

Moon Knight  
by  
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Based on the Marvel Comics Property

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT 1

A bold, white full moon fills the night sky.

A blood shattering HOWL pierces the dark. A WEREWOLF silhouette eclipses the full moon...

...which slides apart to reveal the Moon Copter. (describe)\*\*

2 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 2

A silver gauntleted piledriver SLAMS into the lycanthrope. Blood SPLATTERS across the brick alley wall.

Fangs flash. Lock around a forearm. Werewolf flesh burns.

3 EGYPT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 3

A werewolf sinks his teeth into MARC SPECTOR'S shoulder. Marc (is a dressed mercenary). Rugged, tough and nearly dead. \*\*

4 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 4

Throat punch. Jaws release. Talons snap. Uppercut. The Beast screams. Fire escape ladder to the head. Spin kick to the solar plexus. Lycan meets brick wall.

Two silver flechettes fly from a wrist mounted arm band. Find homes in unprotected shoulders. The Werewolf sags to the dank alley floor.

In the puddle's reflection...

MOON KNIGHT. 6'2. Solid muscle. Jet-silver sheathed body armor glints in the moonlight. Crescent cowl. Full face mask. White searing pinpoints for eyes. Scalloped cape.

He leans into the Werewolf. Shoots a fine silver mist from his gauntlet. The creature tenses, goes rigid. Collapses.

MOON KNIGHT  
Drop the net, Frenchie.

JEAN PAUL (ON COM LINK)  
Oui, Monsieur. And do not call me that.

MOON KNIGHT  
Marlene calls you that.

JEAN PAUL (ON COM LINK)  
You are many things, mon ami, but  
of your many personalities, Marlene  
Alraune is not one of them.

The net drops beside him. Moon Knight verifies a dossier photo on a wrist telex. It matches the now nude human lying in place of the werewolf.

MOON KNIGHT  
One Jacob Russoff, alias Jack  
Russell, twenty seven. Bagged and  
tagged.

JEAN PAUL (ON COM LINK)  
I shall inform The Committee.

Moon Knight steps onto the upper rigging of the net. Snaps a carabiner in place. The net, Russell and Moon Knight whip up and out, over the city.

5 EXT. SPECTORCORP PARKING FACILITY - NIGHT 5

A battered yellow cab pulls out of the lower level. Handsome, square jawed, and dark haired, Marc Spector as JAKE LOCKLEY, sits behind the wheel in a blue jacket and newsboy hat.

6 INT. MOON COPTER - NIGHT 6

JEAN PAUL DUCHAMP, a striking, lean, mustachioed Frenchman operates the controls of the Moon Copter.

JEAN PAUL  
Are you certain you won't require  
any back up, Mr. Lockley?

7 INT. CAB - NIGHT 7

The cab rolls up to stop sign.

JAKE  
(Boston accent)  
One quick 'round of the docks and  
I'll be at the mansion before you.

JEAN PAUL (ON COM LINK)  
Considering the way you drive, I  
have no doubt. Good hunting, Jake.

Jake checks his look in the rearview mirror. KHONSHU, THE EGYPTIAN MOON GOD, sits stoic in the back seat.

KHONSHU

We have much work to do.

JAKE

Wondered when you'd show up.  
Not real clear on the 'we' part.

KHONSHU

I am the guide. You are the instrument.

JAKE

Yeah, well most times your guidance don't bode too well for this instrument.

KHONSHU

You would be in the Land of the Dead if not for my needs.

JAKE

And the downside to that is what again, exactly?

CRAWLEY (O.S.)

Good evening, sir. Might I avail myself of transport in your conveyance?

Jake looks up the tattered, long silver-haired vagabond, BERTRAM CRAWLEY, stands at his open window. Flies circle happily.

JAKE

Hey, Crawley. Just having another heart and soul with the Egyptian Moon God in the back seat there.

CRAWLEY

So you proclaim.

Jake looks in the rear view mirror and finds nothing. He turns fully around in the seat to confirm his solitude.

JAKE

Kinda rude for a God.

Crawley slides into the back of the cab.

CRAWLEY

Sincerely hope it's not too crowded  
back here.

JAKE

Whatcha got?

CRAWLEY

My perambulations have uncovered  
intimations of military contraband  
arriving in a rather taciturn and  
expeditious manner.

JAKE

So you say.

CRAWLEY

Corroboration can be achieved  
at the Squid Locker. Carson Knowles  
has taken up temporary residence.

