

BLUFF

Episode 103

"Rabbit In A Snowstorm"

OVER BLACK:

A deep, powerful RUMBLING penetrates the darkness. Building. Growing louder as it draws closer. CAMERA PULLS BACK out of the darkness, revealing --

1

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

1

-- we were in the BALL RETURN CHUTE of a bowling alley. The rumbling was from an EXPENSIVE BALL coming back up the chute.

A MEATY HAND constrained by a well-used WRIST POSITIONER retrieves the ball. CONTINUE PULLING BACK as the BOWLER turns to the lane for a throw.

He's just as meaty as his hand. Squat. Powerfully built. Wearing a dress shirt, tie loosened. Jacket thrown over a chair.

CONTINUE PULLING BACK to reveal TWO BRUISERS lounging as the man bowls. *Bodyguards*. Besides the Bowler and the Bodyguards, the bowling alley is deserted. The Bowler's lane is the only one still lit.

Pick up another MAN as we continue pulling back. His name is JOHN HEALY. Mid 30s. Athletic build. Wearing a windbreaker and an affable smile. HUMMING softly to himself.

\*

Follow Healy as he heads over to the counter to rent a pair of bowling shoes. He passes a PINBALL MACHINE plaintively FLASHING AND DINGING for attention.

Healy reaches the counter, smiles at the YOUNG WOMAN behind it spraying the insides of battered shoes.

HEALY

Hi. Can I get a twelve-and-a-half  
and a lane?

YOUNG WOMAN

Sorry. We're closing up.

Healy laughs in confusion, hooks a thumb at the Bowler and his associates.

HEALY

He's still playing.

YOUNG WOMAN

Mr. Prohaszka bowls when he wants.  
Worked it out with the owner.

(CONTINUED)

*Prohaszka.* The same man the Russians mentioned in the meeting in the unfinished skyscraper in Ep. 101. The man Wesley assured them his employer was negotiating with.

HEALY

Can I throw a few balls with him?

YOUNG WOMAN

You wanna ask, knock yourself out.

Healy's smile never falters. If anything, it brightens.

HEALY

I'll be right back.

The Young Woman shrugs as she heads into the back, not really giving a shit. Follow Healy as he heads over to Prohaszka, the Bowler. His Bodyguards rise like twin towers of doom.

HEALY (CONT'D)

Hi. Excuse me. I was wondering if maybe I could join you for a couple of games?

Prohaszka turns, ball in hand. His face carved from solid unpleasantness.

PROHASZKA

Private game. You mind?

HEALY

No, hey, sorry. It's just I was really looking forward to throwing a few balls --

PROHASZKA

(to Bodyguards)

Get this moron out of my face.

HEALY

Hey, come on --

Bodyguard #1 grabs Healy. Healy suddenly explodes, twisting Bodyguard #1's arm and slamming his face into the edge of the scorekeeping desk. Bodyguard #1 goes down.

Bodyguard #2 reacts -- too late. Healy chops him in the throat and throws him head first into a rack of bowling balls. Bodyguard #2 goes down. Elapsed time? *Seconds.*

Prohaszka whirls, ball still in his hands as Healy whips a BLACK AUTOMATIC HANDGUN out from under his windbreaker. Prohaszka freezes, staring down the barrel.

(CONTINUED)

1 BLUFF - EPISODE 103  
CONTINUED: (2)

PINK DRAFT - 7/22/14

3.

1

HEALY (CONT'D)

You got a bad attitude, friend.

His finger tightens on the trigger and --

SMASH TO BLACK:

A CHYRON informs us it's now:

"36 HOURS EARLIER"

2

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

2

A RECTANGULAR CONTAINER with GERMAN MARKINGS is cracked open, revealing GUNS IN PACKING MATERIAL. This is one of the containers Turk was unloading at the end of Episode 101.

TURK (O.S.)

Love that smell.

A hand reaches in, pulls out one of the guns. Follow it up to the appreciative, battered face of TURK BARRETT. Still recovering from the vicious beating Matt gave him in Ep. 101. He inhales the scent of the gun.

TURK (CONT'D)

Metal and oil. *Fresh*, never been fired. Here, take a whiff...

He hands the gun to John Healy. Wearing the same windbreaker from the bowling alley. But that sunny disposition? *Gone*.

HEALY

Like a good revolver better. No chance of those jamming up.

TURK

Man, look at this...

He takes the gun back from Healy.

TURK (CONT'D)

This is top of the line. I guarantee this baby will not jam. Or my name ain't Turk Barrett.

A winning grin flashes across Turk's mangled face.

SMASH BACK TO:

3

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

3

Healy's finger squeezes the trigger and *CLICK*. The gun *JAMS*.

(CONTINUED)



Prohaszka sucks air, his heart jump-starting as he shoves his bowling ball at Healy. \*

The ball slams into Healy. Healy grunts, the gun tumbling from his hand. \*

Prohaszka is on him in a flash, raining blows from ham-sized fists. He's a strong bastard, and just as tough as he looks.

But Healy's no lightweight. He counters, trading blows with the bigger man. \*

Prohaszka howls in rage, grabbing Healy into a choke hold. Healy gasps for air as Prohaszka hisses in his ear. \*

PROHASZKA

This is how he negotiates? Huh?  
You tell that fat --

Healy flips Prohaszka off him, slamming him to the ground. Healy rams his knee into Prohaszka's groin as he gets on top of him. Prohaszka gasps in agony. \*

Healy grabs the fallen bowling ball and raises it over his head. Prohaszka's eyes go wide as Healy *BRINGS IT DOWN ON HIS HEAD*. We don't see the impact. We just hear the *SICKENING CRUNCH*. \*

Healy breathes hard, exhausted from the ordeal. He feels eyes watching him. Glances across the bowling alley to -- \*

The Young Woman, who's reappeared behind the shoe rental counter. She has the phone pressed to her ear, saying something into it we can't hear.

Healy locks eyes with her. A frozen moment. She drops the phone and takes off into the back. \*

POLICE SIRENS WAIL, drawing closer. The Young Woman must have called 911.

Healy sighs, his eyes falling on his gun. He retrieves it, scanning the bowling alley for a place to hide it. The *DINGING PINBALL MACHINE* catches his attention. \*

He calmly walks over to the machine as the wail of the SIRENS rises. Wedges the gun behind the machine.

Healy walks back to Prohaszka's body. Gets on his knees. Locks his fingers behind his head as *CRUISER CHERRY LIGHTS* flash from outside. \*

(CONTINUED)

3 BLUFF - EPISODE 103  
CONTINUED: (2)

YELLOW PAGES - 7/24/14

5.

3

STAY ON HEALY as we hear the front doors crash open. The  
pounding of feet. The shouts of POLICE OFFICERS.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)  
On the ground! Get on the ground!  
Now!

Healy looks up at the unseen Officer. Calm. Unfazed.

HEALY  
I want a lawyer.

SMASH TO MAIN  
TITLE:

### *Daredevil*

FADE IN:

4 EXT. GARDEN - CHURCH - MORNING

4

CLOSE ON MATT MURDOCK, sitting on a bench. In his suit and  
tie. White cane in hand. Red glasses barely hiding an UGLY  
BRUISE tattooing his eye. Lost in thought. \*

FATHER LANTOM (O.S.)  
You're Jack Murdock's kid, aren't  
you?

ADJUST to find FATHER LANTOM coming up behind Matt. Lantom  
sees Matt tighten at being recognized.

