

Black Panther

Written By

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Based on the comic book character
created by Stan Lee and Jack Kirby

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EXT. WAKANDAN FARMLANDS - DAY CONTINUOUS

It is a peaceful scene where FARMERS are working hard, PLOWING and TILLING the dirt beneath their feet. The sun is beating down and it is starting to take it's toll. FARMER 1 stands up and WIPES the sweat from his brow.

The sound of an engine being gunned comes from Farmer 1'S RIGHT. Farmer 1 LOOKS to see where the sound is coming from as do the other farmers.

A JEEP comes BARRELING over the hill toward them. The farmers scatter as the jeep cuts through the crops. There are four MERCENARIES inside.

Farmer 1 PANTING, LOOKS to see where he was standing and sees tire treads as the dust settles. He LOOKS at the jeep as it drives away kicking up dust, he sees where they're headed and he SMILES knowingly.

EXT. TORMENT FOREST - DAY

The group of mercenaries has now made it to the forest. Trees speed by as they make their way through. They get deeper into the forest. It's starting to become lush and dense.

STEVE a skinny, mousy looking fellow in the passenger's seat start's looking around NERVOUSLY. Unfamiliar with the terrain he looks at the driver, JACK a grizzled bulky man.

STEVE

You got the map right, Jack?

Jack glances at him.

JACK

(annoyed)

There ain't no map Steve.

STEVE and the other mercenaries look at Jack in disbelief.

JACK (CONT'D)

Finding the way is my problem, not yours. Just concentrate on staying alive. The stuff we stole is worth killin' for and dyin' for. This whole God damn place is protected...

MERCENARY #3

By what?

JACK

Not what, who. And I dunno, but they say it was like a guerilla army, they struck from the trees fast and hard.

MERCENARY #3

They who?

JACK

The few who managed to survive.

Steve GULPS and the other Mercs look around NERVOUSLY.

Just then something SPEEDS by in the trees up above.

Mercenary #4, CHASE the one sitting behind Jack sees it out of the corner of his eye. He LOOKS but nothing is there.

CHASE

Jesus, Jack your stories got me spooked. I think I'm seeing things.

Jack looks at him in the rear view mirror, his face turning deadly serious.

JACK

What was it? What did you see.

CHASE

I...I don't know.

JACK

Oh man.

STEVE

What's up, Jack?

Jack's face HARDENS as he GRITS his teeth. He doesn't answer.

A TREE falls directly in their path.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Look out!!

Jack LOOKS and STOMPS on the brakes just before they crash.

The jeep SKIDS and turns so that the passenger side is facing the tree.

The jeep comes to a full STOP right before one of the tree limbs can impale Mercenary #3, DOM in the eye.

DOM
Holy shhhh--

Something SWINGS by and GRABS him, TAKING him up in to the trees.

The others look on in HORROR.

CHASE
Dom...DOM!!!

Chase JUMPS out of the jeep and starts SHOOTING up the trees.

Jack GETS OUT and PUNCHES him in the mouth.

JACK
You idiot!! What if you hit--

Dom's body FALLS from the trees RIDDLED with bullet holes.

CHASE
Oh my God, I didn't mean, oh my
God.

Steve WALKS over to DOM and CHECKS for a pulse.

He LOOKS over his shoulder at Jack and Chase and SHAKES his head.

JACK
YOU STUPID SON OF A BITCH!!

Jack WAILS on CHASE MERCILESSLY.

Steve tries STOP Jack.

STEVE
(desperately)
Jack...Jack!!

He's HOLDS ON to Jack long enough for Chase to CRAWL AWAY.

CHASE
I'm sorry man!! I didn't mean to,
I--I was just spooked.

JACK
Save it, you sissy!

STEVE
Jack, I'm sorry about Dom okay, but
we gotta focus. We got a big
problem here.

Jack TURNS his back to Chase and tries to focus. Steve puts a hand on his shoulder.

STEVE (CONT'D)
What're we gonna do? They're
hunting us and we don't even have a
freakin' map!

Chase is waiting for an answer. Something SPEEDS by and TAKES Chase so fast his gun drops out of his hands.

JACK
We stick to the plan. I know where
the LZ is, we just make our way
there fast and fight off the
bastards for as long as we can.

They TURN to find...Chase is missing.

STEVE
(frantically)
Where's Chase?

JACK
Chase! Chase!!

They start SEARCHING for him.

STEVE
Hey Chase. This isn't funny man.

JACK
Maybe he went off to lick his
wounds.

Steve STOOPS and PICKS up Chase's gun.

Steve TURNS to Jack.

STEVE
I don't think so, Jack.

Jack looks STUNNED for a second.

JACK
Jesus Christ, j-just stay close to
me, we have to make it to the
Landing Zone in a half hour or else
they take off with out us.

Jack pulls something out of his pocket.

It's a crude map of the area. Showing where they took the Vibranium from and showing where the LZ is.

JACK (CONT'D)

This way.

EXT. TORMENT FOREST - LATER

The Mercs left are SWEATING as they TRUDGE through the jungle heat.

Steve LOOKS like death, he's SWAYING and BREATHING HEAVY.

STEVE

Hey Jack, can we take a break. I'm dyin' here.

JACK

We gotta get to that chopper. It ain't gonna wait for us while you take a powder.

STEVE

C'mon man please, just 5 minutes. I'm no good to you if you gotta carry me and the cargo too.

Jack STOPS.

JACK

Fine, two minutes and no bitching the rest of the way.

STEVE

Thank, you Jack. Thank you, you're a Saint.

JACK

Yeah whatever, enjoy it while you can.

Steve SITS DOWN, glad for the respite.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go take a leak. Holler if something happens.

STEVE

No problemo.

Jack STALKS AWAY, MUTTERING to himself.

Jack finds a place to relieve himself.

EXT. TORMENT FOREST - DAY - LATER

Jack comes back to find Steve missing.

Jack AIMS his rifle at the trees above.

JACK
COME OUT YOU COWARDS!! SHOW
YOURSELVES!! I'll take you all on
if I have to!!

Something DROPS to the ground silently behind him and slowly
STANDS UP fully erect.

T'CHAKA
Know this trespasser, The King of
Wakanda is no coward.

FRIGHTENED Jack spins around and faces the Black Panther.

It is only one man dressed in a midnight blue outfit
complete with a mask that has cat ears pointing out of it.

T'CHAKA (CONT'D)
I am T'CHAKA. King of these lands
that you and your people have
trespassed upon. Give back what you
stolen, leave now and you will not
be hurt.

Jack aims his rifle at T'Chaka.

JACK
You gotta be freakin' kidding me.
The only way you're takin' this
score from me is if you pry it from
my cold dead hands.

T'CHAKA
So be it, but fight me man to man
if you believe yourself brave
enough.

Jack THROWS down his gun. He assumes on a KRAV MAGA STANCE.

T'Chaka assumes the PANTHER STANCE, a martial art developed
in Wakanda.

Jack and T'Chaka CIRCLE each other.

Jack throws a RIGHT HOOK and T'Chaka DODGES it with ease.

T'Chaka throws an UPPERCUT to Jack's SOLAR PLEXUS and Jack DOUBLES OVER as the wind is knocked out of him.

Jack GETS UP and STEPS toward T'Chaka.

T'Chaka throws a RIGHT STRAIGHT. Jack dodges and grabs it with his left forearm, HOOKS his left hand on T'Chaka's forearm. Jack brings his right elbow to T'Chaka's nose in a crushing blow.

T'Chaka REELS back, Jack moves in to throw some BLOWS, but T'Chaka RECOVERS quickly and defends against them.

Jack is BACKING T'Chaka up against a tree with his onslaught.

T'Chaka FEELS his back against the hard bark, he DODGES Jack's next RIGHT PUNCH and Jack's fist SMASHES into the bark.

Jack BACKS UP CURSING and HOLDING HIS RIGHT HAND.

T'Chaka gracefully moves in, he delivers a few hard BLOWS followed by a SIDE KICK that sends Jack FLYING back.

Jack LANDS on the ground with a THUD.

On the ground Jack reaches for a KNIFE in his boot. He GETS UP and RUNS at T'Chaka.

He SLASHES at T'Chaka wildly like a man possessed he refuses to lose. T'Chaka DODGES each SLASH.

Jack SLASHES again about to catch T'Chaka in the CHEST but T'Chaka puts up his LEFT ARM for defense. The knife CUTS DEEP.

T'Chaka BACKS UP holding his LEFT ARM.

Jack MOVES IN closer for the kill. T'Chaka BACKS UP against the tree again.

T'Chaka's right foot PRESSES against the tree, Jack is almost upon T'Chaka.

Suddenly T'Chaka SPRINGS from the tree and delivers a DEBILITATING flying knee right into Jack's Chin.

Jack falls slowly to the ground unconscious as T'Chaka lands gracefully on his feet.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. TORMENT FOREST CLEARING - DAY

The Mercenaries' helicopter is coming down for a landing.

CHOPPER PILOT

I hope these guys are ready to go.

CO-PILOT

I bet they ended up like the others.

CHOPPER PILOT

I don't know, they were led by Jack Cooper, if anybody can get the job done, it's him.

CO-PILOT

Oh yeah, look at your 2:00.

The pilot looks to his right, and sees three men strapped to a tree. Jack is unconscious and the others are bound and gagged and scared out of their minds. They've all been stripped to their boxers.

FADE TO BLACK.

title: black panther

EXT. TORMENT FOREST CLEARING - DAY CONTINUOUS

He watches the chopper take off then he takes off his mask to reveal his face (preferably Chiwetel Ejiofor), his nose is bloodied and he's got a few bruises. Wrinkles begin to crease his face and his short hair is peppered gray and black. He is in his 50's and he isn't getting any younger.

Behind him a MAN IN ANOTHER PANTHER COSTUME. DROPS DOWN from a nearby tree he WALKS UP to T'Chaka and puts his hand on his shoulder.

T'CHAKA

(Still watching the helicopter)

How was the fight, TAKU?

TAKU

You did well, sir. I couldn't have done any better myself.

T'CHAKA

Oh really, and those times I saw resisting the urge to jump in, what

(MORE)

T'CHAKA (CONT'D)

were those, nervous ticks?

Taku REELS slightly, surprised that T'Chaka saw that.

TAKU

(Stammering)

W-Well, we-we were all ready to
jump in if need be Sir. But as your
chief of Security--

T'Chaka puts his hand up in a gesture to silence him.

T'CHAKA

It's alright Taku, I'm not upset.
There is no denying it, I am not
the man I used to be.

TAKU

I don't think it is that at all
Sir, he would have been a handful
for anyone.

T'chaka turns to Taku, and puts his hands on his shoulder.

T'CHAKA

Not for you Taku, and not for my
son T'CHALLA. Which is why you are
my chief of security, and why he
will succeed me as Leader of the
Hatut Zeraze as soon as he returns
from New York.

As they are talking a hovercraft lands near them, there are
more MEN DRESSED IN PANTHER COSTUMES inside. These are The
Black Panther's private army "The Dogs of War" Wakanda's
most elite warriors.

Taku is again taken aback by T'Chaka's words.

TAKU

Not to question your judgement,
Sir. But--

T'Chaka interrupts.

T'CHAKA

I have given this much thought
Taku, and I do believe he will be
ready for the task. He must begin
somewhere if he is to become Black
Panther someday.

Taku nods.

T'Chaka turn them toward the hovercraft. They begin WALKING.

T'CHAKA (CONT'D)

Now let's go get me cleaned up. And if you don't mind, I am going use you as a cane. I think I overdid it with the helicopter.

EXT. CENTRAL WAKANDA - DAY

Central Wakanda is a beautiful marvel of Wakandan ingenuity, We can see construction being done on the palace. There is a massive Panther being built around the entrance. It is covered in scaffolding and workers busily polishing and working out the final touches. Other buildings can be seen going up in the distance. Wakanda has always been on the cutting edge of technology, but now it stands at the precipice of a technological renaissance.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

An elegantly decorated Throne Room, decked out with sculptures, painting and jewels. T'chaka sits on his throne while he is being attended to by the PALACE PHYSICIAN/WITCHDOCTOR ZAWAVARI. He has tape over his nose and Zawavari is just finishing the stitching of his left arm, while he chastises T'Chaka on the old ways.

ZAWAVARI

...If you had reinstated the Rite of Ascension like I had suggested so long ago, age would not be catching up to you like this. With the Power of the Black Panther you would've set those thugs straight.

T'Chaka who's heard this speech a million times already, sits resting his head on his free hand, rolling his eyes. Even though he is king and well over 50 he always feels like a child when he deals with Zawavari whom as legend tells is over 200 years old. He doesn't look a day over 50 though.

T'CHAKA

I know Zawavari, we've had this conversation before. I would've reinstated it when I first became King but Queen Mother would not hear of it. Remember?

ZAWAVARI

Ah, yes I remember. Such a stubborn woman, her will was like iron. That

(MORE)

ZAWAVARI (CONT'D)

reminds me of this time...

Zawavari drones off on in to another one of his stories as T'Chaka stares off into space.

Suddenly the Chamber doors burst open, and a furious MAN of about the same age as T'Chaka walks in and heads straight for T'Chaka.

S'YAN

Just what did you think you were doing out there? You could have been killed.

T'Chaka's jaw clenches at the lack of respect the man is showing, but it has always been this way. Family is always like this.

T'CHAKA

Nice to see you too, S'YAN. I am appreciative of your concern Brother, but I ask that you do not forget your place.

S'yan calms down, realizing that he is not just talking to his brother.

S'YAN

Forgive me Sire. I was just informed by Taku of your...adventure today. And as your Chief Advisor, I couldn't help but think that it was well...ill-advised. I do not know what Wakanda would do without you Sir.

T'CHAKA

You do not have to worry S'yan, that was my last excursion with them. I was made well aware of my limitations today, and I will let the Hatut Zeraze handle these situations from now on.

S'YAN

Who will lead them in your place, Sire?

T'CHAKA

T'Challa will, as soon as he returns from school.

S'yan is as surprised Taku was.

S'YAN

N-not to question your decision
sire--

T'Chaka interrupts.

T'CHAKA

Isn't it strange that people always
say that, right before they are
going to question my decisions?

S'YAN

Forgive me Sire, no one knows more
than I what your decisions have
done for this country. But I only
wonder if T'Challa is ready for
such an undertaking, at times he
seems like such a passive young
man.

Zawavari finishes with T'Chaka's arm.

T'CHAKA

Thank you Zawavari, I will call
again if need be, old friend.

Zawavari packs up his equipment, bows to the King and to
S'yan, and leaves.

T'Chaka is rubbing his newly patched up arm in
contemplation.

T'CHAKA (CONT'D)

I understand your concern, I too
have considered that as well. But
whenever I look into my son's eyes,
I see the eyes of a true warrior.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK, THE BRONX, HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

We CUT across the New York SKYLINE and end up at a high
school in the Bronx. A school bell RINGS.

INT. BRONX HIGH SCHOOL PHYSICS CLASSROOM

CLOSE UP on the face of a MAN'S EYES. They're intense burning with passion ready to be unleashed. PULL BACK LITTLE BY LITTLE the man pushes his glasses up the bridge of his nose. PULL BACK COMPLETELY to show the man in front of a black board.

This man is T'Challa, son of T'Chaka. Right now he is in America student teaching at one of the worst schools in the Bronx, under the name Luke Charles. Most of the STUDENTS are Juniors and Seniors and most didn't even know about gravity before he walked into the classroom.

He seems frail but he dresses down and baggy clothes to dumb down his appearance.

The bell RINGS again for last call, and a few more STUDENTS run into class and find their seats.

Unlike other classes in the high school, STUDENTS are actually attentive and excited.

LUKE

As you know class, today is my last day. I'm graduating in a few hours.

The regular physics teacher MR. PRINCE is in the corner of the classroom, he's been observing and showing T'Challa (Luke) the ropes.

He stands up.

MR. PRINCE

Let's all give Dr. Charles a round of applause, shall we.

The class APPLAUDS, and then settles down.

T'Challa (Luke) is smiling at the admiration they showed.