JAKE

That sounds about right.

8 EXT. SQUID LOCKER - NIGHT

8

The cab pulls up to a well worn, shanty dive bar in the ship  
building sector. A sputtering neon sign encircled by a pink  
cephalopod announces the Squid Locker.

Crawley slips from the cab and is swallowed by the shadows.

9 INT. SQUID LOCKER - NIGHT

9

Jake makes small talk with several of the patrons, all scurvy  
modern day pirates, smugglers and wharf rats. One points him  
toward a table in a dark back corner of the bar.

CARSON KNOWLES, big, burly, brusque, fills the small booth.  
Jake slides in, uninvited, opposite him.

JAKE

Mr. Knowles? Carson Knowles?

Jake offers his hand. It is not taken.

KNOWLES

Who's asking?

JAKE

Jacob Lockley. Call me Jake.

KNOWLES

Makes no never mind what I call a  
dead man.

Jake laughs unconcerned, leans in.

JAKE

Maybe you have a particular item  
that needs to discretely move from  
where you don't have it to where it  
ain't.

KNOWLES

And what can you do, dead man.

JAKE

I'm a very good driver.

Knowles leans into the light. A flash of lightning. For a  
split second, the dark image of a Spectre overlays his face.

KNOWLES

Pier Thirty One. You don't have  
much time.

Jake snaps his fingers in salut and slips from the booth.

Knowles turns to the shadows behind him and addresses ZARAN,  
a lithe, leather clad man. Two sai whirl through the black.

KNOWLES

Zaran, make sure he doesn't find  
his way home.

The sai flash in the light. Bury themselves in the table.

10

INT. GRANT MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

10

Jean Paul prepares himself a late night snack when MARLENE  
ALRAUNE enters. Blonde, gorgeous and perfect. She is every  
man's wet dream in a curve hugging, flowing, silk night gown.

MARLENE

He's still out.

JEAN PAUL

Oui.

MARLENE

Who is he this time?

JEAN PAUL

Lockley.

Marlene pours herself a glass of wine, hesitates. Shrugs, tops off the glass.

MARLENE

Jean Paul, I'm really starting to worry about him.

JEAN PAUL

He does seem to be less and less himself. Whoever that might be today.

INTERCUT WITH:

11 EXT. PIER 31 - NIGHT

11

Moon Knight takes apart a group of smugglers.

MARLENE (V.O.)

I can't keep track of who he is.

His truncheon becomes a staff at the touch of a button. He makes quick work of the three nearest him. But there are a lot more where that came from. Zaran steps from the shadows.

JEAN PAUL (V.O.)

I'm not even sure he can anymore.

Overwhelmed. Two large bruisers hold his arms from behind, lock his legs out. Zaran pummels his face and stomach.

MARLENE (V.O.)

Last night he was wearing Steven's clothes, but called himself Marc.

Hands forced behind him puts them in optimal position to pull two crescent throwing blades from his belt.

JEAN PAUL (V.O.)

He is a man with many demons.

Moon Knight drops his head to his chest. Beaten. The full moon breaks through the storm clouds.

MOON KNIGHT

Hey, princess. I'm not through with you yet.

Zaran moves closer. Moon Knight glows. Too close.

JEAN PAUL (V.O.)

He does not exercise much caution.

Moon Knight's head snaps up. Connects with Zaran's chin. Zaran drops. The crescent blades fly.

MARLENE (V.O.)

Nobody hits a fist with his face quite like he does.

Muscles bulge with renewed strength. The blades whip out and dig in. Those left standing drop. Only Zaran remains. Sai snap up.

JEAN PAUL (V.O.)

His methods are more and more brutal. Almost savage.

Moon Knight catches the end of his cape. Something clicks. The edge of the cape is now a bladed weapon. He spins. Cuts Zaran's flesh. Sais spin. Crash on gauntlets. Nun-chucks fly.

JEAN PAUL (V.O.)

He always thrills at the rush of an adventure. But this is something more.

Close quarter hand to hand combat. A feint. Zaran drives in close with sai. The cape whips out binding Zaran's hands together.

Moon Knight spin kicks Zaran through a pallet of crates. Zaran is finished. Moon Knight, a little worse for wear.

MARLENE

He's taking this Moon God, avatar of vengeance thing, to another level.

A slash of moonlight illuminates the unconscious Zaran amid shattered crates. High grade, cutting edge military ordnance spills out.

A medical bio-hazard containment unit beeps on the floor.

