

**Sister Margaret's School for Wayward Girls 1x01 - The Set
Up**

Written by

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An MCU Television Show

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

We see 5 men sit at a barren table in a cheap-ass motel room.

The man at the head of the table has his face obscured from our vision.

The two closest to us are stereotypical mafia muscle.

In the middle, two argue;

NEW YORK GANGSTER

Be fair, Granacci... why should we give up our East Side Operations for a PUNK like Caginole?

GRANACCI

We got plans for the kid, he's doin' well... we don't want him SQUEEZED by your guys over there...

NEW YORK GANGSTER

You got any idea how long that operation took to set up? Three years ... Three. HARD. Years.

GRANACCI

And for what? What's your pay-off? We're offering you a new slice of territory and an interest in the brewery ... you can hardly refuse...

NEW YORK GANGSTER

These decisions can't be hurried, Granacci... Be reasonable.

(turns to the man at the head of the table)

What do you think, Don Castillio ... Do we amalgamate or not?

We finally get a good look at the man at the head of the table.

He's wearing a brown trench coat, and a pitch black
detective hat

He has metal gloves on.

He wears a hockey mask, with a raven crudely painted onto it.

This isn't Castillio... this is THE NIGHT RAVEN!

THE NIGHT RAVEN
Frankly ... I think the whole
idea's rubbish!

The screen goes black.

It says "The Night Raven: The Fixer of The Crew"

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NEW YORK GANGSTER
YOU... YOU'RE NOT DON CASTILLO!

Granacci pulls out a gun.

The Night Raven grabs the light, hanging down from the ceiling, and SWINGS it at Granacci. It hits his gun, making him miss his shot.

The Night Raven flips the table, to try to use it as a shield.

One of the muscle, though, has a different idea. He grabs a rifle, lying on the ground.

MUSCLE #1
Dat table won't save 'im ...
this baby'll TEAR 'IM AWAY!

He must shoot around a dozen and a half rounds into the table.

NEW YORK GANGSTER
Let's see what kinda DEAD HERO
we got here!

Everyone chuckles, as New York Gangster pushes the table away.

No corpse, just an open window.

NEW YORK GANGSTER (CONT'D)
What? He went out the WINDOW!

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Granacci pokes his head out the window. He sees The Night Raven climb up the fire escape.

GRANACCI

There he goes... up on the ROOF!

Suddenly, a grapple gun comes flying down, sending its hook right into Granacci's shoulder.

GRANACCI (CONT'D)

AH!

The grapple gun's rope retreats back to the barrel, and Granacci goes flying up with it.

NEW YORK GANGSTER

He got Granacci!

INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The New York Gangster, and the two muscle BURST into the corridor.

NEW YORK GANGSTER

Get up there and nail him! I'll clear up down here!

The two muscle run up the stairs.

EXT. MOTEL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The two muscle stalk their way onto the roof.

MUSCLE #1

Stay together ... don't wanna hit each other in the dark...

We hear a SKUFFLE and a CLUMP

MUSCLE #2

What was that?

He looks around, and sees The Night Raven, standing opposite them.

MUSCLE #2 (CONT'D)

OVER THERE!

Muscle One, with his rifle, shoots down The Night Raven.

THE NIGHT RAVEN

Aargh!

He falls to the floor. The dude's dead.

Brazenly, Muscle #1 walks over to the corpse.

MUSCLE #1

Now, we'll see who this creep
really is!

Muscle #1 takes off the mask.

MUSCLE #2

I don't BELIEVE it!

Beneath the mask was ... Granacci.

MUSCLE #1

Are you thinkin' what I'm
thinkin'?

MUSCLE #2

Downstairs ... FAST!

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

New York Gangster stands, scared, in the lobby, nervous as
all hell.

NEW YORK GANGSTER

(talking inwards)

What's TAKIN' those two so long?
I'm gettin' OUTTA here!

He looks over his shoulder. No...

The Night Raven stands behind. New York Gangster quickly
turns around.

