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..



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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.

He can't find the ability to move. All he does is stand immobilized, an arm extended towards an old man he pushed to safety just a few moments before. All he can do is watch as the haunting sight approaches, like a god-sent message from the heavens moments away from a life-changing embrace.

Matt's world suddenly goes *dark*.

VOICE
(voiceover)
"Matthew Murdock? Yeah... I know that kid. Everyone in Hell's Kitchen did at some point. Heroic 9-year-old kid that pushed a blind, old man out of the way of a moving chemical truck. Soon after, he was blinded from the liquids. True story."

• • •

LIVING ROOM

Matt, now wearing dark glasses, sits on a couch near a television broadcasting of a boxing match.

ANNOUNCER
(TV)
"*And he's done it! Battlin' Jack Murdock emerges victorious against Creel, and shows the world that his days as a fighter are far from over*!"

VOICE
(voiceover)
"His father was known as Battlin' Jack Murdock. Mother ran off before he was even born, so Jack was the only thing he could look up to in his life. He used to tell his son that 'Murdocks never quit', while his face remained battered and bruised from another losing fight. Like most boxing organizations at the time, gangsters would influence every

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

. . .

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.

STICK

"Let's talk about *fair*, kid. You had 9 whole years before you went blind. That's 9 years of seeing whatever you want, whenever you want. You think it's my fault you never took the time to *truly* understand your surroundings? All those boxing matches daddy lost, you never took note of any of it. I was *born* blind, kid. I had to build myself from the ground up, and you're too scared to climb a couple steps."

MATT

"SHUT UP!"

Rage, indescribable rage seeps through Matt's entire body. Fueling every cell in his body, burning his veins like an oven. In the midst of the sweat and the warmth radiating off his skin, Matt feels his feet reorient themselves on the mattress. Small, brief gusts of wind indicate where Stick's body is moving towards. The moment he gets close enough, Matt leaps on the offense!

His hands connect harshly with Stick's wrinkled palms, each getting thrown and blocked harder than the last. Matt keeps pushing, however. His determination as relentless as a bullet train, the anger from months of humiliation born out of the man he saved encouraging him to throw one more punch, one more kick, one more desperate flail. Even though Stick easily thrusts him down once more, the change in his breathing indicates that Matt gave him just a little bit more of a challenge.

STICK

(voiceover)

"Annoying little punk showed prowess, I admit. Took almost 3 years of training before I let him test that newfound hunger on an open field. By then, the kid was what, 15? Wasn't too far gone yet, but he was damn well heading on that path."

. . .

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-"

Gloved hands wrap themselves around the mugger's mouth, forcing him backwards before he can finish his sentence. Matt listens to the victim's terrified footsteps grow fainter and fainter as she escapes the vicinity, leaving him with an angry mugger. He feels the wind traveling with his attacker's hand, using it to dodge his sluggish blows. He hears the metal click of a gun's safety, moments away from being triggered.

WHAM!

Matt feels his foot collide against the mugger's arm, and the weight becomes significantly lighter as the gun collapses on the floor. With no weapon left, the only thing the mugger can do is limp helplessly as a teenage boy in a black suit and eye scarf beats him to a pulp.

MATT
(noticeably deeper voice)
"If you come for her again, I'll know!"

He drags his still victim's body towards the same brick wall he heard him thrust the woman towards.

MATT
(noticeably deeper voice)
"If you come for ANYONE again, I'll know!"

MUGGER
(weakly)
"I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."

It doesn't stop Matt at that moment. *Murdocks never quit*. He feels his fingers wrap around the metallic base of a blood-soaked firearm. *Murdocks never quit*. His own finger kisses the tip of the trigger,

eventually embracing it, seconds away from fully pushing it backwards. *Murdocks never quit*.

And then he remembers.

He remembers the sudden crackle in an otherwise calm alleyway. The expulsion of heated gunpowder so strong that he could almost feel it against his tongue. The quiet wisps of smoke leaving an empty barrel.

The unmistakable sound… of a *gunshot*.

STICK
(voiceover)
“That mugger was tossed in the police station about an hour later. Unconscious, bruised… but alive. At that point, I knew that Matt Murdock didn’t have it in him to complete his true purpose. He was too weak. Too emotional. A lost cause.”

• • •

GYM

Matt sets a black duffel bag on the floor, trying to sense Stick’s slow, confident heartbeat. Instead of finding it, or hearing the usual taunts, the gym is filled with a barren emptiness.

MATT
“Stick?”

STICK
(voiceover)
“I thought he’d stop. Boy, was I wrong. Whenever he wasn’t drowned in the field of law, graduating summa cum laude at one of the most prestigious universities in New York, he was getting his fists bloody.

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.

. . .

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

The Russian dealer stares in the cold, reddened lenses of Matt's suit in genuine fear. His heart rate is spiking. He's perspiring at an unnatural level. His breathing is sharp and shaky.

MATT
"Who are you working for?"

He makes his voice deeper, but not the way he did when he was 15 years old. Instead, he approaches it in a calmer manner, which oddly makes it all the more imposing and eerie.

DEALER
"*Я убью тебя! Я убью тебя за это*!"

MATT
"Answer me, or I might find a use for these guns after all."

An empty threat, but the dealer surely doesn't know that.

DEALER
"Okay! Okay! You win! I work for two brothers, yes? Vladimir and Anatoly, they're ones you want! I'm just middleman!"

Matt's fist collides with his face once more, leaving him limp and tied up on the side of his dented truck.

DEALER
(wheezing)
"They'll hang you for this... Who in god's name do you think you are?"

MATT
"Not god..."

The light flashes across two letters, boldly engraved on the front of his chest. DD.

DAREDEVIL
"...*Much worse*."

. . .

NEW YORK CITY STREETS

Foggy chuckles in excitement as the two continue their walk.

