

Interview with a Super Villain

By Frank D. Wilson

Pilot
"A History of Violence"

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BLACK.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

1982.

VIOLENT EXPLOSIONS erupt tearing apart the infrastructures of the city's entertainment district as terrified citizens SCREAM and RUN for cover.

A STREAK OF LIGHT races across the sky and CRASHES into a SKYSCRAPER.

Below, amidst the chaos, a NEWS CREW is in the middle of broadcasting live coverage of the action.

CUT TO:

Reporter DENNIS SHORT (mid-40's; chubby; timid) dodges debris as he does his damndest to wrap up the segment and get the hell out of harm's way.

DENNIS
(re: camera)
...multiple injuries and countless
deaths in just the last five
minutes or so!

CUT TO:

Miles above the ground, a CLOUD OF SMOKE appears out of thin air. There seems to be a FIGURE floating inside the cloud. A MAN.

DENNIS (V.O)
Property damage easily in the
millions and rising by the moment!

Several football field-lengths away, the streak of light emerges from the wreckage of the building in a BOLT towards the smoke cloud which VANISHES right before the moment of impact.

CUT TO:

DENNIS
It is still unclear what initiated
this devastating confrontation
between the two most powerful
beings on the planet...

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

The cloud REAPPEARS above the city, this time engulfing a SMALL CAR with a FAMILY trapped inside, frantically trying to escape.

DENNIS (V.O)

However, the situation quickly escalated to a monumental scale endangering everyone unfortunate enough to be in the wrong place at the wrong time!

The car is HURLED at extreme velocity towards a panic-stricken CROWD OF BYSTANDERS.

CUT TO:

DENNIS

This level of destruction and loss-of-life has likely not been witnessed in New York or any other major city in decades, if ever. The fate of thousands may rest in the hands of a higher power at this point!

As the automobile-turned-missile is surely about to crush the crowd of people, the streak of light ZOOMS by and CATCHES the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE -DAY

TABLES OVERTURN. WINDOWS SHATTER. PATRONS TRAMPLE one another desperately trying to take cover from the mayhem unfolding outside. Fucking chaos.

A nearby TV continues to follow the action.

DENNIS

Absolutely breathtaking! Literally feet away from me, a group of pedestrians were just spared from certain doom by Earth's greatest hero...

A LITTLE GIRL (7; petite) is trying to make her way through the crowd when a LARGE MAN (35; slob) forcefully SHOVES her to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

LARGE MAN

Out of my way, ya fuckin' brat!

As the Large Man looks up from the Little Girl who is now CRYING, he is met with a PUNCH to the face.

LITTLE GIRL

Daddy!

DAD

(to Large Man)

Touch my daughter again and you won't have to worry about what's outside, asshole!

DAD (40's; proud) leans down to tend to the Little Girl. Not a moment too soon, either, for as soon as he does, a FIRE HYDRANT SHATTERS the front GLASS DOOR and virtually DECAPITATES the Large Man in a bloody display of instant karma.

DAD

(to Little Girl)

It's okay, baby. Don't look. Don't look. Who's Daddy? Huh?

LITTLE GIRL

(Sobbing)

Superman. You're...Daddy's Superman.

DAD

That's right. Man of Steel! And I'm not gonna let anything happen to my litte Lois. Okay?

LITTLE GIRL

(More confident)

Okay.

Dad places Little Girl over his shoulder and proceeds to carefully exit the cafe.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dad sporadically but carefully weaves through falling CONCRETE breaking off the constantly fractured buildings.

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS (V.O)

Not to exaggerate, folks, but the scene here in Manhattan is about the closest thing these eyes have ever seen to the end of days!

We follow a large SLAB of CONCRETE cracked free from the side of the building several stories above father and daughter as it rapidly descends towards its soon-to-be victims.

Moments before impact, Dad looks up then SNATCHES his Little Girl close to his chest and DIVES into an open DOOR.

The unlucky TEENAGER following closely behind them takes their place and is CRUSHED to bits and pieces by the enormous ROCK.

CUT TO:

NEWS CREW

Still braving the immanent and escalating danger surrounding them, the news crew continues to film Dennis' live report to the undoubtedly astonished nation.

DENNIS

(to crew member)

Holy fuck, did we get that on camera?! That little shit was just squashed like a goddamn cockroach...

(to camera)

Ahem. Ladies and gentlemen. You are witnessing complete and utter bedlam here in the heart of The Big Apple. The loss of life is incalculable. The question still remains: why is this happening? Also, is there any end in sight?

CUT TO:

INT. VACATED PIZZA SHOP

Still in shock from the recent near-death experience, Dad and his Little Girl regain their composure and begin to run deeper into the dark yet seemingly empty restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

Surprisingly, the place has remained relatively intact. Dad and his Little Girl hunker down beneath a SEATING BOOTH. Dad wraps his arms around his tiny princess, literally and symbolically shielding her from Hell on Earth.

DAD

Are you okay, sweetie?

LITTLE GIRL

(rattled)

Yeah. I think so. Are you?

DAD

Well, of course. I'm the last son of Krypton, ain't I?

LITTLE GIRL

(chuckling)

That makes me the last granddaughter, right?

DAD

Hmph, I'm too young and pretty to be a grandpa. You're just some kid I found in a tree.

LITTLE GIRL

I flew into that tree.

DAD

Okay, you got me. You're not just some kid. You are special. We tried to keep the truth from you but I guess you are old enough to know...your mother was actually WONDER WOMAN!

LITTLE GIRL

(flexing her biceps in her best Amazon warrior impression)

Lovechild of the Super Gods! So rad!

As monstrous SONIC BOOMS quake the structure of the dimly lit room from the outside and blood-curdling SCREAMS of agony echo through the mostly-destroyed windows, reality sets in on the face of the Little Girl at the thought of her mother.

Dad notices and HUGS her tightly. No need for words.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

(beginning to lose hope)

No matter what, baby. No matter what. I ain't going nowhere. No matter what.

TEARS begin to flow freely from the exhausted EYES of both father and daughter.

LITTLE GIRL

I know, Daddy. You're Superman. You are my savior. I love you.

Dad begins to say something but can't force anything out. Emotion overwhelms him. He begins SOBBING uncontrollably into his daughter's soft hair. He can't express the pain he is feeling as he is about to fail her in the ultimate way.

Thunderous CRASH. SMOKE fills the scene. The ceiling has caved in, raining down a shower of broken WOOD and BRICK and God knows what else compiled the innards of these old decrepit structures.

Dad and his Little Girl shield their faces from the mess of wreckage. The dust settles. A DARK FIGURE ominously rises. Looks right at them. GLOWING RED EYES burning right through their souls. They know exactly who it is. A living nightmare.

The Little Girl's EYES BULGE in sheer terror as THE GHOST, worldwide super villain and metahuman psychopath (masked; battered; fucking menacing) nonchalantly brushes he rubble from his shoulder.

DENNIS (V.O)

A rare moment of relative calm as there seems to be an unexpected ceasefire in what can only be described as five hours of death and destruction on a scale akin to a world war waged inside of a major metropolitan area as The Ghost has disappeared from sight...

Dad desperately scours the floor in search of any possible weapon to aid him in protecting his petrified daughter.

A jagged SHARD of GLASS finds his shaking HAND.

Taking a perverted and twisted satisfaction in the pure fear he is inflicting on these innocent strangers, The Ghost arrogantly STRUTS towards the booth.

(CONTINUED)

THE GHOST

(lightly panting)

Why, hello there. Please pardon the rude entrance. Lost my parachute.

(beat)

Tough crowd. Fuck you, too, then.

Dad CLUTCHES the shard of glass firmly, enough to draw small STREAMS of BLOOD.