NEW YORK GANGSTER (CONT'D)

No! Who ARE you! What are you?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

The Night Raven simply extends out his hand, placing it on
New York Gangster's forehead.

NEW YORK GANGSTER (CONT'D)

AAAAAH!

He collapses to the floor. The symbol on The Night Raven's mask has been BRANDED onto him, through The Night Raven's glove.

Then - the two muscle make it downstairs.

MUSCLE #1

Okay, FREEZE!

But the only thing there, is the corpse of New York Gangster.

MUSCLE #1 (CONT'D)

We're too late ... h-he's been
BRANDED!

MUSCLE #2

What's that? Pinned to his coat?

Pinned to his coat, is a note which says "Night-Time In The City ... Where Brooding Darkness Spreads It's Evil Wings, THE NIGHT RAVEN Stings!"

FADE OUT.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SHADY STREET - NIGHT

We see a 15 year old kid, probably a runaway, shiver as the cold night sets in.

A hobo walks past him.

HOBO

Spare a quarter, kid?

RUNAWAY

Uh... No -- Sorry.

Two streetwalkers, under a street sign, take notice of the kid.

HOOKER #1

Hey, Blondie - COME HERE!

With hesitation, the Runaway walks over to them.

HOOKER #1 (CONT'D)

You new in town?

RUNAWAY

(lying)

Uh, yeah. From Akron. I'm here
to find work.

HOOKER #1

Do you have a place to stay yet?

RUNAWAY

No, not yet.

HOOKER #2

You're in luck, handsome. We
know of a good youth shelter
nearby. C'mon, we'll take you
there!

RUNAWAY

Uh... okay.

The three began to walk into the night.

EXT. YMCA - MOMENTS LATER

They arrive at the YMCA

HOOKER #1

Here's the place, kid. It's not
much to look at, but it's cozy!

They walk inside.

INT. YMCA LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

RECEPTIONIST

Sign in here.

RUNAWAY

I thought you said ---

HOOKER #2

Sign ANY name, Luv - they don't
check I.D.!

She puts her arm around his shoulders.

INT. YMCA ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We see the two hookers take turns sniffing Ketamine.

The Runaway sits, awkwardly, opposite them.

HOOKER #2

Sure you don't want a hit?

RUNAWAY

No -- no thanks. Anyway, aren't you worried they'll kick you out for doing that stuff?

HOOKER #2

Nah, they're really cool here!

HOOKER #1

Hard to believe that someone as straight as you had the guts to run away from home!

RUNAWAY

Yeah, I can hardly believe it myself sometimes ... Mind if I open a window?

HOOKER #1

Go ahead, Blondie.

He walks over to the window, but Hooker #1 trips him over. He falls to the ground.

Hooker #1 sits on him, pinning him down.

HOOKER #1 (CONT'D)

You know what I think, Blondie? You gotta loosen up a bit. And lil' ol' me is just the one to loosen you!

HOOKER #2

Give it to him, Raunch!

He struggles.

HOOKER #1

Ooh, a little fight in you, eh?
Mm-MMMM!

She untwists her HAND OFF, and - reveals a mechanical claw. In her palm, is a needle. She injects the kid in the neck.

He passes out.

INT. GREYHOUND COACH - DAY

The kid wakes up on a coach, full of fellow teens.

He looks around. The two hookers are sitting at the back. He's at the front, right behind the driver.

EXT. CAMP SINISTER - NIGHT

The bus finally arrives at its destination - an abandoned summer camp

The teens are forced out of the bus, as cloaked woman threaten them with spears.

The two hookers are partaking in this, now in cloaks.

HOOKER #2
KEEP 'EM MOVING!

They walk, in a straight line, to a burnt out campfire. They, at the silent insistence of the cloaked woman, stop.

HOOKER #2 (CONT'D)
All right, anyone who steps out of line gets DECKED!

HOOKER #1
Straighten up, shut your mouths, and DON'T MOVE! She will be here in a moment...

Out of the darkness, walks a young woman with the attitude of an old man. Bright red hair in a pixie cut. Dark eye shadow juxtaposed by ruby red lips. A choker with a red skull on it. Low cut red corset. Thigh high red boots. Fingerless gloves, like Madonna. This is SIN.