FATHER LANTOM (CONT'D)  
It's all right. Seal of  
Confession. Anything you said  
during the Sacrament of Penance  
stays between us. Could've killed  
ten people, I can't tell anyone.

MATT  
That seem fair to you?

FATHER LANTOM  
(shrugs)  
Is what it is.

Matt musters a half hearted smile as he rises.

MATT  
I have to get to work.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER LANTOM

Yeah, me too. Wouldn't mind a cup of coffee first though. Chamber of Commerce donated one of those fancy espresso machines, for meetings and such. I make a heck of a latte, you're interested...

Matt wavers. Desperately needing to unburden himself. To share his mounting uncertainty over the spiritual cost of his nocturnal activities.

No. Too much of a risk.

MATT

Some other time maybe.

Matt starts to head off, mindful to tap the ground in front of him with his cane. Appearances must be kept.

FATHER LANTOM

Seemed you had a lot on your mind, last time you were here. Sure you don't want that latte?

MATT

(a beat, soft)

You take care of yourself, father.

Matt moves off. Lantom watches him go, knowing a troubled soul when he sees one...

**EXT. FERRY LANDING - MORNING**

A ferry blows its horn as it crosses the Hudson River. SILVIO, a weather-beaten old timer (late 60s), watches from a bench.

BEN URICH, early 60s, walks over from the parking lot and sits on the bench with him. The two men stare out across the water, not looking at each other.

SILVIO

Thought you'd forgotten about me, Urich.

\*  
\*

BEN

Never happen.

SILVIO

I dunno.

(a bittersweet truth)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILVIO (CONT'D)

People's memories these days. They  
ain't so good.

(CONTINUED)



Ben smiles. He's an educated man, but prides himself on being able to talk to busboys as well as Senators. Silvio is no exception. He's a hardened criminal but they've always found common ground.

Silvio looks at the Manhattan skyline through the early morning fog.

SILVIO (CONT'D)

Back in the day, I couldn't wait to see this view. Me and the boys, driving in on Friday nights. Kings of the castle.

BEN

Kings don't have bodies in the trunk.

SILVIO

Tell that to Macbeth.

Silvio laughs. There's history here. Maybe even friendship.

BEN

What's this about you moving to Florida?

Silvio sobers a bit.

SILVIO

You hear about Rigoletto?

BEN

Heard he retired.

SILVIO

Yeah. In pieces.

Ben clocks the worry etched into Silvio's face.

BEN

Somebody putting it to you?

SILVIO

(that's off limits)  
You know the rules.

BEN

Is it the Russians? Did Rigoletto --

(CONTINUED)

**BLUFF** - EPISODE 103  
CONTINUED:

PINK DRAFT - 7/22/14

16A.

8

8

All we get is a glimpse of the man's POWERFUL HAND and the  
ORNATE, WEATHERED CUFFLINKS he's wearing.

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

It's been taken care of, sir --

Wesley closes the door and WHOMP! Everything inside goes silent. *Soundproofed*. The SUVs pull away.

Matt grimaces, feeling his side (where he was stabbed in Ep. 102). BLOOD has bloomed on his shirt along his rib cage where Claire patched him up.

Matt stands on the busy corner. Bleeding. His suspicions about this case mounting. The sounds of the city rise all around him, swallowing him up as we --

SMASH TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - 15TH PRECINCT - DAY

Foggy sits at the interrogation table, riffling through the folder Wesley gave him. Taking notes.

FOGGY

So. What exactly happened, Mr. Healy? In your own words.

Foggy looks up across the table where John Healy, the hitman from the bowling alley, sits calmly. His face bruised from the fight with Prohaszka.

HEALY

All I wanted was to throw a few balls. The lady at the shoe counter'll tell you the same.

FOGGY

(scanning file)

She also says you crushed the deceased's skull with a bowling ball.

HEALY

Self-defense. The man and his whatever they were threatened my life.

FOGGY

They threatened you how? Verbally? Physically?

HEALY

Which sounds better?

Foggy pauses, the reply catching him off guard.

(CONTINUED)

FOGGY

Excuse me?

HEALY

They threatened me both verbally  
and physically.

Foggy jots that down, a cold feeling creeping up the back of  
his neck.

FOGGY

You say you didn't know and have  
never met Mr...  
(checks file)  
... Prohaszka prior to last night?

HEALY

No. But I do regret any injurious  
consequences my actions may have  
caused.

Foggy absorbs the wording.

FOGGY

You've got quite the legal  
vocabulary, Mr. Healy. Would I be  
right in assuming this isn't your  
first rodeo?

HEALY

I had issues. Worked 'em out.

Healy smiles warmly. It looks genuine. Which only serves to  
chill Foggy even more. He flips his notebook closed.

FOGGY

Mr. Healy, on second thought,  
perhaps our firm isn't the right  
fit for you --

Matt enters, wearing a fresh shirt.

MATT

Sorry I'm late.

FOGGY

No, no that's --  
(please follow my lead)  
I was just telling Mr. Healy here  
we have a full caseload right now,  
so I'm going to recommend that --

(CONTINUED)

MATT

We'd be happy to represent you, Mr.  
Healy.

\*

FOGGY

What?

MATT

We're taking the case.

Matt sits down, ready to get to work.

MATT (CONT'D)

Let's start from the beginning.  
Tell me everything you know.

OFF the double meaning...

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - NEW YORK BULLETIN - DAY

Ben Urich's office is cluttered but not messy. There are newspaper clippings push-pinned into corkboards, stacks of notebooks, and phone books in a corner. (Who still uses those? Exactly.)

On one wall, some articles are even framed -- but he hasn't done that in a while.

Ben is on the phone, frustrated.

BEN

(into phone)

I understand the policy has an  
allotment of days, but last time we  
spoke, I was told I could request  
an extension --

(trying to remain calm)

This was last month, yes.

He grabs a pen, jotting something down.

BEN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What's the new form called?

(then)

From the --

(with disdain)

Website. Of course. Thanks.

Ben hangs up. ELLISON (40s, put-together) peeks his head in, carrying a couple folders.

(CONTINUED)



ELLISON

Hey. Insurance talk?

Ben nods. Doesn't want to talk about it. Especially not to Ellison.

ELLISON (CONT'D)

The worst, isn't it? I remember with my kid's braces.

BEN

Yeah.

Ellison is the editor of the *New York Bulletin*. He spends lots of time worrying about how to keep this paper afloat when so many others are drowning. Some might say he spends *too much* time doing that.

ELLISON

Got a minute to talk about next week's spread?

BEN

Already working on it.

ELLISON

(less than thrilled)

Another organized crime thing?

BEN

All of Hell's Kitchen.

(here's the pitch)

The Russians have been getting pounded. There's a new player on the scene and no one knows who it is or what they want. Everyone's scrambling --

ELLISON

Your assignment's the City desk, Ben.

BEN

This is the city. No one else is on this yet. I'm the only one who sees it.

ELLISON

It isn't sexy.

BEN

We're a newspaper, Ellison. Not a girlie mag.

(CONTINUED)

ELLISON

You know that's not what I mean.  
And nobody calls 'em that anymore.

BEN

It's not just the Russians. I  
think maybe the Union Allied  
scandal might tie into this --

ELLISON

And you know what that exposé did  
for circulation? Dick with a side  
of who gives a shit.

BEN

This is a real story --

ELLISON

And it's gonna end the same as it  
always does. Bunch of old fat guys  
sitting around in white-collar  
prison with more old fat guys.