THE GHOST

Quite intimidating, tough guy. What do you plan on doing with that, scratch my balls?

DAD

(quivering in fear)

Leave us alone.

THE GHOST

(mockingly)

"Leave us alone. Leave us alone. Please, Mister Big Bad Ghost. Please don't torture and kill me and this extremely underage whore I'm hiding in a dark room under a table with."

(normal voice)

What's the deal here, anyway? You some sort of fucking pedophile or somethin'?

DAD

She's my daughter, asshole?

THE GHOST

Doesn't really answer the question, does it?

DAD

(fed up)

Go to Hell!

Dad POUNCES up from under the table booth and CHARGES at the monster of a man who towers over his six-foot frame like an ape over a chimp.

From nowhere, a CLOUD of SMOKE ENGULFS the Dad's UPPER BODY. The living mix of solid and gaseous matter LIFTS him into mid air as The Ghost LAUGHS maniacally and the Little Girl CRIES for her writhing father.

(CONTINUED)

THE GHOST

Like clockwork. You happy now? Feel like a big man? Shame on you, sir. Forcing me to rip your innards out in from your pretty little daughter.

LITTLE GIRL

(crying hysterically)

NO! Please don't. He's...all I have...

The Ghost locks his eyes on the Little Girl and something unexpected happens. His gruesome evil laughter fades. The complete hopelessness dwelling in her eyes makes him feel something he has not felt in a long time.

The living smoke begins to RELENT, releasing some of the pressure around the DAD's neck and chest.

A BEAM OF LIGHT FLASHES down from the HOLE in the ceiling created by The Ghost's crash landing. After the ruffled dust settles, we see that the light was now turn into a FIGURE...with a CAPE.

THE GHOST

(sighs)

Oh, for fuck's sake. I called time-out, you prick.

CUT TO

NEWS CREW

DENNIS

Reports coming in claiming possible sighting of the man many consider a god-amongst-mortals and guardian of innocent, The Arc near 44th Street off Broadway. No word yet on the validity of these reports or if The Ghost is in the same area.

CUT TO:

INT. VACATED PIZZA SHOP

Standing in magnificent heroic glory, THE ARC (mid-20's; the ultimate embodiment of hope and freakin' awesomeness) stands boldly behind The Ghost several feet. He is fearless and uncompromising despite visibly exhausted and injured.

(CONTINUED)

THE ARC
(pissed)
Put him down, Ghost! This has gone
far enough.

THE GHOST
But I've only killed and/or
brutally maimed and disfigured like
a few thousand of those mindless
sheep out there. No fair.

THE ARC
No more games. I said put him down.
Get out of here. We'll finish this
out of the way of populated areas.
It's not worth it.

THE GHOST
Says the man after co-leveling half
of Manhattan.

THE ARC
Drop him. Right. FUCKING. NOW!

THE GHOST
Fine, Boy Scout. Catch!

The Dad is PROPELLED like a rocket from the Smoke towards
The Arc who CATCHES him.

The distraction causes The Arc to take his attention away
from his nemesis, who now has the Little Girl trapped in the
living SMOKE with a part of it morphed into a KNIFE-LIKE
POINT pressed against her throat.

THE GHOST
Checkmate, bitch.

THE ARC
(nervous)
Don't do it.

DAD
Leave my daughter alone, you crazy
fuck!

Time seems to slow to a snail's crawl as Dad again CHARGES
The Ghost to save his Little Girl...

The SMOKE KNIFE begins to PEIRCE the Little Girl's flesh...

The Arc outstretches his arm, PALM OPEN and facing The
Ghost. A CHARGE of WHITE HOT ELECTRICITY envelops his
hand...

(CONTINUED)

NORMAL TIME: a BOLT of LIGHTNING BLASTS from The Arc's hand, races for its target, The Ghost.

A dastardly smirk comes to The Ghost's partially masked face before a basketball-sized CLOUD of SMOKE appears in front him, right in the path of the oncoming blast.

The cloud devours the powerful current like a large gulp of water then it's gone...

KA-BOOM! A FLASH. BLOOD and BRAIN MATTER EVERYWHERE...

The Little Girl's face sinks. Her eyes are locked on the horrifying image before her: THE CLOUD OF SMOKE, crackling from residual electrical currents, floats in the air behind where her father's head rested atop his shoulders moments before. Smoke sizzles from the new CRATER in his neck.

LITTLE GIRL
(beyond devastated)
DADDY!

THE ARC
(in shock)
...no. You fucking...monster.

THE GHOST
(deadpan)
You did this, Arc. Remember that.

The Little Girl falls to the ground. The Ghost VANISHES into thin air.

The Arc, shaking in a combination of anger and sorrow, slowly approaches the Little Girl to console her.

THE ARC
I'm so sorry... I...

LITTLE GIRL
Get away from me! This is your
fault! You killed my father!

THE ARC
I was trying to...

LITTLE GIRL
I hate you! Both of you freaks! I
fucking hate you!

The Arc hangs his head in shame and walks away from her.

THE ARC

(stoic)

I'll have police and emergency services here to take care of you. You'll be safe here. I'll wait on the roof until they arrive.

A BEAM OF LIGHT upward through the open hole in the ceiling. Up, up and away goes The Arc.

The Little Girl SOBS in the corner of the room only feet away from her father's bloody corpse.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Seated on the edge of the roof with his CAPE FLAPPING in the wind, The Arc surveys the massive damage which has been laid down upon the city at the hands of him and his arch rival. "You did this, Arc..."

He reaches into a POUCH on his UTILITY BELT and removes a ZIP LOCK BAG filled with WHITE POWDER. With one deep SNORT, he inhales the contents.

His emotional pain can not be measured.

THE ARC

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!

The PRIMAL YELL creates a SONIC BOOM, SHATTERING WINDOWS of building for miles in each direction.

CUT TO:

NEWS CREW

DENNIS

I am not sure if this night can get any more insane, folks, but it sounds as if a nuclear bomb just exploded over the city. For now, neither The Arc or The Ghost are anywhere to be seen...

The Ghost appears from a SMOKE CLOUD right behind DENNIS. Live on television.

(CONTINUED)

THE GHOST

(re: camera)

Surprise! How do I look, TV Land?
Are you guys ready for one hell of
an exclusive? Of course you are.

The Ghost BEAR HUGS Dennis from behind and disappear again
back into the Smoke.

CAMERA MAN (OFF-SCREEN)

What in the actual fuck, man? Is
anybody else freaking out? What do
we do now? Man, screw this shit...

The ROOF of a nearby CAR is viciously CAVED in by something
big falling from the sky. A person...a news reporter...

CAMERA MAN (OFF-SCREEN)

Sweet, lord, protect my soul...oh
shit. Oh shit. Oh shit...

CUT TO BLACK:

SPLASH PAGE: "INTERVIEW WITH A SUPER VILLAIN"

OPENING CREDITS.

INT. UNDISCLOSED MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

PRESENT DAY. NOVEMBER 23rd, 1999.

A CAMERA CREW assembles equipment around two MEN seated in
the middle a room filled with various ARMED SECURITY GUARD,
NEWS STAFF MEMBERS and GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

Shuffling through NOTES clumsily is JOHNATHON JACKSON (35;
unorganized; wimpy), investigative reporter.

JOHNATHON

(anxious; re: crew)

How's the lighting? Make sure
there's no glare on my glasses.

Across from Johnathon is PATRICK DAVIS (45; cold;
intimidating).

PATRICK

Worried about your close up, are
ya, Mister Urkle?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNATHON

No. I just...

PATRICK

Joking. You're aware of the concept, right?