LUKE

Thank you Mr. Prince, and thank you class. I appreciate the way you've accepted me in your classroom. You've all worked very hard this semester and have shown great improvement. So I thought today we could end my term as today with...JEOPARDY!!

The class EXPLODES with EXCITEMENT AND CHEERS.

T'Challa (Luke) goes to his bag on the desk and searches for

something.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You all remember what I promised at the beginning of the semester right. The winning team gets five of these.

He HOLDS up a brand new state of the art cell phones. Phones that haven't even been put on the market yet.

CLASSMATES begin talking amongst each other, about who's going to win.

One class member in particular is talking a big game.

DWAYNE

That phone is all mine, yo whoever's on my team better not slow me down.

LATISHA The classes star student chimes in.

LATISHA

Yeah right, before Dr. Charles came in you couldn't even spell physics, now you think you can beat me?

Dwayne turns to her and smiles.

DWAYNE

Watch me.

Latisha rolls her eyes, and purses her lips. She is not impressed.

INT. BRONX HIGH SCHOOL PHYSICS CLASS - LATER

It's been an intense battle, there were five teams of five students, only two remain. Dwayne's team (Red Team) and Latisha's team (Blue team). They're down to the last question and it's Latisha's turn.

Everyone is watching closely

LUKE

Okay guys, this one is for the win. What is Newton's Third Law of Motion?

Every one of Latisha's Teammates turn to her.
She is sweating bullets. She doesn't know.

LUKE (CONT'D)
30 seconds guys.

Her teammates started to get antsy.

TEAMMATE 1
C'mon Latisha, you know this.

TEAMMATE 2
You can do this, girl.

LUKE
10 seconds.

LATISHA
I...I don't know.

LUKE
Time's up guys.

The Blue Team GROANS in anguish over the lose.

The Red Team CHEERS at the chance.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Alright Red team, for the win. What
is Newton's Third Law of Motion?

All eyes turn to Dwayne who raises his hand to answer
immediately.

T'Challa (Luke) motions to him for the answer.

DWAYNE
For every action there is an equal
yet opposite reaction!

LUKE
(Impressed)
I couldn't have said it better
myself. Red Team wins!

The Red Team and the rest of the class go wild with
excitement.

Seeing someone like Dwayne beat Latisha gives them all hope.

Latisha stews at the loss.

Everyone calms down the bell RINGS, the class has ended.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Alright, ladies and gentlemen. It has been a pleasure, and I hope you all keep up the good work. Now red team come up and get your prizes.

T'Challa (Luke) stands by the door and hands the red team members their prize.

The last one to get his prize is Dwayne.

DWAYNE

Thank you for everything Dr. Charles, I never even thought I could learn something like that.

LUKE

It's been my pleasure Dwayne, you're smarter than you give yourself credit, never give up on yourself.

T'Challa (Luke) extends his hand and Dwayne shakes it firmly.

The very last student to walk through the door is Latisha, she is sulking.

T'Challa (Luke) puts a hand on her shoulder to stop her.

She looks up at him.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I never want to see you with your head down. Dwayne may have won this time, but believe me you have what it takes to beat him next time.

A small smile comes to her face.

LATISHA

Thank you, Dr. Charles.

He gives her a hug.

LUKE

You're very welcome Latisha. Remember always keep your head up.

She leaves, Mr. Prince walks up to T'Challa (Luke).

MR. PRINCE

You are going to make one hell of an educator, Dr. Charles.

LUKE

Thank you, sir. That is an honor coming from you.

MR. PRINCE

Just do me a favor, and make sure you don't spoil the kids too much, you'll make Average Joe's like the rest of us teachers look bad.

They smile and Mr. Prince extends his hand. T'Challa (Luke) shakes his hand.

MR. PRINCE (CONT'D)

Excellent work, Luke. Now go get your diploma.

LUKE

Yes, sir.

EXT. BRONX HIGH SCHOOL - LATER - DAY

T'Challa walks down the stairs of the school.

At the bottom there is a MAN of T'Challa's age but a little bit more built, he has dreadlocks and is waiting nonchalantly.

T'Challa almost walks by not noticing him.

MAN

Are you so distracted that you would walk by your own cousin T'Challa?

T'Challa whips around immediately, no one in the States knows his real name except for...

T'CHALLA

ERIK you scared the hell out of me. What are you doing here?

Erik smiles and they embrace.

ERIK

There's no way the Prince of Wakanda is taking the subway to his own graduation.

T'Challa smiles.

T'CHALLA

Thank you, cousin. But do you mind not saying that too loud. Everyone here knows me as Dr. Luke Charles.

Erik feigns sarcasm.

ERIK

Ohh, I'm sorry Doctor Charles. I'll try to remember that next time.

They both laugh.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Come on Dr. Charles its not everyday you get to graduate with you Master's and your Doctorate on the same day.

Erik motions in the air as if calling for a taxi.

A limo pulls up beside them.

Erik opens the door for T'Challa and ushers him in.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Does this mean I should call you Dr. Professor Charles then.

T'Challa hits him like a brother in the arm as he gets in.

INT. LIMO - DAY

T'challa and Erik sit apart from each other to talk.

T'CHALLA

Isn't this your big day too, Dr. Kilmonger? It's not every day you graduate with a Ph.D. in engineering too you know.

Erik smiles.

ERIK

Yeah I guess you're right. I just can't wait to get back home and start working on things there, don't you?

There is an uneasy silence, like Erik just said the wrong thing.

ERIK (CONT'D)
What's wrong T'Challa. You are going home right?

T'CHALLA
(Forcing a smile)
Of course I am, I want to see my father more than anything.

Erik can read T'Challa like a book. There's something he isn't saying.

ERIK
But...?

T'CHALLA
(Sighs)
I don't think I'm going to be staying.

ERIK
(Floored)
What!?! The whole point of this is to learn from the best and bring it back home to make Wakanda even better. You of all people should know that.

T'CHALLA
I know Erik, I know. But Wakanda has enough good teachers, and I think my place is here. American can use as many teachers as it can get.

ERIK
That's not the point and you know it. You are the Prince of Wakanda, you know you're Father was going to begin grooming you to take his seat one day. Who will take his place with you gone?

T'CHALLA
Well...there's always you.

Erik looks at T'Challa as if he's gone of the deep end.

ERIK
Don't even joke. My father, your
Uncle would rather destroy all of
Wakanda than see his mudblood
adopted son on the throne.

T'Challa looks down at his hands.

T'CHALLA
Listen Erik--

Erik waves it off.

ERIK
(sighs)
Don't worry about it T'Challa, it's
no big deal, I've accepted it. So
what are you going to do when we
get home?

T'CHALLA
Well, I'm going to sit my father
down and hope he only has a mild
myocardial infarction.

They look at each other and both of them bust out laughing.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAKANDA PALACE ROOF - THAT NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Sonar Glider lands on a landing pad. The doors open
T'Challa and Erik walk out. T'chaka and S'yan are walking
toward them to greet them. T'CHALLA moves in to embrace his
father T'Chaka. And Erik stands a few feet in front of his
father S'yan. Neither move to embrace.

T'CHALLA
Hello Father, how have you been?

T'CHAKA
Very well my son, and how have your
studies been?

T'CHALLA
I graduated Magna Cum Laude and I
received my PH. D in Physics along
with a Master's Degree in Teaching
to finish out the semester.

T'CHAKA
Impressive, T'challa. I could not
be prouder. I am just sorry I could
(MORE)

T'CHAKA (CONT'D)

not attend your graduation myself.

T'Chaka looks at S'yan and motions for him to interact with his son.

S'YAN

Oh, yes and you N'Jadaka how have your studies been?

N'JADAKA

I told you father, my name is Erik now.

S'YAN

And I have told you, N'Jadaka that I refuse to call you by your "American" name.

N'JADAKA

Fine, father. As you wish, not that you care but I too received a Ph.D as well mine was in Engineering, I also recieved a Master's Degree in Political Science.

Erik and S'yan fix each other with an icy stare.

T'Chaka tries to break the tension.

T'CHAKA

And to think all at the age of 23. What an achievement for both of you. I know you will both serve Wakanda well with your brilliance.

Both T'Challa and Erik bow.

T'CHALLA

Thank you, father.

ERIK

Thank you my King. If that is all, I believe I will retire to the gym.

He storms off.

S'yan turns to his brother and shrugs.

T'CHALLA

He's been doing well at school but he's been having a rough time, lately. I believe he has been trying to find himself.

S'yan waves it off.

S'YAN

Please do not makes excuses for him my Prince, he has always hated me. Even though I took him in after his parents were killed. Instead of focusing his anger on the dogs responsible for their murders and his enslavement. He has directed all of his rage toward me, his rescuer, and I still cannot figure out why.

T'CHALLA

I am sure he does not hate you Uncle. I will go talk to him.

S'YAN

Thank you, Prince T'Challa. But I am not sure what good it will do.

T'Challa looks down at his Father's arm. He's bleeding from the wound he received earlier.

T'CHALLA

Father, you are bleeding. Are you alright?

T'CHAKA

Oh this, it's nothing my son. I received this fending off Mercenaries who tried to appropriate Vibranium from our Great Mound.

They begin to walk toward the palace entrance.

T'CHALLA

You were fighting? Where were the Hatut Zeraze?

T'CHAKA

I told them to hang back, I wanted to handle them myself, at least one last time. Now that you mention the Hatut Zeraze, I have news for you my son.

T'CHALLA

I...actually have something to tell
(MORE)

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

you as well, Father.

T'CHAKA

Excellent, we will sit down and have a chat after I meet with the Council tomorrow, they have called for an emergency meeting in light of the recent attempted theft of Vibranium from our Great Mound. Why don't you get some rest and join us tomorrow in the throne room.

T'Challa is surprised by this invitation.

T'CHALLA

Me, father are you sure?

T'CHAKA

Yes, I believe it is time you started taking an active role in my day to day duties. The throne will be yours someday.

T'Challa nods his head in agreement.

INT. PALACE GYM - LATER

T'Challa stands in the door way of the gym. Erik is viciously beating a punching bag. The gym is well equipped, there are weights, exercise machines, gymnast bars...etc.

Erik does not turn around but he senses T'Challa's presence.

ERIK

Hello, cousin. Come to beg on my father's behalf?

T'Challa takes off his shirt and begins to wrap his hands with tape.

T'CHALLA

You should know by now. The Prince of Wakanda does not beg. But I am here to inquire why you must push Uncle so hard. I know you have your own problems but he is trying.

Erik scoffs, and begins punching the bag even harder.

ERIK

You call that trying? He barely acknowledged me when we arrived. He had to be coaxed by his own brother to ask me how graduation went. If that's trying I certainly don't need it.

T'CHALLA

Fair enough, but your display of disrespect probably isn't going to stir any heartfelt fatherly emotions within him.

ERIK

I've been going this long without them, why should I worry about them now.

He punches a hole in the bag, sand begins pouring out. He stares at it angrily.

T'CHALLA

((Sighs)

Come, spar with me. I think that bag's had enough.

Erik joins him in the middle of the mat. They both take fighting stances.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

All I ask, is that you try to be nicer to him.

They begin to spar. KICKS and PUNCHES fly, neither is serious but their strength and speed is apparent with each hit blocked.

Finally Erik gets under T'Challa's guard and FLIPS him over his shoulder. T'Challa hits the mat hard.

Erik kneels next to him.

ERIK

Fine, I'll play nice but, only if he calls me Erik from now on.

T'CHALLA

((groans in pain)

You drive a hard bargain, Cousin.

Erik helps T'Challa to his feet.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)
Fine I'll talk to him but I make no
promises.

ERIK
(Smiles slyly)
I'm sure you'll try your best my
Prince.

They bow to each other and T'Challa leaves rubbing his lower
back.

FADE TO:

INT. PALACE THRONE ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING - CONTINUOUS

An elegantly decorated Throne Room, decked out with
sculptures, painting and jewels. T'Chaka sits on his Throne
with his son sitting next to him. Servants have placed
chairs in a circle and the COUNCIL MEMBERS sit down.

They chat amongst one another.

T'Chaka holds up his hand and they are all immediately
silenced.

T'CHAKA
We have gathered today to discuss
the ever growing threat of invasion
that we are facing. It would appear
someone or a group of people have
traced the minor amounts of
Vibranium, I have been selling to
fund our nation, back to it's
source. They have been sending in
Mercenaries with increasing volume
to collect ore from our Great
Mound. It is only a matter of time
before they become bold enough to
send a more formidable force. Do
any of you have suggestions?

One MEMBER raises his hand.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1
With all due respect, my King but I
told you long ago that this would
happen. I knew it was only a matter
of time.

The Members murmur in agreement.

T'CHAKA

Do not mistake my actions for lack of heeding. I knew this day would come as well. But I just did not expect it so soon. We do not have a military force aside from the Hatut Zeraze, and I believe that gathering one will lead to more problems than we have currently. Also without knowing who our true enemy is we have no way of gauging what kind of force they can amass.

The Council murmurs to one another in worried voices.

T'Chaka holds his hand up once more to silence them.

T'CHAKA (CONT'D)

But I am not asking for an accounting of the things you believe I have done wrong. What I am asking is for a solution to this problem we are facing.

S'YAN

If I may my King, I would like to bring forth the option we have discussed on several occasions. I believe we should get one of these mercenaries to tell us whom they work for. And proceed accordingly.

The Council murmurs once again in agreement.

T'CHAKA

And as I posited to you before, Brother. What if the power these men hold is too much for us to contend with?

S'YAN

That would be an issue that would need to be dealt with, but we also have another issue to deal with. What if whoever it is, tells others of their discovery of a nation sitting on such a valuable resource. We only have their greed keeping them silent but what if they tire of sending in mercenaries to test us and decided to seek help from their governments or other governments. We do not have a choice but to silence these people before they become even more dangerous.

The Council Members begin to murmur. They are all agreeing with S'yan. T'Chaka raises his hand once again and they all become silent.

T'CHAKA

You make some interesting points S'yan. I may have to begin thinking seriously about your idea.

T'Challa raises his hand. All eyes are on him.

T'CHALLA

If -- If I may father, I believe I may have another solution to consider. I know we pride ourselves on anonymity, but I fear that may be what is holding us back. I understand Uncle S'yan's point about cutting the head off of the snake but are we truly talking about assassinating a possible government official. What if they are able to trace it back to us? There will be nothing to stop them from declaring war and raping our land for all it is worth. We will lose everything.

The Council begins to murmur amongst themselves.

S'yan is obviously perturbed but intrigued in what T'Challa is saying.

S'YAN

And what would you suggest, Young Prince?

T'CHALLA

I know it would fly in the face of tradition, but if we declare ourselves to the U. N. and subsequently the world--

There is an uproar from the Council Members they all vehemently disagree with the young man's idea.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1

Leave it to a child to suggest such a radical idea.

COUNCIL MEMBER 2

What is he thinking?

T'CHAKA

(roars)

LET HIM FINISH! I asked him here today so that he can give his input on the situation as well. You will show him the same respect you show me. Understood?

The Members now cowed nod in agreement.

T'CHALLA

Thank you father. I understand your reluctance to this idea but please hear me out. If we declare ourselves publicly our enemies will no longer be stealing from a faceless nation that no one knows about. Our enemies will be trespassing on Sovereign soil which is an act of war. If we bring their actions to light, governments will fall over themselves to track down the people responsible just so they can avoid yet another pointless war that no one can afford. If our enemies are smart once they see we are part of the U.N. they will be given pause, or they may just stop trying altogether. Either way we will be given time to prepare.

Another Council Member raises his hand.

COUNCIL MEMBER 2

Won't we be painting a target on ourselves. We will have to declare our exportation of Vibranium, that will send the other nations into a feeding frenzy will it not?

T'CHALLA

We do not have to declare all of our exports at least not right away. We can still sell minimal amounts of Vibranium we just have to double check and make sure no one can connect it back to us until we are ready to defend ourselves. Meanwhile we can export crops and other things to keep up the facade that we are nothing but a small nation. They also do not need to know the true nature of our military force.

