NORA

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FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE UP on a PAIR OF SAPPHIRE BLUE EYES; the person they belong to is unclear at the moment.

We pull back to reveal SOME GUY, heavily breathing and in the throes of ecstasy, as he has sex in a stall with the woman toting this pair of remarkably blue eyes.

This is NORA JEFFRIES, early 20s, clad in a funeral dress. One would normally be correct in describing her as undeniably beautiful, but as of now, her appearance is more so indicative of weariness and despair than Victoria's Secret model-esque looks.

SOME GUY (nearing finish) Ah, fuck!

Nora's sapphire eyes all of a sudden begin GLOWING, a FIELD OF ELECTRICITY FLUCTUATING AROUND THEM.

Mid-climax, the guy is too busy to notice.

JUMP CUT TO:

Post-coital. As Nora, her eyes back to their normal shade of gray, straightens out her dress, the man reaches inside his backpack and hands her a small baggie -- inside an 8-ball of cocaine.

NORA

Thanks.

The guy exits.

CUT TO:

Nora standing at the sink, a line of cocaine laid out before her. Just as she's about to lower her head to snort, she notices something out of the corner of eye - the bathroom light is flickering incessantly.

Nora raises her head, cocks it to the side, and stares at the overhead light for a moment. She then raises her hand, and beams a burst of electricity at it, the flickering immediately coming to a halt.

NORA

There we go.

As Nora bows her head so her nose can make nice with the white powder, we -

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD: "NORA."

RETURN TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A cab pulls up to the curb. Nora hops out, hands the driver some money.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Nora and other MOURNERS watch as a body is lowered into the ground.

CUT TO:

An easel displaying a photo collage of various moments of the brief life of the deceased, a young and bright teen known as RILEY CLARK.

We are -

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

A post funeral collation. Mourners pay their last respects and find an iota or two of solace in a tasty meal.

TWO OLD LADIES offer their condolences to GRAHAM, 28, Riley's debonair and self-assured older brother.

OLD LADY #1

... She was a ray of sunshine, that Riley. Her heart was always in the right place.

OLD LADY #2

Yes, such an immensely caring and sweet girl...

As the ladies continue with their kind words regarding his late sister, Graham spots Nora across the room eating alone. Off their eyes meeting:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Nora and Graham drink coffee in a booth.

GRAHAM

...I'm afraid you misinterpreted my reasoning for asking you here.

NORA

Meaning?

GRAHAM

Meaning my inviting you out for a cup-a-joe has nothing to do with us or our former tryst.

NORA

I'd like to think what we had was a little bit more than your run-of-the-mill "tryst."

GRAHAM

Oh, it was. Try not to read too much into my choice of vernacular, darlin'. I ain't one of them 20th century American novels you teach to those students of yours.

NORA

Alright, then to what do I owe this delightful pleasure today?

GRAHAM

Not what, whom.

NORA

Whom?

Graham leans in close to her.

GRAHAM

Listen, Nora, it's time for Riley's saboteur to pay the piper. And I find myself in dire need of your assistance.

NORA

My assistance?

GRAHAM

Yeah, your assistance - your unearthly arsenal of electric talents, so to speak.

NORA

Must I-

A WAITRESS comes by with a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS

(re: mugs)
Fill 'em up?

GRAHAM

Please do, darlin'.

The waitress pours Graham some more coffee.

NORA

I'm fine, thanks.

The waitress splits. Nora clocks a gaze around the joint to make sure no one's listening in on them before continuing where she left off in a low voice.

NORA

Must I remind you that that part of my life is over? That's the whole reason I was training your sister.

GRAHAM

Must I remind you that this is bigger than me and that adorable brunette head of yours? Nah, I'm afraid this ain't about us, darlin'.

NORA

And it's about Riley?

GRAHAM

See, now you're catching on. This here is about mi late hermana, the former Robin to your Batman, and reigning, sweet, merry ole hell upon her executioner.

Graham lights up a cigarette.

NORA

Killing her won't bring Riley back.

GRAHAM

Whoopty-fucking-doo. You don't think I know that? 'Cause I do. I just don't give a shit.

Graham takes a drag.