JOHNATHON

Yeah. I'm just a little on edge.

PATRICK

I certainly can't imagine why.

Nearby on a table is a NEWSPAPER which Johnathon picks up.

He points out the front page HEADLINE that reads: SUPER VILLAIN THE GHOST SENTENCED TO DEATH. It is accompanied by a PHOTO of Patrick.

JOHNATHON

I assure you this definitely has nothing to do with it.

PATRICK

Funny guy. I suppose I would be a little nervous as well if I were in your position.

JOHNATHON

You mean seated only a few feet away from one of the most notorious terrorists in history? Yes, it's kinda unsettling.

PATRICK

I was referring to your career, Johnny Boy. Do you think I don't know everything there is to know about the man who is going to be reporting my life to the world? I do.

JOHNATHON

You're said to be a very meticulous man so nothing would surprise me, Mister Davis. Or do you prefer Ghost?

PATRICK

Patrick will suffice. Before we delve publicly into my history, allow me to share what I know about you.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNATHON

I would rather you not.

PATRICK

You are, for the most part, a loser, John Jackson. This interview is your last chance to make something out of your otherwise meaningless life.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

DECEMBER 24, 1997.

Johnathon removes his COAT and tosses it onto his bed before grabbing a bottle of LIQUOR and CHUGGING it.

PATRICK (V.O)

You were once a man with a great reputation.

Johnathon walks over to a PLAQUE on his wall: "JOHNATHON JACKSON, JOURNALIST OF THE YEAR, 1994". One is his finest moments.

PATRICK (V.O)

You had the world by the balls. A young prodigy destined for fame. You worked harder than your peers and were on the verge of being rewarded for it greatly...

He moves on to a NEWS clipping: "ACCLAIMED REPORTER RESPONSIBLE FOR ASSISTANT'S DEATH". One of his lowest points.

PATRICK (V.O)

But, of course, you fucked that up, didn't you?

CUT TO:

INT. UNDISCLOSED MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

Johnathon CRUMPLES the newspaper and throws it to the floor.

JOHNATHON

(resentful)

I did. If I remember correctly, I had a little help.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

Oh, yes. Poor thing, that assistant of yours. Such a perky, lively girl. You ever fuck her? Doesn't matter. Real tragedy what happened to her.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

JULY 4TH, 1994.

Johnathon exits his CAR along with a YOUNG LADY (20; fiesty; smoking hot).

PATRICK (V.O)

What was her name again? Oh, right. Kristen. Pretty name. Shame you decided to put her in such danger. She trusted you so.

Johnathon pulls Kristen close to some bushes.

JOHNATHON

(whispering)

Now, listen. You shouldn't be here. Shit is about to get real bad if things go the way my source believes they will.

KRISTEN

I'm a big girl, Mister Jackson. I can handle myself.

JOHNATHON

(sighs)

I am not saying that you can't handle yourself but we're dealing with--

KRISTEN

(excited)

The Ghost. Yes, I know. There is no way in hell I would miss out on this. You're already the star reporter but this scoop could do wonders for my career.

JOHNATHON

Good to know you are using me to further your aspirations.

(CONTINUED)

KRISTEN

Don't be silly. I use you for sex,
too.

The DOORS to the bank FLY forward from an EXPLOSION.

JOHNATHON

Get down!

From the SMOKE and FIRE emerges THE GHOST and his HENCHMEN
carrying large DUFFEL BAGS.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDISCLOSED MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

Johnathon's meek demeanor vanishes for a moment as he shoots
Patrick a piercing GLARE. He wishes more than anything he
could punch that bastard right in the nose.

Patrick SMIRKS but notices something familiar about
Johnathon's look. His eyes. They didn't match his stupid
face in that moment.

PRODUCER (O.S)

John, you have a phone call. A Miss
Marissa Martin.

PATRICK

The love interest. How romantic.

Johnathon stands to take his call but stops and leans down
next to Patrick's ear.

JOHNATHON

(whispering)

You know, the nervousness I am
feeling is overshadowed only by my
disdain for you.

PATRICK

Is that so, Bryant Gumble?

JOHNATHON

I appreciate this opportunity
you're giving me to cover your
amazing life story, Mister Davis
but believe me when I say to you I
can not wait to watch them stick
the needle in your arm, you fucking
psychopath.

(CONTINUED)

As Johnathon is walking off, Patrick begins to mockingly CLAP.

PATRICK
(laughing)
Bravo, Johnny Boy! I knew you had a pair of balls somewhere in those pants. I almost assumed that lousy cunt had castrated you.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

MARISSA MARTIN (25; determined; somewhat bitchy) PACES back and forth as she waits idly on the phone and smokes a CIGARETTE.

Behind her is a POSTER of world famous superhero, THE ARC. She puts out the butt on his FACE.

MARISSA
(re: phone)
John, how is everything going...with that asshole?

JOHNATHON (O.S)
Fine. Where are you?

MARISSA
I'm...I'm around. I'll be watching.

JOHNATHON (O.S)
I'm worried about you. I don't think you're safe. Not even now.

MARISSA
I'm not afraid, John. You worry about yourself, right now. I'm the one who ended him, remember? I did what no one else was able to do. I exposed The Ghost. Fuck him.

JOHNATHON (O.S)
Don't be foolish, Marissa. You are the reason he is about to be put to death. He is one of--fuck, THE most dangerous man alive. You should have professional protection, goddamn it.

(CONTINUED)

MARISSA

(contemplates)

I've made it this far unscathed. There are a dozen mercenaries with big ass guns surrounding you in a prison. The whole world is about to watch you make history by interviewing him. It's over, baby. Patrick fucking Davis is a dead man walking. He is...a ghost. We won.

JOHNATHON (O.S)

It's never that simple.

MARISSA

Because you won't let it be. Bye, John. Good luck.

Marissa HANGS UP the phone and walks out of the booth.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A MAKE UP ARTIST applies some last minute touch ups to Patrick's face. Afterward, Patrick SCRATCHES the back of his NECK. Specifically, a THREE-INCH SCAR.

Jonathon returns.

PATRICK

Better mood?

JOHNATHON

As good as can be under the circumstances, I guess.

PATRICK

My, how I adore seeing young love blossom. How is Miss Martin doing these days? Still a loathsome, spiteful snitch of a whore?

JOHNATHON

(dismissive)

Last I checked.

PATRICK

Are we going to discuss her in tonight's circus act?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNATHON

No.

PATRICK

Unfortunate. I have a lot of things to say about her. She really is the ambitious one, isn't she?

JOHNATHON

Apparently.

PATRICK

(chuckling)

I should have smashed her pretty face until it was unrecognizable and fucked her in the ass, is what I should have done. Not in that order.

JOHNATHON

You're trying to get under my skin, Mister Davis. It won't work. You're finished and this is your final opportunity to be heard while you're relevant. You are harmless and you do not intimidate me. Or humor me.

PATRICK

Is that what you honestly think? I could give a shit about people's opinion me, least you all of a nobody impotent fagot like you. You and this crew and all those idiots glued to their televisions and radios are anticipating my words. My thoughts and incite. Not the other way around. I laughed while the governments of this world the masses so blindly follow collectively shit themselves on my command. So, fuck you and your audience. If I wanted to intimidate you, I would grab your overweight producer over there and rip his throat out in front of you.

JOHNATHON

Point taken but save the speeches for the cameras.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

Good idea. I would much rather talk about your little cum dumpster girlfriend. She still wetting her panties over super dudes?

FADE TO:

INT. MARTIN INVESTIGATION AGENCY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

OCTOBER 17TH, 1995.

Marissa, visibly exhausted, sits behind her COMPUTER MONITOR at her desk. She is enjoying a wholesome meal consisting of BOX NOODLES and SODA.