The Elders begin to nod their head in agreement. Even S'yan think's T'Challa makes a good point.

Meanwhile a figure is watching from the shadows, he slinks away as he speaks into what looks like a cell phone.

UNKNOWN

I was right, they are playing right into our hands. T'Chaka will poke his head out of the shadows, and that is when we will take it off. Is everything coming together on your end?

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

We're back in New York inside a plush limousine the other end of the line belongs to a voluptuous woman in her mid-thirties dressed in a silver power suit and with long flowing silver hair. This is Silver Sable Mercenary for hire.

SILVER SABLE

Don't worry, the patsy's motive is
being created as we speak. I'll
keep playing my part and soon
enough you will be King of Wakanda.

She hangs up.

INT. INTERVIEW STUDIO - DAY

While Silver Sable sits in the limousine waiting in front of the television studio where her 'employer' DR. ULYSSES KLAW (preferably played by Paul Dano) a physicist working in the area of Applied Sonics and the latest Government funded weapons developer is being interviewed by CHRISTINE EVERHART (preferably reprised by Leslie Bibb) who's risen to fame after her scathing expose on Justin Hammer after his fall from grace and subsequent arrest during what the paper's are now calling the 'Armor Wars'. She now has her own show where she interviews the latest up and coming moguls, and government officials.

We SEE a Studio TV monitor as Christine's Beginning for her show plays. After that we move in to the interview area with Christine as Ulysses sits across from her.

Ulysses shifts uncomfortably in his chair. He's not like Tony Stark or Justin Hammer, fame doesn't come easily to him. But what he lacks in personality he makes up for in arrogance.

CHRISTINE

We are here today with the latest
and youngest whiz kid to rise
through the ranks of weapons
development. Physicist Dr. Ulysses
Klaw whose specialty is Applied
Sonics is looking to use his unique
sound to change the face of our
nation's weapons as we know it.
Good Morning Dr. Klaw, how are you
today?

KLAW

I'm well and yourself?

CHRISTINE

Fine, thank you. You are the youngest weapons developer is rise through the ranks and receive coveted government funding for your project. Your predecessors are Tony Stark, and Justin Hammer. Do you feel any pressure in delivering since you are following in the footsteps of these "giants" as they were.

Klaw smiles derisively.

KLAW

With all due respect Ms. Everhart, I would hardly call a known womanizer with delusions of grandeur, and a coat-tail riding glorified middle-man giants.

CHRISTINE

Be that as it may Dr. Klaw, these men did introduce one-manned and autonomous battle armor that revolutionized war as we know it.

KLAW

And what have they done with it? Tony Stark still continues to keep the blueprints for the Iron Man armor to himself, and without the brains behind Justin Hammer's "revolutionary" autonomous armor, Ivan Vanko, the worlds greatest minds have had to reverse engineer the scraps that were left behind after the so-called Armor Wars, still I might add to no avail. My idea is much less costly and uses something so powerful we take for granted everyday.

CHRISTINE

This is the Sonic Cannon you've been working on isn't it.

KLAW

Yes, it harnesses the power of sound to produce shock-waves so powerful that it could level mountains, all in a cannon that can be wielded with one arm.

CHRISTINE

Impressive, but I've heard that this sonic cannon would not be operable without a special component, is this true?

KLAW

Well I'm not sure where you are getting your information from but I'm not at liberty to speak of the specifics of how the Sonic Cannon functions, government contracts you understand.

This time Christine smiles derisively, she set him up.

CHRISTINE

Oh I understand completely, Dr. Klaw. But if I may, you contend that the Sonic Cannon is made by you entirely from parts within the United States, correct.

Klaw shifts anxiously in his chair.

KLAW

Yes, yes I do.

CHRISTINE

Then why do I have it on good authority that men in your employ have been seen all over Africa questioning inhabitants about some resource called "Vibranium"?

Klaw turns pale. He quickly gains his composure.

KLAW

(Angry)

I'm sorry but I didn't come here to be bombarded with inflammatory accusations by Tony Stark's sloppy seconds. This interview is officially over.

Klaw storms off the sound stage.
Television assistants chase after him.
Christine is shocked at his reaction.
She turns to the CAMERAMAN.

CHRISTINE
Please tell me you were awake for
that.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Ulysses Klaw walks down the steps of the studio and toward
the limo waiting for him on the sidewalk.

His driver opens the door for him and he slides in.

INT. KLAW'S LIMO - DAY

Klaw sits down across from Silver Sable, he is obviously
perturbed. He looks out the window deep in thought.

KLAW
(To the driver)
What are we still doing here!?

The car begins to drive off.

SILVER SABLE
The interview went that well?

KLAW
There's no way she could've know
that much, not on her own.

SILVER SABLE
Who?

KLAW
That dumb blonde Christine
Everhart. She couldn't know so much
on her own unless you're team was
sloppy.

SILVER SABLE

Must I remind you of who I am? My Wildcats are the best Mercenaries in the business, if she knows something that she shouldn't, then someone is feeding it to her, period.

KLAW

Then it wouldn't be asking too much, to find out what she knows, and make sure she never talks about it, again. We're too close to taking Wakanda to let our plans fail now because of some incompetent journalist.

SILVER SABLE

You're wish is my command.

She knocks on the glass partition behind her to signal to the driver that she needs him to stop.

He pulls over.

She reaches to get out of the limo on the street side.

KLAW

Oh and one more thing.

She stops and looks at him.

KLAW (CONT'D)

Make it painful, please. No one embarrasses me on National Television.

She nods and leaves. She closes the limo door behind her.

EXT. BUSY NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Silver Sable walks away from the limo and pulls out a pen recorder she had in her chest pocket.

She plays it back.

She smiles to herself.

SILVER SABLE

Too easy.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. UN BUILDING - NEW YORK - ONE MONTH LATER - DAY -
CONTINUOUS

People are walking around, the usual New York hustle and bustle.

Several news crews stand in front of the building reporting about the big news at the General Assembly.

CHET HARKNESS

This is Chet Harkness reporting live in front of the United Nations building in New York where today for the first time ever the leader of the enigmatic African nation known as Wakanda will address the General Assembly. The mysterious country was voted into the United Nations last month after a long lasting stance of anonymity. Data suggests that Wakanda is a simple farming village with minor exports and imports. It is anyone's guess why this nation has remained uncolonized, if this reporter had to guess it is probably due to the lack of natural resources afforded. It is anyone's guess what King T'Chaka, Wakanda's enigmatic leader wants to address the assembly about but one thing is for certain, the world waits with bated breathe to hear what he has to say.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

We see the new and improved Sonar glider flying over New York.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN OF SONAR GLIDER - DAY

T'Chaka, T'Challa, Erik, S'yan and members of the HATUT ZERAZE, Two more members of the Hatut Zeraze are flying the glider.

T'Challa is visibly nervous about seeing his father speak at the United Nations, this is the first time a suggestion he has made has been brought to fruition.

S'YAN

It took them long enough to accept our application. Democracy, hah.

T'CHAKA

I am beginning to think it was a mistake to invite you along brother. Please do behave during the assembly. I would not want my Hatut Zeraze to break up a fight between you and the diplomatic representative from Uruguay.

S'YAN

I cannot help it if he is a pompous ass.

T'Chaka gives him a warning look

S'YAN (CONT'D)

Do not worry Sire, I will behave myself.

T'CHALLA

How are you doing Father, nervous? Would you like something, water, tea?

T'CHAKA

I am fine my son but if it would please you. You can make me a cup, as you make some to calm your nerves.

T'CHALLA

My nerves, I'm not nervous Father.

T'CHAKA

Really, is that so. It looks as if your leg disagrees with you.

T'Challa looks down at his leg shaking uncontrollably and puts his hands on it to stop it. T'Challa moves to get up but Erik gets up before him.

ERIK

I will make the tea. I feel I

(MORE)

ERIK (CONT'D)

should make myself useful somehow.
Would anyone else like anything?

S'YAN

I would like some tea...Erik.

ERIK

Right away Father.

Erik moves to the small kitchen area in the back of the glider.

S'YAN

It always leaves a bad taste in my mouth when I have to call him by that name.

T'CHAKA

Patience, S'yan I am sure it is just something he feels he has to go through to establish himself as a man.

S'YAN

He could do that at home hunting rhinos and elephants. Why must he decide to "establish himself" with such a ridiculous name? Did I tell you what his "American" last name is?

T'CHAKA

What is it?

S'YAN

Killmonger.

T'Chaka cringes slightly.

T'CHAKA

Seriously?

S'yan nods.

T'CHAKA (CONT'D)

Well, it is good that you are facilitating his development.

S'YAN

I just wish so much of his development, did not depend on me.

T'Chaka turns to address T'Challa, and puts his hand on top T'Challa's which is still trying to control his shaking leg.

T'CHAKA
Everything will be fine, son. This was a good idea.

T'CHALLA
Thank you Father, I just hope everything goes well.

T'CHAKA
The true test of a King is not how he handles himself and others if everything goes well. It's how he handles things when they don't.

T'Challa nods.

Erik brings out tea and serves it to T'Challa, T'Chaka and S'yan. He sits down with his mug. He raises it.

ERIK
A toast. To new beginnings.

The others raise their mugs as well, and they all take a sip.

FADE TO:

INT. UN BUILDING - NEW YORK - DAY

Different leaders of Nations and other representatives are milling about and talking to one another.

T'Chaka and his group enter from a side entrance. A YOUNG REPORTER passes by and looks as if he trips on his own feet.

T'Chaka catches him before he falls. The Hatut Zeraze go to protect T'Chaka but he waves them off.

YOUNG REPORTER
I am so, incredibly sorry. Please forgive me your highness.

T'CHAKA
It is all right young man, but please be more careful.

YOUNG REPORTER
Y-yes sir.

The Young Reporter skulks away with his head lowered.

INT. UN BUILDING - NEW YORK

T'Chaka is making his speech at the podium, thanking the members of the U.N.

Suddenly something zips into T'Chaka and the back to T'Chaka's head explodes in a fine red mist.

T'Chaka drops from the podium. Everyone is silent for one second. Then all hell breaks loose. The Hatut Zeraze rush to their fallen King.

T'Challa tries to run to his father but is quickly held back by S'yan.

T'CHALLA
FATHER!! FATHER!!

He fights to get free but S'yan's grip is too strong and more members of Hatut Zerzaze help restrain T'Challa.

S'YAN
We must get you to safety my...my
King, you may be their next target.

T'Challa is too beside himself to hear anything his Uncle is saying. They drag him off as panic reigns in the General Assembly.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. FBI BRIEFING ROOM ONE DAY LATER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A FEW AGENTS are sitting a room, discussing the death of T'Chaka and who they think is behind it.

DIRECTOR COLLINS comes in pissed as hell. He slams a newspaper down on the desk. The headline reads: "STILL NO LEADS ON DEATH OF MYSTERIOUS WAKANDAN KING"

DIRECTOR COLLINS
Goddamnit! It's been one week
people and we are still nowhere
with this. I want to know who is
behind this and I want to know it
last week!

SPECIAL AGENT LYNNE raises her hand. The Director nods his head at her.

AGENT LYNNE

I think it's her.

Director Collins rubs his hand down his face meanwhile almost everyone in the room groans.

A ROOKIE AGENT looks around confused. He raises his hand.

ROOKIE AGENT

Who are we talking about here?

The other agents groan as if to say "not again".

AGENT LYNNE

Sable Manfredi, also known as Silver Sable. The Daughter of Crime Boss--

DIRECTOR COLLINS

Ah, alleged Crime Boss.

AGENT LYNNE

Alleged Crime Boss, Silvio "Silvermane" Manfredi, She was his right hand, one sick bitch trained by the best in hand to hand combat, bladed and ballistics weaponry. When her father was running the show, she would kill anybody who even looked at him funny. She's said to have died with her Father five years ago in a car bombing.

AGENT 1

They found her body, DNA from the hair and dental records matched.

AGENT LYNNE

(annoyed)

If that's true, then why was the guy who allegedly ordered the hit, eviscerated. I was at that crime scene, it was way to personal to be a garden variety hit. I suspect she became a gun for hire after she got her revenge. Including the recently departed King I thinks she's responsible for at least a dozen other high profile hits over the past 5 years.

The room groans again.

AGENT LYNNE (CONT'D)

Look I traced the trajectory of the bullet and it was from high in the air. I took a look at some satellites images of the area at the time of the assassination--

Collins interrupts

DIRECTOR COLLINS

I hate to cut you off Monica but everything I'm hearing right now is the epitome of circumstantial. Get me some hard evidence and I'll back you, hell I'll even call the national guard in to bag this bitch, but until then get out there and find me something that tells me she's still even alive. As for the rest of you find me something period and find it soon. I want this wrapped up A.S.A.P. I need something to tell the Wakandans and something tells me "We're workin' on it," isn't gonna fly. You're all dismissed.

They disperse, Monica Lynne looking thoroughly pissed storms off to her office.

INT. MONICA LYNNE'S OFFICE - LATER

Monica's office is veritable shrine of Silver Sable paraphernalia it is adorned with pictures, newspaper clippings and maps of possible Silver Sable Sightings. She sits at her, and finds a barbie doll with silver hair. A practical joke by one her "colleagues".

She grumbles and throws it in her trash can, and begins sorting papers on her desk.

The Rookie Agent peeks his head in the door and knocks.

Monica looks up, and the agent comes in.

ROOKIE AGENT

I just wanted to let you know that I think you brought up some good points, back there and if you need any help I'd be honored to back you up on this.

Monica folds her hands and looks at him with pity.

AGENT LYNNE

Listen kid, I appreciate your enthusiasm I really do. But hear this, because I'll only say it once. I. Work. Alone. Understood?

The rookie looks as if he's about to wet himself.

ROOKIE AGENT

Y-yes ma'am.

AGENT LYNNE

Good, now go crawl up someone else's ass before you piss my carpet.

He leaves but not before almost crashing into the door on the way out.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAKANDA PALACE (TWO DAYS AFTER T'CHAKA'S DEATH) - NIGHT
- CONTINUOUS

T'Chaka's body sits on a wooden pyre wrapped in cloth. All of the citizens of Wakanda surrounds the funeral pyre.

T'Challa the newly crowned King of Wakanda in front of the pyre and gives his Eulogy, with tears in his eyes and a hitch in his voice.

S'yan, Erik, and the Hatut Zeraze stand around the pyre holding torches.

T'CHALLA

Anyone can attest to the greatness of my Father, as a man and as a King. During his reign Wakanda surpassed itself as the World's greatest hidden wonder. He unified the outer villages. He educated the youth of Wakanda and with their knowledge led Wakanda into a new technological revolution. As a King he was generous and patient, as a man he was brilliant and far-sighted, as a father he was thoughtful and wise. I only hope that in his footsteps I can be half as great as he was. I love you

(MORE)

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

Father and I know I am not alone in
saying we will never forget you.

T'Challa turns and S'yan hands him a torch.

He touches the torch to the pyre and it lights. The rest do
the same.

T'Challa stares at the fire as tears run down his face.
S'yan wraps an arm around his shoulders.

INT. T'CHALLA'S BEDCHAMBER - THAT NIGHT

T'Challa tosses and turns in his bed. He's been having
nightmares ever since his Father was murdered and he's had
to take the throne.

INT. T'CHALLA'S NIGHTMARE

Mist is floating all around him.

He is walking around, searching for signs of anyone.

T'CHALLA

Hello!? Is anyone here?

Suddenly he hears footsteps all around him.

T'Challa looks around frantically.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

Who's there? Show yourself, now!

Out of the mist T'Chaka walks toward him.

T'Challa is shocked to see him.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

Father, I thought you were--

T'CHAKA

I am my son, I am. My death was
only the precursor to what is to
come.

T'CHALLA

(Confused)

What are you saying, Father?

T'CHAKA

Wakanda is in danger, T'Challa. The
Black Panther alone is the only one
who can save it.

T'CHALLA
The Black Panther, isn't that my
designation, now.

