

Daredevil Spec  
"Elektra Love"  
By Collin Jose

OUTSIDE FISK'S TOWER - EVENING

A limousine pulls over and stops in front of the two glass double doors and ELEKTRA, wearing a long dark red overcoat and red bandana, steps out of the vehicle.

She enters the building and begins to walk towards the elevator.

DESK WORKER

Excuse me mam. Excuse me! Do you have a reservation?

Elektra pays her no attention and keeps walking.

The desk worker waved at the guards to do something. They quickly approach her.

They go to grab Elektra's arm, but she turns around. They immediately recall who she is and let her through. They return to their stations near the entrance.

Elektra steps into the elevator with four of Fisk's men.

GUARD 1

Damn, don't see ladies like you around here.

She pays them no attention.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Ok. She wants to play hard to get.

One of the guards gets uncomfortable and steps back.

Guard 1 nudges Guard 2.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Watch this.

He smacks her ass.

Elektra slowly turns around.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Like that huh.

She jabs him in the face.

The other guards tense up.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Woah, honey. Just having a bit of fun.

ELEKTRA  
Then let's have fun.

She punches guard 1 in the face again. He touches his bloody nose.

He gets angry and swings at her. She catches it and flings his arm away, hitting another guard in the face.

She grabs his head and repeatedly punches him in the jaw until he flops down on the floor.

Guard 2 kicks her direction, she traps in on the wall and elbows his knee, breaking it.

Guard 3 punches a few times and she evades his attempts.

She kicks him in the chest and throws him back into guard 1, who just got back to his feet. Both of the guards crumple in the corner.

Guard 4 stands in the corner the whole time, trying not get involved.

DING! Level 30

The elevator doors opens and Guard 4 is shaking in the back corner.

She looks over at him and heel kicks him in the face. He drops to the floor, and she steps over the bodies exiting the elevator.

INT. FISK'S OFFICE - EVENING

Electra pulls up a chair.

A large man is sitting on the other side half concealed in the shadows. He is well dressed in an expensive suit and has a deep voice.

FISK  
Miss Natchios. Welcome to my new  
humble abode.

ELEKTRA  
Very welcoming.

She wipes blood off her knuckles.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)  
So, what's the assignment?

FISK

Straight to the point. I like it.  
Different from the pawns I have to  
deal with day in and day out. I  
think you'll enjoy this assignment  
very much.

Fisk leans out of the shadows.

FISK (CONT'D)

The thorn in my side is a man named  
Stick. I think you know him.

ELEKTRA

Stick! Stick needed to be taken  
care of years ago. I'm surprised  
he's still alive with the ever-  
growing HAND taking more control of  
the city.

FISK

The time has come. He has  
interrupted too many of my  
transactions in the past months. I  
figured this would be the perfect  
job for you, since you're in town.

ELEKTRA

How much is the payload?

Fisk reaches below the desk and pulls out a silver briefcase.  
He opens it for her.

FISK

Does that suffice?

ELEKTRA

More than enough.

She sets the briefcase down.

ELEKTRA (CONT'D)

I'm going to need resources to pull  
this off, you know. Daredevil has  
been overly active these days and  
I'm sure he keeps an eye on his old  
master.

FISK

I have a small unit on standby. You  
can use them, until the jobs done.  
You have a week to complete the  
task.

ELEKTRA

Send me the details of the team.  
Stick won't make it two days.

FISK

Good. Do not make me regret this.

He smiles mischievously.

Elektra picks up the briefcase and leaves the office.

INT. MATTS APARTMENT - MORNING

Matt still dressed as Daredevil lays motionless on his living room carpet.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The alarm goes off. He groans and painfully sits upright.

He leans on the side of the couch and slowly takes his mask off. Dried blood making it more painful for him.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

He throws one of his batons at the clock. The clock flies sideways and knocks over a cross hanging on his wall.

He limps over to pick it up then looks out the window. Its bright daylight.

He hears his phone buzz but takes his time picking it up.

MATT

Hey buddy, I'm going to be a little late for work today.

FOGGY

Oh. Everything all right?

MATT

Yeah... didn't sleep well.

He looks at the blood-soaked carpet.

FOGGY

Heard that before. I'll see you when you get here. Lots to discuss.

MATT

(sarcastically)  
Great.

He hangs up the phone. He hobbles to the bathroom and begins to dab at wounds from the night previous.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Matt, now well dressed, walks towards the office with a bag of breakfast sandwiches from the local coffee shop.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Foggy sits at his desk looking at new files from a case.