Moon Knight whips the tarp off to reveal...

The crest of the North African country of Burunda.

MARLENE

I wish he'd never found that tomb.

Marc Spector, bleeding from the werewolf bite, stumbles to get away.

Lightning flashes. RAOUL BUSHMAN. South African. Huge, black. Stylized Manta facial tattoo. Death's head medallion across his broad, vest-covered chest. Steel fangs. Flanked by two wolves.

BUSHMAN

C'mon mate. No need to run from your partner. My little doggies are hungry. They won't keep you up. Much.

Spector crawls behind a boulder.

And FALLS through a crevice in the sand...

13 INT. KHONSHU'S TEMPLE - NIGHT

13

...and lands hard. At the foot of a ten foot statue of KHONSHU. Shafts of moonlight break across Khonshu's face and Spector's broken body.

BUSHMAN (O.S.)

I'm gonna gut you, Spector. Just like I did that stupid, lying professor Alraune. You couldn't save him and you can't save yourself. I'm gonna gut you and feed you to my wolves.

His eyes flit open. All he sees is Khonshu's face slowly eclipse the full moon through the crack in the sand overhead. His breath stops. His eyes close.

14 INT. GRANT MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

14

JEAN PAUL

Marlene, if he had not found the tomb. We would have lost him. Just as we did your father.

INT. KHONSHU'S TEMPLE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jean Paul, in a French Foreign Legion uniform, finds Spector.

Checks his pulse. There is none.

He pulls a tattered shroud from the statue and covers Spector's body. Hangs his head and silently whispers a few words of solace.

The clouds break. Moonlight strikes the shroud. Slowly works down the body. Whenever the moonlight touches the cloth, it is transformed. Becomes new again.

As the moonlight reaches his feet, Spector sits up.

Jean Paul's eyes go wide.

Looks up at Khonshu.

MARLENE (V.O.)

Raoul Bushman may have murdered my father, but I'm afraid we may have lost Marc to something else.

16 INT. GRANT MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT 16

Marc Spector stumbles into the bedroom. Drops in a high backed leather chair. Moonlight streams in, lights his face. Dressed to the nines. Immaculate, well pressed. Mark is STEVEN GRANT. Millionaire philanthropist.

Marlene rolls over.

MARLENE

Marc?

She turns on the bedside lamp. Notices his attire.

MARLENE

Steven? My God, what happened?

STEVEN

Board meeting.

Marlene gets out of bed. Steers him past the statue of Khonshu toward the bathroom. Snide, contemptuous glare at the unyielding God of Vengeance.

MARLENE

Your board needs to start meeting in the daytime. Let's get you cleaned up.

17 INT. GRANT MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT 17

She leans him against the vanity.

MARLENE

Wait right here.

STEVEN

Not like I have anyplace better to go.

Marlene hurries out. Steven looks hard at his battered image in the mirror. Jake Lockley, in cap and jacket, materializes beside Steven in the mirror.

JAKE

Mr. Grant, you look like ten miles of bad road.

Marc Spector, werewolf bitten in torn military fatigues, steps between the two to clean his wounds.

MARC

I'll take his ten miles of bad road any day.

Steven looks across to Jake.

STEVEN

How come you never get pummeled.

JAKE

All the time. I just wear your clothes home.

Steven peels out of his tuxedo. Marc dresses his bite. Jake picks his teeth.

The silhouette of Moon Knight hovers over the three.

MOON KNIGHT

Raoul Bushman has returned.

The image of Khonshu superimposes over all four.

KHONSHU (V.O.)

Vengeance.

The full moon flashes across the mirror. Steven slams his fist into the mirror shattering it.

MARLENE (O.S.)

Steven?

Steven splashes water on his face. He looks up into his single image in the unbroken mirror. He turns to catch her in the doorway. The moon outlines her perfect figure.

STEVEN

I'm fine. Now.

He takes the bandages and peroxide from her and tosses them on the counter. Her robe drops to the floor.

They kiss passionately. He carries her to the bed. They make love as the moon blankets them.

The shadow of Khonshu's statue falls over them from the alcove in the bedroom.

18

INT. GRANT MANSION - GYMNASIUM - DAY

18

A staff CRACKS hard against Steven's skull. He drops to his knees.

Marlene rushes to his side.

MARLENE

Oh my God, Steven. Are you okay?

Marlene is suddenly flat on her back, beside him. He straddles her.

STEVEN

You let your guard down.