She is currently juggling her attention between her writing and the TELEVISION SET broadcasting the news.

PATRICK (V.O)

Talk about a crazy bitch with abandonment issues, right? I mean, so one of your parents "accidentally" got killed by a comic book villain? Don't take it personally. Shit happens.

NEWS ANCHOR

(re: television)

...this would-be terrorist attack was miraculously foiled yesterday morning by none other than the man some have begun calling Earth's protector, The Arc. President Bailey personally thanked the flying hero for his courageous act which saved nearly one hundred people from the blazing aircraft.

MARISSA

(disgusted)

Fucking publicity stunt.

On the SCREEN of her computer is an unfinished essay:
"METAHUMANS: GODS OR DEMONS" BY MARISSA MARTIN.

NEWS ANCHOR

In news straight out of the X-Files, an obscure cult-like group based out of New Mexico is now using the new found popularity of the internet to spread their

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)
message claiming aliens from outer
space are planning to attack our
world using covert operatives. I
guess E.T and his friends didn't
get the memo about The Arc, huh? Or
should I say "email" now? Ha.

MARISSA
This goddamn world just keeps
getting stranger.

Marissa is startled by GLASS SHATTERING from the front of
the office building.

MARISSA
What the hell?

Marissa cautiously stands up from her desk and removes a
HAND GUN from the top drawer.

MARISSA
Who the fuck is there?!

Marissa carefully eases along the wall towards the front of
the office, out of sight of the potential intruder.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S)
...scientists are said to be very
close to a breakthrough in their
attempts at successfully
replicating the properties of
enhanced beings and bonding them to
human DNA.

Marissa approaches the front and notices a BROKEN WINDOW
next to the front door.

She SIGHS in relief.

MARISSA
Shithead vandals. Of course. This
city fucking sucks.

Out of nowhere, Marissa is TACKLED to the ground by a MASKED
ATTACKER. Her gun is knocked from her grasp and SLIDES
several feet from her reach.

MARISSA
Get off of me!

Marissa struggles to break free but the attacker PUNCHES her
in the FACE. She manages to finally get away after CLAWING
the attacker in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

MARISSA

(panting)

You messed with the wrong bitch
tonight, you prickless coward!

Marissa reaches the gun and points it at the attacker but as she squeezes the trigger, he KICKS her hand, forcing her to SHOOT the TV SET.

MARISSA

I just bought that, goddamn it!

The attacker attempts to MOUNT Marissa, but she KNEES him in the CROTCH. She tries to CRAWL towards the door, but the attacker GRABS her foot. She KICKS him in the FACE and keeps crawling. Until...

ATTACKER

(horrified)

You!

...her path is obstructed by a large pair of LEATHER BOOTS. She looks up see that it is none other that THE ARC, now in his early 40's stands in all his self-righteous glory.

MARISSA

(unimpressed)

You...

THE ARC

I can see you're as grateful for my
help as always, Miss Martin.

MARISSA

No camera crew? Surprised you even
bothered.

The attacker picks up the discarded gun and FIRES at The ARC.

ATTACKER

Die, you mutant son of a bitch!

The Arc SHRUGS and picks the CRUMPLED BULLETS from his chest.

THE ARC

How could you not know that would
happen, idiot?

Marissa stands up and brushes herself off.

(CONTINUED)

MARISSA

Maybe because not everyone worships
and memorizes every little fact
about you.

THE ARC

What is your problem, exactly?

MARISSA

I didn't ask for your help.

The attacker, fed up with the exchange, CHARGES towards Marissa, whose back is turned to him.

The Arc emits an ELECTRIC CURRENT from his PALM that strikes the attacker and sends him FLYING backwards and CRASHING into the wall.

MARISSA

And I don't need your damn help.

The GUN that was knocked from the attackers hand is still in mid-air when Marissa CATCHES it and SHOOTS the attacker TWICE in the CHEST.

THE ARC

(dumbfounded)

Was that necessary?! You murdered
that man!

Marissa gets face-to-face with The Arc.

MARISSA

No, asshole. This is private
property and that was self-defense.
So fuck off and go do a mountain of
cocaine or something, rockstar.

THE ARC

You know, one day you are going to
need to rely on someone other than
yourself, you hateful bitch. You
can blame me or the entire world
for your fucked up life but you
know deep down you're the cause of
all your misery. I'd advise
reevaluating your outlook on
reality before you wake up and
you're all alone. Evening, Miss
Martin. Take care of yourself.

The Arc calmly walks away as POLICE SIRENS BLARE in the background.

(CONTINUED)

MARISSA

Good riddance. By the way, leather suits are creepy and capes are fucking gay.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDISCLOSED MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

Johnathon takes a sip from his water and lights a final CIGARETTE before airtime. He is obviously growing more irritated by Patrick with every word.

PATRICK

(chuckles)

Didn't think I knew what really happened that night? You people judge me and say I'm the big bad wolf but the truth is you are all hypocrites. Justified shooting, my hairy cock. Your princess, the brave private detective and champion of women's rights-slash-borderline dyke is nothing more than a fucking killer. No better than me. But because she lays on her back for a has-been TV reporter and likely swallows various loads from police chiefs and politicians, she somehow gets a pass. Bullshit.

JOHNATHON

When was the last time you got laid?

PATRICK

When was the last time your mother craved a good stiff one in her dusty, barren snatch? Around then, I believe.

JOHNATHON

(about to explode in anger)

My mother has been dead for a decade.

PATRICK

Watching towers burn to the ground gives me a hard-on, Johnny Boy. Necrophilia is not something that is beneath me. Besides, I think I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (cont'd)
had her back in the seventies when
she was still very lively. I prefer
her cold and dead. Less backtalk,
more getting fucked.

Johnathon struggles to maintain his composure.

JOHNATHON
(somewhat collected; still
pissed)
Be honest. Between me and you. Off
the record. Is this whole being a
grown man playing dress up mask the
insecurity of a scared, weak man
trying to suppress childhood
memories of being diddled by the
stranger who swore that he was the
real Joker?

PATRICK
(amused)
We'll get to my story here soon.
That was actually kind of clever.
Heh, Joker.

JOHNATHON
I figure I guessed close enough,
huh?

PATRICK
Jesus Christ, I should have raped
that slut of yours and sliced her
throat before she could have ever
open her goddamn cocksucker about
me in court.

JOHNATHON
But you didn't. What is that they
say about hindsight?

PATRICK
Oh, fuck you. I am a criminal
mastermind. I knew the shit was
going to hit the fan a long time
before. I anticipated it.

JOHNATHON
(rolls eyes)
I'm sure you did.

The door to the room BURSTS open and in struts BISHOP
WORTHINGTON (55; rude; assertive), WCMX News Station owner,
SMOKING a CIGAR and sipping a GLASS of WHISKEY.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

Fifteen minutes until show time. I hope we have everything ready. All of your jobs-most importantly mine-depend on this shit going smooth as fucking silk. Make sure audio is crisp. Make sure the lighting is perfect. Mainly for our insane Lex Luthor wannabe of a guest. I don't really care either way about Doofus Jackson here. He's not especially attractive and anyone that does actually even slightly enjoy the sight of his image is probably used to his mundane appearance. No need wasting camera angles, make up and light on him.

Bishop nonchalantly walks around the set surveying and critiquing.

BISHOP

No offense, of course, Jackson. Those are the cold facts of the matter, my good man.

JOHNATHON

None taken, boss. I've heard it all.

BISHOP

Indeed you have.

PATRICK

Good day, Mister Worthington.

BISHOP

Fuck your mother, lunatic.