T'CHAKA
No, not as you are now. My time
here is coming to an end. Ask your
Uncle about the Rite of Ascension,
he will explain.

T'Chaka collapses, T'Challa catches him.

Tears of blood stream down T'Chaka's eyes.

T'CHAKA (CONT'D)
I-I cannot stay any longer, son.
Keep Wakanda safe, it is up to you
now.

With that he fades away, leaving T'Challa alone with tears
in his eyes.

T'CHALLA
Father, Father!!

His cries echo in the fog.

INT. T'CHALLA'S BEDCHAMBER

He jumps up in his bed, in a cold sweat. He looks around
this bedroom in a panic.

INT. THRONE ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

T'Challa is standing in front of his Father's Throne, his
throne now.

S'yan walks up behind him.

T'Challa doesn't turn around.

T'CHALLA
I'm a coward Uncle. I'm not fit to
sit on his throne.

S'YAN
Why do you say that T'Challa?

T'CHALLA
This isn't what I wanted Uncle.

S'YAN
Of course it's not, no one wanted
you to ascend to the throne this
(MORE)

S'YAN (CONT'D)

way.

T'CHALLA

No Uncle, I didn't want this life. Before all of this I was going to tell my father that I was going to become a teacher in America. But...I never had the courage to tell him. I'm a coward Uncle, I don't deserve to be King.

T'Challa puts a hand on his shoulder.

S'YAN

T'Challa you are a greater man than you know. Your Father and I didn't always see eye to eye but one thing we had in common was our confidence in your ability to lead someday. No matter how it happened you were meant for this throne and I have no doubt you will make an excellent King.

T'Challa turns to him.

T'CHALLA

Do you blame me, Uncle...for his death?

S'YAN

I could never blame you. Even I was convinced it was a good plan, and it still is. You should have seen your Father beam after the meeting was over, he was prouder than he had ever been of you. You stood up for what you thought was right and wouldn't back down. You did just as your Father would have done.

Tears shine in T'Challa's eyes. T'Challa hugs S'yan and S'yan responds with a fatherly embrace.

T'CHALLA

Thank you Uncle.

S'YAN

As always you are welcome T'Challa.

They part and T'Challa nods determinedly, wiping the tears from his eyes.

He takes a deep breath and lets it out.

T'CHALLA

I think the time for tears has ended. I had a strange dream tonight Uncle, that was the reason I was here. What can you tell me about the Rite of Ascension?

S'yan looks at him in shock.

S'YAN

Zawavari didn't mention it to you did he?

T'CHALLA

No, Uncle. My father appeared to me, tonight. He told me about it, he said that I need it in order to become the Black Panther. I thought that was the name of all the Kings of Wakanda.

S'yan turns pale.

S'YAN

It-it is. This a very complicated matter. Perhaps you would like to discuss this in the morning.

T'CHALLA

What aren't you telling me Uncle?

S'YAN

(Sighs)

I guess it can't be helped. T'Chaka I really hope you know what you are getting your son into.

EXT. WAKANDA - PROVING GROUNDS - A LONG TIME AGO

A COMIC BOOK STYLE MONTAGE SHOULD TAKE PLACE AS S'YAN EXPLAINS.

A WAKANDAN WARRIOR stands surrounded by four of the Tribes deadliest WARRIORS, they are tense ready to attack.

S'YAN (V.O.)

The title of Black Panther used to be more than just a hereditary title, it had to be earned through the Rite of Ascension, a grueling test of one's mind, body and soul.

(MORE)

S'YAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One of our Ancestors, Azari the Wise was near the end of his reign, he had two sons, after besting his brother and proving himself time after time, Azari let his youngest son try the Rite of Ascension.

The Warriors pounce. Bloodshed spatters the screen.

SYAN (V.O.)

N'Gabe battered and bloodied was at the final test.

N'Gabe stands at the foot of Mount Kanda. He looks up at the impressive mountain.

S'YAN (V.O.)

He climbed Mount Kanda, to the Land of the Heart-Shaped Herb the very thing that would give him the enhanced abilities of the Black Panther. But the land of the heart shaped herb is also known as the valley of the Panthers.

N'Gabe stands a hairs breadth away from his prize.

Something rustles the bush behind him.

N'Gabe turns with fear in his eyes.

A panther pounces from the bush.

Bloodshed spatters the screen, and goes black.

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

S'YAN

N'Gabe was brutally maimed by the panthers, Azari in his grief disposed of the Rite of Ascension and the Black Panther has been a hereditary title ever since. Your Father wanted to reinstate it but you grandmother feared for your father's life, and forbade it. So he tried to keep the idea of the Black Panther alive by wearing the habit and requiring the Hatut Zeraze to wear it, so that the people of Wakanda can still feel like the Spirit of the Panther is

(MORE)

S'YAN (CONT'D)

watching over them.

T'Challa is deep in thought.

A beat later.

T'CHALLA

Uncle, I want to reinstate the Rite
of Ascension.

S'YAN

I was afraid you would say that.
You should take some time and
prepare yourself.

T'CHALLA

No Uncle, tomorrow. There is no
time to waste.

S'yan starts to object but he sees the resolve in T'Challa's eyes, and that warrior spirit that T'Chaka was talking about.

S'YAN

(Sighs)

Okay, T'Challa, tomorrow. For now
let's get some rest, you'll need
it.

They walk away from the throne.

EXT. PROVING GROUNDS - THE NEXT DAY

The Proving Grounds are located at the foot of Warrior Falls and a few hundred feet from Mount Kanda where the Heart Shaped Herb lies. It is indicated by the Great Tree, a massive tree taller than most skyscrapers.

T'Challa stares up at the Great Tree. He is dressed in full Panther garb.

S'yan stand next to him as the council gathers.

T'CHALLA

I remember getting half way up that
tree as a teenager.

S'yan follows his gaze.

S'YAN

You did better than most men, it is
said that only the Black Panthers
of our ancestry was able to climb

(MORE)

S'YAN (CONT'D)

it all the way to the top.

T'Challa and S'yan share a knowing look.

T'Challa reaches in his pocket and pulls out a piece of paper.

T'CHALLA

I made some modifications to my Father's vestments as well as the rest of the Hatut Zeraze. Can you make sure the scientists get this.

S'YAN

Absolutely, Sire.

T'Challa passes it to S'yan and S'yan takes it.

T'Challa takes a deep breathe.

T'CHALLA

I'm ready, Uncle.

S'YAN

Then, let us begin.

T'Challa sits in front of the council lead by S'yan.

He is answering questions based on Wakandan history.

S'YAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

First you will answer questions based on Wakandan history.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROVING GROUNDS - LATER

T'Challa is standing in a circle now with four MEN standing around him.

S'YAN (V.O.)

Next you will face four of Wakanda's deadliest warriors.

They all ATTACK at once, T'Challa SIDE-STEPS out of the circle and out of their grasp. One warrior turns and KICKS at T'challa. He grabs the Warrior's leg and THRUSTS with his elbow into the warrior's solar plexus. The warrior FLIES into the others. Two FALL to the ground holding the warrior blows and strikes fiercely but with grace and tactical prowess. He disables one man while dodging another. He goes along in this way until there is one man standing.

This one T'challa knows will not go down easily. T'Challa attacks but all of his blows are blocked. They are evenly matched, they continue to battle until T'Challa shows that he wants it more. He catches the warrior with an uppercut to the jaw, and that's all she wrote.

EXT. MOUNT KANDA - THE NEXT MORNING

T'challa is climbing Mount Kanda, he has been climbing for the past day. He is exhausted, starving and dehydrated. The gloves he wears are ripped and bloodied as are his hands.

S'YAN (V.O.)

Lastly, the most arduous task of all. You must climb Mount Kanda without food or drink and search in the valley of the panthers for the sacred Heart Shaped Herb.

T'CHALLA'S HANDS COME INTO VIEW HE PULLS HIMSELF UP ON THE ENCLAVE GRUNTING AND STRAINING. HE FINALLY STANDS ERECT AND TAKES IN THE SIGHT HE SEES.

EXT. VALLEY OF THE PANTHERS - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

It is a beautiful sight to behold, the land is lush and the trees look magnificent. A pond of water collects in the distance. A small stream trickles into it from the ice caps of Mount Kanda.

T'Challa drops from the small landing into the valley. He is walking carefully, cautiously, and as quietly as possible.

T'Challa spots a thicket of the herbs growing in the distance.

He moves toward it, but then he spots the pond. He looks at the herb and the looks back at the pond.

He's so tired and thirst he just can't help himself. He gets down and dunks his head in the water.

He comes back up with a loud refreshing.

T'CHALLA

Ahhh.

He turns to the right, and comes face to face with a black panther.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

Oh no.

It snarls at him. He bolts. The panther follows.

T'Challa runs through the valley trying to lose it, but it's got his scent.

He comes to some trees, and climbs one quick as a bunny.

The Panther swipes and barely misses his leg.

He gets to a tree limb he thinks is high enough and sits on it.

The Panther stares at him from below and paces around the tree, patiently.

T'Challa watches it, and then looks over at the thicket of herbs, further from his goal than when he started.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

Now what?

The panther passes by again.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

I hope this is high enough. I just wish I could remember if Panther's climb trees or not.

He turns to his left and he comes face to face with yet another panther.

It snarls as well.

T'Challa jumps from the tree and lands on his feet.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

Of course they climb trees.

The first panther comes from around the tree and the second panther jumps down gracefully to the ground.

T'challa backs out of the forest area and returns to valley clearing he is followed by even more panthers now as they stalk him slowly.

A panther he never saw pounce from his side with a roar.

T'Challa twists just in time to evade.

The panther's claws slice across his chest as it comes down.

T'Challa knowing the end is nigh, runs for the herbs as fast as he can, using the adrenaline pouring into his body to give him a boost.

The thicket is getting closer, and so are the panthers.

One pounces and slices T'Challa's back. He screams in agony but he doesn't slow down.

He speeds past the thicket, grabs one of the herbs and heads straight for the exit.

The cliff he jumped from is coming into view, but it looks too high to climb fast enough.

T'Challa spots a tree with a vine hanging from the limb.

Another panther pounces at him, but catches nothing but air.

T'Challa runs three steps on the tree and jumps for the vine in slow motion.

The panthers jump at him from below, but he's too high up.

T'Challa grasps the vine and swings on the ledge.

He drops to his knees gasping for air.

Meanwhile the panthers go in to a frenzy below.

EXT. PROVING GROUNDS - NIGHT

The council waits for T'Challa's return. Worry is beginning to spread among them.

COUNCIL MEMBER

It has been two entire days already
S'yan.

S'YAN

Do not worry, I am certain he is on
his way.

They continue to wait, another hour passes.

They HEAR a crackle of rocks falling. They look up and see T'Challa coming down. His clothes are caked with blood and dirt. He stops at a precipice just above the proving grounds. He turns to them slowly and show the bag used to hold the Heart Shaped Herb. He holds it up and they begin to clap.

He collapses and falls the rest of the way down.

The Council members, S'yan and Zawavari rush to him.

S'yan and Zawavari kneel beside him, the Council members stand around him.

S'YAN (CONT'D)

T'Challa, T'challa, can you hear me?

COUNCIL MEMBER 1

He's nearly dead. I knew this was a bad idea.

COUNCIL MEMBER 2

We need to get him to the hospital, before we lose another king.

ZAWAVARI

They're right, I need to tend his wounds properly.

T'Challa raises a weak hand, motioning S'yan to come closer.

S'yan brings his ear to T'challa's mouth.

T'CHALLA

(Whispering)

Finish it.

S'yan turns to Zawavari.

S'YAN

He says to finish it.

Everyone looks around at each other bewildered.

Zawavari nods and opens his pack.

He starts taking out things he needs to complete the ritual.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1

You can't possibly be serious, he's delirious. He doesn't know what he needs.

COUNCIL MEMBER 2

This is madness!!

COUNCIL MEMBER 3

I can't stand here and be a party to this, he wants to kill himself with this wives tale and you're following right along.

S'YAN

Silence, go or stay. It makes no difference. We will finish this ritual and then get him to the

(MORE)

S'YAN (CONT'D)

hospital as quickly as possible.

The Council Members throw up their in exasperation.

Zawavari grabs the herb from T'Challa's hand and grinds it in the mortar and pestle he grabbed from his pack. He adds more herbs to the concoction and a vial of yellow liquid.

ZAWAVARI

There it is done, lift up his head
S'yan.

S'yan lifts T'Challa's head so the he can drink.

Zawavari tips the mortar to T'Challa's lips. They part slightly and he drinks. Some of it spills down the sides of his mouth.

Zawavari puts away his items.

S'yan looks at him with concern.

S'YAN

Is that it?

ZAWAVARI

It needs time to take affect,
meanwhile we need to get him to the
hospital, now. Can one of you
simpering idiots get his feet and
bring him to the sonar glider?

One of the Council members grabs T'Challa's feet and S'yan and he carry T'Challa to the Sonar Glider.

FADE TO:

INT. PALACE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - THUNDER STORM

Thunder QUAKES the earth and lightning STRIKES outside.
T'Challa is sleeping uncomfortably in his hospital bed. He is sweating, tossing and turning as if having a nightmare.

Thunder BOOMS again.

T'Challa jumps up in his bed.

T'CHALLA

Father!!

He looks around bewildered, he's covered in sweat. He looks at his arm and sees a tube leading to an I.V. He takes it

out.

He looks down at his body and it's all bandaged up. He rips those off and reveals his unblemished chest and back. His wounds have healed miraculously.

Suddenly we HEAR giant wings flapping quickly. T'Challa looks around. A fly lands on his bed. He sees it clear as day. It walks around and it SOUNDS like a persons foot steps on carpet. It rubs it's legs together and we HEAR the scratching sound it makes.

T'Challa shakes his head confused, not sure what's happening. He gets out of bed and goes to bathroom.

INT. PALACE HOSPITAL BATHROOM - NIGHT - THUNDER STORM

T'challa turns on the light and turns the faucet to the sink on.

He splashes his face with water, and looks at the mirror.

He looks at his eyes, they've changed color the amber hue of a panther's.

He looks at his once small physique and finds himself more muscular.

He opens the door to the bathroom and walks out in a daze.

INT. PALACE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - THUNDER STORM

T'CHALLA
It actually worked.

Thunder CLAPS and Lighting STRIKES and we see the great tree in the distance.

T'Challa looks at it out of the window.

He opens the window and climbs out.

INT. PALACE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

S'yan opens the door to check on T'Challa in the thunder storm.

He's shocked to find him gone and the window to his room wide open.

He rushes over to the phone by T'Challa's bed.

S'YAN
I need Palace Security now!

INT. PALACE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

S'yan is pacing back and forth waiting on word of T'Challa's whereabouts. He is joined by Zawavari, W'Kabi, Erik, and TAKU another of T'Challa's closest friends.

A PALACE SECURITY GUARD bursts into the room.

GUARD 1

I'm most sorry sir, there is now sign of T'Challa anywhere on the tapes, and there are no cameras in here.

S'YAN

Check them again, there must have be someone we can question, some witness that had to have heard something.

GUARD 1

Yes sir.

The Guard exits.

S'yan continues pacing, lost in thought.

Zawavari goes to look outside the window in to the darkness of the night.

Just then lightning strikes.

Something in the distance catches his eye.

ZAWAVARI

My word. S'yan, you need to see this.

S'yan comes to Zawavari's side.

S'YAN

What am I looking for?

Taku, Erik, and W'kabi join them by the window.

ZAWAVARI

Just wait one moment.

Lightning strikes again, and now they all stare wide-eyed at the Great Tree in the distance.

S'yan speaks but is still staring at the distance.

S'YAN

W'kabi.

W'KABI

Yes sir?

S'YAN

Prep the Sonar Glider.

W'KABI

Yes sir.

W'kabi and Taku both leave.

ZAWAVARI

I've been waiting so long to see
this.

ERIK

See what?

ZAWAVARI

The birth of a true Black Panther.

EXT. TOP OF THE GREAT TREE - NIGHT - THUNDER STORM

The sonar glider hovers next to the very top of the Great
Tree where T'Challa stands, taking in the sights.