The screen goes black.

It says "Sin: The Dirty Hands of The Crew"

EXT. CAMP SINISTER - CONTINUOUS

SIN

Excellent girls, I'll take it from here. Good evening to you all. I am SIN, the headmistress of this exclusive PRIVATE camp you all have the privilege of attending! When you look at yourselves, what do you see? I'll tell you! You see RUNAWAYS, MISFITS, OUTCASTS -- young people with no direction or purpose in life! Here at CAMP SINISTER, we will GIVE you purpose and direction. We will teach you to channel the power of hate. Yes, HATE. Each of you is here because you HATE something. Think of it! What is it that you hated so MUCH that you had to RUN AWAY FROM IT?? When we get through with you, you will not just hate SOMETHING --- you will hate EVERYTHING! And you will know how to EXPRESS that hate to get what you WANT!

A kid leans into the Runaway we've been following. He looks like a sleezeball.

SLEEZEBALL

She's saying a lotta talk, but all I hear is someone's pent-up.

SIN

Eh?

She faces the Sleezeball.

SIN (CONT'D)

What did you say, boy?

SLEEZEBALL

Nuthin! I -- heh, heh -- was just admirin' the color on your clothes, Ma'am.

SIN

Admire THIS.

Sin puts her hand under the Sleezeball's chin.

A massive NEEDLE comes from her hand and through the Sleezeball's head.

Uh, that guy's dead now.

She drops his body to the floor.

SIN (CONT'D)

Anyone else have something WITTY to say? No?

Break.

SIN (CONT'D)

Fast learners. I like that.

INT. METAL BOX - NIGHT

The Runaway sits in a metal, well, cubicle. It's locked.

OTHER KID

(o.s.)

Hey, there's NOTHING in here!
Nothing to sit on, nothing to--
what if I have to go to the
---??

HOOKER #2

(o.s.)

Get IN there and shut your FACE!

ANOTHER KID

(o.s.)

N-NOOOO! Please! I get
CLAUSTROPHOBIA! M-My father used
to lock me in the closet when I
wouldn't --

HOOKER #2

(o.s.)

Spare me the SOB STORY,
Princess! I've heard 'em all!

ANOTHER KID

(o.s.)

Let me-

HOOKER #2

(o.s.)

Sure! I'll let you have it!

ANOTHER KID

(o.s.)

Oolff!

HOOKER #2

(o.s.)

How 'bout I give you another
little something to keep your
mind OFF your claustrophobia?

ANOTHER KID

(o.s.)

OWW!

The Runaway begins to cry.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE MET MUSEUM - NIGHT

We see a man, in a trench coat, perched on the roof of this
world-famous museum.

He has a bandaged face. He's talking into a recorder.

This is FANTOMEX.

FANTOMEX

Fantomex Memoirs; Chapter Forty-
Five: A man can only go so long
without his poison. It's the
denial of pleasure which leads
to the cancer.

The screen goes black.

It says "Fantomex: The Wild Card of the Crew"

EXT. THE MET MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

He puts the recorder back into his coat.

He leaps off the building.

He grabs the smallest ledge off of a window, and uses that
to swing himself through the window.

FANTOMEX (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

It's the repression of desire
that leads to the crime.

INT. THE MET MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Smashing the glass, Fantomex leaps in.

FANTOMEX

(v.o.)

So I skip the middleman.

Two guards, pointing guns, walk up on him.

FANTOMEX (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

Allowing myself the crime in the
first place.

Fantomex reaches out towards the guards.

FANTOMEX (CONT'D)

Termite inspector. GO ON BREAK.

The two guards do that.

FANTOMEX (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

Power of misdirection. Highly
recommended.

He walks over to an exhibit. The precious item is
Buoninsegna's "Madonna and Child".

FANTOMEX (CONT'D)

EVA, the security measures, if
you would be so kind.

Suddenly, the lights, which were off before, flash a pale
purple.