PATRICK

Ironic. We were just speaking on a similar topic. Would I be wrong in assuming you are not a fan? I was going to give you a signed autograph. So, what did I do to positively effect you?

BISHOP

(deadpan)

May of 1983, The Ghost and his associates bombed a hotel in Tokyo. Killed everyone inside. Some folks outside. Remember?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

(daydreaming)

How could I forget? It was a thing of beauty. Took me a year to plan that masterpiece and more than three million big ones to execute. Had to kill my whole crew afterward, though, because one of them saw my face while I was taking a shit. Oh well. Why do you ask?

BISHOP

(eerily emotionless)

My first wife and son were in that hotel. Blown to pieces. Buried what I was told was my boy's left hand and my Gloria's right leg. They were two of the few none-Asian victims so I guess that's how they were identified.

PATRICK

Small fucking world. How many of you people's lives did I screw up by happenstance, anyhow? Well, if it makes you at all feel better, I was strictly aiming to take out those crummy Japs on that particular occasions. Don't really know why exactly. I'm sure your deep fried former family was decent enough. Collateral damage, etcetera, etcetera.

BISHOP

(momentarily stares into space)

Over and done with now. Got a new wife and twin girls. No genocidal maniac has killed them as of yet.

PATRICK

(perplexed)

So...you aren't vengeful and salivating for my death like the rest of the world? Rightfully so, might I add.

BISHOP

Oh, I'm sorry if my calm exterior fooled you. I've dreamed many the elaborate manner in which I would torture and ultimately murder you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP (cont'd)
Coldest of blood, right? However, right now, my station is drowning in shit. Thick shit. This little interview is my last chance at saving it and paying off my mortgage and putting my daughters through college. Sadly, it's all ruining my marriage, too, but life is sometimes about sacrifice. Anyway, seeing as you've been condemned to die by the state, I see no real reason in harboring anger towards you any longer. You will tell your story to my report...on my network...then you will be gone. Hopefully burn in hell. Meanwhile my employees and I reap the rewards of your infamy and dodge the goddamn welfare line.

PATRICK
Well said.

BISHOP
Now, if you gentlemen will excuse me, I have a world exclusive to produce. Break a leg.

Bishop DIPS his cigar in Patrick's GLASS of water and downs the last of his drink before walking away.

PATRICK
That guy has serious problems. He definitely needs therapy.

CUT TO:

INT. BENNY'S BAR - NIGHT

People socialize, mostly intoxicated in a number of ways. A GROUP of THREE stand on a small stage singing KARAOKE. A CARD GAME is being played at one table. DARTS thrown in corner. A COUPLE MAKING OUT near the restroom.

Sitting at the bar, alone, is Marissa taking a SHOT. In front of her are FIVE EMPTY SHOT GLASSES. A few are placed over a small FLYER that reads: "THE ARC MEMORIAL CELEBRATION, FRIDAY @ BENNY'S"

Suddenly, TWO GUYS storm from the back.

(CONTINUED)

GUY #1

Man, I say fuck Benny and fuck you if you don't like it.

GUY #2

Dude, I just think you're overreacting.

GUY #1

My ass! Totally fuck the fact that's he's my boss. He banged my goddamn bride-to-me, my guy!

GUY #2

Allegedly. And I heard she just blew him. If that.

GUY #1

What's the damn difference? Another man's meat stick was in my girl's body. That ain't no way fucking cool, man!

GUY #2

So, what are you going to do about it?

GUY #1

Kill him, I think. I really wanna do that. I believe I will.

GUY #2

Why not just break up with what's-her-cunt?

GUY #1

I'm going to do that, too. Obviously.

GUY #2

Well, let's make a plan and do him. I'm out of here.

GUY #1

See ya.

The guys SHAKE HANDS and go their separate ways.

The BARTENDER approaches Marissa.

BARTENDER

You okay, friend?

(CONTINUED)

MARISSA

I think Benny's life might be in danger. Maybe. Other than that, just a little anxious about this interview.

BARTENDER

I think everyone is. The goddamn Ghost, ya know. Guy gives me the fucking creeps. Even now. You remember those weird ass magazines he put out a couple years back? With the missing persons he tracked down and butchered up and shit? Not that I ever read it.

MARISSA

Uh...right. Well, he's overrated. Believe me.

BARTENDER

Say what you want, but I think he's one scary motherfucker. Whole world's gonna be tuned into to that damn interview. Expecting bigger numbers than M.A.S.H they say.

Marissa checks her WATCH.

MARISSA

Bout that time.

BARTENDER

Yep.

The Bartender TURNS ON the TELEVISION. Already in progress is a DOCUMENTARY chronicling the life and times of The Arc.

NARRATOR

...little was ever known regarding the origin of America's-and many say the world's ultimate defender however, his impact on modern pop culture is undeniable.

BARTENDER

Ain't that the lord's gospel there?

MARISSA

Not to speak ill of the dead, but the guy was an egomaniac. Now we've turned him into exactly what he always wanted to be: a fucking God.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

You really hate them, don't ya?

MARISSA

Hate is a strong word.

NARRATOR

No one will likely ever forget where they were the moment news broke that one of only two of the most powerful beings on the planet had been brutally defeated and killed by the other. November 24th, 1996: the day the Earth stood still. The day the Vigilante Angel's wings were clipped for good. The day...The Arc died.

MARISSA

(takes whiskey shot)

Fucking Christ, who writes this garbage, anyway? Over-dramatic much?

BARTENDER

He was a great man, Marissa. He saved your ass more than a few times. Once right outside of here. When that vampire bitch tried to kidnap you and suck you dry. Hot shit, might I add. Anyway, what's your deal against him? I always thought he had a thing for ya. There were those rumors and such.

MARISSA

Just that. Rumors. And my "deal" is that he and his butt-buddy arch-enemy thought that just because they were abominations with unbelievable powers that they ruled the goddamn world. Maybe the rest of society was fooled by their little cops-and-robbers act but not me. You ask me, the world will be a better damn place after Davis gets that lethal injection and we're all finally rid of the both of them.

BARTENDER

Well. I guess I can give up any hope of you attending the memorial and giving a heartfelt drunken speech.

(CONTINUED)

MARISSA

Trust me, you don't want me there.
Especially not drunk behind a
microphone.

NARRATOR

Tune in tonight, immediately
following WCMX's exclusive
interview with the man responsible
for The Arc's death and public
enemy number one, Patrick "The
Ghost" Davis for a sit-down with
geneticist, Dr. D'Angelo Chrysler
who will discuss the delicate
process of creating a device
capable of suppressing Davis'
amazing abilities after his
apprehension...

BARTENDER

(motioning with a bottle)
Another?

MARISSA

What kind of stupid question is
that?

The Bartender POURS another shot.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDISCLOSED MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

Jonathon adjusts his notes as the director, ORLANDO LAURENCE
(30; bored with life) approaches him and Patrick.

ORLANDO

We go live in two minutes. Hope you
ladies have worked out those
personal kinks you've been over
here babbling about for the past
half hour so we can get this show
on the road. And hopefully you
saved the good shit for TV. Get it
together, please. I'm going to go
piss and when I get back, it's
gonna be time to fuck this chicken.
Lights, cameras, action. All that
bullshit.

Orlando walks off.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

I tell you what I've noticed,
Johnny Boy. Place a few feds and
guards with big ass assault rifles
in a room in some knock-off
Alcatraz and let it be known that
baddest motherfucker breathing has
been implanted with some damn chip
that turns the switch to his powers
off and everybody suddenly thinks
they can talk as loosely as they
want. You assholes would all be
bowing down and sucking my
metaphoric dick were the
circumstances different.

JOHNATHON

Circumstances are what they are,
however.