GRAHAM

See, us humans, we're slaves to the concept of hedonism - the everlasting pursuit of divine pleasure. There ain't no logic to half the shit we do. We just know it fucking feels good. That's why we do it. The fulfillment of pleasure - that's what drives our lazy asses out of bed each mornin'.

NORA

Yeah, and what does your Hobbesian world view have to do with anything?

GRAHAM

It's simple. Making that coldhearted bitch kneel before Lady Justice... sure, it won't bring the sis back. I ain't got no quarrels with admitting that. Just the crummy hand a fella's been dealt, I suppose.

(Graham smiles broadly)
But shit, I'd be lying if I said I didn't think it'd feel pretty damn good.

Graham takes a sip of his coffee, leans back, and rests his hands behind his head.

GRAHAM

So whaddya say? Ya in, or ya in?

CUT TO: NORA
RUSHING OUT THE
DINER

EXT. DINER - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Nora frantically scurries out of the door, and finds Graham crossing the street in a huff. He seems pissed.

NORA

(following him)

Come on, Graham. Don't be like this! Now's just a difficult time for me.

GRAHAM

I just went to my little sister's funeral earlier today.

It's a difficult time for all of us, darlin'.

Nora doesn't know how to aptly respond to that. Just says-

NORA

Look... I'm sorry. What more do you want me to say?

Graham stops in his tracks.

GRAHAM

Boy, you are somethin' else, you know that?

NORA

...I'm sorry. I just can't be that person anymore, Graham. You have to understand.

Graham regards her for a moment, and chuckles.

GRAHAM

Don't you ever change, Nora. I mean that. I truly do.

And with that, he disappears into the night, leaving her alone on the sidewalk.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Graham approaches his '65 Ford Mustang, and opens the door.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Graham rubs his brow, the stresses of the day washing over him. He then reaches over to the radio and turns to the basketball game. He gets comfortable and reclines his seat, striking a match over a cigarette to further soothe his pained mind. He shuts his eyes.

Through the rearview mirror, we notice a MASKED MAN rise from the floor in the backseat. Before we know what happens next:

CUT TO: NORA'S QUAINT HOME IN SUBURBIA

INT. NORA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

A steady stream of water hurls down from a shower head. Nora's naked body is silhouetted through the shower curtain. She's sitting on the bathtub floor, her body curled up into a ball, head bowed down.

INT. NORA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A CD cuts a line of cocaine on a coffee table. Nora sniffs it.

INT. NORA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nora sits on her bed going through a shoebox of old photos. A Miles Davis record spins on a turntable in the b.g.

We flash through the photos...

PICTURE: Nora, Graham, and Riley at the late teen's middle school graduation.

PICTURE: Nora training an older Riley in hand-to-hand combat.

PICTURE: Nora advising the late teen on the art of sword fighting.

PICTURE: Riley posing next to what appears to be a superhero costume of sorts.

PICTURE: Halloween. Nora and Riley are dressed as Batman and Robin, respectively.

Nora smiles a melancholy smile, tears welling her eyes.

She rummages through the shoebox some more and finds a mask; it matches the one seen in the photo of Riley and her costume.

Nora grasps the mask in her hands, shaking with sobs.

NORA

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry...

Off Nora rocking back and forth, succumbing to the roller coaster of emotions:

INT. NORA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Nora lies sleeping in bed amidst the old photographs of what seems like a past life. Her cellphone RINGS on the dresser. Nora gropes blindly to answer it.

NORA

(into phone)

Hello?

INT. NORA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Nora approaches the TV, talking to her friend KATE on the phone.

NORA

(into phone)

Yeah, Kate, I'm turning it on now. Just give me a sec.

Nora grabs the remote off the couch, and clicks on the TV.

NORA

Okay, now what?

KATE (O.S.)

Turn to Channel 12 News.

Nora flips through the channels, landing on the news station.

ANCHORMAN

Police have identified the man found dead in a car in a parking garage on Truman Road as 28 year-old Graham Clark.

Nora's face drops, stunned.

ANCHORMAN

As many of you may already know, Clark is the older brother of recently deceased local vigilante, Riley Clark. Whether or not the late teen's questionable extracurricular activities are related to Mr. Clark's death has yet to be determined. More after the break.

We see the news register on her face; she is shell-shocked, utterly floored by what she is hearing.

KATE (O.S.)

Nora, I'm so sorry. I know how much he meant to you.