FOGGY
"You, my friend, don't know how good you have it."

MATT
"Come on. I'm sure it went well with the dancing lady."

FOGGY
(gritted teeth)
"Yeah, I'm afraid that ship's *looooong* sailed."
(regular)
"Maybe it's for the best, you know? I mean, god knows we've buried in work at the firm, and with you having done that private rep for Tony Stark, me and Karen gotta start getting used to running the place ourselves more often."

MATT
"Be kinder on yourself, Foggy."

FOGGY
"Maybe you're just a bad influence."

MATT
"It's different for me, you know that."

FOGGY
"I guess the initial *wounded duck* charm wasn't enough to keep the Russian girl around for more than a night, huh?"

Matt shakes his head, smiling knowingly. The busy conversation of passing pedestrians transitions to a more professional manner of talking. It immediately indicates to Matt that the two have arrived at their location, without Foggy even having to mention it.

FOGGY
"Well... ready?"

MATT
"Always."

The two walk the marble steps towards the entrance of a courthouse.

. . .

COURTHOUSE

Men and women in sharp, ironed suits sit down on rows of wooden seats. Their whispering and murmuring indicates a trial is about to take place, one which Matt and Foggy know too well. As the two walk in the room, they're greeted by their secretary, Karen Page.

KAREN
"Hey. No trouble?"

FOGGY
"'Course not. Bagel?"

KAREN
"Maybe later. You nervous?"

MATT
“As Foggy said. Of course not.”

He shakes his client’s hand, a male in his early 20’s with worry seeped across his face.

MATT
(whispering)
“It’ll be okay.”

The whispers and overlapping heartbeats cease to quieter levels as the judge steps into the room, banging a gavel on a wooden stand.

JUDGE
“All rise, court is now in session.”

Matt listens to the sudden growth of stretched fabric, shoes pressing against the floor and bodies rising from their seats.

JUDGE
“Everyone but the jury may be seated.”

The trial’s bailiff approaches the jury as the others sit back down.

BAILIFF
“Please raise your right hands. Do you solemnly swear or affirm that you will listen to this case and render a true verdict?”

JURY
(unison)
“I do.”

JUDGE

“Members of the jury, your duty today will be to determine whether the defendant is guilty or not guilty based on facts and evidence provided in this case. The prosecution must prove that a crime was committed and that the defendant is the person who committed the crime. However, if you are not satisfied with the defendant’s guilt to that extent, then reasonable doubt exists and the defendant must be found not guilty. Today’s case is Landson v. Holmes in the matter of grand larceny as well as criminal trespassing. Mr. Landson is pursuing 400,000 dollars in damages as compensation for a stolen vehicle, and an additional 50,000 for apprehension felt by Mr. Landson and his board of directors.”

Matt hears his client’s heart rate spike at the mention of money. Nevertheless, he remains calm and collected.

JUDGE

“If the prosecution and defense is ready, this trial may begin.”

Another bang from the gravel indicates the start of not just a trial, but a race for credibility. The prosecutor stands up, clearing her throat and stepping forward with the sound of high heels.

PROSECUTOR

“Your honor, members of the jury, my name is Marci Stahl and I’ll be representing Mr. Landson in this case. I intend to prove, without the shadow of a doubt, that my client was made a victim of the clear counts listed here today. I’d like the members of the jury to reflect on a latin phrase, *Res Ipsa Loquitur*. ‘The thing speaks for itself’, and in this case, the evidence being provided. Think of the theft and disappearance of a Bentley Continental Convertible, found in Mr. Holmes’ own garage. Think of the *five* security cameras that saw Mr. Holmes clearly entering the building during late hours. Think-”

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

myself too. Hard as it may be to believe, I used to get myself in an indulgence of regrettable situations during that time."

A few members of the jury chuckle, as well as some of the others in the crowd.

MATT
"My client might've done something they found regrettable, yes. But it's important to remember a few key factors in regards to the claims made by the opposing counsel. Firstly, no-one was hurt. Secondly, Mr. Landson's motor business not only clearly advertises a 24-hour open office-"

MARCI
"Objection, your honor! The opposing counsel's client was clearly seen entering the building under an unregistered time program to his usual hours-"

JUDGE
"-I'll allow it. Proceed, counselor."

MATT
"Thank you. Not only does Mr. Landson's motor business clearly advertise a 24-hour open office, but my client's registered employment papers grant him a clear right to office entrance after hours with usage of a company-administered keycard, written under subsection 2C, page 4. I've prepared copies of the papers as evidence."

Marci's initial chuckle is clearly long gone, and Matt feels the worry on his client's face start to ease. Foggy hands him the evidence with a smile on his face, sitting back down with a similar expression that Marci had earlier.

KAREN
(whispering)
“So, what’s he doing now?”

FOGGY
(whispering)
“Not only did he approach and make a connection with the jury in a relatable fashion, he’s focusing on an emotional trigger by specifying that nobody was hurt, as well as a legal trigger by addressing the technicalities surrounding criminal trespassing.”
(chuckles)
“This is where the magic happens.”

Karen quickly takes some notes as Matt continues his argument.

MATT
“I hope that the evidence provided aids in the fair and just decisions from the ladies and gentlemen of the Jury, as well as granting an understanding of my proposal to waive the criminal trespassing counts on my client, based on unsuitable claims.”

The rest of the trial continues in a blur. Matt finds himself in the zone, providing clear rebuttals and arguments for all of Marci’s claims.