PATRICK

Fuck it, right? You ready to
dissect my warped mind for the
waiting American public at large?

JOHNATHON

I suppose I am.

PATRICK

(clears throat)

I'm going to be serious for a
moment with you, Johnathon Jackson.
There is a lot more to me than has
been publicized over the decades. I
wasn't always like this. Some very,
very bad shit happened to me a long
time ago. No, I didn't get fucked
by a clown as a kid but I was
violated. You'll understand soon. I
give you shit but I respect you
greatly. There is a specific reason
I chose you out of all the other
news people in the world. You'll
understand that as well soon.

JOHNATHON

(a little freaked out)

I'm not entirely sure I want to
understand.

PATRICK

Regardless, you shall by the time
this is all over.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNATHON

You really got the whole impending
mystery revelation thing down, huh?

PATRICK

Villainy is an art form.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

APRIL 23, 1975.

OUTSIDE OF ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO.

A much YOUNGER Patrick Davis PACES back and forth nervously.
He is holding a ROTARY PHONE RECEIVER between his ear and
neck.

PATRICK

(hysterical)

They're back, Alice. I can't see
them, but goddamn it, I know
they're here.

Patrick PEEKS out of a window. Nothing out of the ordinary.

Next to the window is a PICTURE of a Patrick embracing a
YOUNG LADY. They look as happy as two people ever could.

PATRICK (V.O)

You asked what lead me down this
path I chose. Alice Graham Taylor.
Love of my life.

A SHOTGUN rests over the SINK in front of Patrick.

PATRICK

(sobbing)

I have to kill 'em this time, baby.
I can't live like this anymore.
It's not right. Not fair.

Trying to control his SHAKING HANDS, he picks up the gun and
checks to make sure it is loaded. It is. He grabs a FLASK
and takes a huge gulp.

PATRICK

(rambling)

You just don't understand. Nobody
fucking understands. I know you try
to but you have no true idea.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (cont'd)

Everyone thinks I'm crazy. But I'm not. They're after me. It's me or them. Me or them. I never asked for this, Alice. I mean, what the fuck did I do to deserve this? Huh? I tried to be a good man. I worked hard. Still do. Never hurt anybody. All I ever wanted was you. Oh, Jesus...why?

Patrick wipes the tears from his eyes, clears his throat and lights a cigarette.

PATRICK

(composed)

I love you. If I don't ever get to tell you again, just know it. No use being a coward about this any longer, I suppose.

A BRIGHT LIGHT from outside shines through the windows, engulfing the room.

PATRICK

Marry me, Alice. Please...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNDISCLOSED MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

Every eye and ear in the room is locked on Davis as the interview proceeds.

JOHNATHON

What happened next?

PATRICK

I don't remember.

JOHNATHON

Who was it you were in fear of? Who was after you?

PATRICK

(beat)

Not who.

JOHNATHON

I don't quite follow you.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

Would it be fair to conclude,
Mister Jackson, that we now live in
times in which things that
shouldn't logically be possible are
generally accepted? People around
the world are watching you talk to
a super being. Does that not seem
strange? Cartoon characters come to
life on the front of Time magazine.
Kind of insane, right?

JOHNATHON

Is there a point you are trying to
make?

PATRICK

Yes. My point is people believe in
their gods and indestructible men
yet not in certain other
extraordinary...happenings. They
called me a mental case when I
tried to tell them back then. They
hadn't seen mental but I would show
them. I would show everyone.

JOHNATHON

I have no idea what you're talking
about.

FADE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

FEBRUARY 9, 1978.

Standing over a grave with a HEADSTONE marked: PATRICK
GREGORY DAVIS, 1955-1975, is ALICE TAYLOR (23; homely;
pleasant). She places fresh FLOWERS next to a PHOTO of
Patrick.

PATRICK (V.O)

I was presumed deceased after being
missing for a month. I wasn't. I
was gone, however. God knows where,
though.

From the distance, a FIGURE stumbles slowly towards Alice.
As the figure lurks closer, the MOONLIGHT reveals a familiar
face: Patrick, clothed exactly the same as he had been the
last time he had been seen.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (V.O)

I hadn't the faintest clue as to where I was. Or where I had been. No memory. It was as if I saw that bright light, blinked and three years had passed. Life had passed. Without me. But Alice never gave up.

Alice is too overwhelmed to utter a single word. She FAINTS.

PATRICK (V.O)

I was drawn back to her. I barely knew my own name at the time but I had the good mind enough to find her. No matter what horrendous things may have happened to me, she was the constant positive.

Patrick kneels down and PICKS UP Alice and carries her away in his arms.

CUT TO:

INT. BENNY'S BAR - NIGHT

Marissa and The Bartender are intensely focused on the broadcast.

BARTENDER

I was not expecting this.

MARISSA

(scoffs)

Changes nothing.

JOHNATHON

(re: television)

I am sure I am not alone in saying I am very intrigued as to how this story unfolds next. Unfortunately, it is time for our first commercial break. Stay tuned to WCMX News for more of the exclusive interview with the world's most hated man, Patrick Davis, better known as The Ghost.

The Bartender POURS Marissa another shot then takes a deep SWIG from the bottle.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

Easy to forget he was a regular fella once upon a time. Just wanted to live the dream, ya know? Sometimes dreams turn to nightmares, I guess.

MARISSA

Shut up and keep 'em coming. Fucking psychoanalysis barkeep.

BARTENDER

(laughs)

You're one of the bitchiest women I've ever met. Still love you.

MARISSA

Always and forever, babe. Cheers.

Marissa and The bartender TOAST a drink.

BARTENDER

To the end of my buddy Marissa's blood nemesis and to hopefully her wise decision to sleep with her favorite alcoholic drink maker.

MARISSA

To the long overdue return to dominance of the human race and to one lonely bartender's unfortunate yet expected night of masturbation. Life is good.

NARRATOR

(re: television)

This program brought to you by Safe World Fallout Shelters: Peace of mind in the face of the forthcoming apocalypse known as Y2k...

Marissa attempts to stand from her stool but drunkenly FALLS on her ass. She shares a good LAUGH with The Bartender as he helps her to her feet.

MARISSA

Call me a taxi, would you? I'm too drunk to leap any tall buildings.

BARTENDER

Understandable. No problem.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

And by "Arc: The Movie" based on the incredible true story of humanity's fallen guardian. Starring Luke Falcon, Raymond Hayes and Natasha Sweet. In theaters Friday...

MARISSA

(noticing commercial)
It never ends.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A group of about thirty BUSINESS PEOPLE gather around a mammoth MAN standing on a WOODEN CRATE.

He is BENJAMIN ROSS (35; charismatic; sinister) and he holds close to his chest an object hidden under a sheet.

BENJAMIN

Ladies and gentlemen. Distinguished brokers of the black market. Organized crime elitists...

MAN

Get on with it already. Shit! My mistress is in labor, for Pete's sake. Shit to do, guy. Shit to fuckin' do.

BENJAMIN

Fuck you and your pregnant whore and your bastard child! Don't interrupt me again.

MAN

Suck my dick, you obese queer! Tell us why we're here so we can all get on with our---

Benjamin removes his GUN and SHOOTS the man in the FACE.

BENJAMIN

(clears throat)
I'm pretty sure that puts a cease to all the impoliteness for tonight, so how about we get right down to bid'ness, kids?

(CONTINUED)

A few GOONS come and DRAG the dead business man away. No one reacts.