The phone slips from Nora's hand and falls to the ground.

KATE (O.S.)

Nora, you still there? Hello? Nora?

We see her hand begin to tremble ever so slightly, tiny sparks of electricity emanating from her fingertips.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

LEO, late 20s, sly and wiry, clad in seemingly typical bank robber attire, trudges over to a sole car idling beneath the blistering rain, a duffel bag plump with freshly stolen money slung over his shoulder. He pops open the trunk and tosses the bag inside before getting behind the steering wheel.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Leo shifts in his seat, his resolute demeanor wavering as the pressure crescendos more and more with each passing second. He casts a glimpse at his surroundings, wondering where his bank robbing accomplice is at.

We hear a cackle from a handheld scanner sitting on the dashboard - police dispatch.

POLICE SCANNER

Any units in the vicinity of Emery and Myers? 211 in progress at Valley National Bank.

And the pressure keeps on building, Leo at his wit's end.

LEO

Come on, come on... You were s'posed to be right behind me.

Leo's sweaty fingers are wrapped tightly around the steering wheel now, foot to the gas, ready to make like a banana and split the second his partner in crime appears.

A mysterious VOICE interspersed with the police dispatch:

POLICE SCANNER

VOICE (O.S.)

842, show us handling.

Shut it off.

Leo's beady eyes dart toward the rearview mirror, spots a HOODED FIGURE (Nora) sitting behind him in the backseat, leveling a pocket knife at his neck. (Note: although it is apparent to us that the hooded figure is Nora, it is not to Leo, and will not be until noted otherwise.)

LEO

Who the fuck-

NORA

Do it.

Leo slowly and cautiously reaches over to the passenger's seat and shuts off the scanner.

Leo tries his luck again.

LEO

Let's try this again, shall we?... Who the fuck are you?

No response.

LEO

Look, if money's what ya after, that's no problem. Not at all. Ya just gotta put the blade down first. Let's be diplomatic here, alright?

He's met with a stalwart wall of silence yet again.

LEO

Hey, you care to say anything, or is a fella just s'posed to sit here with his dick in his hand?

Nora leans in close, lips inches away from his ear...

NORA

(whispers)

How does it feel?

LEO

Feel? Ya being cryptic, sweetheart. How does what feel?

NORA

To be snuck up on while in the comfort of your own car.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

FRANK, late 20s, gruff and portly, hauls ass, duffel in hand. Sirens wail in the distance.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Leo pleads for his life.

LEO

Look, I ain't have nothin' to do with that. That wasn't me. I swear.

NORA

(laughs)

Relax. I don't want you. I want your employer.

LEO

Boss lady?

NORA

I need you to deliver a message to her for me.

LEO

Yeah, and why would I do that?

NORA

You mean aside from the piercingly sharp blade ready to slice open your carotid artery and spill out your insides like a piñata at a kid's birthday party?

LEO

(beat, fear mounting)
Yeah... aside from that.

Out of the corner of her eye Nora sees Frank approaching in the distance.

NORA

So glad you asked.

She flashes a wry smile at Leo.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Frank reaches the vehicle and is about to toss the duffel in the back when he clocks Nora in the backseat.

FRANK

(to Leo)

Who the hell is th-

ZAP!

A LIGHTING BOLT strikes down from the heavens upon the unsuspecting bank robber and BLASTS HIM TO SMITHEREENS.

ANGLE ON: Nora, sitting in the backseat, arms raised and eyes deadlocked on the spot Frank was just standing seconds prior. Despite a mask concealing her face, we notice that her eyes are once again an exquisite shade of sapphire blue, just like what was displayed in the opening scene.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Leo is absolutely dumbstruck. He now knows EXACTLY who the hooded figure is now. Still, for good measure, Nora plops off the hood, revealing her trademark eyes to him.

LEO

You, you're supposed to be-

NORA

Retired? Yeah, well, things changed, I'm afraid. Sorry about that.

Off Leo trembling with fear:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Nora hops out the car, the rain pouring down upon her.

NORA

You make sure she knows I'm coming for her.

LEO

(terrified)

Consider your message signed, sealed, and delivered.

NORA

Good boy.

And with that, Nora clears out, her eyes furiously glowing, a field of electricity rapidly fluctuating around them.

FADE OUT.

THE END