MARCI
“-Might I remind the ladies and gentlemen of the jury that Mr. Holmes clearly stole a registered car under my client’s business-”

MATT
“-I’d like to present additional evidence in the form of messages between my client and Mr. Landson, in which he admits to his part in the situation as well as attempting to set up a meeting to return the stolen car in pristine condition-”

MARCI

“-A clear breach of violations in not only the legal document Mr. Holmes signed, provided by my client, but on the New York law 155.30(8) of motor vehicle theft above $100 automatically resulting in a felony-”

MATT

“-The prosecution fails to mention that counts of grand larceny are built on value of vehicular totality and inability or unwillingness to return the original vehicle, both of which my client has addressed-”

MARCI

“-Mr. Landson, please describe your relationship with Mr. Holmes to the jury-”

MR. LANDSON

“-He was an intern, promising future with connections to the board of directors that recommended him for a position. All I ever did to Mr. Holmes was motivate him to aim for a true position in the company-”

MATT

“-Mr. Holmes, please describe the series of events that led you to driving the Bentley back to your garage-”

MR. HOLMES

“-He was verbally abusive… He’d degrade me on a regular basis, at times refusing to acknowledge paychecks or paperwork-”

MATT

“-Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, if put in a similar situation of high expectations and societal pressure that my client had to face at Mr. Landson’s business, would the pressure not cause anyone to crack? I urge the jury not to forget that my client clearly regretted his actions mere hours after his incident, ready to return the car in pristine

condition as well as the termination of his position under Mr. Landson at no additional cost. Thank you."

JURY
"We, the jury, find Mr. Holmes NOT guilty of charges regarding Grand Larceny and Criminal Trespassing, on the condition that Mr. Holmes returns the Bentley to Mr. Landson and pays the accounted fee for workplace termination."

The second bang of the gavel indicates the end of the trial, and Matt immediately feels his client's hands wrap around his body.

MR. HOLMES
"Thank you, oh my god, thank you-"

MATT
(chuckling)
"I'm happy to help, Mr. Holmes. I hope that you find a workplace more suitable for your talents."

The warm embrace ends, and Matt returns to Foggy and Karen. Both of them have hints of excitement in their voice, as well as marvel towards the outcome of the trial.

KAREN
"How did you just drop a $450,000 *grand larceny* lawsuit to a non-guilty verdict??"

MATT
"Please, all I did was guide the righteous hand of justice."

FOGGY
"He's being modest again. Come on, we're going out for drinks!"

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.”

MARCI
(chuckles)
"Oh, all you did was lose a high-paying client for our firm, it's just how it is in this business."
(whispering)
"But if I see you on the defense next time, I could give a rat's ass how blind you are. I'll *humiliate* you."

MATT
(smiles)
"Always good to see you, Marci."

She throws another grin, but even a blind man can see she doesn't mean it. As her footsteps turn quicker and angrier in her departure, Matt slightly pulls his jacket back and runs his fingers along the side of his white shirt. Moisture. The smell of rust. A growing stain of *blood*.

• • •

PARKING LOT

The scene from the previous night is now swarmed with police officers, yellow tape and radio chatter. As the officers investigate the flipped-over truck and cracked lamp-posts, they also question the now-conscious buyers, a black car parks itself in front of the clearly-dirtier police vehicles. The swing of the car door is followed by a man wearing a dark-blue FBI jacket, flashing his badge to one of the officers for a split-second before ducking under the tape.

OFFICER
"Whoa, whoa! What the hell's going on here?!"

FBI AGENT
"Special Agent Poindexter. You're working on our jurisdiction now, gentlemen."

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
“*MMM! 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

other side of the tinted window, Poindexter watches him carefully. The fingers on his right hand run slowly against a small, rubber ball, yet his eyes are locked on his target. Every time he lightly squeezes the ball, a flashing image sears through his mind.

FLASH!

A child's hands running along a baseball bat

FLASH!

The same baseball bat connecting against a baseball.

FLASH!

A bottle of beer colliding against a kitchen floor.

FLASH!

Another FBI agent taps him on the shoulder, seemingly breaking Poindexter out of his trance.

FBI AGENT
"We got this asshole's name, finally. Igor Volkov. Traced a few of his deals back to Irish, it seems he's a frontrunner for the two brothers, all we gotta do is get him to show us where."

POINDEXTER
"He'll talk."

FBI AGENT
"Hey, I trust you, man-"

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 leans back against his chair.

DEALER
“West 48th street, number 10. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Poindexter stares at him for a few seconds, silently squeezing the ball even harder. Before he does anything, however, he stops and walks out of the room, much to the dealer’s chuckles.

. . .

CHURCH

Matt settles down inside of a confessional booth, drenched in darkness besides the few slimmers of light from the bottom of the door. Next to him, he hears the rustling of a priest sitting down behind another wooden divide.

MATT
“Bless me father, for I have sinned. My last confession was... well, too long ago. Maybe a year or two, it’s hard to tell. In any case, I’d like to get straight to the point... I’ve hurt people.”

PRIEST
“Hurt people how?”

MATT
“The kind that my father would, before going into this very church for a confession almost every week. He was a boxer, wouldn’t call him the best, but that’s what he was.”
(clears throat)
“He’d come back home with cuts and bruises, telling me that god forgave him every step of the way. I never believed it. I’d watch the matches when they aired, seeing him sluggishly beat down whatever bleeding opponent had him pinned down against the side of the ring.”

PRIEST

“Why don’t you tell me what *you’ve* done? Perhaps it might be easier.”

MATT

“It’s what I said. It’s not like I inflict pain for a career… not for money… I struggle to find the reason myself, sometimes. Maybe I understood God's forgiveness towards my father, but I don’t see a righteous path for me.”

PRIEST

“God loves all of us. Seeking penance is just one step in forgiveness, no matter what you’ve done.”

Matt takes a small, shuddering breath.

MATT

“I’ve hurt people, father. And I’m afraid I’m going to hurt more.”

. . .

NELSON & MURDOCK OFFICE

A few citizens from Hell’s Kitchen sit in a waiting room inside the Nelson & Murdock office, Matt and Foggy’s firm. What started as a passion project built from whatever spare change the two scraped up turned into a relatively-smooth business following Matt’s global defense of Tony Stark. As Karen sits in front of her desk and types something on a computer, Foggy steps out of the building’s elevator whilst on the phone.