BEN

The cops aren't even on this yet.  
We could be the ones who connect  
the dots --

ELLISON

That doesn't sell papers. Not  
anymore. I want you on the subway  
line story.

He hands the folders to Ben. Ben grimaces, eyeing the note  
paperclipped to the top one.

BEN

"Rumors Bubbling, Will Hell's  
Kitchen Finally Get A Subway Line?"  
Come on, we tell that one every  
year.

ELLISON

And it kills.

BEN

For a fluff piece.

ELLISON

You wanna be on the ground? Talk  
to the people? Take a poll. What  
color would they like?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELLISON (CONT'D)

We've got a yellow line, we've got a blue line, we're running out of colors --

BEN

Like m&m's?

ELLISON

See? You're gonna write the hell out of this.

BEN

There was a time when the people in this building wrote the hell out of the news.

ELLISON

Everyone we know is making twice what we are writing for blogs and working from home in their underwear. We're hanging on by our fingertips, Ben. You really want to be greasing the ledge?

Ben glowers. But knows he's right.

ELLISON (CONT'D)

Make it visual. I'll have Graphics drum up a chart.

Ellison starts to leave, pauses. He isn't a bad guy. He's just not a good guy, either.

ELLISON (CONT'D)

I'll put a call in to the insurance drones. See what I can do, okay?

Ellison exits. OFF BEN, weariness and defeat crushing as he stares at the folders of shit that just landed on his desk...

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - 15TH PRECINCT - DAY**

Matt interviews Healy while Foggy takes notes.

\*

MATT

Would you like us to reiterate the terms of attorney-client privilege, Mr. Healy?

\*

HEALY

Think I got it.

\*

MATT

Then you know anything you tell us  
stays in this room.

HEALY

Just like church.

MATT

You must be a very important man.

HEALY

That a question?

MATT

Statement. Not every day a global  
investment firm picks up the tab  
for a murder suspect.

HEALY

Self-defense.

MATT

I wonder if you could shed some  
light on the man who hired us to  
represent you.

HEALY

Don't think I can, counselor.

MATT

Can't or you won't?

FOGGY

(interjecting)

Maybe we should be focusing on  
details pertinent to the case...?

MATT

I'm trying to build a solid  
defense, and the connection between  
Mr. Healy and the man who came to  
our offices might just help us  
prove his innocence --

FOGGY

How?

MATT

Maybe they're old friends. Maybe  
he's a character witness.

(to Healy)

Or maybe you were in his employment  
at the time of the incident.

(CONTINUED)

HEALY

Just wanted to throw a few balls,  
like I keep saying.

MATT

You go bowling often, Mr. Healy?

HEALY

When the mood hits.

MATT

And the deceased, he had no motive  
that you recall?

HEALY

No.

FOGGY

You didn't provoke him,  
intentionally or otherwise?

HEALY

We breaking for lunch anytime soon?

MATT

Are you at all afraid of what might  
happen if we lose this case, Mr.  
Healy?

HEALY

(pointed)

No. Are you?

A tense beat.

FOGGY

Matt? A word, please...?

Foggy pulls Matt aside, hisses into his ear. Their exchange  
is hushed. Barely audible.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

We should not be doing this.

MATT

Doing what?

FOGGY

Defending professional criminals.

MATT

You're the one who keeps saying we  
need real clients.

(CONTINUED)



FOGGY

That isn't a client. It's a shark in a skin suit. You pegged it back in the office. There's something off about this whole thing.

MATT

We agreed to represent him, Foggy. We're going to try this case. And let a jury take it from there.

Matt moves back to the table, sits. Foggy reluctantly follows, not happy.

MATT (CONT'D)

Mr. Healy, I suggest we waive criminal procedure law 180.80 and give the DA more time to explore a plea. In the meantime, the best thing for you to do is to be forthcoming with us. Together we'll confront the charges honestly, openly, and within the moral confines of the law. That sound good to you?

HEALY

No.

FOGGY

Excuse me?

HEALY

I want to force the 180.80 date. If I'm indicted -- which we know I will be -- you'll waive all hearings and discovery and go directly to trial.

\*

A stunned beat. Healy smiles at Foggy.

HEALY (CONT'D)

Not my first rodeo, remember?

MATT

You'll need to testify.

HEALY

I'm just going to have faith in our judicial system. And you are going to do your jobs.

(CONTINUED)

11      **BLUFF** - EPISODE 103  
CONTINUED: (4)

GREEN PAGES - 7/29/14

25A.

11

MATT  
That simple?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

HEALY

That simple. Oh, and the man who hired you? All you need to know is that his check is gonna clear.

That practiced warm smile bends Healy's lips.

PRE-LAP: The sound of a PINBALL machine DINGING...

12 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

12

CLOSE ON the pinball machine Healy hid the gun behind. The silver ball bounces off BUMPERS, racking up points.

WIDEN TO REVEAL a big FRAT BOY TYPE working the paddles. His just-as-fucking-big BUDDY swills a beer as he watches.

ADJUST to find Wesley walking up. He stands there for a moment. Subtly leans in to try to take a peek behind the machine.

FRAT BOY

Wait your turn, man.

Wesley stares for a beat. He reaches under his jacket... and pulls out A SINGLE QUARTER. Places it on the machine.

WESLEY

I got next.

OFF WESLEY, patiently waiting his turn...

TIME CUT TO:

\*

13 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

13\*

Looking through the front doors into the bowling alley. Wesley appears, having had his turn -- and gotten what he came for. He exits, tucking Healy's gun under his jacket.

\*

\*

\*

14 INT. RECEPTION - NELSON AND MURDOCK - DAY

14

We hear Foggy's voice outside in the hallway. It is not a happy sound.

FOGGY (O.S.)

You wanna tell me what the hell's going on with you? First you decide we're...

Matt enters through the office door. Foggy on his heels.

(CONTINUED)

FOGGY (CONT'D)

... taking the case -- unilaterally  
-- then you cross-examine the guy  
like we're playing Bad Cop/Worse  
Cop --

(CONTINUED)

MATT

If we want to keep the lights on,  
we have to take some cases for the  
money. You were right about that.

FOGGY

For the record, this is the first  
time you have ever said I was  
right. I hate it.

Matt sighs, feeling the same -- for different reasons.

MATT

Sometimes we have to do things we  
aren't proud of.

FOGGY

Yeah. But this *can't* become what  
we do.

MATT

I know.

FOGGY

And we have to be on the same team.  
Making decisions. *Together*.

MATT

(genuine)

Got carried away. I'm sorry.

Foggy accepts that at face value. Exhales, trying to figure  
out their next step.

FOGGY

Okay, so assuming he's indicted --  
which, yeah -- it's on the D.A. to  
prove beyond a reasonable doubt it  
wasn't self-defense. The shoe  
girl's DD5 says she didn't come out  
of the back room until after the  
fight had started, so that helps  
us.

\*

MATT

What about Prohaszka's men?

Foggy checks the file.

FOGGY

They lawyered up. Wouldn't give a  
5.

(CONTINUED)



MATT

Since when do the *victims* of an assault not give a statement?

FOGGY

(shrugs)

Another chit in our favor. Plus Healy's pretty banged up. Argue defensive wounds, which makes it look more like a fight and less like an execution.

\*

MATT

You open, I'll sum up. And we should cash that check, have Karen see what she can find out about Confederated Global.

FOGGY

Right --

Foggy realizes the office is empty.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

Where the hell is she?