BENJAMIN

As every one is no doubt aware, the dominant figure in criminal activity for the last few decades was recently dethroned and is soon to be executed. Because of the nature of our profession, there is little...actually, no time to dwell on the negative. Instead, this is a time to recognize the opportunity this situation which has presented itself. Power plays are in the works as we speak, folks. Ever crook, killer and hoodlum out there is chomping at the bit, looking for anything to give him the edge and ability to advance in this cutthroat industry we so dearly treasure. While I would be a lying sack of shit if I told you that I wouldn't dig out the eyes of each and every person in this room and massacre your families to be the top dog, I am first and foremost a realist. With a dash of genius. I can't promise any of you scum the castle and the kingdom of the underground. What I can do is put it closer to your reach.

Benjamin uncovers the object he has been holding. A GLASS CONTAINER full of VIALS of BLACK LIQUID.

WOMAN

(laughing)

Motor oil? That's your great announcement?

BENJAMIN

Bitch, you know I will shoot you in the tits, right?

The woman stops laughing.

BENJAMIN

Before your eyes is the key to unlocking the future. Far too long we've been forced to serve under the rule of biologically advanced human deities. No one can deny what

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BENJAMIN (cont'd)

The Ghost achieved in his career to further aid our united rebellion against those cock sucking oppressive authority institutions, but let's make one this crystal clear: the blue collar, average Joe Patrick Davis could never have pulled off half of the shit Ghost did. The rest of us were classified inferior by default. Anything but fair. That is a matter of the past, however, as the last of the metahumans is about to die, leaving the playing field wide open for those once under appreciated. I present to you degenerates the world's first synthesized human enhancement serum, developed to bond to its host and completely fucking supercharge every atom in the body. Fashioned by manipulating DNA from none other than that dead as dirt son of a whore, The Arc. The power of God can be all yours, children, for the remarkably low price of just twelve million dollars...and ninety-nine cents.

The men and women go wild and almost trample each other to get their hands on the unbelievable merchandise. '

GUARDS let off MACHINE GUN FIRE into the air, startling and halting everyone.

BENJAMIN

Now, now, you bloody hooligans, behave. There is enough juice here for you all to enslave the world. One at a time. Correct change only.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The Ghost and henchmen exit the gigantic HOLE the front door of the bank previously occupied and begin loading the bags into the back of an ARMORED TRUCK.

Johnathon and Kristen CROUCH behind some BUSHES nearby.

(CONTINUED)

KRISTEN

What's the plan, Skipper?

JOHNATHON

Stay out of sight and take mental notes and try to make it back to the station in one piece. That's the plan.

KRISTEN

Good enough for me. Is this making you horny, too?

JOHNATHON

Not the time.

KRISTEN

Prude.

JOHNATHON

Be quiet before you get us killed.

The Ghost STRUTS down the steps of the bank towards the truck.

THE GHOST

Gonna be good eating for us all tonight, boys! Job extremely well done. Looks like you're going to be able to buy your gal that engagement ring after all, huh, Number One?

NUMBER ONE gives The Ghost a THUMBS UP as he CLOSES the back door of the truck.

THE GHOST

And well, you, Number Two...uh, hopefully you don't overdose again. Number One, keep an eye on him, would ya? Two million buys a shit load of heroin in this town.

NUMBER TWO FLIPS The Ghost off.

NUMBER ONE

All loaded up and ready to roll, boss man.

THE GHOST

(staring at bank)

Good. I'm pondering whether I should blow the rest of this bank

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE GHOST (cont'd)
up or not. I mean, we've taken all
the money, anyway. Fuck it. I'll
wait until daytime when it's busy
and filled with people.

NUMBER TWO
(laughing)
You're one sick, sick man, boss.

THE GHOST
It's a disease, boys. Doctor says I
got myself a good old fashioned
mental illness. Gave me happy pills
and everything.

As Johnathon and Kristen watch on, a RACCOON RUNS out of the
bushes, startling Kristen. She SCREAMS.

The Ghost and gang spot her.

JOHNATHON
Shit.

KRISTEN
Goddamn rodents. Sorry.

THE GHOST
Who the fuck is that?

NUMBER ONE
Don't know. Witness. Want me to
kill her?

THE GHOST
I sure do.

Number One pulls out a PISTOL.

JOHNATHON
Run! To the car!

Johnathon stand up from the bushes, trying to distract the
gang as Kristen RUNS towards the car.

JOHNATHON
Hey! Over here, assholes!

THE GHOST
Another one? Who the fuck is he?

NUMBER TWO

Looks like another dead witness to me.

THE GHOST

Wait. I know who that is. It's that pussy reporter from the news, boys. A real life celebrity. Don't kill him. Mame him.

Number Two SHOTS Johnathon in the LEG.

JOHNATHON

FUCK!

The Ghost stalks towards the injured Johnathon, SMOKE ominously surrounding his body.

Kristen hides behind the car.

THE GHOST

Looky what we have here. Nosy newsman, Jermaine Jackson. I mean, Johnathon, right? Whatever. You got some real balls snooping around my whereabouts. What are you, some kind of super-people tracker? Trying to get a fucking exclusive with The Ghost like you did with that no-dick tyrant, The Arc? Your fifteen minutes of fame running thin? Goddamn loser.

Johnathon tries to PUNCH The Ghost but the SMOKE that surrounds him engulfs Johnathon's body, PINNING him to the ground.

THE GHOST

Feisty one, you are. Now, you are well aware that I could slice you from asshole to appetite if I so pleased but I need you alive. I need you to keep putting my name in the faces of all those stupid people. Spread my legend. Help them to see the truth before it's too late. I will kill as many and destroy as much as it takes to make them open their eyes and see what's really going on.

The Ghost looks over to the car where Kristen is hiding.

(CONTINUED)

THE GHOST
She, however, is expendable.

JOHNATHON
Don't you fucking touch her!

THE GHOST
Feel free to stop me if you can,
Peter Jennings.

The Ghost VANISHES into thin air.

He REAPPEARS behind Kristen.

THE GHOST
Hello, slut.

Before she can respond, The Ghost SNAPS her neck.

JOHNATHON
No!!!

THE GHOST
(laughing maniacally)
I guess you won't be giving out any
more of that sweet head, huh? Get
it? Who asked you, anyway? Number
One, let's roll, homie. I hear the
cops coming.

The Ghost again VANISHES, leaving behind nothing but a cloud
of smoke.

PATRICK (V.O)
Snap out of it, Peter Jennings.
About to go back on air.

FADE TO:

INT. UNDISCLOSED MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

Johnathon comes back to reality, giving Patrick a hateful
look.

PATRICK
Always daydream during commercial
breaks? That bored with your work?

JOHNATHON
Let me ask you something. This
story you're telling. Is it all
bullshit or just mostly?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

One hundred percent accurate.
Scout's honor. What do I have to
gain by lying? I've lived a life
people can only dream. And there's
the whole "soon-to-be-dead" thing.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Bishop POURS himself a cup of complementary COFFEE while
talking on his MOBILE PHONE.

BISHOP

(irate)

Don't give me this shit, right now,
Debbie! Don't you fucking do it! I
got enough crap on my table trying
to keep this station running so we
can afford all those luxuries you
so enjoy. I don't hear you
complaining when you're off burning
up those goddamn credit cards left
and right. I gotta go.

Bishop HANGS UP.

BISHOP

Fucking bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - FLASHBACK

DEBRIS is scattered about a desolate road. PIECES of
METAL...GLASS...

PATRICK (V.O)

We made love the night I returned.
It was amazing. I was so happy to
be back in her embrace.

TIRE RIM...

PATRICK (V.O)

I haven't slept as peacefully a
night since. Just having her there,
ya know? It was like Heaven. Love.
It seems so foreign to me these
days.

(CONTINUED)

SHATTERED HEADLIGHT...