FOGGY

“-Listen, we have to ask that you don’t contact our client before the trial, not only is this a gross misuse of a confidentiality agreement-”

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-*"

Matt slides his mask on, transforming from lawyer to *Daredevil*. His feet leap off the hard concrete, sliding against some layered bricks until he lands in the middle of an old, decrepit alleyway. The voices he can hear come from a door in front of him, but the slight exposure to warmth indicates an open window just above. Daredevil silently boosts himself upwards, slipping inside the building unnoticed.

• • •

THE RUSSIAN WORKSHOP

The inside is a bustling distribution of ammo, gunpowder and weapons. Daredevil carefully balances himself on a metal beam near the ceiling, trying to pinpoint the voices of the two men who run the operation.

VLADIMIR
"Get things moving. We leave tomorrow."

RUSSIAN 1
(nods)
"Конечно"

ANATOLY
"I heard that the *fucking* FBI is on us."

VLADIMIR
"Exactly why we move, brother. Fuck the Irish, they think too small, real workings don't happen in Hell's Kitchen, this is just *shithole* for common criminals. We need to get our *foots* in the door of the big man."

ANATOLY
"And what about *him*? Как они его называют... The- Uh- Devil. *Devil of Hell's Kitchen*."

VLADIMIR
“Bah! You’re scared of smoke and mirrors, Anatoly!”

ANATOLY
“They say he busted the Chinese.”

VLADIMIR
“And what of it? The Chinese are *stupid*, fucking meatheads! Let me tell you something, brother. It is a lot harder to move drugs than guns. You think that *shithead* in spandex suit will come for us, fine! We’ll unload 20 bullets in his corpse and take his body with us!”

WHAM!

The first Russian from earlier flies through the air, collapsing harshly against Anatoly’s feet. The two brothers look up to find a shadow-stricken silhouette watching them, holding two billy clubs and bearing horns similar to that of a devil.

DAREDEVIL
“I’m afraid I can’t let that happen.”

In seconds, the room is filled with armed henchmen, their trigger fingers itching to unload bullets right at him. Daredevil hears all their individual safety clicks, taking count of how many there are in the room.

VLADIMIR
“Well… speak of the devil.”

A soft chuckle escapes from his mouth as he pulls out his own pistol. His brother is much angrier.

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

in that same direction, hitting Anatoly's knee hard enough to disorient him slightly.

RUSSIAN 2
"FOR VLADIMIR!"

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Gunfire sweeps the room, flooding in from all sides. The sharp smell and the flashes of heat almost make Daredevil want to weep inside his mask, but he instead takes the opportunity to disarm any Russian and police officer he can.

POINDEXTER
"Oh, no..."

Amidst the chaos, Daredevil can still pinpoint the click from Poindexter's safety being switched off.

POINDEXTER
"You're *mine*, Devil-"

THWACK!

Daredevil launches his second billy club directly towards Poindexter's forehead, hitting it dead on. The FBI agent collapses on his back within seconds of the blow, his slowed breathing showing signs of weak life remaining.

ANATOLY
"THAT WAS MY KILL, DEVIL-MAN!"

The metal tip of a knife just barely grazes Daredevil's suit, followed by Anatoly's stumbling footsteps trying to reorient themselves.

ANATOLY
"This is YOUR fault!"

DAREDEVIL
"I didn't kill your brother."

ANATOLY
"You crash in our warehouse... draw attention to our operation..."

Anatoly twirls the knife between his fingers whilst Daredevil maintains a defensive stance.

ANATOLY
"Draw FBI to my brother!!"

DAREDEVIL
"If you thought they weren't already onto you, you're mistaking my consequence with your *stupidity*."

ANATOLY
"ТЫ МЕРТВЕЦ"

Daredevil's palms connect with Anatoly's frustrated swings, blocking them with ease. It doesn't take long for an opening to reveal itself in between the frantic attacks, leaving Anatoly's side open for Daredevil to kick-

STAB!

Anatoly's blade pierces through Daredevil's suit, puncturing his already delicate wound. What had happened? Had he gotten distracted?

ANATOLY
"Vladimir... Your death will not be in vain."

He circles Daredevil's body, who's barely standing on his two feet.

ANATOLY
"You fought well, Devil-Man. More than I say for FBI agent."

Before he can reach for the knife, he's interrupted by a few more bullet shots nearby. Recognizing the severity of the situation, Anatoly takes his chance and escapes, indicated by his fleeting footsteps. As the Russian's men grow thinner in numbers and pulses, Daredevil stumbles out of the workshop as well, blood running through his chest and his fingers.

• • •

CLAIRE'S APARTMENT

After steeping some hot tea, Claire prepares herself for another night of relaxation before her early morning shift. She dims the lights in the living room, wraps a blanket around her legs whilst getting on the couch, and reaches for the TV remote to watch Suits. It was a recommendation from Matt, after all.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

Claire jolts her head towards her window, noticing a heavily wounded Daredevil desperately pounding against the glass!

CLAIRE
"Holy shit-"

She throws her blanket off, quickly opening the window and watching as Daredevil collapses into her living room.

CLAIRE
“Holy shit!”

DAREDEVIL
“Claire…”

With a bit of heavy lifting, Claire manages to hoist Daredevil onto her couch. The blood is already leaking through his suit, coursing rapidly onto her furniture.

CLAIRE
“Take this towel, stop the blood flow-”

DAREDEVIL
“Russian…”

CLAIRE
“Now, damn it!”

She guides Matt’s hands towards a towel, pressing both against his gushing wound. As Claire frantically searches her cabinet for her first aid kit, Daredevil slowly thrusts his cowl off and winces at his splitting headache.

CLAIRE
“I just patched up the wound this morning- What the hell happened??”