OFF the question...

**INT. UPSCALE LAW OFFICE - DAY**

Marble-top tables. Fogged glass and embossed letterhead. The opposite of Nelson & Murdock in every way.

Karen sits across from a LAWYER, 40s, the kind of guy who says shit like "I could never live anywhere but Manhattan."

The letter she read at the top of the episode is resting before her, crumpled from being read and reread all day.

\*

LAWYER

(re: the letter)

It's a fairly simple form. Here you agree, in writing, to never again disclose information regarding your former employer -- the dissolved entity known as Union Allied Construction -- or any of its affiliates. Upon execution of this agreement, the corporate interests, as they currently exist, agree not to pursue legal action against you --

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

Against me?

LAWYER

You signed a non-disclosure  
agreement the day you were hired,  
Ms. Page.

KAREN

Everyone did.

LAWYER

Not everyone broke that agreement  
and distributed confidential  
information --

KAREN

I exposed criminal activity --

LAWYER

And had you taken that information  
to any law enforcement agency, your  
rights may have been protected.

He holds up a NEWSPAPER, referencing the article Ben wrote in  
Ep. 101.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

But instead you went to the *New  
York Bulletin*, a privately-owned  
news organization.

KAREN

I had nothing to do with that  
article.

LAWYER

So the file you *illegally* removed  
from the premises of Union Allied  
wasn't the same one Mr. Urich  
refers to in this?

Karen tightens, says nothing.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

You see how this complicates  
things, yes?

KAREN

Daniel Fisher was murdered and your  
clients --

(CONTINUED)

LAWYER

I assure you that any illegal activity associated with Union Allied has been dealt with, thanks very much to you.

KAREN

(sarcastic)

You're welcome.

LAWYER

This contract is consistent with the codes of the State of New York, meant to protect everyone involved. Including you.

She mulls it over. Not sold. He slides the paperwork over.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

If you'd like, you can take these to your own representatives, but I'm fairly certain they'll advise you to sign it. And as a show of good faith, my clients would like to offer you a lump sum of six month's salary.

Not what Karen expected.

KAREN

For what?

LAWYER

For all your help in the matter. And any stress these events may have caused --

KAREN

Stress? Somebody tried to kill me.

LAWYER

And while my clients acknowledge no involvement with that individual or claim legal responsibility for his actions, they do feel it is their non-binding moral obligation to offer you a chance at rebuilding your life.

A beat. Karen knows what that really means.

(CONTINUED)

SILVIO

The rules. You go first. Then  
maybe I got something to say. Way  
it's always been.

Ben exhales. The rules, then.

BEN

The Russians got a bee up their  
ass. Somebody's been hitting them.  
Hard. Mostly around the docks.

SILVIO

Wasn't Rigoletto, that what you're  
thinking.

Ben processes that.

BEN

So who we looking at?

SILVIO

You tell me.

Ben frowns. Never easy with this guy.

BEN

I don't know. Been scratching at  
it...

(shrugs)

Police reports get altered. Public  
records too. But I know a pattern  
when it shoves a thumb in my eye.

(a beat)

New player, maybe?

Silvio looks out across the water. Eyes filled with distant  
longing for the days of yesteryear.

SILVIO

(soft)

Used to be, if you killed a man  
you'd send his wife flowers. Now,  
they just send his wife with him.

Ben studies him carefully.

BEN

You know something. Don't you?

SILVIO

Yeah. Florida's beautiful this  
time of year.

(CONTINUED)



BEN

The rules. I tell you what I know,  
then --

SILVIO

There are no rules, Benny. Not  
anymore.

Silvio rises.

BEN

So that's it? That's all I get?

Silvio pauses.

SILVIO

When I went away to do my ten,  
every paper in town dragged my name  
through the shit. But you're the  
only one who did it without  
mentioning my kids. Always  
grateful for that.

BEN

Then give me something. A name.  
Anything...

Silvio tightens, a glimmer of fear flashing in his eyes.

SILVIO

Take a pass on this one, Benny.  
Some fights'll just leave you  
bloody.

Silvio musters a weak smile, heads back to his car. Ben  
looks out across the water, a creeping unease settling deep  
within his gut...

**INT. RECEPTION - NELSON AND MURDOCK - DAY**

KAREN sits at her desk, her eyes tensely scanning a letter  
she just opened. She quickly stuffs it in her purse as FOGGY  
enters through the front door. Nursing a cup of cheap donut  
house coffee. Looking like death warmed over.

FOGGY

You know that whole "let's stay out  
all night" thing?

KAREN

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)



FOGGY

How 'bout next time we skip the  
part with the eel.

Karen laughs, trying to hide how much the letter has rattled  
her.

KAREN

Deal.

FOGGY

Hey, what do you think about  
getting a sign on the door?

KAREN

We have a sign.

FOGGY

I mean a real one.

KAREN

Think we need some clients first.

FOGGY

One little sign. What's it gonna  
cost?

KAREN

You can barely afford to pay me.

FOGGY

I thought you were working for  
free?

KAREN

I did. For a day.

Foggy glowers, but his attention's drawn to Matt as he  
enters.

FOGGY

Hey, you know she's not really free  
-- Jesus. What happened to your  
eye?

Karen comes around her desk, concerned.

KAREN

You okay?

MATT

Yeah, just wasn't paying attention  
last night. My fault.

(CONTINUED)

FOGGY

You need a dog.

MATT

I'm not getting a dog.

FOGGY

To help you out.

MATT

Foggy --

FOGGY

What, you don't like dogs? Who  
don't like dogs?

KAREN

I love dogs.

FOGGY

Everybody loves dogs --

A KNOCK interrupts. A beat.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

Was that a knock?

MATT

Someone's at the door.

FOGGY

Our door?

MATT

Karen...?

Karen goes to the door, opens it. REVEAL WESLEY standing on  
the other side. Leather document bag in his hand. Warm  
smile bending his lips.

WESLEY

Hi. Do you take walk-ins?

OFF the question...

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NELSON AND MURDOCK - DAY

Wesley sits across from Matt and Foggy, giving his spiel.  
Karen sits off to the side, taking notes.

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

I represent a consortium of diversified interests in the private sector, both domestic and international. From time to time, we scout the landscape for promising talent to put on retainer.

Foggy perks up.

FOGGY

Retainer?

MATT

Why are you approaching us? Why not a larger firm, Mr...?

WESLEY

Confederated Global Investments is my employer.

MATT

Not what I was asking.

WESLEY

It's the only name relevant to this discussion, Mr. Murdock.

MATT

So why us?

FOGGY

(to Matt)

Obviously, the larger firms aren't able to provide the hands-on attention that we pride ourselves on at Nelson & Murdock.

Wesley waves it away.

WESLEY

It's a fair question.

(to Matt)

I'm here because my employer does extensive business in Hell's Kitchen, and who knows it better than two local boys who graduated from Columbia Law...

(to Foggy)

... cum laude...

(to Matt)

... and *summa* cum laude --

(CONTINUED)

FOGGY

The *summa* part is politics.

WESLEY

You set up shop right here in your backyard. Despite the fact that both of you were made a very lucrative offer from Landman & Zack in Manhattan where you interned.

MATT

You've done your homework.

WESLEY

My employer expects no less.

MATT

Then forgive me for being blunt.

FOGGY

Blunt's a strong word --

WESLEY

In my line of work, I find it refreshing.

MATT

What is that line of work, exactly?