They then go off again.

He goes to take the painting, but-

FANTOMEX (CONT'D)

Gads.

It's a fake.

He turns around, to see a woman, wearing black jeggings and a leather coat, hold the real painting. This is, well, supposed to be Black Cat, but Sony and their rights and all that, so instead, FEMALE ART THIEF.

FEMALE ART THIEF

You lose. You owe me one case of Cognac. Henry IV Dudognon Heritage to be specific.

FANTOMEX

DUDOGNON HERITAGE is TWO MILLION DOLLARS a bottle! How do you even know that?

FEMALE ART THIEF

Google.

FANTOMEX

(sighs)

Well, a bet is a bet. It will be delivered tomorrow and I SINCERELY hope you choke on it.

FEMALE ART THIEF

Oh, I ain't gonna drink it. I'm a Tequila girl. Gonna use it to shine up my bike ... maybe disinfectant.

FANTOMEX

Diabolical... you truly are the worst. However "wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it."

FEMALE ART THIEF

C'mon. Hemmingway. Really?

FANTOMEX

It's BEN FRANKLIN, you philistine.

FEMALE ART THIEF

Who is?

FANTOMEX

The quote.

FEMALE ART THIEF

Sounds like Hemingway.

FANTOMEX

It isn't.

FEMALE ART THIEF

Well, with your sloppiness,
you'll soon be able to ask 'em
yourself.

She winks, and walks off.

FANTOMEX

DEVIL WOMAN!

FEMALE ART THIEF

And don't I know it!

FADE OUT.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - YET ANOTHER SHADY STREET - NIGHT

We see a mugger hold a knife up to a woman's neck.

WOMAN GETTING MUGGED

HELP!

A twenty-something, in a suit kinda like the one from Kick-Ass, sits on top of a building, and - hears the call. This is ALPHA.

ALPHA

I'm ON IT!

The screen goes black.

It says "Alpha: The Rookie of The Crew"

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - YET ANOTHER SHADY STREET - CONTINUOUS

He jumps down, and lands, coincidentally, right in front of the mugger.

WOMAN GETTING MUGGED

What the he-

ALPHA

Put the knife down, and let the
lady go.

(pause)

Sweet, I just said that thing
that superheroes say!

MUGGER
BACK OFF, MAN!

ALPHA
Listen, dude. Nobody has to get
hurt or anything.

The mugger lets the woman go, and runs towards Alpha, and STABS him.

ALPHA (CONT'D)
Ouch. That tickled.

The woman tries to run away, but Alpha grabs her with his arm.

MUGGER
Who... You're that dumb super
hero kid!

ALPHA
I prefer the name Alpha.

MUGGER
I heard you were a pushover!

ALPHA
Uh, you knife broke when my
stomach brushed up against it.

The mugger then pulls out a gun.

MUGGER
BACK OFF!

ALPHA
Wait, you guys really do stuff
like this? Thugs. I mean, I've
got the tight clothes. I'm
clearly the GOOD guy. You're
clearly the BAD guy.

MUGGER
I'll... I'll do it!

He shoots at Alpha.

It bounces off his chest, Superman style.

ALPHA
Okay, I tried. Now you fall
down, 'Kay?

A blue blast flies from his hand, and -

ALPHA (CONT'D)
Oh God, oh God, oh God.

The mugger is bleeding all over, cut all up.

WOMAN GETTING MUGGED
Th... Thank you Alpha.

Alpha picks up the mugger.

ALPHA
I... I have to get him to a
hospital.

WOMAN GETTING MUGGED
You saved my life. He
would've... I don't know what he
would've done.

ALPHA
I'm not really sure what I'm
supposed to do now. I better
take you with me, though. Make
sure you're okay, too.

The woman puts her arm around Alpha's shoulder, and he
flies away into the night sky, holding her and the mugger.

ALPHA (CONT'D)
Um, crap, I don't think you're
supposed to move someone who's
got head trauma or something.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

The mugger is lying down on a bed, being carted through the
hospital. Following the bed is a Doctor, a Nurse, and
Alpha.