The door to the sonar glider lifts up.

W'kabi leans out of the opening.

W'KABI

Need a lift!

T'CHALLA

Nope, I'll meet you back at the
Palace.

With that he leaps backwards from the limb he is standing
on.

He uses the rest of the limbs as gymnast bars, quickly
making his way down to the ground with cat like speed and
agility.

W'kabi stands there for a second watching him go down the
branches.

He lets loose a low whistle in amazement.

INT. WAKANDA PALACE LAB - THE NEXT DAY

T'Challa enters the lab walking with purpose, he is dressed and ready for what comes next. Meanwhile, tech specialists are at computer stations working frantically on the tape of his father's assassination. The computers they are using aren't average computers, the screens appear out of thin air and the keyboards they are using are virtual keyboards, they aren't really there.

S'YAN

T'Challa, before we continue I feel
I must show you something. Try not
to be too upset.

T'Challa nods, quizzically.

They walk over to a room, that acts as the palace morgue.

There is a slab with a body on it covered in a white sheet.

S'yan removes the sheet to reveal, T'Chaka's body.

T'Challa walks up to it in shock and touches his father's head. He turns to S'yan angrily, and pushes him up against a wall. His feet dangle off of the floor.

T'CHALLA

This is sacrilege, I cremated my
Father just a few days ago, are you
telling me the man I said goodbye
to was not my Father?

S'yan puts his hands up.

S'YAN

I deeply apologize for the ruse
T'Challa. I've been watching your
father for a very long time, I know
his movements better than anyone,
right before he died he seemed a
bit...off. I needed to investigate
without arousing suspicion from
anyone.

T'CHALLA

Even me?

S'YAN

Especially you sire, I needed you
to believe that it was your father,
I couldn't risk you giving anything
away in your grief.

T'Challa sets him down, and goes to his father's slab.

T'CHALLA

Next time you get an idea like this
I want it brought to my attention
immediately, are we clear?

S'yan bows.

S'YAN

Yes, my Lord.

T'CHALLA

Were you able to find anything?

S'YAN

We found trace amounts of a
neurotoxin and a particular isotope
in his bloodstream. The neurotoxin
was enough to slow him, I think
just in case he had your abilities.
The isotope we found did not harm
him but we found that under a
certain spectrum he was lit up like
an American Christmas Tree.

T'CHALLA

So whoever did this wanted his
senses dulled and he himself marked
for execution.

S'YAN

Whoever it was, it had to be
someone close to him.

T'Challa raises his head.

CUT TO:

INT. UN BUILDING - NEW YORK -FLASHBACK

The Young Reporter is bumping into T'Chaka again in slow
motion.

BACK TO:

INT. WAKANDA PALACE LAB - MORNING

T'CHALLA

That reporter that bumped into my
father the other day. He had to be
an accomplice of the assassin. He
must have injected my father with
something when he brushed against
him.

S'yan thinks for a moment.

S'YAN

Yes, I remember him. That is certainly possible.

T'Challa walks over to one of the specialists at the computers.

T'CHALLA

Taku, can we pull up images of the man who bumped into my Father that day?

Taku turns around.

TAKU

Yes of course sire.

T'Challa pats him on the arm.

T'CHALLA

After all of this is said and done I must sit with you and W'KABI. I have some important jobs for you both.

Taku nods and returns to his computer screen.

He stops it at the point where The Young Reporter brushes against T'Chaka.

He zooms in and the computer creates a grid of his face.

The computer begins scanning through every database known to man.

Soon it pulls up a match.

TAKU

His name is Alexander Thompson. Before the age of thirteen he was sent to juvenile detention twice for stealing and he was suspected of a few other thefts but there was never enough evidence to convict. At the age of Twenty-three he was charged with breaking and entering he was sentenced to five years in prison. Apparently...he was supposedly killed during a home invasion last year, sometime after his release.

S'YAN

Hmm, dead end, so to speak. A person who hires dead men to do their dirty work. These people seem to be quite capable.

T'CHALLA

It will just make the victory even sweeter when I catch them.

TAKU

We may have reached a dead end with Alexander but we were able to identify the bullet as a .50 Caliber armor piercing round. We traced the trajectory, and Sir you won't believe this but, based on our reports the shot was fired from thin air.

Everyone looks perplexed.

T'CHALLA

How can that be? Pull up what you have on the trajectory.

A complicated grid shows up on the screen showing a sphere between the T'Chaka (the target) and the origin of the bullet. A line is drawn from the outside of the U.N. building straight through to where T'Chaka was hit.

TAKU

It seems impossible but--

T'CHALLA

Taku, do we still have access to the satellites over North America?

TAKU

Yes, sir.

T'CHALLA

See if you can pull up satellite imagery of the area during the time my father was killed.

Taku pulls up a satellite image of the area. A helicopter is seen passing by during the time of the shooting.

S'YAN

You don't think--

T'CHALLA
Enhance the image.

Taku enhances the image of the helicopter. It grows larger on the screen.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)
Taku, see if you can sync the image of the helicopter passing by with the exact time my father was shot. And enhance on the canopy.

Taku taps on the virtual keyboard and an image of the helicopter's canopy can be seen. It looks like the camera catches a flash and smoke curling up from the canopy.

S'YAN
My god, is that--

T'Challa clenches his jaw.

T'CHALLA
A muzzle flash.

S'YAN
Who would be so bold as to shot at your father from a moving helicopter?

T'CHALLA
Someone with skill, someone who knows enough about the Black Panther's abilities to stay far away.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)
Taku, see if you can bring up the trajectory of the helicopter, I want to know where that thing landed.

Taku resumes tapping on the keyboard and the computer starts calculating the trajectory of the helicopter.

The image zooms out to show the general area of where the helicopter may have landed.

TAKU
There is a private air field with a designated helicopter landing pad in this general area, it belongs to an Oil Tycoon named SAMUEL WALTERS. And given the speed and fuel

(MORE)

TAKU (CONT'D)

consumption of the helicopter I would say it's our best bet.

S'YAN

Our men can be there within the hour, we will turn over every stone to find these savages.

T'CHALLA

No, I must do this, and I must do it alone.

S'YAN

But my King, we cannot have you running around America with no protection. Who will govern here?

T'CHALLA

Other people would just slow me down. I need to do this S'yan, I owe it to him to avenge his death and bring the people responsible for this to justice.

S'yan nods slowly.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

Uncle you will act as my regent while I am gone. I trust wholeheartedly that you will do well by Wakanda.

S'YAN

Fine but I am giving you one week before I call in the Hatut Zeraze, deal?

T'Challa ponders this.

T'CHALLA

That is fair. Now have the scientists finished the adjustments to my ceremonial vestment?

S'YAN

Indeed they have, Sire. Right this way.

They walk over to another part of the lab. To a Black Panther uniform encased in glass.

S'YAN (CONT'D)

It is insulated and micro-woven with Vibranium. It will stop anything short of an RPG. The retractable claws are made of the special vibranium you transmogrified yourself. I believe you dubbed it "Anti-Metal" did you not?

T'Challa nods.

S'YAN (CONT'D)

The changes to the Sonar Glider have been made as well, it is now covered with Vibranium shielding.

T'CHALLA

Excellent. I will leave for America within the hour. Please inform the Council that I have gone.

S'YAN

Yes, Sire.

T'CHALLA

And S'yan?

S'YAN

Yes, Sire?

T'CHALLA

Please give my father the proper burial he deserves.

S'YAN

Of course, Sire.

T'Challa walks away.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSE OF SAMUEL WALTERS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Agent Lynne walks up to the front door of Samuel Walters, and knocks.

Sam calls from behind the door.

SAMUEL WALTERS

Who is it?

AGENT LYNNE

I'm Special Agent Lynne with the
FBI, I'd like to ask you a few
questions if you don't mind.

The door opens.

SAMUEL WALTERS

Well if that don't beat all. Two
FBI agents visiting my house at the
same time. You folks must not
communicate a whole lot, huh? Well
come on in, like I told the other
fella I got nothin' to hide.

Monica looks at him perplexed. She enters the house.

INT. SAMUEL WALTERS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Monica walks into the living room and is startled to see a
sharp dressed man that she's never seen before, sitting on
Sam's couch.

He gets up and extends his hand.

T'CHALLA

Special Agent Luke Charles. It is a
pleasure to meet you.

She shakes his hand and looks at him suspiciously.

AGENT LYNNE

Charmed, look I hate to interrupt--

T'CHALLA

Oh it's no interruption at all, I'm
more than willing to share my lead.
Are you investigating the murder of
King T'Chaka as well?

She gives a fake laugh like "You're lead?", and sits down.

AGENT LYNNE

Yeah, I am.

T'CHALLA

I just arrived myself moments
before you. Please continue Mr.
Walters.

SAMUEL WALTERS

Can I get you anything Ms. Lynne?

AGENT LYNNE

No thank you Mr. Walters.

Sam has a seat.

SAMUEL WALTERS

You can call me Sam, ma'am.

MONICA

Monica is fine, too.

SAMUEL WALTERS

I told your friend here the same thing but he insists on calling me Mr. Walters, I guess some people are wound just a little too tight, huh?

Sam laughs, and Monica joins him until she sees the look on T'Challa's face and she stops.

T'CHALLA

Mr. Walters, if you would.

SAMUEL WALTERS

Oh yeah, see what'd I tell ya, right down to business. I like that though, not much of one for small talk myself. Now as I was saying, a few weeks ago some strange feller comes up to my house and asks me if he can use my helipad some time in the near future. Says his employer's coming in a couple weeks from out of town and they don't have a helipad setup here. I tells him why don't you just grab some space at a regular airport? He says now get this, his employer likes to be discreet, doesn't want no one knowin' they're here. I tells him alright but it's gonna cost you. Fella pulls out a check book and asks how much? Well I almost fell out right then and there. I know I'm wealthy and all but hell I gotta think twice before I pay for drive-thru at McDonald's.

MONICA

Can you describe the man?

SAMUEL WALTERS

I sure can, like I told ya he was a
strange fella so I remember exactly
what he looks like.

Suddenly a red dot appears on Sam's body.

It slowly crawls up to his head.

T'Challa pounces on him and brings him down to the floor.

T'CHALLA

Get down!

Just as he pulls Sam down to the ground the seat explodes
from gunshots.

Monica meets them down on the ground.

SAMUEL WALTERS

Holy shit!

MONICA

I guess we're on the right track.

T'CHALLA

Are both of you okay?

MONICA

I'm good.

SAMUEL WALTERS

Just scared outta my wits, is all.

T'CHALLA

Good, I'll be back.

T'Challa starts to get up.

Monica grabs his arm.

MONICA

Wait, where the hell do you think
you're going.

T'CHALLA

That might be the person who killed
my-- King T'Chaka. I am going to
try and flank them.

MONICA

You can't go out there by yourself,
it's suicide.

T'CHALLA
Don't worry, I'll be fine, just
protect Sam.

She let's go of his arm.

T'challa gets up in a crouch position and heads for the back door.

MONICA
Crazy bastard.

EXT. BACK OF SAMUEL WALTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

T'Challa looks around and sniffs the air.

Suddenly he takes off in the direction the gunshots came from.

INT. SAMUEL WALTERS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Monica and Sam are still on the floor.

SAMUEL WALTERS
Think they're still out there?

MONICA
Well we ain't dead yet, so I'd
assume so, unless Super Agent
Charles scared them off.

The back door opens.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Now that's what I'm talking about,
the direct approach. Freeze
Asshole!

She gets up and draws her gun.

T'Challa walks into the living room with the sniper rifle.

T'CHALLA
You're enthusiasm is admirable but,
unnecessary. The coward was gone by
the time I found his position.

She holsters her gun.

MONICA
Let me guess, no prints.

T'CHALLA
We'd have to go over the whole gun
(MORE)

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

but there were none that I could find.

Monica turns to Sam.

MONICA

Well I guess you can finish giving us your description.

SAMUEL WALTERS

Yeah...about that there description, I--I don't think I can remember him to well anymore.

T'Challa and Monica look at him incredulously.

MONICA

But, but you just said--

T'CHALLA

If it's about protection Mr. Walters it's not a problem.

SAMUEL WALTERS

Say I do tell ya'll what he looked like, then what protective custody till you catch these sons a' bitches, and then if you can't catch these sons a' bitches what then? Witness protection, meanwhile I'll lose everything I've worked for, it looks like I'll be safer keepin' my big mouth shut and gettin the hell outta here as fast as possible. Now if ya don't mind, I got some packin to do.

Monica gets pissed off.

MONICA

Why you selfish, yellow son of a--

T'Challa grabs her arm and leads her to the door.

Before he leaves he pulls a card out of his jacket pocket and hands it to Sam.

T'CHALLA

Well we will respect your wishes Mr. Walters but if you have a change of heart, please do not hesitate to call me.

Sam takes and looks at it.

SAMUEL WALTERS

L-listen I'm real sorry I can't help you find out who killed that King, but I got my own life to think about, ya know?

T'CHALLA

I understand Mr. Walters.

They leave and he closes the door behind them and locks it quickly.

EXT. OUTSIDE SAMUEL WALTERS' HOUSE FRONT - NIGHT

T'Challa lets go of Monica but she's still fuming.

MONICA

That old bastard! I was so close, damn it! Now I'm nowhere I've got nothing, god damn it!

T'Challa watches her fume and then begins to leave.

She turns her anger on him.

She grabs his arm.

MONICA (CONT'D)

And just who the hell are you? I've never seen you before, you do know that impersonating an authority figure of any kind is a criminal offense right?

T'Challa looks down at her hand on his arm and cuts his eyes dangerously at her.

T'CHALLA

You would do well to release me...please.

Monica steels her resolve.

MONICA

Not until you answer some questions "Special Agent". I do know one thing about you. You almost slipped up when you were talking about King T'Chaka, you started to say "my" as

(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)

in my, what, King...Father?

T'Challa's anger flares.

T'CHALLA

You do not know what you are meddling in, go home Special Agent Lynne. I will bring those who are responsible to justice.

Monica lets go of his arm, startled by what she just stumbled on and realizing just what this revelation means.

MONICA

If King T'Chaka's your father, then you must be King T'Challa his son!?

He starts to walk away.

She walks to catch up to him.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Shit, listen you can't be here. You have to go home immediately. Do you even know what kind of hell I can catch for just talking to you. And If God forbid something happens to you too--

T'CHALLA

Nothing will, like I said I am going to find my Father's murderer. Nothing will get in my way, not even you.

MONICA

You don't even know where to look next. That was my only lead and I'm assuming it was yours.

He turns to face her.

T'CHALLA

That is the reason why I am here, Americans jump to conclusions too quickly, I felt I could not count on them to get the job done properly, and it seems I was right.

Monica is not happy with that remark.

She pokes his chest as she talks.

MONICA

Look here, T'Charlie you might be big stuff where you come from, but you're in my world now and I will not have you getting in the way of my investigation, are we clear?

T'Challa chuckles his anger melting away as this little slip of a woman reads him the riot act.

T'CHALLA

It looks like as if you will be a better ally than an enemy, so I will share my other lead with you. But I warn you if you get in my way I will not hesitate to do this on my own.

He pulls out a glass card the size of an iPhone. He begins tapping on it.

MONICA

What is that?

T'CHALLA

I call this my Kimiyo Card, this powerful little gizmo helped me greatly in Grad School.

Soon the holographic image of Alexander Thompson is floating above the card.

Monica looks at it in amazement.

MONICA

Where do I get one of those?

T'CHALLA

If you would like I can make one for you. This only took me a week to make, now that I have the exact specifications it should only take me a few days.

She looks at him in disbelief.

T'Challa smirks.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

This is the other lead but my people presume it is a dead end. His name is Alexander Thompson, he is supposed to be deceased but he

(MORE)

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

showed up at UN and bumped into my father right before his speech. We think he marked him for termination. Now we have a list of Thompson's old haunts.

MONICA

No need, I worked a joint task force with the NYPD on a jewelry heist way back. Thompson was a suspect we tracked him down and got him to flip on his friends for a reduced sentence.