She scissor spins her legs. Whips out of the hold, driving her knee into his back on the way up. He barely avoids the brunt of the impact.

MARLENE

And you move too slow.

She pushes the attack. He blocks. Parries. Feints. Has the staff in his hands. Snaps it around with fury. It STOPS DEAD a hair's breadth from Marlene's face.

STEVEN

Only when I have to.

She turns to go. Hammers a spin kick to his stomach. Slams the wind out of him.

MARLENE

Me too. So what's really on your mind?

STEVEN

Nothing.

She drives him back. Relentless. No quarter.

MARLENE

Do you really think I'm that blonde?

He falters under the assault. She presses.

MARLENE

I've been with you for five years, Marc. Jake. Steven. Whatever. You let me in on everything. And now you clam up? You think you can hide from me? Any of you?

He regains a measure of ground. She does not yield.

MARLENE

What do you think you have to hide from me? What could you possibly...

She freezes mid swing. Stops. Her breath catches. Tears well.

MARLENE

Bushman. Son of a bitch. He's here. Raoul Bushman is back.

Steven moves closer to comfort her.

STEVEN

Marlene. I.

She turns to face him. Frozen fire.

MARLENE

You find him. You kill him. That's what you do. You kill that son of a bitch. Or I will.

She storms out of the gym.

19

INT. BURUNDA EMBASSY - NIGHT

19

Raoul Bushman sits at his desk. Tears meat from a turkey leg with his steel teeth. Tosses the bones to the wolves at his side.

Silhouetted by moonlight pouring through the high windows behind his desk. Wind whips the trees. Clouds roll.

The moon moves closer, separates, becomes the moon copter. Tows a glistening Moon Knight on the ladder below.

Moon Knight dives through the window. Drives his feet into Bushman's back. Flips, lands facing Bushman. The flechettes fire. Tranq darts take out the wolves.

Bushman vaults over the desk. Meets Moon Knight head on.

BUSHMAN

You just broke a few hundred  
international laws, my friend.

They exchange blows. Mano a mano.

MOON KNIGHT

The spirit of Khonshu does not  
recognize the laws of man.

BUSHMAN

I don't care, I'm gonna wear your  
spine as a necklace.

Bushman gets close enough to sink his teeth into Moon Knight's upper arm.

Moon Knight flips Bushman overhead. Knee to his throat. Elbow to the groin. Bushman spins out. Leg sweep. Arm bar. Elbow to the nose. The men do everything but disembowel each other.

Bushman careens him into a bookcase. Moon Knight's shoulder crackles and pops. Bushman forces him down. Knee in Moon Knight's back. Yanks Moon Knight's mask off.

Drops stunned to the floor next to him.

BUSHMAN

Marc Spector. Knew some of those  
moves seemed familiar. Never  
thought I see your ugly mug again.

They separate. Bushman pulls a crescent throwing dart from his thigh. Moon Knight totters, resets a dislocated shoulder.

BUSHMAN

Cute outfit, Spector. You had  
enough? Or do I get to kill you  
again?

Marc spits blood. Grins. Pulls the mask back in place.

MOON KNIGHT

I'm just getting started.

The two combatants rush each other colliding like freight trains.

The force of the collision takes them out the window.

20

EXT. BURUNDA EMBASSY - NIGHT

20

Moon Knight catches the bottom rung of the copter ladder. Bushman clings to his leg like a parasite, laughing.

Moon Knight clips a carabiner to the ladder.

MOON KNIGHT

This is for Marlene's dad.

Moon Knight grabs the ladder with one hand and toggles a button on his costume sending a thousand volts surging through it.

Bushman jolts from the electrical charge. Drops away. Lands with gut wrenching finality, back broken, on the statue of a wolf in the courtyard of the Burundian Embassy.

JEAN PAUL (COM LINK)

Monsieur! Monsieur! Can you read me? Marc are you alright?

Moon Knight hangs limp from the ladder. Finds his breath. His equilibrium. Hooks his arm through a rung.

MOON KNIGHT

Yeah, Frenchie, I hear you. Let's go home. I've done enough avenging for one lifetime.

JEAN PAUL (COM LINK)

As if you only lived one life.

The copter drops fast and hard. Moon Knight loses his grip and recovers. The ladder rakes through the top of an oak tree.

MOON KNIGHT

Frenchie, what the hell?

JEAN PAUL (COM LINK)

I told you, mon ami. Do not call me that.

The ladder with Moon Knight attached whips up and flies into the night lit by the sparkle of the silver moon.