The doorbell rings.

In walks Matt with a bag.

MATT

Foggy! I got you something.

He hands over the bag.

FOGGY

Thanks Matt. All this work makes me hungry.

He digs in the bag and pulls two sandwiches out.

MATT

Not so fast. I'll take that one.

Foggy reluctantly hands one over.

MATT (CONT'D)

So new case?

FOGGY

Mr.Delfonzo's. A house got robbed on 34th and the owner of the house got a peek at the thief. The cops set up a drive by and questioned locals, while the victim was in the back of the car trying to identify the suspect.

MATT

A wrongful arrest for misidentification?

FOGGY

Yes. That suspect happens to be Mr. Delfonzo, a local manager of a deli shop, and he has a solid alibi.

MATT  
Your specialty.

FOGGY  
Oh yeah. Should be a clear win for  
Nelson and Murdock.

He sets down the report.

Foggy looks more closely at Matt, noticing all the cuts and  
bruises.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
So, you couldn't sleep huh?

MATT  
Something like that.

Foggy pauses.

FOGGY  
You really look like shit Matt. I  
think you should take a few days  
off of... your night job. You're  
going to get yourself killed.

MATT  
It's not that easy to just "take a  
few days off" Foggy. People are  
being hurt and killed. Innocent  
people. I can't just sit around  
because I'm a little banged up.

FOGGY  
No one can protect them if you  
can't. If you can't help yourself,  
how are you possibly going to be  
able to protect the people weaker  
than you, from people like Fisk?

Matt sits there and takes it in.

FOGGY (CONT'D)  
Look at yourself. You can't stand  
up straight without cringing in  
pain. You NEED to recover.

MATT  
Foggy...

FOGGY  
Who was that one guy that trained  
you?

Matt visibly looked confused.

MATT  
Stick. Where are you going with  
this?

FOGGY  
Thats your guy!

MATT  
What? Thats my guy for what?

FOGGY  
He taught you all the ways to do  
what you do. I'm sure he has ways  
to speed up recovery or at least  
retrain you to not get hit so much.

MATT  
I don't get hit that much.

Matt could sense Foggys facial expressions.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Alright... let's say I do go. Who's  
going to take care of the new case  
with Karen gone too?

FOGGY  
You're looking at him.

MATT  
You're going to lead this case by  
yourself?

FOGGY  
Come on Matt. You know me.

MATT  
Exactly.

FOGGY  
You're an asshole.

Matt sits and thinks for a second.

MATT  
You might be right about taking a  
visit to Stick.

FOGGY  
I know.



MATT

Let me help you out today then this case is all yours. I'll make a trip to Stick.

INT. MATTS APARTMENT - EVENING

Matt walks through the front door.

When the door shuts, he drops his cane and takes off his suit jacket leaving it on the back of the couch.

INT. MATTS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt heads to his room and digs through his closet.

He takes a wooden box out full of fancy ties and things of that nature. He pulls up the tray full of those things, revealing his Daredevil suit.

The suit glides on and he slides the batons into place, one at each hip.

He looks into the mirror, taking a deep breath, he placed the Daredevil helmet on and bounds out the window into the night.

EXT. STICKS COMPUND - NIGHT

Stick, a skinny blind old man, was practicing in a training room with his bo staff.

Stick swings the bo staff with grace and power, hitting the ribs of a humanoid practice dummy.

The boom of the strike echoed through the compound.

STICK

Long time, no see.

MATT

Very funny old man.

Matt walks up to him and they lock hands.

STICK

I'm guessing you didn't come to just check up on me.

MATT

Not exactly.

STICK

Judging by the sound from the cadence of your steps and your obnoxious raspy breathing, you've taken quite the beating recently.

MATT

Yeah. The streets aren't safe like they used to be. When I lock one person up, three more jump from the shadows.

STICK

Ah, the never-ending cycle. Follow me.

INT. STICKS SMALL TRAINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

STICK

Take your costume off.

MATT

Its not a-

STICK

Take it off Matt! Leave your weapons too.

Matt slowly placed the Daredevil suit down and slipped a brilliant white Gi.

He entered the circle. Stick stood across from him.

Stick punched Matt in the gut.

MATT

What the hell.

STICK

Thugs can punch you, but I can't? Your problem is paying attention. Youve lost the reflexes we've trained over the past years. See with your ears...

Stick throws a punch and Matt effortlessly parried it.

Matt smiles.

MATT

Is that all you got?

FADE TO BLACK.