T'CHALLA

You mean, the home invasion that he received five years for?

Monica nods.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

Lead the way Special Agent.

MONICA

Not now, the dive really gets hopping around midnight. We should be able to find someone willing to give us information then.

T'CHALLA

Ok, so what do we do til then?

MONICA

Well I can't have you running loose all over New York, so you're coming back to my place so we can regroup and share leads.

T'CHALLA

Ok.

T'Challa smiles slightly.

Monica catches it.

MONICA

Don't get the wrong idea T'Charlie, you may have harems of women waiting for you when you get back to Wakanda but I'm not that easily impressed.

T'Challa puts his hands up in mock surrender.

T'CHALLA

I would never dream of getting the wrong idea around you Monica.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a small place with the ordinary couch, love seat, coffee table, TV, arm chair etc... it's a bit of a mess like she lives out of her living room. On the walls are a few posters of famous jazz musicians. Louie Armstrong, Miles Davis, and Ella Fitzgerald adorn the walls.

Monica takes off her coat and throws it on the couch. She heads into the small kitchen which is connected to the living room.

MONICA

Sorry for the mess. I would have cleaned up if I was expecting royalty.

T'CHALLA

It's nothing to worry about.

MONICA

Well, make yourself comfortable. I'll get us something, do you like coffee or tea?

T'CHALLA

Tea please.

T'Challa takes his coat off and looks around admiringly.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

You have great taste in musicians.

MONICA

Thanks, I always wanted to be a jazz singer. Singing in smoky lounges, trying to make my way to the top.

T'CHALLA

What happened?

MONICA

The FBI thing worked out, thank God.

T'Challa smiles and sits down.

Monica brings over two cups of tea. She hands one to T'Challa who takes it with a grateful nod.

T'CHALLA
Can I ask you a question?

MONICA
Shoot.

T'CHALLA
When you were talking about the assassin back there you almost let something slip, what was it?

Monica is taking a sip and her eyes grow wide, she looks at him like she's been found out.

MONICA
I think I might know who you're assassin is. If I'm right Alex will lead us right to her.

T'CHALLA
What's her name?

MONICA
Silver Sable, and before you ask, my stake in this is that she killed my partner.

T'CHALLA
What happened?

Monica sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Monica and her partner JAMES GRAY are patiently waiting for someone.

SHEIK AL-FAYED enters the hotel followed by two GUARDS, and walks up to the two agents.

MONICA (V.O.)
James and I were best friends. We weathered College and Quantico together. We we on our first mission since graduating. It was a baby-sitting assignment, we were
(MORE)

MONICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

protecting Sheik Al-Fayed, a lecherous, womanizing, power hungry degenerate. He fled here to the States during a time when his country was at civil war. He believed he would be a target for the revolutionist faction trying to take his throne.

JAMES GRAY

Sheik Al-Fayed. It's a pleasure to meet you sir.

The Sheik shakes hands with James and he shakes hands with Monica.

SHEIK AL-FAYED

The pleasure is all mine. I assure you.

He eyes Monica up and down as she shakes his hand.

After James and Monica turn to walk the Sheik to his room, he pats Monica on the butt.

Before he can remove his hand, Monica grabs it with lightning quick speed and flips him to the ground.

The guards rush to his aid but he waves them away. Monica helps him back up.

He dusts himself off and shows that there are no hard feelings.

MONICA

If you want that hand to stay attached I suggest you keep it away from me. Your Highness.

SHEIK AL-FAYED

(Dazed)

Yes...yes my apologies. It uh, it won't happen again.

MONICA

I'm glad to hear it.

INT. OUTSIDE THE SHIEK'S HOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK

The two guards and the two agents are standing outside of the Sheik's hotel room.

Three beauties, one of them Silver Sable in disguise walk by and enter the Sheik's room. The door closes behind them.

Monica looks at James in disgust, but James just shrugs.

Monica leans over and whispers to James.

MONICA

(Whispering)

How long do we have to put up with this pig?

JAMES GRAY

(Whispering)

For as long as the brass tells us to.

MONICA

(Whispering)

This is bull and you know it. We could be doing so much more than baby-sitting some overgrown man-child with an overactive sex drive.

JAMES GRAY

(Whispering)

If you actually think they're gonna give two rookie agents fresh out of Quantico a worthwhile assignment you're dreamin' Mon--

Suddenly we HEAR a scream come from the room. All four pull out their weapons and one of the body guards kicks the door open.

James eyes grow wide with fright as he realizes the door was booby trapped.

JAMES GRAY (CONT'D)

WAIT, STOP!!

He pushes Monica out of the door way.

He and the other guards are caught dead center in the explosion. Monica is pushed violently against the wall by the blast and knocked unconscious.

POV MONICA'S BLURRY EYES:

Monica's eyes open slightly. We HEAR heels crunching on the debris of the fiery explosion. A heel steps over Monica's head and then another. The Woman comes into view as she

walks down the corridor toward the fire staircase.

Right before the woman opens the door to exit. She takes off her wig revealing Silver Sable's long trademark silver hair. She pushes open the door and leaves down a flight of stairs.

Monica's vision fades to black.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MONICA

After that I swore I would do anything it takes to catch her. I've been on her tail ever since. This is the closest I've come to pinning her down and I refuse to let anyone - present company included - get in my way.

T'CHALLA

Then we understand each other, perfectly.

He sips his tea.

T'Challa's POV: Suddenly the room starts the spin and blur.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

Mon--Monica why?

He drops to the floor, passed out on what Monica gave him.

Monica walks over to his prone body and takes the cup out of his hand.

MONICA

Mom's old recipe works every time. I'm sorry T'Charlie, I really am, but I can't let you get hurt. You'll be safe here. Hopefully I'll have good news for you when I get back.

She walks over to the couch and drapes a blanket over him.

She heads for the door and shuts out the light.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Wish me luck, T'Challa.

She closes the door behind her.

FADE TO:

INT. SHADY BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

There are a bunch of tough guys some are playing pool some are at tables drinking and the rest are at the bar. All of them eye Monica hungrily as she walks in. She walks up to the bartender, she pulls out a photo.

MONICA

Have you seen this man recently?

BARTENDER

What do you want with him, he owe you child support or somethin'?

MONICA

Yeah something like that. Have you seen him?

BARTENDER

Sorry but if I squealed on every mook who came in here I wouldn't have a business, you know what I mean?

MONICA

Look I just need to know if he's been in here recently.

One of the tough guys, MAX, has been staring at her since the exchange began.

MAX

Does anyone else smell bacon in here?

Monica and Max glare at each other.

MONICA

Excuse me?

BARTENDER

Max, I'm sure she don't want any--

MONICA

No, no let him finish. What did you just say, Max is it?

MAX

I said it smells like bacon in

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

here. I gotta admit you are one fine piece of bacon, but I usually like my pork a little lighter if you catch my drift.

Monica's eyes flare with anger.

The bartender tries his best to keep the peace.

BARTENDER

Look ma'am, I ain't seen Alex since--

MAX

Shut your mouth Jim, bacon doesn't even get that much around here--

He gets up, he towers over Monica he gets closer to her.

MAX (CONT'D)

Not without giving up something in return. Whaddya say sweetheart, I've ain't never been with a black girl before.

She closes the distance between them.

MONICA

I say--

She knees him in the groin, he doubles over in pain, and she puts him on his ass with a right hook.

MONICA (CONT'D)

You'll never be with one, with a mouth like that.

The rest of the bar wakes up out of it's lethargy.

Monica turns to the door and sees that it's blocked by two burly men.

The rest of the men start to surround her.

She turns to look for the bartender, he's disappeared.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Oh, crap.

A bottle flies at her.

A hand grabs it before it makes impact.

The Black Panther flings it in the direction it comes from

and hits a guy right in the head knocking him out.

The guys start attacking him, he becomes a whirlwind of fist, feet and flips.

No one can lay finger on him.

Monica watches in amazement. A few guys come up to her but she takes them down with ease as well.

Monica sees Max trying to leave out the back.

She follows after him.

Black Panther puts a guy down with a back hand as he sees Monica chasing Max.

BLACK PANTHER

Monica!

Another guy attacks but he takes him down with ease.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHADY BAR BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Monica runs into the alley where Max went but he's nowhere in sight.

She continues down it for a little while with her gun drawn.

Suddenly Max attacks her slamming her against the brick wall of the alley. In the confusion she drops her gun.

He holds a knife to her eye.

MAX

Just you and me now darlin'.

CUT TO:

INT. SHADY BAR - NIGHT

Black Panther only has a few more goons left. They all attack him at once and he puts them down.

He looks around to see if there's any more.

He HEARS a girlish scream from the alley.

BLACK PANTHER

Monica

He runs to the back exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHADY BAR BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

He bursts out of back door to the alley just in time to see.

Max on his knees with Monica standing over him.

Black Panther walks up to Max, grabs up by the throat and slams him against a wall. Max's feet dangle.

BLACK PANTHER

Are you alright Monica, I heard a scream.

MONICA

Is that you T'Challa?

BLACK PANTHER

Did he hurt you Monica?

MONICA

Him no, but you'd scream like a girl too if you got hit in the jewels twice in one night.

MAX

(chokes out)

Crazy bitch, I'll kill you!

BLACK PANTHER

You will do nothing of the sort!

He claws into the brick next to Max's head and sparks fly.

Max breaks down.

MAX

Oh man, don't kill me man. Please don't kill me.

MONICA

Not so tough are you now, huh punk? Now where is Alex Thompson?

MAX

He--he came in last week. He paid me the money he owed me. Said he was in the big leagues now.

MONICA

Does the big leagues have an address?

MAX

He, he didn't say. He only said he was in town for a couple weeks that was it.

BLACK PANTHER

Do you have anything of his?

MAX

W-what?

BLACK PANTHER

An article of clothing, a handkerchief anything he had on him at the time you met.

MAX

No man, wait, wait. He left his hat at the bar by accident when I saw him. Jim still has it, I think.

BLACK PANTHER

For your sake he'd better still have it.

He knocks him out and throws him into some garbage bags.

CUT TO:

INT. SHADY BAR - NIGHT

The guys are still groaning from the beating they received from the Black Panther. T'Challa walks behind the bar and lifts the bartender up in front of him.

BLACK PANTHER

Where is Alex Thompson's hat?

BARTENDER

It, it's right over there in the crate with the lost and f--found. Please don't hurt me man.

Black Panther looks over at Monica, she shakes her head telling him he didn't do anything.

Black Panther lets him go.

Monica finds the crate and grabs the only hat in it.

They leave before anyone can get back up.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA LYNNE'S CAR - NIGHT

The two are driving along and T'Challa sniffs Alex's hat to get his scent.

Awkward silence fills the car.

MONICA

Listen, T'Challa I'm sorry. I just didn't want you getting hurt. How'd you shake off the drugs anyway?

T'CHALLA

Easier than shaking off the betrayal. My metabolism is 2 times faster than that of a normal human being.

MONICA

Oh, cool and...thank you. If you weren't there tonight I'm not sure how things would've gone. Anyway can you really...ya know find someone by their smell?

T'CHALLA

Yes.

MONICA

That's a little creepy.

T'CHALLA

Why do you say that?

She shrugs her shoulders.

MONICA

I don't know it just...is.

T'Challa rolls his eyes.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Is that how you found me?

T'CHALLA

No, I slipped a tracking device into your coat back at Mr. Walters' house. I figured it would be a idea to keep tabs on you.

Monica looks at him incredulously.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)
Would you mind pulling over here
please?

Monica pulls over.

T'Challa gets out of the car.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

T'Challa disappears from the side of the car.

Monica gets out of the car to see where he went.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

T'Challa is climbing up the nearest building with ease.

He reaches the roof in a few minutes.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

T'Challa sniffs the air and closes his eyes.

T'CHALLA'S POV:

We "SEE" what he sees Alex's scent wafts about him like a ribbon of color, he can "see" the direction it's coming from. The trail leads him over to a cluster of buildings.

T'Challa opens his eyes and sees spotlights lighting up the sky.

T'CHALLA
That should be too hard to find.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Monica is still looking up waiting for T'Challa to come down.

Suddenly she sees a figure at the edge of the roof.

Her eyes grow large with fear.

MONICA
Oh no. Don't do it!!

T'Challa steps off the side of the building and grinds his claws against the brick, slowing his descent. Sparks fly as his claws scrap the building.

After a certain height he jumps from the building and lands

right next to the passenger seat of Monica's car. He opens the door and gets in as if nothing happens.

Monica is still standing there in shock with her mouth open.

INT. MONICA'S CAR - NIGHT

She slowly gets into the car and looks at him, her mouth is still open. T'Challa reaches over and gently closes it for her.

T'CHALLA

We need to head in the direction of those spotlights.

Monica nods and starts up the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDCARD CLUB - NIGHT

The party is just getting started as MEN AND WOMEN are lined up around the block trying to get in.

We see Alexander Thompson standing in line with his arms around a couple of GIRLS, chewing gum obnoxiously.

Monica drives past the club.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Monica pulls into an alley and they step out of the car.

MONICA

So what's the plan anyway?

T'CHALLA

You didn't happen to pack a spare change of clothes did you?

MONICA

I keep spare jeans in the trunk just in case, why?

T'Challa gives her a look and even through the mask she can see what he's planning.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Oh no, you're not suggesting I dress like one of those attention-seeking, low self esteem having, date rape victims, are you?

T'CHALLA

We need to talk to him.

MONICA

Then why can't I just pull him out of line myself.

T'CHALLA

If word gets out that a cop or even worse an ill-tempered FBI agent asked him questions, what do you think Silver Sable is likely to do?

MONICA

(Resignedly)

Sever all ties, probably kill him, and inform her employer to lay low....Fine I'll go put the jeans on.

T'CHALLA

Thank you.

Monica goes and changes into her jeans. She leaves the blazer and the dress pants in the car. She comes back to T'Challa.

MONICA

Happy now.

T'Challa looks at her, then does a double take. Her hair is down and the jeans fit her figure so well, he can't help but stare.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I'll take your lewd stare as a yes.

T'Challa clears his throat.

T'CHALLA

Almost, I just need to alter your blouse some. Stay still.

T'Challa pops his claws out.

MONICA

Wait a minute, what're you--

With a swipe of his hand T'Challa slashes three slits into her blouse.

Monica looks down, and covers herself.

MONICA (CONT'D)

What the hell do you think you're doing, this was my favorite blouse.

T'CHALLA

My apologies but time is of the essence. I will get you a new blouse after all of this.

Monica stalks away grumbling.

EXT. WILDCARD CLUB - NIGHT

Alex Thompson with his arms still around the girls has moved up to being the next person in line.

The BOUNCER is about to open the ropes for him when Monica cuts the line.

As stunning as she looks, the Bouncer takes one look at her and lets her through.

He turns back to the crowd.

BOUNCER

That's it people, club's full.

Everyone groans and tries to argue, but the bouncer growls a little and everyone shuts up.

Monica looks behind her and gives Alex a sultry look.

She taps on the Bouncers shoulder. He turns to her and bends down.

She whispers in his ear and points at Alex.

The Bouncer looks as if to say "Him, seriously?" She nods and the Bouncer reluctantly opens the ropes for him.

Alex looks around like he's the man. He walks through and the girls try to go with him.

Once he's through the Bouncer halts them and closes the ropes, needless to say they look quite perturbed.

CUT TO:

INT. WILDCARD CLUB - NIGHT

The club is jumping, music is pumping and everyone is on the dance floor. Women are dancing on the bar. Waitresses are walking around with drink trays. Everyone is having a good time.

Monica and Alex walk in.

ALEX

Hey, I really want thank you. I've been dying to get back in this club since I got back. I just got back from Afghanistan, I'm enjoying myself before I get shipped back out.

Monica rolls her eyes at this obvious lie. She turns around and presses her finger to his lips to silence him.

She brings his head close to her lips.

MONICA

I like a man who speaks with his actions and uses his tongue for other things, understand?

Alex looks as pleased as a boy on Christmas morning. He nods smiling ear to ear.