MATT
“Russians… Workshop…”

Suddenly, he feels the sharp jolt of a syringe pushing through his skin!

MATT
“GAH-”

CLAIRE
“I know, I know…”

Maintaining a level head, Claire ignores her own blood-soaked palms and starts to carefully weave stitches around Matt’s injury.

MATT
“Distracted… I was distracted… Got the jump on me…”

CLAIRE
“You were already *weakened*. What did I say, huh?”

MATT
(soft chuckle)
“Weight of the world…”

Using a small pair of scissors, Claire disconnects the end of the stitches with a quick snap. Matt’s breathing starts to grow calmer and more composed, and his senses start to work in his favor once again.

MATT
“Thank you…”

CLAIRE
“It’s nothing. I’m used to it.”

She closes her first aid kit, putting it back inside her cabinet as Matt slowly tries to get up.

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.

MATT
“Like I’d let that happen…”

He slowly drifts off into sleep, snoring within just a few seconds. Claire watches him for a moment, before putting her blanket over his body and turning the lights off.

. . .

CITY STREETS

Foggy waits under the security of a bus stop for the rain to pass, frustratingly trying to get Matt to pick up his phone.

FOGGY
“Come on, come on…”

PHONE
(Matt’s voice)
“*This is Matt Murdock. If you’re hearing this message, it means I’m currently unavailable. Please leave a message after the beep and I’ll get back to you.*”

BEEEEEP.

FOGGY
“Hey man, I’ve been calling you for hours and you haven’t responded once. What’s the deal, Murdock? You gotta tell me if you’re hitting bars again, you know that me and Karen worry!”

He pauses for a second.

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.

. . .

HALLWAY

Another group of Agents position themselves behind whatever cover they can find in a rather confined hallway. Each of them load and cock their weapons, pointing them directly at the door opposite to them.

FBI AGENT 6
"Don't let the bastard slip through! We end this *now*!"

CRASH!

The doors SWING open, and the Agents immediately unload their ammunition!

RATATATATATATATATATATA-

When the smoke clears, a cold shiver of fear runs down each of their spines as Bullseye faces them down, unaffected and unbothered by the barrage of bullets he just absorbed.

BULLSEYE
"My, my..."

The bullets caught between the fiber mesh of his suit slowly pop out and clatter on the floor.

BULLSEYE
"You guys outdid yourselves..."

FBI AGENT 6
"AIM FOR THE EYES! THEY AREN'T PROTECTED-"

CHK-CHK

The FBI Agents stare in horror as Bullseye pulls out a sleek, black shotgun from his assortment of weaponry.

BOOM!

A few agents manage to duck in time, but one of their faces is BLOWN off entirely! His body drops besides his comrades as the bloody remains of what used to be his face scatter across the hallway.

CHK-CHK

Bullseye loads the shotgun again, aiming it towards one of the crates that the agents hide behind.

BOOM!

The force of the shotgun LAUNCHES the crate forward, crushing the Agent covering behind it! After a few more failed shots from the other Agents, they start to nervously back away towards the end of the room.

FBI AGENT 7
“Come on, man... I- I gave you my case that one time, remember?? I organized your birthday! I got you a cake!”

BULLSEYE
“Fair enough.”

CHK-CHK

BOOM!

He kills the other FBI Agent to the side, before putting the shotgun away and pulling out a simple pistol towards his nervous adversary.

BULLSEYE
"Might as well leave *one* still recognizable."

BANG!

He shoots the final Agent in the chest, watching him slowly fall to the ground as blood gushes from his uniform.

. . .

LARGE OFFICE AREA

Once Bullseye steps out of the hallway, he makes his way towards a large window overlooking Manhattan. After attaching a belt with a metal hook around his waist, he proceeds to fire a line launcher out of the window and across the buildings of New York.

KKSSSSHHHH!!

He attaches the hook to the rope, pulling on it a few times to make sure it's tight. After doing so, he LEAPS out of the window entirely, disappearing into the night.

. . .

CLAIRE'S APARTMENT

The sun hits Matt's face as Claire opens the curtains, prompting him to groan and slowly get up from the couch. The pain is still prevalent, albeit less than the night before. After putting on an emergency shirt and pair of pants he left at her apartment once for this exact reason, he hears the soft clatter of cereal hitting a bowl.

MATT
“Morning.”

CLAIRE
“Morning. Slept well?”

MATT
“About as well as I could.”

He pulls up a seat, sitting down opposite Claire.

CLAIRE
(Between mouthfuls)
“*Shereal*?”

MATT
“I’m okay- Wait, do you eat your cereal without milk?”

CLAIRE
“There’s no *way* you know that.”

MATT
(chuckles)
“Milk has a much stronger smell than you know. But back to the subject at hand-”

CLAIRE
(shrugs)
“So what? I just don’t like when my cereal gets soggy, sue me.”

MATT
“I just might.”

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.

FOGGY
“There you are! Hey, you’ve got some explaining to do!”

MATT
“I know, I know.”

FOGGY
“Where’ve you been? I was trying to call you yesterday-”

MATT
“It’s… It’s a little embarrassing. I was just walking on a crosswalk and some guy decided to speed through a red light. Hit my side… could’ve been worse, but I had to go to the hospital to be sure.”

He lifts his suit jacket slightly, revealing the stitches that Claire gave him.

FOGGY
“Aw, man- Hey, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean-”

MATT
“No apologies necessary. It’s New York, it happens. I should’ve still called you.”

KAREN
“Hey, guys? I’ve got someone at the door here, looks pretty nervous and beat-up. Said he wants to talk to you guys specifically.”

Matt and Foggy look at each other for a moment, before walking towards the waiting room. The room is empty besides one man, who sits with a lowered head and with heavy breathing. Breathing that Matt recognizes…

ANATOLY
"Are you... Are you the- *Tony Stark* lawyers?"

