisps of smoke leaving an empty barrel.

. . .

The unmistakable sound of a gunshot.

NEW YORK CITY STREETS A FEW WEEKS EARLIER

Everything seems to move in slow motion. The looming shadow of a collapsing truck drapes Matt Murdock in a foreboding darkness. The splash of green-ish chemicals against the sun sprinkle reflections of light amidst Matt's eyes, ever so slightly breaking the truck's shadow.

outcome of the fight. Battlin' Jack Murdock was a thing of the past, and everyone knew it."

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BOXING RING
A FEW HOURS EARLIER

Jack Murdock leans against his corner, chugging a bottle of water to cool his sweaty forehead. Behind him, a man with a trench coat and slicked-back hair approaches his ear.

GANGSTER
"In the fourth... your ass goes down."

VOICE

(voiceover)

"No-one ever knew why Jack Murdock changed the decided outcome that night. Maybe it was personal embarrassment and disgust, but only he knew that it was because of his son. His son, who lost his eyesight doing the right thing. Murdocks never quit, am I right?"

• • •

ALLEYWAY
A FEW HOURS LATER

Matt hastily taps a walking cane against the harsh, concrete pavement, approaching the growing sound of police conversations, the crackle of walkie-talkies, the murmurous chatter of civilians and the rolling of yellow tape.

POLICEMAN
"Hey! HEY! You can't be here, kid!"

MATT
"THAT'S MY DAD! THAT'S MY DAD!"

Matt feels the pull of the policeman's arm on his rapidly-breathing chest. He hears the slow dripping of blood crawling down skin, and a wheezing so familiar to him. A wheezing he heard every time his father returned home from a lost battle.

POLICEMAN 2

"Come on, son. You can't be here, I'm sorry."

Without the power to fight back against the multiple arms dragging him backwards, Matt is pulled away from the one family member left to find comfort with, to live a life forever obscured in an incurable darkness.

...

LIBRARY **ONE YEAR LATER**

A slightly older Matt runs his fingers against carefully-assorted dots of braille. He still finds some difficulty to it, but he learns fast. The more complex letters and meanings soon become a blur to him, as he gets lost in a world of physical knowledge.

VOICE

(voiceover)

"Didn't take long for Matt Murdock to hit the books and dive into his studies. Ironically, it seemed that losing his eyesight made him see things more clearly than ever before. The kid was getting perfect scores, on the track for greatness. Until, that is, another of God's blessings turned his life around once more."

Matt hears the soft creaking of four chair legs beside him dig deeper into the library's old floors. Some soft breathing confirms his indication that someone is sitting next to him, and at that point, Matt's senses go into overdrive. The weight that the person is putting on the chair,

depending on the creaks, correlates to the body of a man. There isn't much rustling in the stranger's hair, indicating that the man is bald. He smells of the typical New York City smells, cigarette smoke, a whiff of falafel, and moist from the rain outside. The next scent is an olfactory illusion, almost like Matt is smelling rust. There's only one thing that produces that kind of smell besides a factory. *Blood.*

STRANGER

"Sorry about the smell. Doesn't wash off easy."

Matt clears his throat, pretending like he wasn't mentally analyzing the stranger's entire body.

MATT

"Oh, I- I didn't notice."

STRANGER

"Yeah, you did."

An awkward silence fills the room for a moment. It doesn't take someone with heightened senses to feel it.

STRANGER

"What did I have for lunch yesterday?"

MATT

"I don't-"

STRANGER

"I know you're thinking about it, kid. Come on. It's an easy question."

Beat.

MATT

“Carne asada fries.”

STRANGER

“Huh. See? Told you-”

MATT

“-You also had a bottle of Dasani water to wash it down. Based on the smell of your shirt, and the two feathers stuck to the back of your jacket, a pigeon must've spilled half- no, a quarter of it.”

A chuckle leaves the stranger's mouth, and Matt quickly turns his head back to the braille hitting his fingers.

MATT

“Sorry, I didn't mean-”

STRANGER

“That's impressive, kid. Just a word of advice... sometimes you gotta see the big picture before focusing on the little things.”

Before Matt can question his vague statement, a sharp tap hits the library's floor. Matt knows that tap all too well, having heard it every time he steps outside to go somewhere. The tap of a blind man's cane.

STRANGER

“Don't think too much about it. You'll get better, with proper training, that is.”

MATT

“Who... Who are you?”

STRANGER

“You may not remember me. I sure as hell remember you. Nobody easily forgets a 9-year-old kid pushing a blind man off the path of a swerving chemical truck.”

Matt gasps softly, his hands coming to a halt. The blind stranger chuckles once more.

STRANGER

“For the record... I knew that truck was coming. Maybe I was on that road for a reason. That act you pulled, it was an act void of assumption, one that anyone else would've ignored. You could say it's given me a sort of... crisis of faith this past year.”

MATT

“I'm... sorry?”

STRANGER

“As much as you might believe it now, you aren't cursed. You were a hero... and God rewards heroes in strange ways. It took me years to figure that out, and luckily, I'm here to teach you earlier. Books, studies, they'll only get you so far. How'd you like to use those senses of yours for a heaven-sent *purpose*? ”

Matt pauses again, the rest of the sounds around him drowning out to isolate a single heartbeat. Clear. Steady. Whoever the stranger is, he isn't lying about any of it.

MATT

“Who are you?”

STRANGER

“You can call me *Stick*.”

...

GYM

A FEW MONTHS LATER

Another punch collides with Matt's nose, sending him off his feet and onto an old mattress. He hears Stick's footsteps circle him, taunting him.

STICK

"Come on, kid... How long have we been at this for? Just hit me. *Once.*"

Matt wipes a trail of blood from his nose, staining his hand with that same rusted smell he also notices around Stick's hands. He pushes himself upwards, trying to swing at his opponent. All his efforts are met with another kick, another punch, another winded chest as he falls at Stick's feet.

STICK

"Maybe I made a mistake-"

MATT

"-It's not fair! How am I meant to know where you are at all times?!"

STICK

"Not fair?"