Bolstered by this he brings her to the dance floor and they dance close as she leads Alex into a false sense of security.

Soon they sit down in the lounge area and order a couple drinks.

Monica starts rubbing Alex's leg and whispers in his ear.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I wanna get out of here, don't you?

Alex nods emphatically.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDCARD CLUB BACK EXIT - NIGHT

Alex and Monica burst out of the back door and Alex presses Monica against a brick wall.

He goes in to kiss her but she stops him.

MONICA

There's someone who would like to meet you.

ALEX

(chuckles)

Well I'd like to meet her too.

T'Challa steps out of the background, behind him.

Monica begins to push him gently backward.

MONICA

It's not a her, it's a he.

Alex stops and looks at her perplexed.

She pushes Alex some more until he hits something that doesn't feel like a wall.

He turns around.

Alex turns pale as he comes face to face with the Black Panther.

Before T'Challa can grab him, he bolts and does a Parkour style move and hops easily over the fence in the alley.

T'Challa turns to Monica.

T'CHALLA

Did you know he could do that?

Monica looks at Alex as he gets away stunned at Alex's hasty exit.

MONICA

News to me.

T'Challa takes off after him and leaps over the fence with ease.

A chase ensues bringing them through warehouses and rooftops.

Alex knocks things in T'Challa's way but he clears them with ease.

T'Challa corners him on a rooftop.

BLACK PANTHER

You have run out of room, Alex. It is time we talked.

Alex backs up to the edge.

ALEX

Stay away from me, man. I'm not tellin' you shit. She'll kill me if I talk. She already knows I'm here.

BLACK PANTHER
Who and what are you talking about?

ALEX
She's tracking me, s-she already
knows I'm here, it's already to
la--

Suddenly T'Challa snaps to his right. We HEAR a sniper rifle fire and we HEAR the bullet race through the night air. T'Challa goes to grab Alex.

BLACK PANTHER
Get down!!

But it's too late a bullet enters Alex's heart. His knees buckle and he drops to the ground.

The Panther looks around to see if the shooter is close by. He sees a glint from the scope of a sniper rifle.

The sniper takes a shot at him. But the bullet slows down right before hitting him and falls to the ground.

The sniper gets up from the roof and makes her exit.

T'Challa realizes the sniper is too far for him to catch her and resigned he goes over to take a look at Alex's body.

BLACK PANTHER (CONT'D)
(To Himself)
She couldn't have followed us
throughout that whole chase with a
sniper rifle on her back. Alex
mentioned something about tracking.

He takes out his Kimiyo card and holds it over Alex's corpse.

Wherever he holds the card is an x-ray view of Alex's body.

He finds something foreign right in the back of his neck. The Kimiyo card scans it and holds up a holographic image of the GPS transmitter in Alex's neck. It gives data on the make and model and what frequency it's tuned to.

T'Challa scans for that particular frequency in the area.

He gets a ping, and the Kimiyo card starts to work as a reverse GPS signal. The signal shows up as a blip on an interactive holographic map coming from the Kimiyo card.

There is another blip on the map showing Monica's position.

She's close to the other signal.

The signal coming from the tracking receiver starts to move.

T'Challa calls Monica on his Kimiyo card. He routes the call through his cowl.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDCARD CLUB BACK EXIT

Monica stands against the wall waiting for T'Challa's return.

Her phone starts to ring in her purse. She answers it.

BLACK PANTHER (O.S.)

Monica, I need you.

MONICA

Did you catch Alex?

BLACK PANTHER (O.S.)

No, he's dead. But that's beside the point.

MONICA

He's what! How is that beside the point. Did you kill him?

BLACK PANTHER (O.S.)

What! No, he was assassinated like my father. But more importantly he had a tracking device inside him. I traced the signal to something close to your proximity, but you have to hurry it's on the move.

Monica looks around on the sidewalk and see's a van coming out of park.

MONICA

I see it, it's a van on the move.

BLACK PANTHER (O.S.)

Get the license plate, we can track it from there. I'm on my way.

MONICA

License plate, I'll do one better.

She races out of the Wildcard alleyway to the alley where her car is.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK ROOFTOPS

T'Challa races back to the club, when he hears Monica's car start up in the background.

BLACK PANTHER
Monica, don't do anything rash.
Wait for me, I'm almost there!

We HEAR and audible click as she hangs up on him.

BLACK PANTHER (CONT'D)
Monica...Monica!

EXT. WILDCARD CLUB BACK EXIT

T'Challa drops down in the alley where he left Monica. But she's already gone. His tracking device is on the ground.

He stoops to pick it up.

He looks at it, crumbles it and punches the wall with rage. Leaving a good sized dent in the brick wall.

He goes to look at the Kimiyo card to see if the GPS is still transmitting. It's gone too, they must have turned the receiver off after Alex was killed.

T'Challa is beside himself with anger. He's ready to throw the Kimiyo Card.

But closes his eyes, relaxes, breathes and begins to sniff the air.

He opens his eyes with a newfound sense of direction.

He jumps and begins to climb the nearest building.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

She stops and parks on the sidewalk close to the entrance. She follows the van on foot from there with her weapon drawn.

The van parks and a MERCENARY, a burly man with blond hair gets out.

Monica sneaks up behind him.

MONICA
Hands where I can see them.

Startled Tech throws his hands.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Where's your boss? Where's Silver
Sable?

SILVER SABLE
Right behind you.

Monica turns startled and gets a face full of sniper rifle butt. She goes down like a ton of bricks.

MONICA'S POV:

She's in and out of consciousness, we can hear things in snippets of conversation, and see things in blurry vision. Silver steps over her like she did two years ago after she killed her partner.

SILVER SABLE (CONT'D)
You idiot, how could you have--

MERCENARY
I'm sorry boss, I had--

SILVER SABLE
Whatever, it doesn't matter now.
Bring her inside -- kitty cat won't
be far behind--

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

MONICA'S POV:

Monica is strapped to a chair. His hands are handcuffed behind him. Monica's eyes open slowly. There's a very bright light and it's difficult for her to see.

We HEAR footsteps walking toward him.

Monica raises her head to the sound and tries to open her eyes even more.

Light floods into them as her vision clears.

Silver Sable stands in front her. There is a high beam ceiling light on above her. The rest of the area outside of

the light is pitch black.

SILVER SABLE

Finally awake? I was hoping I'd get to slap you. I'm so happy to meet you face to face by the way. Agent Lynne.

MONICA

You know who I am?

SILVER SABLE

Of course, It's not every day I get such a devoted fan of my work.

MONICA

I don't care what it takes you sick bitch. I am going to bring you down.

Silver slaps her across the face.

SILVER SABLE

Now, now. Mind your manners. You are going to help me after all.

Monica looks at her defiantly.

MONICA

Or what?

Silver bends and lifts Monica's face up to hers.

SILVER SABLE

Or else a lot of people are going to die.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

T'Challa finally tracks Monica's scent to the warehouse she is being held.

He's on top of it preparing for what's next.

Suddenly the warehouse door begins to lift and light floods the entrance way.

T'Challa slides back into the shadows for recon.

Twin headlights slowly make their way out of the warehouse.

The van is now visible.

T'Challa closes his eyes sniffs the air again.

T'CHALLA'S POV:

We "SEE" what he sees her scent wafts about him like a ribbon of color, he can "see" where it is strongest, and we SEE and outline of her shape inside the van.

BLACK PANTHER

Monica?

Soundlessly he hops on top of the van, silently digging his claws into the roof.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE GRAND ROYAL HOTEL

The van slows down in front of the hotel. T'Challa leaps off with cat-like grace before it comes to a complete stop and makes for the alleyway of the hotel.

He watches as Silver and two of her goons get out of the van. The one we know as Tech, her tech expert, and the other known as RYDER her vehicle expert and wheelman, a thin man who looks like a reject from hell's angels.

They open the back of the van and Monica steps out with a silver wig on and a stunning dress.

T'Challa strains his ears to listen to the conversation.

SILVER SABLE

Ready to make your debut, Sable?

Monica goes to try and hit her, but Tech and Ryder hold her back.

Sable waves a finger in front of her.

SILVER SABLE (CONT'D)

Uh, uh, uh. Remember what happens if I drop this.

She waves something in Monica's face, that makes Monica ease up.

MONICA

You won't get away with this. I swear.

Silver chuckles.

SILVER SABLE

Did they teach you to say that at Quantico? Oh and if you think you're boyfriend is going to show up and save the day, we've got an extra accessory for that.

Silver pulls a broach out of her pocket, and pins it to Monica's chest.

SILVER SABLE (CONT'D)

There now, don't you look stunning. With this little device we'll see what you see. If it cuts out for any reason, kaboom. If we see any sign of the Black Panther anywhere, kaboom. If you fail to complete your mission in any way...I think you get the gist.

MONICA

Why are you doing this, you don't usually go for collateral damage.

SILVER SABLE

Normally you're right. But I'm making a special exception tonight. My client suggested that I take certain precautions against the Black Panther, and that's exactly what I'm doing. And if it means framing you, or taking out a room full of fat cats, just to stay one step ahead of the hangman's noose, then I'm ok with that.

MONICA

Crazy bitch.

Silver slaps her again.

SILVER SABLE

Mind. Your. Manners.

Black Panther balls his fists in anger.

SILVER SABLE (CONT'D)

Now you know what the target, looks like. Take him out and don't forget to say your lines before you do. You know the price for failing me. I suggest you don't. Tech take her

(MORE)

SILVER SABLE (CONT'D)

inside, she shouldn't be late for her date.

Ryder lets her go, and Tech half walks, half drags Monica behind him.

Black Panther heads for the side entrance of the hotel in the alley.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GRAND ROYAL HOTEL CHARITY EVENT - NIGHT

A bunch of socialites in tuxedos and elegant dresses are hobnobbing and carrying on.

Klaw walks among them, looking uncomfortable, with a champagne glass in his hand. He takes a few sips and begins to mingle.

Monica walks around not trying to find her target at all, hoping for a miracle.

Suddenly someone tugs at her arm. She turns to look.

It's T'Challa dressed up in a waiter uniform walks up to him.

T'CHALLA

(Whispering)

Don't turn around. They're watching right? Just signal with you're head.

Monica nods.

MONICA

They can't hear us, only see I think. But we have to keep walking to make it look like I'm trying to find him.

T'Challa looks around and then begins walking through the crowd, he lets go of her arm so as not to look suspicious.

T'CHALLA

What is she making you do, and why are you doing it? I know it has something to do with the item she has in her hand.

Monica continues looking ahead.

MONICA

(Whispering to T'Challa)

She's got this place wired to blow. It's on a dead man's switch and if I don't kill her target and take the heat, she's gonna take us all out. She knew you were coming so she wanted to be prepared. Sounds a little overboard if you ask me.

T'CHALLA

Who is she anyway?

MONICA

Her name is Silver Sable, and she's the assassin that killed your father. T'Challa, I've been keeping something from you. And I promise if we make it out of this, alive. I'll tell you everything, but right now we have bigger issues.

Rage flashes across T'Challa's face.

T'CHALLA

You're right. Who's her target?

MONICA

An arms dealing scientist named Ulysses Klaw, his specialty is sonic weapons.

T'CHALLA

She told you all that?

MONICA

No, he's been in the news lately. He's got a major weapon in development that could revolutionize warfare...again.

They walk around for a beat, trying to think of a way out of this.

T'CHALLA

Monica, if she has a dead man's switch, she has to stay in close proximity for it to work. She's still here. If I can find her, I can try and distract her long enough for you to get the people out of here.

MONICA
Sounds good, but how do you propose
finding her?

T'CHALLA
Way ahead of you.

T'Challa pulls out his Kimiyo Card and it goes into x-ray mode. He begins scanning the area for the bombs.

Someone notices him and begins to look at him strange.

He notices the attention.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)
Heh, I cannot get a signal.

They turn back around and continue mingling.

Suddenly the Kimiyo card pings on a box next to a pillar toward the ceiling. It zooms in and begins identifying the components of the bomb. It comes up with a remote detonator frequency as well.

T'Challa again activates his reverse signal detector and it comes up with a map and showing Silver Sable's position. She's on the move.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)
I found her. She's moving, circling
the block.

MONICA
She must be back in the van
watching from there, making sure I
complete the job.

T'Challa looks around and spots the roof exit. But he'd have to pass right in front of Monica to get there.

T'CHALLA
I have to get to the exit, turn
slowly and I'll stay out of your
field of view.

She moves slowly and T'Challa moves around her.

MONICA
Be careful T'Challa, she's
extremely dangerous.

T'CHALLA
So am I. I will send you a signal
(MORE)

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)

when I have her distracted. When you see it, pull the fire alarm and get everyone out of here as soon as possible.

MONICA

Got it, but T'Challa that's the roof exit.

T'Challa is already making his way for the door.

T'CHALLA

I know.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE GRAND ROYAL HOTEL - STAIRWELL

T'Challa pushes the door open and races up the stairs tearing his waiter outfit off with his claws revealing, his Black Panther costume. He pulls his mask out of his belt and slips it on with ease as he bursts through the roof doorway.

EXT. THE GRAND ROYAL HOTEL - ROOF

T'Challa steps to the edge and surveys the scene below. He pulls out his Kimiyo card and the blip that is Silver Sable's van is coming around to his location.

Sure enough Silver Sable's van comes around a corner.

T'Challa without hesitation drops off the side of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GRAND ROYAL HOTEL CHARITY EVENT - NIGHT

Monica is at the window, watching for T'Challa signal.

Suddenly someone grabs her arm and whips her around.

It's her target, before he can get a good look at her he's yelling.

KLAW

What the hell--

He catches himself realizing she's not Silver Sable.

KLAW (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry please, excuse me I thought you were someone else.

Monica is still looking at him in shock, she knows if she sees him, they see him too. It's gut check time.

He turns around and begins to walk away.

Monica pulls the small handgun out of her purse and presses it to the small of his back. Secretly praying that T'Challa comes through.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE GRAND ROYAL HOTEL

He uses his claws to slow himself. Halfway down he jumps and come down through the awning of the Grand Hotel. He lands on on his feet just like his namesake.

Pedestrians walking by stop in their tracks amazed.

Just as Sable's car passes by he takes a running leap, jumping on a parked car and leaping from the there...

INT. SILVER SABLE'S VAN

SFX: CRASH

He dives feet first into passenger side window, twisting to miss Silver Sable. He kicks with all of his might, Ryder who flies out of the Driver side door onto the street. Before he's done he grabs Sable's hand the one with the detonator to make sure she doesn't drop it.

He comes down in a crouch position his feet on the seat of the driver. He pounces, taking Silver Sable with him out of the Passenger side door.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

The door is taken off it's hinges. The door, Sable and Black Panther all land on the street hard.

Sparks fly as the door slides down the street with them on it. Meanwhile the driverless van crashes into the car in front of it with tech inside of it.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE GRAND ROYAL HOTEL CHARITY EVENT

Once Klaw feels the steel press against his back he knows he was right.

Monica nervously says her line.

MONICA

You had to know it would end this way.

Suddenly there's a crash outside followed by several more. All of the attendees hurry to the window to see what the commotion is.

A smile breaks on Monica's face, It's T'Challa, it has to be.

She quickly hides her weapon and runs for the nearest fire alarm.

Klaw is still standing there white as a sheet, until he realizes she's not behind him anymore.

Monica pulls the fire alarm.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Everyone move to the exits, there is a bomb in the building! I repeat there is a bomb in the building!

Everyone looks around panicked. They start stampeding for the exit doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF GRAND ROYAL HOTEL

The car door comes to a stop and T'Challa gets up. His hand still wrapped around Silver Sable's. He grabs Silver Sable by her shirt and lifts her up to face him.

As soon as she's on her feet and in front of him, she head-butts him.

His head rocks back but he doesn't let go.

What ensues is a brutal ballet of close quarters combat. Elbows and knees fly, shots are blocked and some hit home.

The people inside the Grand Royal Hotel start pouring out on to the sidewalk.

They look on as Black Panther and Silver Sable are locked in brutal combat neither giving up ground.