FOGGY

What my partner's trying to say is we're still building a practice, so we're very particular about our clientele.

WESLEY

I assure you all my employer wants is for you to continue to be ethical, decent men.

(simply)

Good lawyers.

Wesley takes an envelope out of his breast pocket, slides it across the table.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

And for that -- for nothing more than your exceptional skills and your discretion -- you will be fairly compensated.

(CONTINUED)

Foggy opens the envelope. There's a check inside, embossed with the legend CONFEDERATED GLOBAL INVESTMENTS. We don't see how much it's for, but by Foggy's reaction it's a goodly sum.

FOGGY  
That's -- uh huh. Very -- very fair.

WESLEY  
Your partner doesn't seem convinced.

MATT  
Like Foggy said. We're particular about our clientele.

WESLEY  
I'm curious. With your "clientele," do they all end up working for you after you get them off for murder? Or just the pretty ones?

Wesley smiles at Karen. Karen tenses.

MATT  
(to Karen)  
Give us a minute, please.

Karen flips her notebook closed. She eyes Wesley as she exits, not liking this man at all.

WESLEY  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset --

MATT  
How did you know about Ms. Page's situation? She was never charged. There was nothing in the papers.

WESLEY  
I have friends on the force. I hear I'm not the only one.

He smiles at Foggy, referring to Foggy's relationship with Brett Mahoney. Foggy squirms. The hell does he know that? \*

FOGGY  
I think we might be veering off the subject.

(CONTINUED)



WESLEY

I understand your concerns, Mr. Murdock. Perhaps you should review one of our cases before you make a decision. Peace of mind and whatnot.

FOGGY

That sounds like a fantastic idea. Matthew?

\*

Matt considers it. There's something about Wesley. What he knows about Karen...

MATT

What harm could it do?

WESLEY

Excellent.

Wesley checks his watch as he stands. It's expensive. Sweep second hand. Unique.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

You have thirty-eight minutes to get to the Precinct 15.

Foggy bolts up in surprise.

FOGGY

What -- now? What's the case?

Wesley slips a FILE out of his bag, drops it on the table.

WESLEY

Everything you need is in this file. Thank you for your time.

Wesley turns to exit.

FOGGY

No, thank you. Thank you very --

As soon as Wesley's out the door Foggy hisses at Matt.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you?

MATT

He wouldn't even give us his name, Foggy.

(CONTINUED)

FOGGY

You wouldn't care if you could see  
the zeroes on this check.

MATT

Maybe you would, if you couldn't.

Foggy frowns, snatching up the file.

FOGGY

Come on. We don't have much time.

MATT

I'll meet you there.

Matt heads for the door.

FOGGY

Meet me --? The hell are you  
going? Matt --

Foggy fumbles the file, spilling documents across the floor.  
He quickly tries to scoop them up.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

Matt, wait up. Matt --

But he's already gone.

**EXT. STREETS - HELL'S KITCHEN - DAY**

Wesley walks down the block. A steady, measured pace. Not  
rushing, but with a purpose. He checks his WATCH.

ECU on WESLEY'S WATCH as the sweep hand clicks off seconds.  
Each click landing with a resounding BOOM.

REVEAL Matt thirty feet behind him, following. The ticks of  
Wesley's watch clear and loud even from this distance. White  
cane in hand as he expertly maneuvers through the bustle of  
the city.

In the background the observant viewer may notice one of  
Madame Gao's BLINDED CHINESE DRUG RUNNERS with a battered  
BLACK AND RED BACKPACK climb into a cab. The legend on the  
door reads: VELES TAXI. A RUSSIAN is behind the wheel.

Wesley reaches a BLACK SUV (part of an identical three SUV  
security convoy) parked at the end of the block, bookended by  
two IDENTICAL BLACK SUVS. He opens the door and slides in  
across from a LARGE MAN shrouded in shadow in the backseat.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

15

KAREN

(soft)

As long as I keep my mouth shut.

LAWYER

From this point on, yes. It's a  
clean slate, Ms. Page. A chance to  
put it all behind you.

(simply)

Isn't that what you want?

It's exactly what she wants. She stares at the paperwork.  
OFF the temptation...

16

EXT. METRO-GENERAL HOSPITAL - HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

16

To establish...

17

INT. OFFICE - METRO-GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

17

Ben stands before SHIRLEY, 50s, a hospital administrator  
who's clearly overworked. We can tell from their tone and  
familiarity that they've had this conversation before.

He holds some forms and a paper bag.

SHIRLEY

Private rooms are hard to come by,  
Ben. Especially this time of year.

BEN

She can't be in a communal. She  
needs hands-on --

SHIRLEY

After this much time, you're lucky  
they're covering you at all.

BEN

They said in some cases it's  
possible to get an extension.

SHIRLEY

They say a lot of crap. Mostly to  
get you off the phone.

BEN

(re: his forms)

I already filled out the forms. I  
just need you to approve them.

(CONTINUED)

SHIRLEY

That's only the first step.  
There're a thousand more after  
that, and I've got a hospital to  
run. If I stopped to fill out  
every appeal --

BEN

(soft)

They're going to cut her off,  
Shirley. It isn't her fault.

Shirley can't help but take pity.

SHIRLEY

Not like we're throwing her out on  
the street.

BEN

Not yet. But next thing you know,  
the communal ward is at capacity,  
then she gets pushed to an out-  
patient facility. This isn't about  
me wanting anything lavish or -- I  
know there's a limit to what you  
can do, to what I can afford. I  
just want to make sure she can  
rest, so she can get better.  
(simply)  
So she can come home.

A beat. Shirley takes the damn paperwork.

SHIRLEY

Five days. That's all this'll buy  
you.

BEN

And the appeal?

SHIRLEY

No promises, okay. Now get the  
hell out of my office. I've got an  
outbreak of measles 'cause idiot  
parents don't want to vaccinate and  
my best nurse is out sick with who  
the hell knows --

Ben puts the paper bag on her desk.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

What's this?

(CONTINUED)



17

17

BEN  
Cheese blintz. From that place you  
like.

SHIRLEY  
You should've led with that.

BEN  
That'd be cheating.

They share a smile as Ben slips out the door.

18

INT. QUIET WARD - METRO-GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

18

Ben walks down a dimly lit hall, only slightly relieved, but  
that's enough to get him through tonight.

He nods as he crosses paths with NORMA, a sympathetic nurse  
carrying fresh linens.

NORMA  
She had a good day.

BEN  
Yeah?

NORMA  
She was up for half an hour. Asked  
about you.

Ben smiles, quietly walking in to see --

19

INT. ROOM - METRO-GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

19

A SLEEPING PATIENT. A woman in her 50s. Sickly but not on  
her death bed. Someone mid-struggle. Someone with plenty of  
fight left in her. Ben sits down, gently takes her hand.

Her name is DORIS, and judging from the way he's looking at  
her, she's the love of his life.

20

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NELSON AND MURDOCK - NIGHT

20

Matt and Foggy are burning the midnight oil, trying to build  
a defense. Remnants of CHINESE FOOD CONTAINERS litter the  
table. Foggy stares bleary eyed at his laptop. Exhaustion  
hangs heavy.

MATT  
Let's pull section 35.15 of the  
penal.



FOGGY  
(typing)  
Section 35.15...

MATT  
Read the practice insights, then  
the CJI on self defense. Let's  
take our facts and fit them to the  
CJI and the statute.

A beat.

MATT (CONT'D)  
You got the insights?

FOGGY  
Still loading. We need better wi-  
fi.