PATRICK (V.O)

I filled her in on the little I remembered the next morning. Some of it came back in dreams. Nightmares, actually. We decided to go out for a drive together. It was a beautiful day. Had a nice picnic planned.

A CAR rests in the middle of the road, UPSIDE DOWN, WRECKED. A BLOODY Patrick slowly CRAWLS out of the driver's side WINDOW.

PATRICK (V.O)

Something very bad happened that day. Not just for me. Not just for my beautiful beloved. For the world.

Once out of the car, Patrick checks on Alice. She is trapped.

PATRICK

(panting; panicking)

Alice! Can you hear me, baby? Oh, shit. Shit, shit shit!

Patrick STRAINS to open the door to no avail. He keeps trying.

PATRICK

Stay with me. Please, stay with me! I'll get you out!

PATRICK (V.O)

I changed that day. Well, I had already been changed but something inside of me was...awakened.

Patrick RIPS the door off the frame of the car and HURLS it far into the air before pulling Alice from the wreckage.

He lays her down on the grass next to the road. He checks her PULSE.

PATRICK

(crying)

No, no, no. Don't go, Alice. This can't be happening! Goddamn it! Wake up, baby. Please, just fucking wake up! I'm sorry. I'm so sorry I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (cont'd)
left you alone. Forgive me. You're
all I got. Please God...

PATRICK (V.O)
God? Fuck God, okay? I grew up
praising his name all my damn life
to that point. When I was scared
shitless every night with a shotgun
next to my bed, I prayed. I loved
the lord despite all of the bad and
unfair bullshit he had put me
through. Even after I had been gone
so long, I thanked him for bringing
me back to my Alice. But, at that
very moment I knew there was no God
and if there was then I cursed his
fucking name for taking away the
only good thing I had left.

Patrick, realizing that Alice is dead, stands up and walks
over to the car. He PUNCHES it, denting the metal frame.

PATRICK (V.O)
For three years, a tombstone rested
over an empty grave proclaiming my
death but on that day, Patrick
Davis truly died. A monster was
born.

Another PUNCH. Another dent.

PATRICK (V.O)
All I felt was rage. And more rage.
And hatred. And pain. Pain I wanted
every single thing I came in
contact to feel. It never subsided.
Simply amounted. Until...I felt
nothing.

Patrick stops for a moment, takes another look at Alice's
lifeless body then begins rapidly PUNCHING the car again.
GLASS and METAL SHARDS FLY about.

PATRICK (V.O)
From that moment forth, I ceased
being a human being both in the
literal sense as well as emotional.
I had one solitary mission: destroy
everyone and everything. If Patrick
Davis died that sunny afternoon
then, goddamn it, he would haunt
this world until it burned with him

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (V.O) (cont'd)
in Hell. People may or may not
believe in God but I would make
them believe in a Ghost.

Patrick, having totally demolished the car, suddenly
DISAPPEARS into a CLOUD of SMOKE.

FADE TO:

INT. UNDISCLOSED MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

The crew is speechless. Jaws are dropped. A few TEARS
stream.

PATRICK
(sighs)
It would take me a few years to
fully understand and manipulate my
powers but, boy, once I did, the
party began. I never knew what
exactly triggered them until those
damn doctors implanted this chip in
me. Apparently, they are control by
my adrenal glands which are on
overdrive or something and have
been for twenty years. Go figure.
Anyway, that's how it all started.
Happy?

JOHNATHON
Uh, I don't really know what to
say. That was...something. I would
have never imagined. I'm...sorry
for your loss.

PATRICK
No, you're not. Let's just go to
commercial already so we can get to
the killing parts.

JOHNATHON
Okay. Very well, then. More with
The Ghost, Patrick Davis after
these words from our sponsors.

ORLANDO (O.S)
Cut.

PATRICK
I gotta piss.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Marissa sits in the back seat, struggling to overcome her intoxicated state as she rides home.

On the RADIO, the broadcast of the Ghost interview has just gone to commercial break.

NARRATOR

(re: radio)

Be sure to head to your local bookseller and pick up the number one best seller, "Gods or Demons" by Marissa Martin, the controversial and thought-provoking person accounts of the woman who took down the world most wanted man.

The CAB DRIVER looks back to check on Marissa.

CAB DRIVER

You okay, ma'am?

MARISSA

(slurring)

Yeah. Terrific. We almost there?

CAB DRIVER

About to pull up in a second. Hey, you look familiar. We met before.

MARISSA

(sarcastic)

Nice pick up line. Am I special or do you make all the ladies tingle inside on their drunken trips home?

CAB DRIVER

You don't have to be a bitch. I'm serious. You an actress or something?

MARISSA

Or something. I didn't mean to be rude. Long day. Long week. Long life.

CAB DRIVER

Ain't that the truth, lady? Well, we have arrived at your destination. You okay to make it up the stairs?

(CONTINUED)

MARISSA

I'm a tough gal. No offense, but I don't too much like the idea of a complete stranger escorting me to my home while I'm in a less-than-defensive position. Kinda got a phobia about being raped and killed and whatever else it is kids these days like. Again, nothing personal.

CAB DRIVER

(chuckles)

You're quite the character, miss. I hope your night gets better. Goodnight, gorgeous.

Marissa opens the door and hands the cab driver a ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

CAB DRIVER

Whoa, this is way too much. It's only twenty.

MARISSA

Keep it. I think you're nice. And I hate most people. Go buy yourself something strong to sip on. It's a celebration.

Marissa STAGGERS out of the cab.

CAB DRIVER

Celebration of what?

MARISSA

Duh. The devil is dead! Thanks to yours truly!

CAB DRIVER

Oh, that's it. You're that Martin lady who wrote the book about whats-his-cock.

MARISSA

(singing)

Who ya gonna call? Ghostbuster!
Right here, bitch.

Marissa starts DANCING wildly as the cab driver LAUGHS. She FALLS into some TRASH CANS.

(CONTINUED)

MARISSA
(laughing)
I'm fine. I'm fine. You didn't see
that.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDISCLOSED MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

Jonathon RUBS his eyes before placing his glasses back on his face. He is already drained and the interview has only just began.

Patrick returns.

PATRICK
Do you remember how I mentioned I
know everything there is to know
about you, Jonathon?

JOHNATHON
Sure.

PATRICK
I meant it. You are quite gifted,
aren't you? And I don't just mean
your uncanny ability to manipulate
people into revealing their
deepest, darkest secrets to the
world.

JOHNATHON
I don't know what you're talking
about.

PATRICK
I think you do. You're hiding a
secret from the world. One you
perhaps thought was "dead and
buried"...

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTIN INVESTIGATION AGENCY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The Arc exits Marissa's workplace frustrated.

PATRICK (V.O)
The relationship problems between
your and Miss Martin extend far
beyond your self-pity and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (V.O) (cont'd)
lackluster bedroom performances,
don't they?

The Arc sighs. As he walks away from the building, his FACE begins to MORPH. His features change dramatically. Gone is the powerful, square-jawed chiseled look. It is replaced by a depressed, underwhelming defeated face...

...of Jonathon Jackson.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDISCLOSED MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

Jonathon is overcome with a feeling of anxiety.

JOHNATHON
You're crazy.

PATRICK
True. But I'm no idiot. Well, I was
for a while apparently when it
comes to this. Don't worry, old
friend. Your secret is safe with
me. For now.

Jonathon calmly looks around the room. They are back on live TV in thirty seconds.

He clinches his fist trying to contain his mixed emotions.

Patrick looks down at Jonathon's hand and notices small SPARKS of ELECTRICITY crackling around his wristwatch.

PATRICK
(smirking)
Delightful. I missed you...Arc.

CUT TO BLACK

TO BE CONTINUED.