Thanks to the shots to the head the Black Panther, doesn't notice Tech bloodied from his crash in the van. He comes up behind him and cracks him in the back of the head with a

tire iron.

Black Panther lurches forward into parked car, letting go of Silver Sable's hand.

Everything happens in slow motion. Silver Sable drops to the ground exhausted after the battle the detonator drops out of her hand as she hits the ground. T'Challa looks up at the hotel knowing what's going to happen next.

BLACK PANTHER

Monica!!

The ballroom floor of the hotel explodes in a fireball.

Black Panther looks on, his eyes flood. He turns around angrier than ever before.

Tech swings at him with the tire iron again.

He dodges like Tech is moving through water.

He lifts him up with a tremendous uppercut. Tech flies through the air and lands with a heavy thud.

Ryder finally back up, runs up to the Black Panther only to receive a round house the head that sends him spinning in the air.

Silver Sable is still on the ground. He goes over to her up by her shirt again. She's battered and bloodied after the battle. The Black Panther is the same. Blood makes dark spots on his mask.

BLACK PANTHER (CONT'D)

Who hired you!?! Who hired you to
kill my father!?! Who hired you to
do this!?!

Gesturing to the hotel explosion.

SILVER SABLE

I'll give you one tidbit, Kitty
Cat. The man who hired me to kill
your father, was the man I was
hired to kill tonight.

BLACK PANTHER

Liar! Tell me the truth!

She smiles, blood streaks her teeth. She pulls something from her pocket. It's a pen recorder, she hands it up to him.

SILVER SABLE

Here's all the evidence you need.
One more thing Kitty Cat.

The Black Panther grabs the pen recorder. Sirens start to sound in the background. Fire trucks, ambulances and police are on their way.

BLACK PANTHER

What is it?

SILVER SABLE

I never get caught.

She presses a button her belt buckle and her van explodes. The Black Panther looks distracted by the blast.

Silver Sable swings with the rest of her strength, giving him a haymaker to the temple.

BLACK PANTHER POV:

The ground rushes up to the Black Panther as he goes down. He's on the ground and lights flicker off.

T'Challa opens his eyes slowly, there's neon lights and flames in his field of vision. Someone far off is calling his name.

MONICA

T'Challa!

Everything starts coming back to him. The far off voice is getting closer and closer

MONICA (CONT'D)

T'Challa, get off your ass!

The Black Panther lifts his head up and sees Monica kneeling beside him.

MONICA (CONT'D)

C'mon T'Challa, we have to get the hell out of here now!

The Black Panther starts to get up and Monica helps him to his feet. She puts his arm around her shoulder and they begin to walk away.

Silver Sable is nowhere to be found. The Black Panther looks down at his hand. He's still clutching the pen recorder she gave him.

They head off down and alley across the street from the hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA LYNNE'S APARTMENT

It's a small place with the ordinary couch, love seat, coffee table, TV, arm chair etc... But on the walls are a few posters of famous jazz musicians. Louie Armstrong, Miles Davis, and Ella Fitzgerald adorn the walls.

T'Challa is on the couch passed out with his mask and shirt off.

There is a bottle of Hydrogen Peroxide on the table, next to it are some bloody cotton swabs.

Monica comes from the bathroom singing a soft jazz tune to herself. She has a wash cloth in hand. She kneels down beside T'Challa and dabs his head.

He reaches up and grabs her hand.

She looks and they lock eyes.

T'CHALLA

You have a beautiful voice.

She severs the connection quickly and slides her hand out from under his, leaving him to hold the washcloth in place.

She gets up and heads over to the arm chair.

MONICA

Thanks.

T'Challa sits up slowly, painfully to face her. They sit across from each other.

T'CHALLA

I'm serious, you could really do that for a living.

She chuckles.

MONICA

You know if the FBI thing hadn't worked out, I was going to be a jazz singer. Singing in smoky lounges, trying to make my way to the top.

T'CHALLA

What happened?

MONICA

The FBI thing worked out, thank God.

T'CHALLA

So how did I end up here?

MONICA

How do you think? I half carried, half dragged your heavy ass here.

T'CHALLA

Thank you. I'm glad you made it out alive, I was afraid...

MONICA

That I didn't have enough time?

T'Challa nods.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Everyone got out safely, thanks to you, although that ballroom is going to need a lot of work.

T'CHALLA

And Silver Sable?

MONICA

(Sighs)

In the wind, but her two goons you knocked out are in police custody. I may have to pull some strings but I think I can--

T'Challa holds up his hand.

T'CHALLA

It will not do any good, she is probably halfway to New Zealand by now.

MONICA

So what now?

T'CHALLA

Before she escaped, she told me that the man she was hired to hit was the man that hired her to kill my father.

MONICA
Ulysses Klaw? Hmph...

She thinks on that for a bit.

T'CHALLA
What is it?

MONICA
Nothing, it's just that. I think he recognized me as Sable with my back turned to him. He spun me around and was about to start screaming at me until he got a good look at me. Luckily your timing was perfect, I almost had to--

She shudders at the thought.

T'Challa looks at her with concern. She sees it in his eyes and she gets up to walk around and avoid his gaze.

T'Challa looks at the table and sees how she had nursed him. Next to the bottle of hydrogen peroxide he also sees the pen recorder.

He goes to grab it, but he's too quick. He groans in pain.

Monica is about to make a move toward him.

T'CHALLA
I am alright.

He reaches for the pen recorder again, this time slowly.

T'CHALLA (CONT'D)
She also gave me this. She said this is all the evidence I would need.

He plays it.

It plays the conversation between Silver Sable and Klaw in his limo.

They both listen to it until it finishes.

Both T'Challa and Monica are fuming.

MONICA
What the hell is her angle? She's never flipped on a client before, but then again she's never gotten
(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)

this close to being caught before.
Maybe it was an insurance policy,
knowing she might have to face you.

T'Challa shrugs.

T'CHALLA

It distracted me long enough for
her to blow up her van and escape.

MONICA

So it looks like we need to talk to
Klaw.

T'Challa looks at her perplexed.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that. I'm
seeing this through til the end.
Besides if we present him with
this, there is no way he'll be able
to squirm his way out of it. He
might even be willing to lead us
back to his contact in Wakanda.

T'CHALLA

Monica, I need to do this on my
own, it's a matter of --

MONICA

Oh, spare the macho pride BS,
please. What did I say when we
first met? I am not letting run
around New York alone, so you can
get yourself killed.

T'CHALLA

He was my Father Monica!

MONICA

I know who he was! And I'm sorry,
Silver Sable killed my partner too,
so I understand you wanting to do
this on your own, but we don't know
what Klaw is capable of, and I
don't know what you're capable
of...

Monica mentally kicks herself but it's too late.

T'Challa look at her hurt.

T'CHALLA

So that is what this is all about?
You're afraid of me killing
someone?

MONICA

T'Challa that came out wrong, I--

T'Challa gets up, slowly but surely. He grabs his shirt and mask. And puts them on.

T'CHALLA

You do not trust me. After all of
this, you still think I want
revenge.

MONICA

Who wouldn't--

He wheels around to her.

T'CHALLA

I don't, I want justice! I want to
see the men that killed my father
pay for what they did but I want it
done right. It is the way my Father
would have wanted it.

He pulls out his Kimiyo Card and starts pushing buttons angrily.

MONICA

What are you doing?

T'CHALLA

Calling my ride.

MONICA

Why, we're taking my car...aren't
we.

T'CHALLA

'We' are not doing anything. I am
going alone.

T'Challa Sonar Glider pulls smoothly up to Monica's window. The door lifts up to let him in.

T'Challa heads for the window, he's about to hop out of it when he feels Monica's hand on his shoulder.

MONICA

T'Challa--

He tugs away from it.

T'CHALLA

I've disabled your car's
microprocessor. Don't try to follow
me.

With that, he leaps out of the window and into the Sonar
Glider. The doors closes and he zooms away, with Monica at
the window.

MONICA

(To herself)

Great going, Monica. The guy is
gone and your car doesn't work.
What're gonna do for your next
trick?

SILVER SABLE (O.C.)

To be honest, I can't wait to see
for myself?

Monica's heart freezes. She turns around there is Silver
Sable, holding a gun on her.

Monica holds up her hands.

SILVER SABLE (CONT'D)

Oh please, if I wanted you dead,
you'd already be laying in a pool
of your own blood by now.

She shoots and a tranq. dart lodges itself into Monica's
chest. Monica hits the floor with a thud.

She goes to pick Monica up with some obvious trouble.

SILVER SABLE (CONT'D)

This would've been a lot easier if
you're boyfriend hadn't cracked two
of my ribs, asshole.

FADE TO:

INT. SONAR GLIDER - NIGHT

T'Challa sweeps over Klaw Industries. On the ground below
the grounds are crawling with Mercenaries armed to the
teeth.

T'Challa sees this and activates a display in the Glider. It
scans the building, grounds and all. It comes back with a 3D
x-ray holographic display of the grounds. Hostiles within

the building and on the grounds are highlighted in red. There are a lot of hostiles. At the very top there is one hostile within a large room. That has to be Klaw. There are two standing in front of the large room guarding it.

T'Challa is still healing from his battle with Silver Sable so rushing head long into a fight with trained soldiers is not his idea of a resolution.

EXT. SONAR GLIDER - NIGHT

The Sonar Glider shoots past the building and turns around. It is heading straight the back of the building, but it looks like it's going to go over it, suddenly something jettison's from Glider.

INT. KLAW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Klaw is tearing his office apart in anger. He can't believe he was double-crossed.

Klaw finishes breathing heavily in front of his disheveled desk. We HEAR: The low almost inaudible whine of something. Klaw turns toward the window looking to see what's making that sound.

The Black Panther's Sonar Glider soars above Klaw's building and it looks as if something dropped from it. It's coming in view fast.

KLAW

Oh my God.

Klaw dives under his desk just as T'Challa smashes cannonball style through his window. He flies in past Klaw's desk and slides across the floor in a crouching position.

He gets up and turns toward Klaw's desk.

Klaw gets out of his desk with his hand behind him.

KLAW (CONT'D)

You could've killed me you crazy--

BLACK PANTHER

That's exactly what you deserve. You had my father murdered, I am bringing you in. But first tell me who the traitor is and I may not hurt you.

Klaw begins to laugh hysterically.

KLAW

Bravo, boy bravo. You've got a lot of moxie crashing in like you did, demanding things from me, like you're the King of America. Realize this though, here you are King of Nothing. And by now it's the same story back home. You're already too late T'Challa while you were busy chasing ghosts, that traitor was usurping your throne. And now the ambitious little prick, thinks he can take what's rightfully mine. But I think if I hand him your head, I'll get myself a seat back at the table, and when he least expects it. I'll kill him and rape Wakanda of everything profitable. Sorry, T'Challa but my lips are sealed.

Klaw raises the sonic cannon attached to his hand. It whirs to life.

The Black Panther looks at it confused.

A blast of sonic energy hits T'Challa dead on and he flies through the doors to Klaw's office. He finally stops after he smashes into the concrete wall across from Klaw's doors making a huge dent.

The two guards standing post outside the door are knocked out under the splinters of what used to be doors.

The Black Panther groans in pain. He gets up slowly, his costume is shredding.

KLAW (CONT'D)

Hmmm, vibranium micro-weave, impressive. But I bet you can't take another blast like that.

Klaw comes around his desk and takes aim at T'Challa again.

Before he can shoot, T'Challa pounces to the side.

Klaw shoots and makes a hole in the floor and part of the wall.

He aims at T'Challa again, and again T'Challa pounces out of the way, just barely missing the blast this time. Klaw takes out another wall.

KLAW (CONT'D)

Stay still!

The Panther gets on the offensive this time, and runs with panther-like speed to Klaw, he flips over Klaw and rakes his anti-metal claws against the sonic cannon.

Klaw is so distracted with T'Challa's flip that he doesn't even notice the sparking circuits as T'Challa lands.

He levels the cannon one last time at T'Challa.

The Panther stays still this time.

Klaw fires, the cannon explodes sending Klaw flying backward screaming.

Klaw skids on the floor and lies in the fetal position.

KLAW (CONT'D)

My hand! You destroyed my hand!

The Black Panther walks over to him and sees that his hand up to his wrist is nothing but a charred smoldering mass of flesh and twisted metal.

The Panther lifts him up against a wall.

BLACK PANTHER

You're lucky that's all you've lost. Now tell me who the traitor is!

Klaw begins laughing despite the pain.

The Black Panther slams Klaw against the wall and raises his clawed hand.

BLACK PANTHER (CONT'D)

I will not be mocked! Tell me who it is now!!

KLAW

My-my men will be here in a few minutes. Do you think you can take them all on?

Black Panther looks at the exits and concentrates his ears. We HEAR troops of footsteps coming up both flights of

stairs. There isn't much time.

Klaw laughs hysterically now, he thinks he's got T'Challa in checkmate.

T'Challa hits Klaw, knocking him out. He slings Klaw over his shoulder, just as Klaw's Mercenaries burst through the doors.

T'Challa presses a button his belt and makes for the window he came crashing through with Klaw on his shoulder at a dead run.

The Sonar Glider slides into position outside of the window. The doors open, just as the mercenaries give chase.

T'Challa leaps clearing Klaw's desk, and window entirely, landing safely in the Sonar Glider. The doors close, just as a barrage of bullets come sailing T'Challa's way. They bounce harmlessly off of the Sonar Glider's bulletproof exterior.

INT. SONAR GLIDER - NIGHT

T'Challa leaves Klaw knocked out on the floor of the Sonar Glider and goes to the pilot's chair.

T'Challa's cowl starts to buzz. He presses his left ear as if it was a blue tooth device.

T'CHALLA

I'm on my way back home S'yan. I just have a few more loose ends to tie up.

ERIK (O.S.)

I'm afraid S'yan can't come to the phone right now, but there is someone who's dying to talk to you.

T'CHALLA

Erik, what the hell are talking about, how did you get this number, only S'yan had it.

MONICA (O.S.)

(Under duress)

T'Challa! Don't go back home, it's a tr--

She's cut off and her voice is muffled, it sounds like she's trying to talk through a gag.

T'Challa is shocked and horrified as the realization hits him like a tidal wave.

T'CHALLA
Monica? Monica are you alright?

ERIK (O.S.)
Mm, mm, mm. I gotta hand it to you, cuz, you sure do know how to pick 'em. This ones very strong.

T'CHALLA
Erik, what have you done to her!?

ERIK (O.S.)
Oh, I'm just taking you're sweetheart here on a little vacation. You know showing her you're --well my home now. Don't worry T'Challa I'll take good care of her.

T'CHALLA
There will be no place to hide from my fury. You will pay for everything you have done, traitor.

ERIK (O.S.)
(chuckles)
I won't be hiding T'Challa. You know exactly where I will be. Oh and I think you'll love what I've done with the place.

Erik hangs up.

T'CHALLA
Erik. Erik!!

T'Challa slams his fist down on the nearest panel in the Sonar Glider, it dents as if it was made of sheet metal.

FADE TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS OFFICE- EARLY MORNING

Director Collins walks into the office. There's a group huddled around something in the middle of the room.

DIRECTOR COLLINS

What the hell is this, a circle
jerk? What are all of you people
staring at?

The crowd parts and in the middle of the room lies Ulysses
Klaw bound and gagged with the pen recorder taped to his
forehead and a tag on it saying "PLAY ME".

CUT TO:

INT. SONAR GLIDER - NIGHT

T'Challa is just outside of Wakanda when he smells
something. He sniffs the air. He puts the glider on
autopilot and he ejects from the bottom.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAKANDA JUNGLE - NIGHT

As soon as T'Challa lands he starts to run. He runs through
jungle in the dead of night, chasing down the scent.

After sometime of running he breaks out of jungle to find.

An entire village is burning, he sees fire spread throughout
and there's no telling where it ends.

He stops and slowly falls to his knees in horror.

PULLING OUT: CAPTURING THE OTHER VILLAGES OF WAKANDA IN
FLAMES.

The End.