

BLACK MAMBA

by  
Upper Deck

(C) Copyright 2019

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

LUCINDA (30), in a gray hex-patterned techno body suit, sits in a wooden pew at the front of the stone church. She stares up at the huge carved statue of Christ on the cross. The anguish on Christ's face matches her own.

A few WORSHIPPERS pray at the bank of candles to one side. A few others sit quietly in the pews behind her.

A PRIEST comes up the aisle, stopping to kneel and cross himself before Christ. Lucinda wipes the tears from her face and composes herself as he passes in front of her.

ROGER (O.S.)

Um...excuse me.

Lucinda turns to find ROGER (10) standing at the end of the pew. He holds a card tightly in his hands.

A pained look flashes across Lucinda's face. She quashes it and nods with a forced smile.

ROGER

Would you sign my card?

Roger holds out the card. On it is a picture of a sleek black-armored woman slicing through a steel door with a glowing katana, the helmet styled like a snake's head. A small circle in the corner shows Lucinda's fiercely-determined face. At the bottom reads "BLACK MAMBA."

ROGER

You're my favorite Knight. Just two more wins and you'll be tied with Godkiller!

Lucinda takes the card. She looks at it sadly.

ROGER

I saw you battle against Red Typhoon. It was just down the street from my house.

LUCINDA

Did you know he was my friend?

Roger shakes his head.

ROGER

Could you make it out to Roger?

Lucinda takes the pen he offers and signs the card. She pushes both back at him.

ROGER  
I'm sorry you had to kill your  
friend. But I hope you win, Black  
Mamba.

She watches the boy return to his MOTHER. She nods a thank you to him.

The door of the church swings open. GODKILLER (35), a giant of a man, bald head tattooed with screaming skulls, fills the doorway with his muscled bulk. He wears the same techno body suit as Lucinda.

Lucinda frowns. She picks up her helmet from the pew and slips it over her head.

GODKILLER  
How appropriate that you face  
Godkiller in a church.

Warning chimes sound. The worshippers see their wrist bands are flashing yellow and run for the exits.

Black tendrils flow from the bottom of Lucinda's helmet, snaking down over her body, covering her from head to toe. The inky substance morphs and solidifies into the Black Mamba armor.

She glances at her right forearm. A small display shows a map with the church highlighted yellow in the center.

LUCINDA  
Those bastards sanctioned a battle  
in a church?

GODKILLER  
Maybe they want to renovate.

He slips on a green helmet. Green tendrils flow over his techno body suit, solidifying into an armored green behemoth with a skull face.

At the door, Roger squirms and tries to break free of his Mother's grasp, reaching for the pew they left behind.

Four drones with flashing lights buzz through over his head, positioning themselves at the four corners around the pews.

GODKILLER  
Show time.

Godkiller's right hand closes into a fist. Green tendrils flow from it, solidifying into a spiked mace.

Jets fire from his shoulders as he launches himself at Lucinda, closing the distance instantly. She barely manages to bend backwards as the mace sails past her visor.

Her hand extends. Black tendrils quickly form into her sword. It vibrates with a hum and begins to glow.

Godkiller swings his mace. Lucinda blocks, but his sheer strength sends her sailing into the pews. She crashes into them hard, smashing one.

She flips to her feet, sword ready to block. Godkiller leaps at her, mace held high ready to deliver a devastating two-handed blow.

Movement catches Lucinda's eye--

Roger ducks into the pew ahead of her. Right in Godkiller's path.

Lucinda leaps at Godkiller, closing the distance before he can finish his swing. She spin-kicks but he blocks it easily. The mace smashes down on her back, sending her crashing into the pew next to the cowering Roger.

ROGER

Black Mamba!

Lucinda gasps for breath.

LUCINDA

What are you doing here?

ROGER

I dropped my card!

Godkiller stomps down on Lucinda's chest, pinning her.

GODKILLER

I don't know why I was so worried about you. I thought you'd be tougher than this.

Roger rises to stand over Lucinda.

ROGER

Civilian. You have to hold.

Godkiller grabs Roger's arm and holds it up. The bracelet glows red.

GODKILLER

You had your chance to clear out.

Godkiller tosses Roger aside and raises his mace to strike. Lucinda grabs the foot pinning her, drives her knee into the back of his and twists, sending him crashing to the floor.

She skids over to Roger.

LUCINDA

Hang on!

Lucinda's armored boots flow into disc wheels. Jets fire from her shoulders and she launches forward holding Roger, skates up a wall to make the corner, and hurtles for the exit.

At the door she backflips, halting her forward motion just enough to drop Roger into his mother's arms--

And then she's off again, rocketing up the next corner, sword ready.

Godkiller studies her trajectory. He swings the mace--

The head propels towards her, attached to a chain. She can't avoid it. It smashes into the wall and she runs into the chain at full speed, sending her pinwheeling into the pulpit. The wooden structure crashes around her.

Godkiller retracts the chain, leaving a length exposed. He spins the mace head and advances on Lucinda.

GODKILLER

You may be fast, Black Mamba, but strength is all that matters.

Lucinda rises from the wreckage of the pulpit. She holds the broken body of the priest in her arms.

Godkiller stops.

GODKILLER

Aw, not the priest.

Lucinda drops the body. She extends her sword and walks slowly, deliberately towards Godkiller.

LUCINDA

You didn't have to fight me here.

GODKILLER

That's the game, sweet cheeks.  
It's what they pay for.

LUCINDA

I was going to quit.

GODKILLER

Ha! Yeah, sure.

Godkiller swings his mace at Lucinda's head. She dodges.

He whirls the mace in a flurry of swings. Lucinda ducks, weaves, pivots, and keeps advancing, forcing him back.

The mace spins like a shield before Godkiller, keeping her at bay.

He suddenly lunges forward with a powerful kick. Lucinda pivots aside and thrusts her sword up under his chin, through the top of his head.

The drones zoom in for a close-up as Godkiller collapses. Lucinda's sword dissolves. She shoves her middle fingers at a drone's camera and storms out of the wreckage of the church.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A crowd has gathered across the street, many holding up Godkiller or Black Mamba cards. When they see Lucinda, the Black Mamba fans scream in delight. The others moan and turn away, dejected.

Roger waves frantically at Lucinda, gives her a thumbs up. His mother mouths a tearful "thank you."

Her forearm beeps. The display shows a leaderboard with BLACK MAMBA at the top.

LUCINDA

It's what they pay for.

She highlights a massive stadium on her map.

LUCINDA

We'll see about that.

She extends both her arms. Two tendrils flit out and solidify into swords as she walks towards the stadium in the distance.

FADE OUT.