MATT  
We need better *everything*.

FOGGY  
Let's do that. Let's win cases and  
be popular and make money.

MATT  
It's not about that, Foggy.

FOGGY  
I know.  
(a beat)  
But it could be. Just a little. A  
smidge.

\*

Karen pokes her head in.

KAREN  
Hey. Wi-fi's acting weird.

MATT  
You find out anything on Confed  
Global?

KAREN  
It's a subsidiary of a holding  
company of a loan-out to a holding  
subsidiary and on and on and on.  
But that dickhead's check cleared  
in about two seconds.

MATT  
There's your money.

(CONTINUED)

Foggy glowers, the source of it not lifting his spirits.

FOGGY  
(to Karen)  
Bang on the router.

MATT  
And no more long lunches until this  
is over, okay?

KAREN  
You got it.

Karen exits. A silent beat, broken by the sound of Karen  
banging on the router out in reception. Foggy eyes his  
screen, which has suddenly coughed up the page he needed.

FOGGY  
All right. Practice Insights for  
New York State Penal Law 35.15...

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

We're high and wide over a busy downtown courtroom. No  
frills, but the place has been here for decades. Exposed  
radiators. Worn-in pews. Grittier than what a TV audience  
is probably used to.

The Female JUDGE, BAILIFF, COURT REPORTER, and PROSECUTOR are  
all where you'd expect them. The JURY BOX is a fair cross-  
section of New Yorkers.

Matt and Healy are seated at the defendant's table, listening  
to Foggy as he addresses the jury. \*

FOGGY  
... and in the State of New York,  
I'll remind you that my client is  
not required to prove that he was  
justified in his actions. Instead,  
it is up to the prosecution to  
prove beyond a reasonable doubt  
that he was not justified in  
defending his life. \*

ANGLE ON Matt at the defendant's table. Something is  
starting to bother him. Something he can sense that we  
don't, at least not at first.

Foggy's speech slowly becomes inaudible as we PUSH IN ON  
Matt, tensing as he hears --

(CONTINUED)

FOGGY (CONT'D)

And they will come nowhere close to meeting this burden. At the end of this case the only verdict you can render will be not guilty...

ECU on an expensive, unique WATCH as the sweep hand clicks off seconds with a resounding BOOM.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Wesley checking his watch as he enters the back of the courtroom. He sits down in a back row, like a sinner in church.

But Matt doesn't get to react to Wesley's presence, because at this very moment, he hears something far more disconcerting --

A HEART BEATING A MILE A MINUTE, a quickening pulse that belongs to --

A WOMAN in the JURY BOX. Number Eight. 30s. Working class, trying hard not to show it. Her eyes dart back toward Wesley.

PUSH IN on Matt, realizing Wesley has tampered with the jury...

**EXT. DESERTED SIDE STREET - NIGHT**

The Woman Juror makes her way down the alley, still visibly shaken. She freezes as a A BURLY MAN (late 30s) disengages from the shadows up ahead.

His name is OSCAR. Dressed like a blue-collar guy coming home from work. He tries to be reassuring, but still comes off as intimidating.

OSCAR

This'll be over soon, okay? Just keep it together till the verdict. Can you do that?

She nods once, tears falling across her cheeks.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

(not unkindly)

Ask me, it's almost like they're doing you a favor. You don't want a thing like that floating around.

(then)

Go home. Get some rest. Got a big day tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

The Woman hustles down the alley. Oscar watches her go, a faint glimmer of regret in his eyes.

He fishes out a cigarette, turning away as the Woman disappears around the corner. Oscar fires up a lighter --

-- and tenses in surprise as the FLAME reveals Matt (in his vigilante outfit) in the shadows right in front of him.

WHAM! Matt smacks the lighter out of Oscar's hand. Matt's fists rain a lightning series of blows. Oscar tries to fight back. Matt whip kicks him in the face, sending the big man to the ground.

MATT

Stay down.

Oscar bellows, surging to his feet as he attacks Matt. He's much bigger than Matt. But Matt is *fast*.

Matt dismantles him. Sends him back to the ground, spitting blood.

MATT (CONT'D)

Told you.

OSCAR

You son of a bitch --

Oscar grabs at Matt. Matt catches his arm, twists hard. Oscar grunts in pain, bones threatening to snap.

MATT

What do you have on her?

Matt twists. Oscar grunts..

MATT (CONT'D)

Answer me.

OSCAR

A tape! There's a tape, okay?!

MATT

What's on it?

OSCAR

Mistake she made when she was nineteen and pretty. Kinda thing she don't want her kids to see.

MATT

Get rid of it.

(CONTINUED)



OSCAR

I can't --

Matt twists. Oscar howls in pain.

MATT

Not a discussion.

OSCAR

It won't matter!

MATT

Who do you work for?

OSCAR

I don't know.

Matt twists. Oscar screams.

MATT

*I want a name.*

OSCAR

There isn't one! That ain't how  
this works! I walk by a building.  
If a light's on in the window, I  
have a job.

\*

MATT

Hurting innocent people?

OSCAR

Somewhere there's another light in  
another window. I don't do this, I  
end up somebody else's job.

Matt senses how genuinely afraid this guy is. Lets go of  
him. He clutches his arm, practically whimpering.

MATT

Tell her to get herself excused  
from the jury. Personal reasons,  
whatever it takes. After that, she  
never sees you again.

OSCAR

They'll kill me.

MATT

Then you'd better leave my city.  
*Tonight.*

WHAM! Matt slugs him in the face.

(CONTINUED)



22 **BLUFF - EPISODE 103**  
CONTINUED: (3)

PINK DRAFT - 7/22/14

39.

22

TIGHT ON OSCAR, rocked by the blow. He regains his senses, looking up to find -- nothing. POP WIDE, revealing Oscar alone in the alley. Matt has disappeared into the night...

23 **INT. BLACK SUV (MOVING) - DAY**

23

An agitated LELAND OWLSLEY sits in the back of the SUV with Wesley.

LELAND  
I need to talk to him.

WESLEY  
He sends his apologies.

LELAND  
I don't care about his -- where is he? This needs attention --

WESLEY  
He's indisposed.

LELAND  
With what?

WESLEY  
Art.

LELAND  
Art who?

WESLEY  
Paintings. His penthouse is finally ready --

LELAND  
You gotta be shittin' me. Everything's spinning out of whack and he's decorating?

WESLEY  
The situation's under control, Leland.

LELAND  
Your strong arm's gone. So's the tape. You have nothing on Juror Eight now --

WESLEY  
She's only a piece of the puzzle.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

You ever try to put a puzzle  
together with a piece missing?  
It's damn aggravating. Why are we  
going through all this anyway?  
Just get rid of Healy like you did  
with that other guy. They find him  
hanging in his cell, case closed.

WESLEY

Rance. Fisher. McClintock.  
Farnum. We've been leaving a trail  
of bodies lately. And trails  
eventually lead somewhere. This  
needed to be handled quietly,  
within the confines of the law.

LELAND

So you hire a couple of back door  
shysters? I know a hundred defense  
attorneys with more experience than  
Heckle and Jeckle.

WESLEY

Not their experience that matters.  
They just opened shop. And they're  
completely clean. Say that about  
any of the other hundred you know?

Leland glowers. Wesley's got him there.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Two lawyers above reproach. Self-  
defense. No questions, no trail.

LELAND

There's too much light being shined  
on this. I can't move on  
Prohaszka's holdings until the  
glare's off.