Matt's grip around his walking stick tightens, but he composes himself so as to not reveal that he already knows who Anatoly is.

MATT
"That's us."

FOGGY
"Nelson & Murdock, Attorneys at Law!"

ANATOLY
"I... I need help..."

. . .

MEETING ROOM

After closing the door to a private meeting room, Matt, Foggy and Karen all sit opposite Anatoly. The Russian nervously scratches the back of his head, clearly unsure how to get the conversation started.

FOGGY
"What exactly do you need help with, Mr..."

ANATOLY
"Anatoly. I, uh-"

He looks at Matt for a moment, but only sees his own reflection in his dark red sunglasses.

ANATOLY
"Me and my brother, we... We ran an operation. Weapons. It started small, just a way for us to get some money and get foots in the door, you know? Over time, it got bigger. Harder to deal with. Eventually, FBI start tracking us down. My brother tried to move operation, but... but he got killed. *Shot* in the head. All of our men arrested or *dead*."

Karen writes some notes down as Anatoly keeps talking.

ANATOLY
"Not only that, but we had a... how you say- *vigilante* on us too! I tried to run, but I realize that there's no use. I'm *nothing* without my brother, my operation... I just want to be SAFE. I don't care if you get me jail time, witness protection, ANYWHERE where those murderous FBI lunatics and that psychopath won't find me!!"

He finally stops talking, giving the three a chance to contemplate what he just said.

FOGGY
"Gotta say, that's- That's a lot."

ANATOLY
"I do not ask for you to waive my crimes... But everyone knows what you did for Tony Stark. Please, just help me. I can't live like this!"

Foggy sighs, tapping his finger against their table.

FOGGY
"You'll have to turn yourself in if you want a trial. The FBI will know where you are either way."

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!”

ANATOLY
"Great, great..."

The two step out, leaving Matt and Foggy alone.

MATT
"I don't trust this guy, Foggy. He just said he used to manufacture and sell *weapons*, I don't think Karen's safe with him around."

FOGGY
"Eh, she's more badass than she lets on. You remember that one time she broke that biker's arm at Josie's?"

MATT
"Maybe I was drunk-"

FOGGY
"Drunk? That guy *knocked you out*."

Matt sighs, and Foggy notices.

FOGGY
"Look... we live in the same building, I'll just innocently pop over to borrow some food and see how things are going. Guy's not gonna do anything with *two* lawyers in the room, right?"

MATT
"I guess not..."

FOGGY
"That's the spirit! You just focus on getting better, alright? I gotta go make some calls."

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."

ANATOLY
"Wow…"

Beat.

ANATOLY
"I was not under the impression that they had third lawyer."

KAREN
(chuckles)
"Lawyer-in-training, I guess. Have been for a while."

ANATOLY
"Why work for them for so long if you're not proper lawyer yet? Why not go to school?"

KAREN
"Well, it's- Uh…"
(clears throat)
"I *did* go to school. I actually passed the bar, y'know… until my roommate got *poisoned* during a house party at our dorm. The drink was probably meant for someone else, you don't know how many times law students have snapped that way, but… I was the prime suspect. I was facing a *life* sentence until Matt and Foggy came along. They proved my innocence, and they agreed to take me under their wing. I might not be a proper lawyer yet, but I still owe them everything. They're like my *family*."

• • •

ROOFTOPS

Daredevil sits atop an adjacent rooftop to Karen's apartment, listening closely to what they're discussing. Distance isn't an issue for him; he can hear them as clear as day.

. . .

KAREN'S APARTMENT

Anatoly doesn't say anything for a little while, until he finally speaks up once more.

ANATOLY
"Family... is so important, isn't it?"

All of a sudden, he reaches into his back pocket and places a silver pistol on the table! Karen's heart starts racing, but she doesn't make a move out of instinctive fear. Anatoly raises his hands, backing away from the gun.

ANATOLY
"I'm not here to kill you. You have been very kind to me-"

KAREN
"-Then why did you bring a *gun* to my apartment?"

ANATOLY
"I expected to be face-to-face with someone else tonight. Listen to me... your lawyer friend, the blind one... is *not* who he seems. He's-"

Before he can finish, Karen notices a small, red dot hovering above his head. Without thinking, she grabs his arm and THRUSTS him out of the way!

BANG!

CRASH!

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-"

The bullet ricochets off a nearby fire extinguisher, somehow flying back towards Anatoly's direction! With an uncomfortable sound of piercing flesh, the Russian is shot in the leg, and stumbles down the stairs of an underground subway.

BULLSEYE

"-Just gotta get rid of some *distractions*."

He LEAPS down the underground staircase, with Daredevil in pursuit.

. . .

SUBWAY TUNNELS

Much to the confusion of the other New York citizens, Anatoly tries desperately to run down the side of the tunnels, but his bleeding leg acts as a constant hindrance. It doesn't take long for Bullseye to catch up to Anatoly once more, KICKING him through a pile of scaffolding on the side of the walls and into...

. . .

THE OLD SEWERS

Once Daredevil finally catches up, the nauseating smell of infected water, moist air and old cement indicate to him that he's in the old sewer tunnels, recently covered up and built over in an attempt to modernize New York's transit system.

Everything is eerily quiet, but Daredevil doesn't need sound to find his way. Amidst the disgusting smells around him, a certain one creates a vivid sense of olfactory imagery. Something that smells almost like faint iron and copper mixed together... *blood*.

After turning a few corners, Daredevil finally comes face to face with the coughing and spluttering Anatoly, lying with his back against the wall and his legs covered in old sewer water.

DAREDEVIL
(muttering)
“No…”

He slowly kneels down to face him, and Anatoly’s eyes tilt upwards just a little. His neck is gouged open, and blood is quickly running across his body.

ANATOLY
“…*Vladimir*…?”