With a simple step to the side, he feels the wind traveling with Matt's fist breeze past his face. With that, he immediately follows with a kick to Matt's gut.

...

NEW YORK CITY STREETS
A FEW YEARS LATER

The taps of 15-year-old Matt's walking cane hide a different context than usual. Before, Matt would use it as a way to feel his surroundings, to metaphorically claw at whatever hint of reality he couldn't see anymore.

Now, he's *hunting*. Sounds blur and fade together as he concentrates, inhaling some air through his nose and shifting through each and every conversation he picks up on.

WOMAN
(muffled)
"HELP! PLEASE, SOMEONE HELP!"

Bingo.

...

ALLEYWAY

A terrified young woman is slammed forcefully against a brick wall by a masked perpetrator. He points a gun in her direction, yelling instructions and threats as he moves it closer to her head each time.

MUGGER
"HURRY UP! I AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!"

WOMAN
"NO, OH GOD, NO-"

MUGGER

"DO IT, OR I'LL PUT A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD AND SEARCH FOR MYSE-"

Breaking himself, *beating* himself, stopping whatever petty crime he could.”

•••
ROOFTOP

An older Matt Murdock, around his early 20's, balances himself on a grimy rooftop wearing a fully black suit. White bandages wrap themselves around his knuckles, and his eyes are fully cloaked with a black bandana.

VOICE
(muffled)
“-*Told him he'd finish it-*”

VOICE 2
(muffled)
“-*I give you one simple instruction-*”

VOICE 3
(muffled)
“-*Ven, ven, siéntate-*”

VOICE 4
(muffled)
“-*I'll give you the money, alright?! Just calm down, no need- no need to point that gun at me-*”

Matt's masked head perks up, honing on the shaking tone of another victim. Balling his hands into fists, and taking another deep breath, his feet are lifted from the hard layer of concrete as he takes another leap.

STICK

(voiceover)

“What’s he doing now? Well... I’ve got no idea.”

Slam to black.

...

**NEW YORK CITY STREETS
PRESENT**

The air is lively in Hell’s Kitchen, New York. Holding a plastic bag with two hot bagels, Foggy Nelson impatiently taps his foot and checks his watch every few seconds, dressed in a navy suit and with slicked-back blonde hair. His demeanor is only interrupted at the sound of a walking cane tapping the concrete pavement, marking the arrival of Matt Murdock.

FOGGY

“Hey. Screw you, by the way.”

MATT

“No good morning?”

Foggy takes Matt’s arm and helps guide him through the busy and bustling street.

FOGGY

“Fair enough. Good morning, I picked up bagels, and screw you.”

MATT

(chuckling)

“What’s wrong?”

FOGGY

"I called you like 10 times yesterday! This girl at Josie's asked me to come dancing with her, right? You of all people know I can't dance for shit, you should've been there to help me!"

MATT

"You know I can't dance either."

FOGGY

"Exactly. You're worse. With you there, I would've looked like frickin' Michael Jackson!"

Matt chuckles again, reaching in Foggy's bag until his fingers graze the warm base of the bagel.

FOGGY

"So... What were you up to?"

MATT

"Oh, it was- nothing. Just busy."

...

**PARKING LOT
LAST NIGHT**

A group of armed men huddle close to a dirty, white van. Most of them have tattoos on their faces or their bodies, and the ones who don't have enough scars to make up for it. From the back of the truck, one of the men hauls a heavy black box towards the others.

MAN 1

"Here it is, man. *Good shit.*"

The others look past his heavy Russian accent and simple syntax, hovering over the box as the man opens it. Inside are all sorts of assorted pistols.

MAN 2

“You think this is a joke?”

MAN 1

“Joke?”

MAN 2

“We were promised *snipers*. What the hell is this... 9 millimeter? .45? I couldn’t kill my GRANDMA with this.”

MAN 1

“Snipers are expensive. Heavy. Ask too many questions. You have problem, tough shit. No business.”

MAN 3

(raising hands)

“Let’s just all take a deep breath here, yeah? Fightin’s not gonna get us anywhere. Look, pistols will do the job, we’re just gonna have to get a little more close quarters.”

MAN 2

“Next time I ask for snipers, I expect snipers.”

MAN 1

“Expect my dick, *Мудак*.”

As the men argue, they fail to notice the light footsteps of specialized kevlar hitting the floor a few feet away from them. The nearby

streetlights emit their usual low hums, displaying an ever-increasing shadow of a horned silhouette on a nearby brick wall.

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**NEW YORK CITY STREETS
PRESENT**

Foggy pauses, extending an arm towards Matt's chest as a way of indicating that they've stopped.

FOGGY

"Right. Tell me all about her."

MATT

"Foggy-"

FOGGY

"Come on, you owe me that at least. Was it that... ah, what's her name again- *Claire*?"

MATT

"Claire's a friend."

FOGGY

"Ooh, and the plot thickens. Let's go, Murdock, let's hear about this mystery girl."

MATT

"Well..."

Matt pauses a little.

MATT

"She was... Russian."

...

PARKING LOT LAST NIGHT

The Russian arms dealer SLAMS against the side of his truck, creating an echoing thud as a weak groan escapes his body. Matt hears one of the buyer's guns scrape against the floor, indicating its moving position. Before the man can pull the trigger, Matt thrusts his foot in the air, feeling the heavy collision and the crack of broken fingers.

From the belt of his blood-red costume, Matt launches a pair of billy clubs towards one of the fleeing footsteps, marking the hit with a dull thud. As Matt slowly gets back on his feet, wiping the blood from his own nose and clenching his fists to fight off the men getting up once more, the street lights provide a better view of his outfit. Sleek. Simple. Red. Demonic.

...

NEW YORK CITY STREETS PRESENT

Foggy chuckles, excitedly patting Matt's shoulder multiple times.

FOGGY

"I knew it, you dog! I take it that the language barrier wasn't an issue?"

MATT

(chuckling)

"No, no. We, uh- We understood each other quite well."

...

PARKING LOT LAST NIGHT

As the prosecutor continues, Karen takes notice of the disgusted expression on Foggy's face.

KAREN

(whispering)

"You know her?"

MATT

(whispering)

"They used to date."

FOGGY

(whispering)

"God... don't remind me."

JUDGE

"Thank you, Prosecution. The defense may present their opening statement."

Matt hears a thin but ever-present chuckle leave Marci's mouth. That same over-confidence he's seen in court so many times before, mixed with feelings of both pity and amusement to be going up against a blind man.

MATT

(clears throat)

"Thank you, your honor. My name is Matthew Murdock, and I'll be representing Mr. Holmes in this case. The prosecution urged the jury to take their own thoughts into account, and I'd like to follow suit. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I'd like you to imagine a time when you were 22 years old. Now, how many of those times involved mistakes you wish you'd have taken back? I speak not just on behalf of my client, but on

MATT

(chuckles)

“It’s 11 in the morning.”

KAREN

“Foggy’s right! Come on, this is a special occasion. We’ll pay for your tab!”

FOGGY

“Yeah, we’ll- Wait, we will?”

MATT

“You guys go ahead. I have some... errands to run anyway. Enjoy yourselves.”

KAREN

“We’ll see you back at the office?”

MATT

“Of course.”

Karen nods, and she and Foggy’s footsteps fade away as they push the creaking door of the courtroom open. Matt suddenly hears the sharp, high heels that indicated Marci’s movement throughout the whole trial stop right behind him.

MARCI

“Well well, Murdock. I have to say, you didn’t disappoint.”

MATT

“I hope there’s no hard feelings.”

OFFICER

“This has gotta be a joke! It’s just a busted arms deal, we’ve had two others this week!”

POINDEXTER

“Exactly so. We’ve got reason to believe that this arms deal is just one of many connections to the Irish-Russian alliance in the Hell’s Kitchen weapons and drug trade. It’s clear you’ve all demonstrated the length of your capabilities here.”

He tosses a water bottle over his shoulder, landing perfectly in the officer’s hands.

POINDEXTER

“Make yourself useful and hold that for me, will ya?”

The officer scoffs, but he doesn’t throw the water bottle away. The crime scene is swarmed with similar black vehicles that Poindexter emerged from, quickly resulting in a multitude of FBI agents outnumbering the policemen.

FBI AGENT 1

“Dex, my man.”

He extends his arm for a handshake, but Poindexter simply brushes by. Instead, he approaches the tied-up dealer, delivering a swift kick to his face.

DEALER

(gagged)

“MMF! MPHFF!”

POINDEXTER

“Wakey wakey, shithead. Time to talk.”

DEALER

“МММ! GHFFF! MFF!”

Poindexter rips the gag from out of his mouth, leaving the dealer spitting and sputtering on the floor for a second.

DEALER

“Я УБЬЮ ВАС ВСЕХ! НИКТО ИЗ ВАС НЕ БЕЗОПАСЕН!”

POINDEXTER

“You deaf, or just stupid? *English*.”

He kicks him another time, leaving a small streak of blood against the truck next to them.

DEALER

“I KILL YOU! I KILL YOUR FRIENDS! I KILL THAT FREAK!”

POINDEXTER

“Where you’re going? I find that *highly* unlikely.”

The FBI agents round up the Irish buyers and the Russian dealer onto some approaching transport vehicles, intent to continue the investigation elsewhere. The officers watch as the FBI agents clear out as quickly as they came, with Poindexter being the last to leave.

• • •

APARTMENT

Matt winces as he feels the sharp, cold sting of an ice-pack against his wound. The woman administering it, Claire, put her hands near his ribs to get a better look at the injury

CLAIRE

“Let me get this straight. You delivered an entire trial with a growing stab wound?”

MATT

“What was I supposed to do?”

CLAIRE

“Call me earlier, go to the hospital, postpone the trial, let your other lawyer friend handle it-”

MATT

“Well, now a 22 year old doesn’t have to pay \$450,000 to his abusive boss.”

CLAIRE

“If you keep putting the weight of the world on your shoulders, eventually you’ll collapse. Hold still.”

She lifts Matt’s arm as he feels a needle pierce through his body.

MATT

“Hasn’t happened yet, right?”

CLAIRE

“And there’ve been many, *many* close calls. Do I need to remind you of when I found you in a dumpster bleeding out from sword wounds all over your body?”

MATT

“And now I know how to prevent it.”

CLAIRE

“You’re unbelievable.”

Eventually, the piercing needle threading Matt’s skin together is pulled out.

CLAIRE

“There. All done.”

She turns around to put a few items away, then slides her medical kit into a nearby closet. When she turns around, she sees Matt putting on his Daredevil costume, standing in front of her window. She doesn’t say anything, but Matt can hear her heartbeat.

MATT

“I’ll be alright, Claire.”

He slides his mask on, opening the window and leaping back out to the bustling streets of New York.

CLAIRE

(softly)

“I know.”

She knows Matt can hear that too, just as clear as day.

• • •

INTERROGATION ROOM

The Russian dealer is handcuffed to a table inside of a dark interrogation room, silently muttering to himself out of spite. From the

Poindexter cuts off the agent's encouragement, swinging the door of the interrogation room open and sitting opposite the dealer.

POINDEXTER

"Had time to think yet?"

DEALER

"*Fawk you*"

POINDEXTER

"You're working for Anatoly and Vladimir, right?"

DEALER

"You think Anatoly and Vladimir are scared of your men? They'll make *example* out of you. The Russians run the gun trade in Hell's Kitchen, don't you or *devil-man* forget it!"

Poindexter pauses, lightly squeezing the ball between his fingers.

POINDEXTER

"What did you say?"

DEALER

"How you think we were beat up, *dipshit*? Police?? Police come too late, as usual. He found us first, he always found us first."

POINDEXTER

(muttering)

"The Devil of Hell's Kitchen..."

DEALER

"Yes! Him! You want location, go right ahead. They will kill him, they will kill you, and they will kill *me* for spilling beans anyways."

He looks towards Karen, who already bears a knowing expression on her face.

FOGGY

"I need to run, just- If you want to settle an actual appointment to talk this out, I'll patch you to my secretary."