WESLEY

Get the papers ready. Let my  
employer worry about the rest.

OFF WESLEY's confidence...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A BAILIFF leads the Woman Juror that Oscar threatened from  
the courtroom.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE

The court grants the motion to excuse Juror Number Eight from service due to extenuating personal circumstances. The first alternate juror will replace her.

\*

The ALTERNATE JUROR, an older MAN, takes his seat.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Would the Defense care to make a closing argument?

\*

\*

MATT

Yes, your honor. Thank you.

Matt rises with his white cane. Steps towards the jury box. Pauses, as if thinking.

But he isn't thinking. He's *listening*. To the heartbeats of the twelve Jurors.

The People watching from the gallery rustle. The Jurors share confused looks. Healy whispers to Foggy.

HEALY

The hell is he doing?

Foggy has no idea, concern rising. Not so much for Healy, but for his friend.

JUDGE

Mr. Murdock? We're waiting.

Matt suppresses a smile. *All the Jurors' heartbeats are normal.* Order has been restored.

MATT

Sorry, your honor. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, forgive me if I seem distracted. I've been preoccupied of late with questions of morality. Of right and wrong. Good and evil. Sometimes the delineation between the two is a sharp line. Sometimes a blur. And often it's like pornography. You just know it when you see it.

A chuckle from the audience.

(CONTINUED)

MATT (CONT'D)

A man is dead. I don't mean to make light of that. But these questions... these *questions* are vital ones. Because they tether us to each other. To humanity.

(a beat)

Not everyone feels this way. Not everyone sees the sharp line. Only the blur. A man is dead... A man is dead... and my client, John Healy, took his life.

\*

Healy glowers. Foggy shifts uncomfortably. Not the closing he was expecting.

\*

MATT (CONT'D)

This is not in dispute. It's a matter of record. Of *fact*. And facts have no moral judgement. They merely state what is. Not what we think of them. Not what we feel. They just are. What was in my client's heart when he took Mr. Prohaszka's life... whether he is a good man or something else entirely... is irrelevant. These questions -- of good and evil -- as important as they are, have no place in a court of law. Only the facts matter. My client claims he acted in self-defense. Mr. Prohaszka's "associates" have refused to make a statement regarding the incident. The only other witness, a frightened young woman, has stated that my client was pleasant and friendly, and that she only saw the struggle with Mr. Prohaszka after it had started. Those are the *facts*. Based on these and these alone, the prosecution has failed to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that my client was not acting solely in self-defense. And those, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, are the *facts*.

Foggy is in awe of how Matt has turned his closing around.

(CONTINUED)



MATT (CONT'D)

My client, based purely on the sanctity of the law, which we've all sworn an oath to uphold, must be acquitted of these charges. Beyond that... beyond these walls... he may well face a judgement of his own making. But here, in this courtroom, the judgement is yours. And yours alone.

OFF MATT's proclamation...

EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

CLOSE ON A BOX overflowing with coloring books and toys as it's jammed into the back of a packed U-Haul trailer. WIDEN TO REVEAL --

-- JENNIFER, Daniel Fisher's wife (the widow of the man who was murdered in Ep. 101). It's been a hard road for her, evidenced by the weariness etched into her face.

KAREN (O.S.)

Mrs. Fisher...?

She turns to find Karen approaching.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Hi, um, my name is Karen Pa --

JENNIFER

I know who you are.

And Karen's obviously the last person she wants to see.

KAREN

I'm sorry. I know how hard this must be --

Jennifer laughs. A bitter sound.

JENNIFER

My husband was found dead in your apartment. You have no idea how any of this is for me.

KAREN

Nothing ever happened between me and Daniel --

(CONTINUED)



JENNIFER

You think I don't know that? I  
know how much Danny loved me --

Her eyes sting with tears. A familiar feeling of late.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Whatever you're after, I can't help  
you, Ms. Page.

She starts for her front door. Karen calls after her.

KAREN

Union Allied.

Jennifer pauses, grief replaced by a slick of fear.

KAREN (CONT'D)

They offered me money -- a lot of  
money -- if I signed an agreement.  
To never talk about what happened.  
(a beat)  
Did they offer you something like  
that?

Jennifer doesn't reply, but the fear blooming in her eyes is  
answer enough.

KAREN (CONT'D)

They killed Danny. Tried to kill  
me. Now they just shuffle some  
paperwork, change their name and  
get away with it?

A long beat. That's the last thing Jennifer wants. But  
sometimes you have to pick the lesser of two very great  
evils...

JENNIFER

(soft)

Let it go.

KAREN

I've tried, but... it just doesn't  
feel right.

Jennifer takes her in, a wave of sadness washing over her.  
But not for Karen.

JENNIFER

He said the same thing. Few days  
before he --

(CONTINUED)

She can't bring herself to say it. *Before he died.*

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

He said something at work didn't feel right. With the numbers... And I told him, whatever it was, he had a responsibility to do something about it.

(a beat, soft)

Figure I got a couple years till I explain that part to the kids.

KAREN

They need to pay for what they've done --

JENNIFER

Nobody's going to listen.

KAREN

We'll make them listen.

JENNIFER

I already signed.

Karen absorbs that like a punch in the gut.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I have two kids, Ms. Page. They're all that matter now. If you have anyone you care about, let it go.

Jennifer disappears into the brownstone. Karen stands on the stoop. Alone. Uncertain.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - NEW YORK BULLETIN - DAY

Ben is on the phone. Again.

BEN

(into phone)

I'll fax it right over. Thanks, Shirley. Owe you one.

He hangs up. A smile forming. Little victories.

But his smile evaporates as his eyes fall on the latest edition of the Bulletin on his desk. Cracked open to his article: "CAN YOU PREDICT THE COLOR OF HELL'S KITCHEN'S SUBWAY LINE?"

He tosses the paper in the trash. PUSH IN ON Ben as he takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. Disgusted with himself. With a world that no longer values actual news.

A KNOCK pulls his attention. He slides his glasses back on, focusing on Karen in the doorway. Just as uncertain as we left her outside of the brownstone.

KAREN

Excuse me, Mr. Urich?

BEN

So they tell me.

KAREN

I read your article.

BEN

(grimacing)

About the subway?

KAREN

About Union Allied Construction.  
I... I think there's more to the  
story, if you're interested...

Ben considers her. Surprised. And definitely interested...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Foggy hustles in with Matt as the JURY files into the box.

MATT

They didn't take long.

FOGGY

Why would they, after *that* closing?

Foggy clasps Matt on the shoulder.

FOGGY (CONT'D)

*Summa cum laude.*

The Judge enters, taking a seat.

JUDGE

Please be seated.

Matt and Foggy sit next to Healy, who as calm and relaxed as ever. The CLERK hands the Judge a slip of paper. Whatever's on it doesn't fill her with joy.

\*

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON MATT, tightening as he hears the familiar BOOM of a sweeping second hand...

ON WESLEY, checking his watch as he slips into a seat in the back of the courtroom.

ON MATT, tensing as he picks up something else... The world around him dims as he zeroes in on --

THE JURY BOX. And Matt HEARS something even worse than last time, something worse than a juror's heart beating in fear --

He hears *THREE HEARTS*, pounding in terror. Belonging to an ELDERLY WOMAN JUROR and two of her PEERS.

PUSH IN ON Matt, realizing that Oscar was right. Taking him out of the equation didn't make any difference. If anything, it only made things worse.