With that, his breathing stops, and his pulse falls flat in Daredevil’s hands. Daredevil slowly gets back on his feet, his hands clenched into fists. Criminal or not, he deserved a fair trial as much as anyone. A fair chance of *justice*. Who would so gladly kill others in cold blood?

The smell of fresh air wafts its way inside the old sewers, and Daredevil discovers a ladder leading to an opened grate. Whoever this killer is, he can’t be far…

• • •

BACK ALLEY

The opened grate leads to a secluded alleyway between certain buildings, with the flickering hum of a neon sign not too far off. Daredevil follows the smell of Anatoly’s blood towards a nearby door, already broken and opened.

• • •

HARDWARE STORE

Daredevil silently hides behind an aisle of screws and nails, listening carefully to the sounds of bullets being loaded into a gun. They’re large, too large to be loaded in pistols or assault rifles. These are *sniper* bullets.

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*.”

All of a sudden, he pulls out his rubber ball and LAUNCHES it at Daredevil! It collides against his mask, with such an unnatural amount of force that it sends him flying back against another aisle of wooden planks. Bullseye cocks two pistols, but Daredevil manages to roll out of the way before being filled with bullets.

BULLSEYE
"You know, my father… he used to be a baseball player. Real famous too."

As Bullseye searches the various aisles for him, Daredevil silently sneaks his way around the store, using the sounds of Bullseye's footsteps to indicate his location at all times.

BULLSEYE
"He was never around too much, not 'till my mom died. Then it was like he never left. All he'd ever do was force me to throw pitches, gouge down entire bottles of whiskey, and then start throwing *punches*. Went on for a while, until he got diagnosed with terminal brain cancer. Go figure, right?"

BANG! BANG!

He shoots two bullets in a certain corner of the store, trying to flush Daredevil out. Once nothing happens, Bullseye turns around and continues his prowl.

BULLSEYE
"All the doctors would tell me that it wasn't his fault, he didn't know who he was anymore, he was sick, all that bullshit… I spent what were supposed to be the *best* years of my life taking care of that ungrateful bastard, who would berate and attack me at every turn. I was barely living a proper life…"

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 sneaks up behind Bullseye, SLAMMING the back of his cowl with his clubs! For a moment, the two are locked in violent thrashes and holds, before Bullseye's hand lands next to a box of thumbtacks.

BULLSEYE
"You wanna know what I did to my father, Devil...? I cracked his head open with a *rubber ball*. No cut corners..."

He grabs a handful, throwing them at Daredevil! They piece through individual slits in his suit, striking all his joints. As he's distracted, Bullseye SLAMS the butt of his sniper into Daredevil's cowl, sending him on the floor.

DAREDEVIL
"AH!"

BULLSEYE
"...No half-measures."

He plants a foot on Daredevil's chest, preventing him from getting back up. Daredevil hears the harsh click of a shotgun, and feels the metal pressing against the bottom of his chin. Is this how it ends?-

"CLAIRE... CLAIRE... CLAIRE..."

The two suddenly pause at the sound of Matt's phone, which loudly repeats Claire's name in order to let him know who's calling. Had he left his phone in his suit by accident? He had left in such a hurry this evening, it must have slipped his mind.

Bullseye snatches the phone before Matt can, holding it near his masked face.

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!

With another strike, he knocks Daredevil out cold.

. . .

???

Matt opens his eyes, finding himself standing in a seemingly infinite space where the crystal-clear water at his feet meets the perfectly blue sky above. He can *see* it all. No longer does he need to rely on his senses in order to create a smudged view of the world around him. Here, he can just be Matthew Murdock. Not Daredevil.

That's when he feels it.

The *cold*.

Standing behind him is a dark silhouette, with his exact height. It has a blood red outline around it, forming some devilish horns and deep, red eyes. Beyond that, it's simply darkness. It looks unnatural, *feels* unnatural in a way that Matt can't explain.

MATT
"What are you?"

DEVIL SILHOUETTE
(Bullseye's voice)
"*I'm you*."

It reaches for Matt's face, causing the world around him to suddenly crumble away as quickly as it had appeared.

. . .

HARDWARE STORE

Daredevil coughs out some blood, startling him awake. Although he can't see the moonlight bouncing off his face from the windows, the

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-"

FOGGY
“Hey, hey... Listen, it’s not your fault- Look, best case scenario, Anatoly was smart enough to cut his losses and go to the police after this. I’m sure they have him in safe custody, and-”

DING.

The two turn around to see Matt walk through the door of the building. His eyes are fixed on the floor, only slightly shuffling his walking stick as he moves towards them.

FOGGY
“Hey... you okay, man? You don’t look too good...”

MATT
“Anatoly’s dead.”

Karen puts her hand over her mouth as Matt sighs, clearly taking heavy guilt in not being able to save him. Him AND Claire.

KAREN
“How do you-”

MATT
“I was on my way over to your apartment... I guess I didn’t trust Anatoly that much, and just wanted to make sure you were alright. On the way, I heard officers near the subway entrance down the road. He was shot and killed. I’m sorry.”

Nobody knows what to say for a moment. It seems as if time slows down in what is otherwise a bustling office space. The air is cold, and the silence is unbearable.

MATT
"I'm not staying long. I have to go."

FOGGY
"Wait, where the hell are you going? You keep disappearing all the time, if there's something going on, just *talk* to us-"

MATT
"I'm sorry, Foggy. You wouldn't understand-"

As he turns to leave, he feels the tight grip of Foggy's hand against his arm.

FOGGY
"I'm your *best friend*."

Beat.

MATT
"I'll see you tomorrow."

He slightly shoves his arm away, placing it back on his walking stick and making his way out of the office. Karen and Foggy both look at each other in obvious confusion, unsure as to what just happened or how to process it.

• • •

MATT'S APARTMENT

The sun falls once more, and Matt runs his hand along his worn and torn Daredevil costume. Weeks of non-stop nightly escapades have rendered it battered and dirty. Although he can't see the physical damage done to it, every charred piece of cloth or break in the padding tells a story. One of equal pain and determination...

. . .

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*!"

Jack groans.

JACK
"You're a real pain in my ass sometimes, you know that, kiddo? Fine, c'mere..."

He makes space for Matt to sit down next to him, setting his beer beside his gloves.

JACK
"Anyone else would try to soften the blow, but the truth is, I need money. *We* need money. Sometimes, winning fights gets me what I need for the week, but sometimes losing gets me more. Boxing, it's... it's a business. It's changed over the years."

MATT
"You get money... for losing?"

JACK
"When the majority of the crowd bets against you, the reps aren't too keen to see all that money go to waste. And it ain't that bad, really..."

MATT
"It *sounds* bad."

JACK
"Sooner or later, life's gonna hit you hard. You're gonna have to learn that sometimes just because you *can* do something, doesn't mean you *should*. When you start putting the weight of the world on your shoulders, you lose sight as to who you're doing it for. I'm doing this for us, kiddo. I'm doing this for *you*."

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
“Hm... Fair enough. You want her so badly?”

CLAIRE
(muttering)
“I’m so sorry...”

BULLSEYE
“You can *have* her.”

He pushes Claire forward, immediately shooting her in the back!

BANG!

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 world seems to go quiet after that. Once Daredevil feels her pulse drop in his hands, it’s as if he can’t control himself anymore. Rage fuels every muscle in his body, sending hit after hit towards Bullseye. He tries to block them, but one of the punches manages to slip through and SLAM against his mask!

Bullseye falls to the ground, chuckling audibly to himself.

BULLSEYE
“Now we’re talking...”

He suddenly pulls out two pistols, unleashing fire upon Daredevil’s location! Using the large row of benches as cover, Daredevil ducks out

of view long enough for Bullseye to run out of ammo. He grunts in frustration, tossing the pistols aside and pulling out his shotgun.

CHK-CHK

He moves towards the seats, ready to blow Daredevil's head off his body. Before he can, however, the vigilante uses an upwards kick to knock the shotgun out of trajectory!

BOOM!

It hits one of the church's chandeliers, raining down pieces of broken glass against the rapid strikes of both opponents. Punch. Block. Kick. Hook. Uppercut. Grab. Elbow. Their moves become a blur, only stopped by a piece of glass shredding through Daredevil's knuckle. Bullseye takes the chance to TACKLE him downwards, pinning Daredevil down as he slowly moves the shotgun towards his face.

BULLSEYE
"COME ON! GIVE ME MORE! *MORE*!"

CHK-CHK

Right before he can shoot, Daredevil HEADBUTTS Bullseye so hard that the assassin goes stumbling backwards. Daredevil grabs the shotgun, breaking its pieces apart and tossing them behind his shoulder. Once Bullseye gets back up, he pushes his glove against his nose, noticing blood slowly trickling from it.

BULLSEYE
"Heh-"

Without a moment's notice, he pulls out his rubber ball, THROWING it in Daredevil's direction! The wind against the soaring object paints a vivid image for Daredevil, who tilts his body to the side just enough for the ball to fly past and shatter one of the wooden crosses on the wall.

As the ball flies back into Bullseye's hand, Daredevil thinks back to Stick's teachings from years prior. Using the air to feel the opponent's attacks, countering their strength with agility and unpredictability. As Bullseye readies another throw, Daredevil keeps his feet planted, his breath steady, and his mind clear.

WHAM!

Daredevil CATCHES the ball in his hand, much to Bullseye's surprise! Before he can react, Daredevil is already charging in his direction like an angered bull, vengeance and hatred plastered across his face. Bullseye leaps out of the way, pulling out his sniper and cocking one of the bullets.

BULLSEYE
"Oh..."

He watches as Daredevil CRUSHES the ball, dropping it besides the remains of his shotgun. He seems more demonic than human at this point.

BULLSEYE
"Formidable..."

CLICK.

Both of them are clearly on their last legs, weak enough that any attack could incapacitate them.

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
“AHHHHHHH!”

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.

STICK
(voiceover)
“A while ago, I was informed of a battle between two men on the brink of obsession. One of these men fell victim to it…”

Poindexter looks to the ground, scowling bitterly as photographers try to take his picture at every turn. Finally, the police shove him inside a vehicle, slamming the doors shut.

STICK
(voiceover)
“And the other caught himself before falling down that same path.”

From the rooftops, Daredevil watches the situation unfold, staying until every police officer leaves the church.

STICK
(voiceover)
“Imagine my surprise after hearing that my old student had dedicated *everything* to trying to keep his city safe. That he was willing to put everything on the line for people he loved… whether he saved them or not.”

. . .

GRAVEYARD

Although Matt can’t see the coffin being lowered to the ground, he still feels the same amount of grief as everyone around him. Rain pours down his face, runs through his black suit and drops silently against the dirt, slowly covering one of the only people that understood his two lives.

STICK
(voiceover)
“Last I heard, he’s trying not to make the same mistakes as that killer…”

. . .

NELSON & MURDOCK

Both Karen and Foggy stare in disbelief as Matt removes his suit jacket, revealing his Daredevil costume underneath.

STICK
(voiceover)
“…Maybe things will be different this time.”

. . .

UNKNOWN ROOM

Stick rubs some of the stubble on his chin, sitting in front of a candle and another silhouette.

???
“Matthew Murdock was a high candidate of ours… but you claimed he wasn’t ready.”

STICK
“And he *wasn’t*. But the kid’s grown… might be time to give him another chance.”

???
“Hm. You make an enticing offer… What does he call himself, again?”

Beat.

STICK
“*Daredevil*.”

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. . .

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."