DOCTOR
Get neurology, plastics, and
orthopedics here stat-

NURSE
Yes, Doctor-

DOCTOR
And get this idiotic "hero" out
of here!

Alpha, defeated walks away.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Alpha is talking to two cops outside the hospital.

He has his hands stretched out, waiting for them to handcuff him.

ALPHA

I was trying to save the lady--

COP #1

Yeah, we heard.

ALPHA

I'm... going to jail, right?

COP #1

The way I heard it, some strange masked man saved a girl from this sicko. Sicko must've tripped or something.

ALPHA

That's not what happ--

COP #2

Sure is. Them streets is slippy, y'know? Now you be good, 'Kay? We got work to do.

They walk away.

ALPHA

I... Uh... Thanks?

COP #1

Welcome to crime fightin', kid.

INT. 24/7 DINER - NIGHT

Alpha, now in his civvies, sits alone.

A waitress approaches him. She has bright pink hair, and all the piercings you could imagine.

WAITRESS

Hey. What do you want?

ALPHA
Hi, um...

WAITRESS
Soupcan.

ALPHA
Hi, Soupcan. All the stuff in
your face -

SOUPCAN
Yeah, I wear it because it's
what I want. What do you want?

ALPHA
Uh?

SOUPCAN
Coffee?

ALPHA
Yeah, sure.

SOUPCAN
Be right back.

She turns around, and leaves.

SOUPCAN (CONT'D)
Stop looking at my butt, dude.

ALPHA
Sorry.

FADE OUT.

INT. SISTER MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD GIRLS - NIGHT

The Night Raven storms in, and goes up to the bar.

You know what it looks like, you've seen Deadpool.

Close up on the sign with the name.

BARTENDER
The job go okay?

THE NIGHT RAVEN
As good as it gets.

BARTENDER

Hmm...

Break.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

I've got job which needs a guy like you.

THE NIGHT RAVEN

What?

BARTENDER

It's a heist. The client wishes to gain a certain ... collector's item.

THE NIGHT RAVEN

WHAT?

BARTENDER

(sighs)

You know the project, back in World War 2, which made Steve Rogers, well, Steve Rogers?

THE NIGHT RAVEN

Yeah?

BARTENDER

Well... my client has heard that Steve Rogers was not the only experiment. They also did stuff to a Canadian, James Howlett. But, due the success of Rogers, they just...

THE NIGHT RAVEN

(pause)

What?

BARTENDER

They kept him in the ... experimentation container thingy. Suspended in age, suspended in everything. GET THAT CONTAINER. And my client will pay handsomely.

The Night Raven stares at the Bartender.

THE NIGHT RAVEN
Who am I working with?

BARTENDER
Fantomex, Sin ... and Alpha.

THE NIGHT RAVEN
... the kid?

BARTENDER
Yeah. The kid.

SMASH CUT TO:

We see Sin talking to the Bartender.

SIN
Fantomex? I hate that
sonovabitch!

BARTENDER
It's just a job, not a marriage.
And the way I hear it, Camp
Sinister? That's a money drain.
You NEED a job.

SIN
And you don't got nothin' else?

BARTENDER
I have a couple of other things.
But they pay peanuts.

SIN
... Fine.

SMASH CUT TO:

We see Alpha talking to the Bartender.

ALPHA
Look, I just need a way to pay
for this guy's medical expenses.
That's the only reason I'm doing
this.

BARTENDER
Okay.

ALPHA
I wouldn't be doing this
otherwise.

BARTENDER

I believe you.

ALPHA

And I won't have to do any bad stuff?

BARTENDER

Not if you play it smart.

SMASH CUT TO:

The bartender's talking to Fantomex.

FANTOMEX

Hey, as long as they are all professionals, I shall also be a professional.

SMASH CUT TO:

Back to the Bartender's convo with The Night Raven.

THE NIGHT RAVEN

... Okay. I can work with that.
I'm in.

He then, abruptly, walks off.

BARTENDER

(muttering under his
breath)

Jackass.

FADE TO BLACK.