Foggy hits a button on his phone, causing the phone at the front desk to ring loudly.

KAREN

"Nelson & Murdock, how may we help you? Mhm... Oh, I apologize, Mr. Nelson's all booked up for the rest of the day.... Yes, the rest of the week too. You'll have to say those colorful things to him during the trial."

She hangs up, leading Foggy to breathe a sigh of relief.

KAREN

"You owe me."

FOGGY

"I do. I absolutely do."

He leans against a semi-large water cooler they have set up in their office.

KAREN

"You just missed Matt, he said he had to go to church. Maybe we could call him and see if he wants to go to Josie's-"

FOGGY

"Word of the wise: Never ask for Matt Murdock in the evening. I tell ya, the guy darts around so fast that you wouldn't even know he's blind..."

Karen chuckles, going back to typing. Foggy steps towards the secretary's desk, peering at the client list.

FOGGY

"Whoa. Busy day..."

KAREN

"With the amount of people waiting outside, maybe you *will* be booked all week."

FOGGY

(clears throat)

"I'm... gonna try to call Matt."

...

ROOFTOP

"FOGGY... FOGGY... FOGGY..."

Plastered against the flashing lights and billboards, Matt's darkened silhouette reaches into his red suit's pocket to pull out his phone. His ringtone tells him that Foggy's calling, but he doesn't have time for that. His finger hits the silencer as he slides his phone back into his pocket, just in time for the city's light drizzle to turn into heavier rain.

VOICE

(muffled)

"-Andrei didn't return from the deal-"

VOICE 2

(muffled)

"Leave him be. Probably caught by police. Always leaving tracks, that one... Like animal-"

VLADIMIR

“We were just talking about you, you know-”

DAREDEVIL

“-There’s 17 sirens on their way right now. Considering the specialized tires used for 3 trucks, I’d say you don’t just have the police on you, but the FBI too. You have about five minutes before they get to you...”

He tilts his head slightly.

DAREDEVIL

“...Whereas I can be finished here in two.”

VLADIMIR

“Really? From what I see, you appear to be the one outnumbered here, Devil-man!”

Hordes of armed Russians slowly move closer and closer to Daredevil. Their individual shuffles all give him a general estimate of their individual locations.

DAREDEVIL

“Numbers are a fool’s pride...”

He slowly spins one of his billy clubs between his fingers.

DAREDEVIL

“...You’re *blind* compared to me.”

VLADIMIR

“I have heard enough-”

ANATOLY

“Brother!”

CRASH!

Police ram through the warehouse doors, sending shattered pieces of wood scattered across the floor. The positions of the Russian's feet change rapidly; they're distracted, *disoriented*. What were once about 20 guns pointed in his direction are now facing all sorts of different directions.

OFFICER 1

“NYPD! PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!”

VLADIMIR

“Officers... Please, please, let us all calm down-”

Daredevil tilts his head, the sound of Vladimir's fingers touching the metal base of a gun running through his eardrums.

DAREDEVIL

“LOOK OU-”

BANG!

All of a sudden, Vladimir's breathing comes to an abrupt stop. Once Daredevil shakes off the echo-like ringing in his head, he feels two dull thuds hit the floor. Vladimir's knees, then his *face*.

POINDEXTER

“Special Agent Poindexter, FBI...”

Daredevil turns in the direction of a new voice. Overconfident. Cocky. To use such a tone after killing a man is nothing short of despicable.

POINDEXTER

"If you don't want to end up like your boss here, Anatoly comes with us. Resistance will only be met with-"

He stops, his body suddenly shifting at a certain angle. Judging from his change of breath, confident to intrigued, Daredevil can only assume that the FBI agent has just laid eyes on him.

POINDEXTER

"Holy shit... You're him."

ANATOLY

"My brother... you killed my brother..."

POINDEXTER

"Devil of Hell's Kitchen, huh-"

He chuckles, completely ignoring the weeping sobs of the Russian behind him.

POINDEXTER

"-I didn't even think you were real. You know what this means? God just gifted me the greatest career play of my LIFE!"

ANATOLY

"YOU KILLED MY BROTHER, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

Anatoly's feet run towards Poindexter, increasing in speed like that of an angered bull. Daredevil barely manages to launch one of his billy clubs

CLAIRe

“Hey, hey! No! Listen, you just got stabbed TWICE in the same place within 24 hours-”

Matt slowly lies back down on the couch, the pain preventing him from getting up any more.

CLAIRe

“You need rest. You’re staying here tonight.”

MATT

“Can’t do that... The other Russian is still out in the city...”

CLAIRe

“Then let the *police* deal with it.”

MATT

“Police is gonna be busy tracking me down, now that the FBI is involved...”

CLAIRe

“FBI??”

MATT

“Well, one agent. Pretty dumb move... ran guns blazing into the room like he was just another officer.”

CLAIRe

“All the more reason to take it easy for now. I mean jesus, Matt, if one knife did this to you I can’t even imagine how you’d react when the American Government bombs your apartment trying to flush you out-”

Matt lets out a weak chuckle.

FOGGY

“Speaking of Karen... Listen, Matt, I really think you should take the time to get to know her more. She’s interning at Nelson & Murdock because she wants tips from Nelson AND Murdock, you know? I get that you’ve had a busy period at work, what with all this Tony Stark stuff, but just... just remember to open up a bit, yeah? I’ll catch you later.”

He ends the call, sliding his phone back into his pocket as he silently watches the rain drown out the city lights in the distance.

...

THE RUSSIAN WORKSHOP

Lying amidst a pile of cold corpses, Agent Poindexter’s unconscious body starts to unwillingly twitch a few portions of his face as a memory runs through his brain.

MAN

(faint)

“*You’re slipping. Again.*”

TEENAGER

(faint)

“*But I’m tired, dad! My pitching arm’s no good-*”

MAN

(louder)

“*WE’RE DONE WHEN I SAY WE’RE DONE! AGAIN!*”

His breathing starts to get heavier and faster.

WOMAN

(faint)

"In all honesty, it seems that we've moved past the early stages. At this point, hindsight is 50-50. We don't know how the tumor will react to the treatments-"

POINDEXTER

(muttering)

"No... No..."

MAN

(faint)

"You're fuckin' useless, you know that?"

TEENAGER

(faint)

"You're sick! The doctor said you're SICK!"

MAN

(faint)

"Do I look like I'm fuckin' sick?! DO I?! You want to blame shit on me because you can't perform a SINGLE FUCKIN' PITCH?!"

TEENAGER

(louder)

"SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP!"

Beat.

REPORTER

(faint)

"It's only been mere hours since the death of legendary retired baseball pitcher Lee Poindexter, who committed suicide in his bedroom just this morning. He is retained in the memory of his adoring fans, as well as his 18-year-old son, Benjamin Poindexter."

Poindexter's eyes SHOOT open, and his body jolts upwards! It takes a few seconds of composure to realize that he's the only one left still alive in what appears to be a massacre of both Russians and police. While rubbing his head, he takes a few steps forward and scans the surrounding area, finally landing his eyes on a police radio.

POINDEXTER

"This is Special Agent Poindexter... Someone better get me a goddamn pickup..."

...

FBI OFFICE
A FEW HOURS LATER

A group of agents watch with curiosity as Poindexter completely trashes his office in rage, throwing papers, tossing objects and screaming obscenities that they can't hear over the soundproof walls.

FBI AGENT

"The hell's going on with him?"

FBI AGENT 2

"Apparently he had a run in with that guy he's been chasing for years. You know, before the board switched him to the Russians."

FBI AGENT

"The devil of Hell's Kitchen?"

FBI AGENT 2

“That’s the one.”

The door of Poindexter’s office swings open, and he storms out seconds later. After taking a minute to readjust his tie and wipe some sweat off his forehead, he turns his attention to the second Agent.

POINDEXTER

“I want the suit.”

FBI AGENT 2

“Suit? What-”
(realization)

“The Bullseye op?? You’re crazy, you’ll be lucky if you even have a *job* after you stormed the Russians yourself!”

POINDEXTER

“The board wouldn’t even know where the Russians were if it wasn’t for me! I just need to kill two birds with one stone...”

A third, older Agent walks into the room, prompting the two to stop talking.

FBI AGENT 3

“Agent Poindexter? The board wants to see you.”

...

CONFERENCE ROOM

Poindexter sits facing a group of businessmen, with sharply ironed suits and stern expressions marked all across their faces. After murmuring to each other and passing around a few papers, they straighten their posture and finally address Poindexter.

BOARD MEMBER 1

“Please state your name for the record.”

POINDEXTER

“Special Agent Benjamin Poindexter- Sir.”

BOARD MEMBER 1

“You stand on trial for involving yourself in a field operation and voluntarily killing one of two valuable assets. How do you plead?”

Beat.

POINDEXTER

“I understand the severity of the situation-”

BOARD MEMBER 2

“The Federal Investigative Bureau are *not* police officers, Agent Poindexter!”

POINDEXTER

“I made a judgment call based on the information of a case I’ve been handling for a year... sir. I understand the severity, but the operation was not without its benefits.”

BOARD MEMBER 3

“And what *benefits* did your stunt entail, Agent?”

POINDEXTER

“The Devil of Hell’s Kitchen is also tracking the Russians down. If we find Anatoly-”

BOARD MEMBER 2

“Bah! Again with this *Devil* obsession of yours! We’ve already had a similar meeting twice, Agent Poindexter-”

BOARD MEMBER 1

“The Devil of Hell’s Kitchen, much like most... superhuman affairs, is being handled by Agents and Organizations with a much higher expertise than yours. You, on the other hand, were tasked with coordinating an assault and retrieval of both leaders of the Hell’s Kitchen Russian weapons trade, which you have clearly failed to do.”

POINDEXTER

“I can do it. Vladimir was the brains AND the brawn of the operation. Without him, Anatoly is just drifting aimlessly in the wind. That’s why I also intend to ask...”

He takes a deep breath.

POINDEXTER

“...To ask permission to helm the leadership of the Bullseye combat uniform.”

BOARD MEMBER 2

“You must be joking.”

POINDEXTER

“By the time any soldiers are trained to wear the suit, we lose the precious moments of opportunity we have now. Anatoly, the Devil... they’re both *criminals*, and they deserve to be treated as such by ALL branches of the US government. Out of all the Agents, I’m the best shot-”

BOARD MEMBER 3

“If you were so interested in throwing yourself in the field, you should’ve enlisted in the *police academy*. Even if we ignored your lackluster statistics towards your current case, ownership of the suit requires rigorous combat training as well as marksmanship.”

POINDEXTER

“The police haven’t done anything but arrive late to the scene and get themselves killed! You know who always outsmarts us?! The Devil of Hell’s Kitchen! Are you aware of how much information he might have that we don’t?! As the leader of the operation, I recognize that he is just as valuable an asset as the Russians themselves! Assets that we cannot retrieve without the Bullseye suit!”

BOARD MEMBER 1

“The board has already made a decision, Agent. You will be stripped from your role as leader of the operation effective immediately. Perhaps a *desk job* is better suited to cease your willingness to blatantly disobey orders.”

POINDEXTER

“What?!”

The board members start getting up, but Poindexter SLAMS his fist on the fortified glass table!

POINDEXTER

“You can’t do this to me! I spent a YEAR on that case! I’m about to bring the weapons trade down!”

BOARD MEMBER 2

“You’re lucky we aren’t relieving you of your position *entirely*, Agent. You disregarded your mission priority and elevated your tone of voice against the board-”

POINDEXTER

“Priority? PRIORITY?! VLADIMIR WAS THE PRIORITY! I CRIPPLED ONE OF NEW YORK’S MOST PROMINENT CRIME TRADES, AND I’M KICKED OFF MY OWN OPERATION?!?”

BOARD MEMBER 1

“Calm down, Agent-”

POINDEXTER

“DON’T TELL ME TO CALM DOWN!”

All of a sudden, he LAUNCHES his rubber ball out of his jacket and towards the direction of the three board members! The speed and accuracy of the throw is almost inhuman, precise enough to ricochet and hit all three necks, and strong enough to crush their windpipes. None of them can let out a single word before they collapse on top of each other, forming a pile of three corpses at Poindexter’s feet.

Without saying a word, he slowly bends over to pick up the rubber ball, now having rolled back in his direction.

...

WEAPONS FACILITY

Poindexter scans a keycard to enter the FBI’s weapons and training facility, where covert tools are tested for new international operations. One project in particular has always captured his attention, but now that he has nothing to lose, Poindexter’s aspirations soon become reality.

FBI AGENT 4

“Hey, ‘Dex! How ya doing, man?”

Poindexter grabs the FBI agent’s head, SLAMMING it against a nearby cabinet and promptly knocking him out. All of a sudden, he stands in front of a tactical blue suit on a mannequin, equipped with all sorts of weaponry. The material is light, yet durable, designed for an equal blend of stealth and combat missions.

POINDEXTER

(muttering)
“Bullseye.”

...

CONFERENCE ROOM

A group of Agents are already crowded around the dead bodies of the three board members, sharing all sorts of panicked orders and directives.

FBI AGENT 5

“The killer is still somewhere in the building! Agent Poindexter is a traitor and a murderer, and should be treated as an immediate threat! If you are unable to effectively neutralize him, shoot with intent to *kill!*”

FBI AGENTS

“YES SIR-”

BWOOOM!

A smoke grenade suddenly engulfs the entire room, blinding each of the Agents inside. The muffled shots of a silencer pistol marks the collapse of several bodies, quickly making short work of the entire room.

Claire chuckles softly, and finishes her bowl. As she takes it to the sink, Matt focuses his attention towards a faint ticking sound on the wall.

MATT

“Hey, what time is it?”

CLAIRE

“You’re a superhero lawyer and you can’t tell what the time is?”

MATT

“Ha-Ha. Seriously.”

CLAIRE

“Uh... Quarter to Ten.”

MATT

“Ah, shit... I’m late. Thanks for patching me up.”

CLAIRE

(turning around)

“Again, it’s nothing. Need a ride-?”

She looks back at the table, and Matt is nowhere to be seen. After noticing the open window besides the table, Claire raises an eyebrow.

CLAIRE

(muttering)

“How does he do that?”

• • •

NELSON & MURDOCK OFFICE

After making a pitstop to his apartment to get rid of the Daredevil suit, Matt finally walks inside the office of his and Foggy’s law firm.

ANATOLY

“As long as there’s a LAW saying that they won’t kill me like they killed my brother!”

MATT

“We appreciate your consideration of our business, Mister Anatoly, but unfortunately we’ve found ourselves with an overabundance of clients already-”

KAREN

“What if I handled the case?”

All eyes turn to Karen, who has been sitting at the back of the room for the whole exchange.

KAREN

“I’ve read the books, I’ve studied your trials, and it’ll give me a chance to y’know, get my foot in the door. If you’re already looking for jail time, it should be easy enough, right?”

Matt opens his mouth, but Foggy responds before he can.

FOGGY

“Huh... I don’t really see a problem with that-”

MATT

“Well-”

KAREN

(beaming)

“Great! We can review the case at my apartment once I clock out!”

Foggy leaves the room as well, leaving Matt alone with the ambient sounds of the room as well as his own thoughts. *Something's not right.*

• • •
KAREN'S APARTMENT

Later in the evening, Karen lays out a few pieces of paper and bits of evidence across a table. Anatoly, still clearly nervous and fidgety, sits on the other side.

KAREN

"This is all I've managed to compile on your name and the organization you told me about. I gotta say, you and your brother have done... quite a lot."

ANATOLY

"We did what we could to survive."

KAREN

"Either way, I think we could get you into witness protection. Best case scenario."

Anatoly slightly perks up.

ANATOLY

"Really?"

KAREN

"I might have to consult Matt and Foggy for some advice on how to properly present the evidence to the judge and jury, but unjustly killing your brother for an organization you want to denounce? That's a danger to your *life*. This way, the FBI can still keep tabs on you, but the Agent or the vigilante that's hunting you down won't."

A sniper shot SLAMS through her window and destroys an old family portrait, sending bits of glass everywhere. Both Anatoly and Karen duck down, desperately crawling to a cover spot in the kitchen.

ANATOLY

“ЧТО ЗА ЧЕРТ?! ЧТО ЗА ЧЕРТ?!”

KAREN

“WHAT'S GOING ON?!”

ANATOLY

“YOU THINK I KNOW?!”

BANG!

CRASH!

Another shot pierces through Karen's oven, just inches away from where they're hiding. A shot like that should be impossible from the distance and angle from the window to the kitchen...

KAREN

“We need to go, NOW!”

ANATOLY

“No kidding!”

After a third shot, both Karen and Anatoly IMMEDIATELY sprint to the door, covering their heads and darting in all directions.

...

ROOFTOPS

At that moment, Daredevil feels it. The expulsion of heated gunpowder so strong that he can almost feel it against his tongue. The quiet wisps of smoke leaving an empty barrel. The unmistakable sound of a *gunshot*.

The harsh noise is met with the sudden movement of footsteps. Quick, desperate, hitting puddles of rainwater and yet still barely making noise. Daredevil doesn't think twice, running in the same direction.

...

APARTMENT HALLWAY

Karen and Anatoly burst out the door, met with Foggy coming down the stairs.

FOGGY

"Hey, I just wanted to see if you had some-"

KAREN

"Foggy, you need to go! Get down!"

FOGGY

"Karen, what's-"

His sentence trails off as Karen and Anatoly run down the stairs, disappearing from sight.

...

LOBBY

Right as Anatoly grabs the door handle, Karen stops him by grabbing his shoulder.

KAREN

“Wait! If there’s a sniper, wouldn’t outside be the *worst* place to go??”

ANATOLY

“I don’t care anymore! I’m getting on a train! Going to airport! GETTING ANYWHERE AWAY FROM HERE!”

He KICKS the door open, running outside. Karen tries to run after him, but finds her legs immobilized like stone.

...

STREETS

As Anatoly runs across the sidewalk, elbowing any pedestrians out of the way, Bullseye is hot on his trail. He leaps from building to building, expertly making use of the suit’s flexibility to make jumps that wouldn’t be possible without it. It only takes a few seconds for him to get close to Anatoly again, to which he starts to pull out a pistol for a close-ranged kill.

BANG!

Right before the bullet collides, Bullseye’s arm is PUSHED away by a sudden kick! He stumbles for a second, turning around and seeing *Daredevil* getting back on his feet.

DAREDEVIL

“Stand down. I won’t ask again.”

BULLSEYE

(chuckles)

“Oh, we’ll have our chance-”

BULLSEYE

“I know you’re in there. Might as well come out.”

Daredevil slowly gets up, and Bullseye finishes loading his last bullet. The two finally come face-to-face properly, without anything else impeding their standoff.

BULLSEYE

“God... it’s like seeing *bigfoot* in person...”

DAREDEVIL

“You killed a man tonight.”

BULLSEYE

“I’ve killed lots of men in lots of different places. Most of those under the protection of law. It’s ironic, isn’t it?”

DAREDEVIL

“I don’t see it.”

The two keep slowly circling each other.

DAREDEVIL

“Who are you?”

BULLSEYE

“Isn’t it obvious?”

He finally stops, watching Daredevil with those same cold, emotionless eyes.

BULLSEYE

“I’m you.”

He turns another corner, still searching. Daredevil silently shuffles nearby, pulling out his billy clubs in order to attack Bullseye from behind.

BULLSEYE

“But that’s when I learned something, Devil... You can’t cut corners in this life.”

Bullseye turns around, and Daredevil just barely manages to slip behind another aisle before being caught.

BULLSEYE

“You either gotta do things the right way, *your way*... Or you might as well be living a fake life. You get that, right? Of course you do... why else would you take a beating every single night, trying to strike fear in the hearts of these *criminals*? It’s why I joined the FBI... and why I blew their heads off.”

The FBI Agent! Of course! Daredevil’s mind races back to the night before, when Vladimir was suddenly shot to the head by a man who called himself a ‘Special Agent’.

DAREDEVIL

“If your idea of not *cutting corners* is breaking the law, then that’s where we disagree.”

BULLSEYE

“Ah, I figured you’d say something like that... Saints and Sinners are still two parts of the same coin, you know. Agree or disagree, we’d both do anything to achieve our goals.”

WHAM!

DAREDEVIL

“Wait-”

BULLSEYE

“Claire Temple...”

He stares at her name on the phone for a few seconds, before looking down at Daredevil.

BULLSEYE

“...Who the fuck is *Claire Temple*?”

DAREDEVIL

“Please-”

BULLSEYE

“It sounds to me like you have an attachment, Devil. Something holding you back. But don’t worry...”

He closes the phone, tossing it back on Daredevil’s chest.

BULLSEYE

“...I know how that feels. Let me *help* you.”

DAREDEVIL

“If you lay a hand on her-”

BULLSEYE

“-You’ll kill me? Good. I want to kill you at your STRONGEST. Not this... this weakened, half-beaten disappointment! I want to see who you are! I want you to show me the supposed *Devil* I’ve been hunting!!”

WHAM!

lack of any noise at the store could only mean that it's still night. How long has it been since his confrontation with Bullseye? Minutes? Hours?

Claire.

Daredevil gets to his feet as fast as his injuries allow him. Days of non-stop crime fighting have begun to take a toll on his body, rendering him slower and weaker than ever. Nonetheless, he pushes himself forward, running out of the store and heading towards Claire's apartment.

• • •

CLAIRE'S APARTMENT

The window that Daredevil would usually climb through to get inside the apartment is now wide open, with pieces of shattered glass crunching beneath his feet when stepping inside.

DAREDEVIL

“Claire?! CLAIRE?!”

CLICK.

He suddenly steps on a wire, activating the whirring noises of a nearby tape recorder.

BULLSEYE

(voice)

“This message is for the Devil of Hell’s Kitchen. If Claire Temple is your associate... maybe even your friend, do not try coming after her yourself. It will only lead to her inevitable death. That said... Devil, if you’re the one listening to this, then I’m sure you know what’s happened. You were too slow. Turns out, there’s not a lot of Claire

Temple's in Manhattan... and one of them matched the image on your phone. Lucky, huh? That being said..."

Daredevil moves closer to the sounds of the tape recorder.

BULLSEYE

(voice)

"...I meant it when I said that I was going to beat you at your strongest. I expect nothing less from the legend I've dedicated my life to. Take a day. If you want to save her, you'll meet me at Saint John's Church at midnight tomorrow. The place where Saints are blessed, and where Sinners come to repent... See you soon."

The message stops, and Daredevil is once again left to the ambient sounds of the apartment. His fists clench tightly, and his breathing becomes heavier and quicker. *How could he let this happen?*

...

NELSON & MURDOCK

The morning rises, and Karen and Foggy are both already in the office, albeit rather shaken up from the previous night.

FOGGY

"Jesus... Someone was trying to assassinate him?"

KAREN

"Might've even gotten me too... I just- I'd just like to know where he is, at least. He's my client, after all. It's my fault that I took him to the apartment, and my fault that I let him go outside-"

...

MATT'S OLD APARTMENT PAST

Matt's mind runs back to a particular day before the incident that rendered him blind, where he sits upon his slightly-stained sofa waiting for his father to come back home from another fight. Although their TV was small and cheap, the fight was still visibly brutal.

CLICK.

The door unlocks, and Jack Murdock silently walks inside. Matt runs up from the couch to see his dad, stopping after seeing the amalgamation of bruises and stitches on his face.

MATT
“Dad...”

JACK
“It’s nothing, kiddo. Don’t worry about it.”

He sets his gloves on the table and cracks open a can of beer.

MATT
“Why didn’t you fight back? You had him against a corner!”

JACK
“You’ll understand when you’re older. Some things are better left unsaid-”

MATT
“But I wanna know *now!*”

MATT

“But I don’t want you to get beat up for me! You said Murdocks never quit, so why are you?!”

JACK

“We *don’t*. The only reason I’m still able to do these fights is BECAUSE I know when I need to take those punches! It sucks, I know, but the harsh reality is that smart people live and daredevils *don’t*.”

MATT

“You’re not smart! You’re just a coward!”

JACK

“That’s it. Go to your room, I don’t wanna hear another peep out of you tonight, understand?!”

Matt wipes some tears off his face and runs to his room, slamming the door shut behind him. Jack sighs, holding a hand over his still-splitting headache. Was the kid right? Had he mistaken intelligence for cowardice?

...

MATT’S APARTMENT
PRESENT

For what might possibly be the final time, Matt transforms into Daredevil. This moment is not triumphant, not even heroic. This action alone tells the story of a broken man forced to dive deeper in the obsession destroying him physically and mentally.

This is for Claire, is all he can think about.

...

ST. JOHN’S CHURCH

Daredevil slowly walks through the chapel he prays in and the confessional booth he repents in. The church is silent, only ever broken by the soft melodies of dangling chimes and the creaks of the old floorboards. He takes both his billy clubs out, preparing himself for the inevitable arrival of his enemy.

BULLSEYE

“I’m impressed.”

Daredevil turns around, hearing Bullseye’s voice behind him. It’s soon followed by the soft whimpers of Claire, who’s clearly injured and being held at gunpoint.

BULLSEYE

“I didn’t think you’d show up. Well... that’s what I get for picking fights with *vigilantes*, huh? You guys never quit... not even at your deathbed.”

DAREDEVIL

“Let her go.”

BULLSEYE

“Let her-? Oh! OH, you mean her! Sorry, I-”
(chuckle)

“Honest to god, I almost forgot she was even here. She’s been so quiet the whole day, refusing to tell me ANYTHING about the nature of this little relationship between the two of you- I mean, I almost thought the bitch was mute for a moment!”

DAREDEVIL

“She hasn’t done anything to you. Your fight is with me.”

BULLSEYE

“Well, you see... At this point, I figure I’ve got half of the NYPD on my ass, not to mention a *lot* of pissed off FBI Agents. I’d like to speed this up, and if you *still* held back on me, I’d think that this was all for nothing.”

CLAIRE

“Please... Please...”

BULLSEYE

“What’s that?”

Daredevil hears a soft click as Bullseye turns the safety off his gun, prompting him to take a sudden step forward.

BULLSEYE

“What’s wrong, Devil? You look... *tired*.”

CLAIRE

“I’m sorry...”

DAREDEVIL

“Don’t be. You’re gonna be okay-”

BULLSEYE

“God, I just- I love this, really! This is so much better than those Russians, or any other mild fucking case I’ve ever had! This- this is... Raw! Emotional! *Real!*!”

DAREDEVIL

“I’m going to kick your ass either way. Do you really want to add a hostage to your list of crimes?”

BULLSEYE

“You made a good rival...”

BANG!

The bullet hits Daredevil's shoulder, and he FLIES back against the seats. Bullseye drops his sniper, realizing that he's used up all of his guns. No matter... surely he can't be alive, right?

WHZZ!

Bullseye takes a step forward, and just barely notices Daredevil's billy club wrapping around his neck before getting DRAGGED forward! He tries to break free, but the string is too tightly wrapped. The bleeding vigilante keeps his grip, slowly choking Bullseye out as he desperately tries to flail his arms in Daredevil's direction.

DAREDEVIL

“AHHHHHHHH!”

After releasing an anguished scream, he finally lets go, right before Bullseye would've been killed. The two of them simply lie down on the floor of the church, gasping and wheezing to themselves after a long and brutal fight. In the end, Bullseye falls unconscious, and Daredevil gets back on his feet...

...

A FEW HOURS LATER

The church is already swarming with policemen and FBI, putting Bullseye in handcuffs as Claire is wrapped in a bodybag.

WRITTEN BY HALSWAYNE1

AS PART OF THE DESTINY MARVEL UNIVERSE

BASED ON THE CHARACTERS BY BILL EVERET AND STAN LEE

PRODUCED BY DESTINY PRODUCTIONS

HALSWAYNE1 PRESENTS..



• • •
THE RAFT

Poindexter, now dressed in an orange jumpsuit, walks past the jeers and boos from some of the other criminals locked behind the most secure prison in the world.

PRISONER 1
“YOU’RE DEAD, PIG!”

PRISONER 2
“I’LL GUT YOU LIKE A FISH!”

PRISONER 3
“YOU AIN’T LASTING A DAY IN HERE, FBI BOY!”

Poindexter ignores all the yelling, simply staring forward with his usual emotionless look. The guards lead him to a room away from the cells, with only two chairs and a table.

GUARD
“You get 10 minutes.”

The guards close the door, and Poindexter sits in one of the seats. Another door to the room opens, followed by the sounds of dress shoes against the floor. The individual has a black suit with a purple tie, a bald head and numerous golden rings around his fingers. He can immediately tell that this isn’t just a businessman or a lawyer. There’s something... *sinister* about him.

THE MAN WITH NO NAME
“Special Agent Poindexter, correct?”

POINDEXTER

“I go by *Bullseye* now.”

THE MAN WITH NO NAME

“I see...”

The man with no name sits down in front of Poindexter, straightening his posture and putting both hands on the table.

THE MAN WITH NO NAME

“I’ve come to you with an offer. I run a renowned rehabilitation program for criminals like yourself... those who are unjustly stripped of their freedom due to their unfortunate circumstance.”

He slides a file towards Poindexter, who raises an eyebrow.

THE MAN WITH NO NAME

“You can leave this wretched building today... and in turn, perform some *community service* for me.”

POINDEXTER

“...I know you, don’t I?”

THE MAN WITH NO NAME

“You may *think* you do. You’ll soon come to learn, Bullseye, that the Federal Investigative Bureau is as much in the dark as those guards out there. I’m giving you the option to join my inner circle...”

Poindexter opens the file, reading its unknown contents. His expression becomes noticeably more surprised as his eyes dart around the pages.

THE MAN WITH NO NAME

“...Everything you think you know is about to change.”