The world returns as the Judge's voice BOOMS in Matt's ear.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Madame Foreperson, it's my understanding from this note that you have been unable to reach a verdict?

The Elderly Woman stands where she is in the jury box, shooting a nervous glance to the rear of the courtroom.

ELDERLY WOMAN

We have not, your honor.

The Judge frowns, not caring for this one bit. Matt exhales bitterly, knowing full well what's happening.

MATT

(soft)

They're hung.

Healy smiles. He knew this was coming all along.

JUDGE

Members of the Jury, I'm going to ask that you continue your deliberations in an effort to reach agreement upon a verdict and dispose of this case...

FOGGY

(a beat, soft)  
*Allen charge.* She's sending 'em back in. Still split, D.A.'ll retry.

(CONTINUED)



JUDGE

... and I have a few  
additional comments I would  
like for you to consider as  
you do so.

MATT

No they won't. Will they,  
Mr. Healy?

Healy smiles warmly, giving nothing away.

JUDGE

This is an important case.  
The trial has been expensive  
in time, effort, money and  
emotional strain to both the  
defense and the prosecution.  
If you should fail to agree  
upon a verdict...

HEALY

That was a hell of a speech  
you gave, Murdock. Hell of a  
speech.

Matt tightens, struggling to keep the devil in...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Healy comes out of a side door carrying a duffel bag. Moves  
to the trunk of his car. Opens it. Drops in the duffel.

As Healy closes the trunk, he sees Matt in his vigilante  
outfit leaping down from a fire escape in the reflection of  
the rear windshield. Healy moves out of the way just as Matt  
smashes into the glass.

Matt attacks. But Healy retaliates, almost as fast as Matt  
is. This isn't Oscar. This is a pro. Healy throws Matt to  
the ground, his eyes sparkling with recognition.

HEALY

Hey. I know you. You're that guy,  
been giving it to the Russians.

Healy launches a foot down at Matt.



Matt catches it, twists Healy's leg to throw him off balance.  
Matt leaps up, trades blows with Healy.

Matt catches Healy with a spin kick to the face. Healy  
crashes back into a pile of garbage. He shakes off the blow,  
his eyes falling on a LENGTH OF PIPE.

RAMP TO SLOW MOTION as Healy grabs the pipe, metal SCRAPING  
AGAINST ASPHALT.

ANGLE ON MATT (still in SLOW MOTION) as he cocks his head,  
registering the threat with his heightened senses.

RAMP TO NORMAL SPEED as Healy attacks with the pipe. Matt is  
driven back between the alley wall and the passenger side of  
Healy's car. Matt dodges and deflects as they come around  
the front of the car.

Matt leaps up on the hood and spin kicks Healy in the face.  
Matt leaps off the hood and attacks, disarming Healy and  
smashing him against the wall on the driver side of the car.

Healy struggles, breaks free. But Matt is on him in a flash,  
driving him back with a volley of vicious blows. As they  
reach the trunk, Healy tries to counter. But Matt flips him,  
sending Healy crashing into a discarded MIRROR by the garbage.

The mirror shatters. Healy launches himself at Matt. They  
grapple, exchanging close, brutal hits. Lightning fast Healy  
slips behind Matt, catching him in a full nelson.

Matt struggles to break free as Healy forces his face towards  
the JAGGED SPIKE of a neighboring METAL FENCE. Matt stops  
the forward momentum a split-second before his head is  
impaled.

Matt snarls, gets out of the hold, and slams Healy to the  
ground. Healy spots a SHARD of the shattered mirror on the  
ground. RAMP TO SLOW MOTION as he grabs the razor sharp  
weapon.

ANGLE ON MATT (still in slow motion) as his senses pick up on  
Healy's new weapon.

RAMP TO NORMAL SPEED as Healy attacks with the shard, slicing  
at Matt. Matt catches Healy's wrist and throws him to the  
ground. Forces the shard still in Healy's hand around  
towards Healy.

MATT

The man that hired your lawyers.  
Who does he work for?

(CONTINUED)

Healy grins, blood staining his teeth.

HEALY

You think I'm afraid of you?

Matt forces the shard down, STABBING Healy in the flesh between the shoulder and chest. Healy grunts in pain.

MATT

Who does he work for?!

Healy struggles, but can't break free. Matt forces the shard INTO HEALY'S NECK. Healy screams, blood flowing.

MATT (CONT'D)

Tell me!

Matt jams the shard deeper into Healy's neck. Healy wails, his eyes filling with terror.

HEALY

I can't...

MATT

I want a name!

Matt TWISTS the shard in Healy's neck. How far will Matt take this...? Healy breaks, blurting out almost involuntarily --

HEALY

Fisk! Wilson Fisk!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Matt lets go. Slams the shard down on the ground as he stands, shattering it. Healy sucks air. His calm, collected demeanor finally fractured.

\*  
\*

Matt stands there. Breathing hard. Trembling with rage.

MATT

Get in your car. If I ever see you in Hell's Kitchen --

HEALY

No.

MATT

You do not want to test me.

Healy glares at Matt. But there's something more than hatred in his eyes. There's fear. But not of Matt.

HEALY

You think this is still about you? I gave up his name. You don't do that. Not to him. He'll find me. And make an example. Then he'll find everyone I've ever cared about. And do the same to them. So nobody ever does what I just did.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Healy stands. Knowing there's only one way he gets out of being tortured to death, along with his loved ones.

\*  
\*

HEALY (CONT'D)

You should've just killed me. Coward.

And with that Healy turns, rears back --

MATT

No!

-- AND SLAMS HIS HEAD INTO THE FENCE SPIKE. Matt's barely able to grasp what Healy just did. Of the fear that drove him to kill himself in such a gruesome way. Fear of a man named Wilson Fisk.

\*  
\*  
\*

WIDE ON HEALY, hanging from the spike. Matt paralysed in the background. PULL UP AND OUT on the scene, the COLOR FADING from the world until nothing is left but WHITE...

\*  
\*

29

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

29

PULL BACK FROM WHITE to reveal we're looking at a WALL-SIZED PAINTING at an elegant art gallery. A painting entirely composed of subtle gradations of white.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUE PULLING BACK, past a LARGE MAN staring at the painting. We don't see his face yet, just his imposing size and expensive suit.

And the ORNATE, WEATHERED CUFFLINKS he wears.

This is WILSON FISK.

A WOMAN from the gallery approaches him. Mid to late 30s. Beautiful without trying. An easy warmth about her.

We'll come to know her later as VANESSA.

VANESSA

There's an old children's joke.  
You hold up a white piece of paper  
and ask, "What's this?"

She awaits his response. The man doesn't respond, his unseen eyes riveted to the painting.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

"A rabbit in a snowstorm."

She laughs, not the least bit intimidated by his overwhelming presence. Fisk again doesn't respond, his unseen eyes still fixed on the painting.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Are you interested or just looking?

A beat. We still don't see his face as he responds...

FISK

Interested.

VANESSA

People always ask how we can charge  
so much for what amounts to  
gradations of white. I tell them  
it's not about the artist's name.  
Or the skill required. Or even the  
art itself. All that matters is...  
how does it make you feel?

And now we finally see the face of the man so many fear. We PUSH IN on him as he considers the question. His eyes filled not with evil or malice, but with sad reflection.

This is not the face of a monster. But of a *man*, with demons of his own forever haunting him.

(CONTINUED)



FISK

(soft)

It makes me feel alone.

OFF the genuine, heartbreaking sentiment...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE