

MAYA SANTOS COMEDY ASSASSIN
THE ANIMATED SERIES

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DUSK 1

The sprawling skyline of New York City looms in the fading light of dusk, its towering skyscrapers casting long shadows over the urban landscape. The city transforms into a monochromatic marvel, bathed in the soft hues of twilight.

2 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT 2

Within the chaotic confines of a bustling office, rows of CLUTTERED DESKS are illuminated by the eerie glow of COMPUTER SCREENS. WORKERS, their faces illuminated by the blue light, are immersed in their tasks, lost in the digital labyrinth of late-night work.

DISSOLVE TO:

Time passes, and the office transforms into a ghostly space. The once-bustling desks are now deserted, except for ONE LONE FIGURE. Silhouetted against the soft glow of the remaining monitors, the solitary worker stands out in the foreground, a testament to dedication amidst the nocturnal silence.

3 EXT. NEW YORK CITY BALCONY - LATE NIGHT 3

On a secluded balcony, high above the bustling streets, a WOMAN cradles a NEWBORN in her arms. Her silhouette is a stark contrast against the backdrop of the sleeping city below. She gazes pensively into the night.

4 EXT. CITY STREET - EARLY MORNING 4

The city street awakens with the first light of morning, bathed in a gentle haze. A lone figure navigates the quiet streets, moving with purpose and determination, blending seamlessly into the serene dawn atmosphere.

5 INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING 5

In a cozy New York City apartment, the DOOR SWINGS OPEN to reveal a weary man returning home after a long night. His wife stands before him, holding their precious newborn. The morning sun filters through the window, casting a warm glow on this intimate family scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 INT. OFFICE - LATE NIGHT 6

Day after day, night after night, the same routine unfolds. The once-bustling office remains deserted, illuminated only by the soft glow of COMPUTER SCREENS.

Amidst the EMPTY DESKS, one figure perseveres, toiling away in solitude.

7 EXT. NEW YORK CITY BALCONY - LATE NIGHT 7

Until one day... The secluded balcony, normally occupied by the woman and her newborn, stands empty against the backdrop of the bustling streets below. The absence is palpable, a silent echo of a vanished presence.

8 EXT. CITY STREET - EARLY MORNING 8

The city street awakens once more, wrapped in the embrace of early morning light. Once again, a solitary figure traverses the quiet urban landscape, their steps echoing the rhythm of determination amid the serene dawn atmosphere.

9 INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING 9

Inside the cozy apartment, the door swings open to reveal the weary man returning home after a long night. But this time, the room is eerily empty. The familiar faces of his wife and child are gone, leaving behind a haunting silence that fills the space.

10 EXT. CITY STREET - THE NEXT MORNING 10

The city street awakens once more, only this time the solitary figure traverses in a different direction, heading away from his home. A STRAY CAT emerges from the shadows, following alongside the figure's feet.

11 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 11

A storefront catches the eye with its bold AWNING that reads 'GUNS AND AMMO'. The camera lingers on the sign, hinting at the choices and consequences to come.

12 INT. GUN STORE - DAY 12

A closeup of a countertop reveals a tense exchange. A GUN changes hands, the transaction laden with unspoken intentions.

13 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 13

In the foreground, a shadowy figure stands, silhouetted against the city backdrop. As the figure surveys the street, the stray cat weaves its way around the figure's feet with curious eyes.

Across the street, the 'GUNS AND AMMO' store looms, its bold signage contrasting with the tranquility of the morning scene. The juxtaposition of the mysterious figure and the inquisitive cat adds an intriguing layer to the

unfolding narrative, hinting at hidden motives and unexpected allies in the shadows of the city.

14 INT. OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

14

The office scene is tense and dramatic. A flash of a GUN muzzle illuminates the silhouette of a man standing over another, seated in a CHAIR. The silhouetted inner office overlooks the outer office we have seen earlier. The gunshot reverberates through the empty office floor, punctuating the silent confrontation.

The man with the gun calmly walks past the lifeless body slumped in the chair, his steps deliberate and unhurried. He approaches a LARGE SAFE, its door slightly ajar, and swings it wide open. Inside, STACKS OF BILLS pile up, a testament to the illicit dealings unfolding within this seemingly ordinary office.

15 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

15

In the foreground, the mysterious figure clad in SUNGLASSES, a TRENCH COAT over a SHARP SUIT AND TIE, strides purposefully toward the camera. Behind him, the entire office building erupts in a fiery explosion, the force of the blast propelling debris into the sky.

The juxtaposition of the calm, determined figure against the chaos of the exploding building creates a gripping visual that captures the essence of high-stakes intrigue and danger.

16 EXT. THE MARINA - DAY

16

The shadowy figure, with several LARGE DUFFEL BAGS at his feet and the curious cat by his side, stands on the dock, poised to board a MEDIUM-SIZED YACHT. The figure glances back at the city skyline, a sense of anticipation and secrecy shrouding his movements.

CUT TO:

A bird's-eye view of the marina reveals the sleek yacht pulling away from the dock, navigating through the sparkling waters. The camera captures the scene from above, highlighting the figure's escape into the vast expanse of the sea.

17 EST. EXT MAYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - RAINING

17

SUPER: 20 years later, Brooklyn, NY

Outside of a Brooklyn pre-war apartment building in a pre-gentrified area of Flatbush-Ditmas Park, it's raining.

MUSIC CUE: "Didn't Cha Know" by Erykah Badu
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Np21rH7Ldto>

18 INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

18

Inside, Maya's crib is neat as a pin, and the decor is a burst of her soul - colorful, lively, and full of that Maya spirit even though she doesn't have a lot to splurge on furnishings.

Okay folks, here she is, MAYA SANTOS, our heroine or is it just hero nowadays? No matter. She is the person the audience will fall in love with and will want to follow through every step of her journey. Why? She has an intensity and confidence that draws us in. We can see it already in her eyes as she simply GAZES INTO the BATHROOM MIRROR before rushing to leave her apt, late for a stand-up gig. A quiet confidence, not cockiness, that comes from working hard and time and again seeing results from that hard work pay off.

Confidence knowing that she will make mistakes but learning from them will only make her stronger and help her avoid making similar missteps in the future. Wise beyond her years, she is in that regard, but we can also see an innocence in those eyes; the innocence of someone who has yet to have been exposed to all the world has to offer, but is eager to take it all in with a thirst for more, and a want to succeed; to solve problems; provide solutions; and to figure it all out.

Before stepping out into the crazy world, Maya takes a second. A quick peek in that mirror. Taking stock of it all - the choices, the ups, the downs - it's all rushin' through her head. It's a moment of reflection, a collision of past and present, and she's smack dab in the middle of it. She's got her own tale to spin, and this here, it's just the opening act. So, with her PURSE slung over her shoulder and her JACKET in hand, she's out the door, ready for whatever's next and we are right here with her.

19 EXT. MAYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

19

It's still raining, as Maya RUNS to her awaiting cab.

20 INT. CAB - NIGHT

20

CABBIE

Maya?

MAYA

(looking at her phone)

Yes. Hey!! The price just jumped?!

CABBIE
Surge Price. It's raining!

INSERT - EXT. CAB - NIGHT

Amidst the downpour traffic is snarled, typical for any wet night in NYC. The cab crosses the Manhattan Bridge into Manhattan. Abruptly, the cab's FRONT TIRE HITS A POTHOLE...

BACK TO SCENE

...making it difficult for Maya to finish her last-minute makeup application. Maya is holding an iPhone used as a mirror in one hand and a LIPSTICK in the other. She has smeared makeup on her face.

MAYA
F*ck!

21 EXT. BACKSTAGE ENTRANCE TO COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

21

As Maya QUICKLY EXITS from the cab into the deluge, she accidentally PLANTS HER FOOT smack-dab into a nasty PUDDLE.

MAYA
SH!T!

This night is getting off to a rocky start. Maya looks down at her SOAKED SHOE and shakes her head in frustration. As she moves to continue toward the club, something catches her eye.

Just a few feet away, under a flimsy CARDBOARD BOX, a HOMELESS PERSON is huddled, trying to shelter from the rain. Maya initially keeps moving, focused on getting inside, but then she STOPS.

She glances back, standing in the rain, torn between rushing to her gig and helping the person in need. After a beat, she makes her decision.

Ignoring the rain, Maya turns back, kneels beside the homeless person, and REACHES INTO HER BAG. She pulls out a few crumpled BILLS and offers them with a kind smile.

MAYA
(gently)
Here. Take this and go grab a
coffee. You can get warm in the
coffee shop nearby.

The homeless person looks up, surprised but grateful, and nods in thanks. Maya stands back up, water dripping from her hair and jacket, and ENTERS the STAGE DOOR.

22 INT. BACKSTAGE OF A SMALL COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT**22**

Through the door and down the DARK and CRAMPED HALLWAY headed straight for the STAGE, Maya catches a glimpse of some SHADY CHARACTERS lurking in a BACK OFFICE, looking like they're up to no good. But it's time to focus, as she hears the EMCEE call her name and she's quickly out onto the stage in front of the small but eager CROWD, ready to witness her act.

23 INT. SMALL COMEDY CLUB MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**23**

EMCEE (O.S.)
Give it up for Maya Santos...Comedy
Assassin!

Maya WALKS TO CENTER STAGE in front of the SMALL CROWD and CASUALLY SITS DOWN. But her act doesn't land well with the audience.

MAYA
(timidly)
How's everyone doing tonight?

RANDOM HECKLER 1 (O.S.)
Boo! Why are you sitting down?!!

MAYA
Um, get ready folks because tonight
I'm your Comedy Assassin...

RANDOM HECKLER 2 (O.S.)
Boo! We know. The emcee said that
already. What does that even mean?

RANDOM HECKLER 1 (O.S.)
Yeah. Be funny!!

RANDOM HECKLER 2 (O.S.)
Make us laugh!

SHORT MONTAGE of shots of Maya telling poorly received joke after poorly received joke. We can tell by the look on her face and her reaction to the audience that things are not going well. The horrendous set concludes with a blank stare from Maya and absolute silence from the audience.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT. BACKSTAGE OF A SMALL COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT**24**

Maya HEADS UPSTAIRS to wind down and hang with a select group of her fellow comics.

25 INT. UPSTAIRS OF COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

25

Maya approaches a table across from the bar where a motley crew of comedians is holding court, their raucous laughter echoing through the DIMLY LIT room.

ETHAN

Ooof!

MIRIAN

Bad set, huh?

MAYA

You heard already?

ETHAN

We could see on the monitors above the bar.

INSERT - CLOSE-UP TELEVISION SCREENS ABOVE THE BAR

We see THREE TELEVISION SCREENS above the bar. The two on the right show COMEDIANS ON STAGE. The screen on the left shows a BASKETBALL GAME which quickly cuts to a shot of what appears to be SPIKE LEE STANDING AND CHEERING from court side.

BACK TO SCENE

MIRIAN

Even without the sound, we could tell you were in trouble.

FRED

Don't worry, kid. It's happened to all of us.

MIRIAN

So tell me again, why the sitting down?

MAYA

I just thought It'd be different. A way to stand out. Be memorable.

FRED

You're overthinking it. Just be funny.

ETHAN

Hey, remember that guy, Bob who called himself 'Bob the unfunny comic'... He wasn't funny.

MIRIAN

True. I think that was his point though.

BUZZ (phone buzzes)

MAYA

My agent...I need to take this.

26 INT. COMEDY CLUB MAIN ROOM - EMPTY - NIGHT

26

Maya heads back downstairs to take the call.

MAYA

So you heard?

Maya's agent does not hold back, and Maya fears her career is on the brink of failure.

AGENT (V.O)

Perhaps this isn't the path for you.

MAYA

I know tonight didn't go as planned,
but I'm not throwin' in the towel
just yet. With all this rain
tonight, I'm going to need it.
(laughing to herself)

27 INT. BACKSTAGE OF COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

27

It's late now. The club has emptied. Maya HEADS OUT back THROUGH THE NARROW BACKSTAGE HALLWAY, quickly GLANCING TO THE RIGHT toward the back office. BANG a single gunshot rings out, like the crack of a starter's pistol! Realizing she has seen something she shouldn't have, adrenaline kicks in and she DASHES OUT THE STAGE DOOR.

28 EXT. BACKSTAGE ENTRANCE TO COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

28

Maya CHARGES HEADFIRST into the TORRENTIAL RAIN, SPRINTING ACROSS THE STREET like an Olympic athlete. However, her presence doesn't go unnoticed; she is followed by one of the shadowy figures from the back office. Maya STOPS ACROSS THE STREET out of view behind some BOXES to catch her breath.

Suddenly she feels the cold wet touch of a DOG'S NOSE against her cheek. She turns to see a soaking wet BOSCO excitedly NUDGING HER FACE. Maya tries to keep Bosco quiet, PETTING HIM ON THE HEAD.

MAYA

Shhh! Quiet Boy!

Unable to see where Maya went, THE HENCHMAN returns to the club. Bosco TAKES OFF DOWN THE STREET and STOPS to JUMP and PAW AT THE DOOR to a small PET STORE. Maya QUICKLY FOLLOWS looking for somewhere to get out of the rain away from the open view of anyone else from the club.

29 **EXT. PET STORE - NIGHT**

29

Maya CATCHES UP TO Bosco. She sees he may have led her to his home. She KNOCKS ON THE DOOR and LOOKS THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE PET STORE.

MAYA

Hey Boy, Is this your home?

30 **INT. PET STORE - NIGHT**

30

A LIGHT comes on. LARA COMES TO THE DOOR and OPENS IT.

MAYA

Uh Hi. Does he live here? May we come in out of the rain? We are soaked.

LARA

Uh, yes, come in, come in. Let me get you a towel. Bosco, how did you get out?

LARA EXITS FRAME and RETURNS with a TOWEL that she GIVES TO Maya. She has one for BOSCO and as he JUMPS UP on the COUNTER she begins to DRY HIM OFF.

MAYA

Thanks. Hi. I'm Maya. Maya Santos.

LARA

Hi. I'm Lara and this here is Bosco.

Out of nowhere, BANG a thunderous knock on the WINDOW startles everyone! A LARGE SHADOWY FIGURE peers through the WINDOW from outside.

BOSCO

Bark!

Bosco keeps up his ferocious barking, perched atop the COUNTER.

MAYA

(frantically)

I witnessed something I shouldn't have at the club! They're on my tail! Can you help me disappear?

LARA

Hurry! Over here!

Amid the loud chaos, Maya and Lara bolt towards the back of the shop. Maya FOLLOWS LARA DOWN A NARROW HALLWAY at the rear of the store and into a SMALL ELEVATOR hidden behind some STACKED BOXES.

31 INT. LARA'S BASEMENT HIDEOUT/LAB**31**

EXITING THE ELEVATOR Maya and Lara are now STANDING IN FRONT of a LARGE WALL OF MONITORS behind a DESK covered with assorted PAPERS and FOLDERS. This is Lara's SECRET HACKER LAB. BOSCO enters through a DOGGIE DOOR in the WALL near the ELEVATOR. He CATCHES UP to Lara and Maya.

LARA

I've suspected there has been criminal activity taking place in that club for a while now. I haven't been able to collect any solid evidence. Perhaps you can help me with that.

32 INT. THE COMEDY BASEMENT - NIGHT**32**

SUPER: 5 years later...

The dimly lit basement buzzes with excitement. The BRICK WALLS, rugged and worn, are covered with POSTERS of past comedic legends. The atmosphere is electric, charged with anticipation as PATRONS pack into the intimate space, waiting for the show to begin.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of shots depicting various comedians on stage

ON STAGE: FRED Fred, a seasoned comedian, stands under the spotlight, his grizzled charm evident as he grips the mic.

FRED

(leaning in, deadpan)

I overheard one of these Gen Z kids say the last time he used Gmail was in high school. When I was in high school, there was no such thing as email. These days, everything's smart--smartphones, smart TVs, even smart fridges. My fridge is so smart, it started judging me. I opened it the other night, and it said, 'Really, Fred? Another beer? You know, there's kale right here.' The crowd roars with laughter.

CUT TO:

ON STAGE: MIRIAM, full of energy, owns the stage, the spotlight following her every move.

MIRIAM

(grinning)

My straight friends always ask me
(MORE)

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

which I prefer: men or women. I'm like, 'I prefer whoever texts back first. I don't have time for these games.' The audience erupts, laughter bouncing off the walls.

CUT TO:

ON STAGE: ETHAN, the embodiment of Gen Z cool, saunters across the stage, mic in hand.

ETHAN

(smiling)

Every time I tell someone I'm a comedian, they're like, 'So what's your real job?' Like, this is it! My job is to make jokes about how my only other skill is making ramen, in a way that makes people laugh.

The crowd chuckles, some nodding in recognition.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(smirk)

That's my time. Now give it up for your comedy assassin, Maya Santos!

CUT TO:

ON STAGE: MAYA SANTOS, radiant and confident, strides onto the stage. The SPOTLIGHT catches her just right, highlighting her presence. She pauses, scanning the audience with a mischievous smile, the room held in the palm of her hand.

MAYA

(leaning into the mic,
playful)

So, I was thinking the other day, if laughter is the best medicine, then why aren't doctors just comedians showing you random videos of people falling down?

The crowd bursts into laughter, captivated by her sharp wit and effortless charm. Maya navigates through her set with ease, each joke landing perfectly, her timing impeccable.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of shots depicting Maya having a successful set

AUDIENCE: Faces light up with laughter, some wiping tears from their eyes.

MAYA: Moves confidently across the stage, her gestures animated and expressive.

CLOSE-UP: Maya's eyes, sparkling with the thrill of performing, a stark contrast to her earlier struggles.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. THE COMEDY BASEMENT - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 33

Maya steps off the stage, the APPLAUSE still echoing behind her. She takes a deep breath, the adrenaline of her performance still coursing through her veins. The dim backstage lighting casts long shadows, creating a stark contrast against her silhouette.

MAYA
(whispering to herself)
Another show, another night. Time to
switch gears.

34 EXT. THE COMEDY BASEMENT - DAWN 34

Maya exits the club, the first light of dawn breaking over the horizon. She strides with purpose towards a parked VESPA SCOOTER. The city's early morning calm is a stark contrast to the lively energy inside the club moments ago. She REVS THE ENGINE and SPEEDS OFF into the awakening city.

35 EXT. PET STORE - DAWN 35

Maya pulls up in front of a familiar storefront, the Vespa's engine purring softly. The camera pulls back to reveal the sign above the entrance: "Pet Haven"—the same pet store where Maya and Lara first met. The sun's first rays illuminate the scene as Maya dismounts and walks inside COFFEE in hand.

The duality of Maya's life unfolds—by night, a star on stage; by day, a guardian of the city.

36 INT. PET STORE - ELEVATOR - DAWN 36

Maya steps into the familiar hidden ELEVATOR and PRESSES A BUTTON. The WALL PANEL SLIDES OPEN and then CLOSES behind her. The ELEVATOR DESCENDS SMOOTHLY, the SOFT HUM OF MACHINERY the only sound.

37 INT. MAYA'S SECRET LAIR - DAWN 37

The ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN to reveal the HIDDEN LAIR, a stark contrast to the mundane pet store above. The room is filled with HIGH-TECH GADGETS, GLOWING MONITORS displaying mission intel, and VARIOUS WEAPONS neatly organized on the walls. This is our first comprehensive look at the expansive facility that was hinted at earlier.

SHORT MONTAGE of shots revealing various details of the lair.

MONITORS: Close-ups of DETAILED DOSSIERS on high-profile targets. MAPS, BLUEPRINTS, and SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS cover the screens.

MAYA AND LARA: Lara is already there, seated at a LARGE CONSOLE, her fingers flying across the keyboard. She looks up as Maya enters.

LARA

Morning, Maya. Ready to dive into the latest intel?

MAYA

(grinning)

Always. We got a city to save and laughs to deliver! Might seem like a tall order, but with our combined talents we're gonna kill it!

LARA

You're right, Maya. Our friendship is an unstoppable force we're gonna bring justice to this f*cked-up world, one killer punch line at a time!

Maya joins Lara at the console. The monitors display images and data on various targets, corrupt elites who have been exploiting the city's resources. They engage in a serious discussion, pointing at the monitors and outlining their strategy. The fight for justice continues as she and Lara take aim at the corrupt elite who prey on the city. Their determination is palpable as they prepare for the next mission.

38 INT./EXT. NEW YORK CITY - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY TO NIGHT 38

MONTAGE of shots depicting Maya seamlessly navigating her dual life:

BY DAY: Maya and Lara engage in rigorous combat drills. They spar with precision, each movement calculated and coordinated. Sweat glistens on their brows as they strategize and refine their tactics. Maya and Lara exchange knowing glances, their bond evident in their synchronized movements and unspoken understanding;
BY NIGHT: Maya entertains crowds with her sharp wit on stage, eliciting LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE.

39 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT SKYLINE

39

The city glitters under the moonlight, but beneath its surface lies a web of deceit. Maya and Lara are about to uncover a new, intricate conspiracy involving high-profile

individuals who have infiltrated the highest echelons of power.

40 INT. SECRET LAIR PLANNING ROOM - NIGHT

40

Maya and Lara pore over new intelligence, their expressions grim as they examine a vast CONSPIRACY BOARD with PHOTOS and DOCUMENTS linking powerful figures. The room is filled with tension as they realize the scope and danger of this new threat.

LARA

This goes deeper than we thought.
They've got their claws everywhere.

Maya nods, her mind racing with the implications.

MAYA

The club's on their chopping block.
For me and the other comics, that
place isn't just a stage. If it goes
down... we lose our home.

Maya and Lara stand before a planning board covered in BLUEPRINTS and SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS OF AN OPULENT GALA.

LARA

We need to get inside this gala.
It's our best shot at gathering the
intel we need.

Maya nods, already visualizing the mission ahead.

41 INT. SECRET LAIR - CLOSET - NIGHT

41

MAYA

Let's do this. But remember, one
wrong move...

They meticulously plan, selecting SOPHISTICATED ATTIRE...

42 INT. SECRET LAIR - WEAPONS ROOM - NIGHT

42

...and checking their WEAPONS.

LARA

...and it could be our last.

They exchange a determined look, their resolve unwavering as they prepare to face the high-stakes mission ahead.

43 EXT. LAVISH GALA - NIGHT

43

The GRAND GALA VENUE stands as a beacon of luxury amidst the city skyline, its lights shimmering against the backdrop of the night. LIMOUSINES PULL UP, and ELEGANTLY

DRESSED GUESTS STEP OUT, entering through the GRAND ENTRANCE.

44 INT. LAVISH GALA - NIGHT

44

Inside, the GALA HALL is opulent, filled with CHANDELIERS and elegantly dressed guests. Maya moves with practiced grace, blending seamlessly into the high-society event. She engages in strategic conversations, subtly eavesdropping on suspicious guests. Lara monitors Maya's movements through a camera in her headpiece and a microphone hidden in her jewelry.

LARA(O.C.)
Target's in sight. Stay sharp.

Maya nods, her eyes scanning the room, tension building as they gather valuable intelligence without drawing attention to themselves.

INSERT - EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

The city sprawls beneath a starlit sky, its beauty masking a dark underbelly of corruption. TIME PASSES.

BACK TO SCENE

Maya stands amidst the sea of elegantly attired guests, her heightened senses on high alert. A mysterious guest locks eyes with Maya from across the room. Their gaze lingers for a moment, sending a chilling shiver down her spine.

MAYA
Well, well, well, look who we have here. The elusive Mr. Johnson. I must say, your reputation precedes you.

MR. JOHNSON
Maya Santos. You're a hard woman to miss, even in disguise. The renowned comedian-turned-assassin. Quite the career change, isn't it? I must admit. I'm intrigued.

Maya's expression remains steely as they engage in a tense verbal sparring match. Mr. Johnson hints at the conspiracy's reach, revealing his awareness of Maya's investigations.

MAYA
Oh, you know how it goes, sometimes life takes unexpected turns. And laughter becomes a lethal weapon. But enough about me. Let's talk
(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)
about those secrets you've been
hiding.

MR. JOHNSON
(leaning in)
Secrets? Me? I'm an open book Maya
but if there were any they'd be
quite safe with you wouldn't they?
You may have scratched the surface,
but you have no idea what you're up
against.

MAYA
Charming smiles hide hidden motives.
Like chess. Each move reveals
intentions.

MR. JOHNSON
You certainly have a way with words,
Maya. But remember. In this game.
I'm no pawn. I'm the King. And I
hold all the cards.

MAYA
Ah. But don't underestimate the
power of a well-timed punchline, Mr.
Johnson. After all. Humor has a way
of disarming even the most guarded
souls. So, spill the beans. What's
your latest scheme?

MR. JOHNSON
You're relentless, Maya. But I can't
deny the chemistry between us. Let's
just say I have my eyes set on
something priceless. And you, my
dear, are in the perfect position to
help me get it.

MAYA
A priceless treasure, huh? Well. Mr.
Johnson, you've piqued my curiosity.
Just remember, while we dance this
delicate tango. Don't forget who
holds the upper hand. The punchline
is always mine.

MR. JOHNSON
Oh. Maya, you truly are a force to
be reckoned with. Consider me
intrigued and ready to play. Let the
games begin...

Maya turns away for a second and when she turns back Mr.
Johnson is nowhere to be seen. The encounter leaves her
unsettled.

45 INT. LAVISH GALA - HALLWAY - NIGHT

45

MR. JOHNSON
(to his GUARDS)
Get her.

The GUARDS nod and swiftly move toward Maya.

46 INT. LAVISH GALA - BALLROOM - NIGHT

46

She spots them. Her pulse quickens. Without missing a beat, she takes a sharp breath and bolts into the crowd.

CHASE BEGINS

The guards give chase, weaving through the elegantly dressed gala guests. Maya ducks under tables, and swerves around waiters, her heart pounding in her chest as she narrowly escapes their grasp.

Suddenly, the band starts playing "The Electric Slide."

MUSIC CUE: "Electric Boogie (The Electric Slide)" by
Marcia Griffiths
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1vF84LABHm0>

A ripple of excitement sweeps through the crowd. Guests flood the dance floor, instantly falling in line to do the synchronized dance. Maya skids to a halt. The guards close in, but before they can grab her—

MAYA
(grinning)
Really? Oh, hell no—I gotta do this.

The guards, focused, reach out to grab her, but before they know it, the irresistible pull of the dance has them caught too. Without thinking, they start doing the Electric Slide, following the rhythm of the crowd.

MAYA
Oh, you're in it now, boys.

With synchronized steps, Maya slides right into the middle of the line, effortlessly executing the moves. She's sliding to the left, stepping to the right, and for a split second, there's a bizarre harmony between her and the guards as they all complete the choreography, eyes locked in a silent challenge.

The crowd cheers, oblivious to the absurdity of the situation.

GUARD #1
(confused, out of breath)
What... are we doing?

The two guards glance at each other with puzzled looks and yet they continue sliding, stepping, and shimmying in perfect sync. Maya's laughter is contagious as she turns and executes the final "cha-cha" with flair. But the second the song reaches its end, the moment of unity evaporates.

MAYA
(mocking)
Hope you stretched before
this-'cause I'm out.

Before the guards can react, Maya bolts again-the long satin fabric of her elegant ball gown flowing behind her as she slips through the dancing crowd with newfound momentum. She hurdles over a chair, her gown catching the breeze, spins past a bewildered couple, her heels clicking against the marble floor, and with one final glance back at the baffled guards, she gathers her dress and climbs through an open window onto the fire escape.

47 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

47

Maya lands gracefully, despite the constraining gown. She catches her breath, a wide grin on her face as the sounds of the party fade behind her. The glittering fabric sparkles under the moonlight as she dusts herself off, tugging at the hem of her gown. With a smirk, she adjusts her outfit and climbs down to street level. She hops on her awaiting scooter...

MAYA
(muttering to herself)
Best. Escape. Ever.

and rides off into the shadows, knowing full well she just danced her way out of trouble-in heels, no less.

48 EXT. PET STORE - NIGHT

48

Again we see Maya's Vespa outside the pet shop/safehouse establishing the location for the upcoming scene.

49 INT. SAFEHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

49

Inside we see Maya asleep in bed at her home away from home.

MAYA
(to herself as she wakes
up)
Yawn... Another day. Another
mission. Last night's gala was just
the beginning. There's much to
uncover.

50 INT. SAFEHOUSE - TRAINING ROOM - DAY**50**

Lara and Maya, both exhausted, spar with increasing sloppiness.

LARA

Good morning sleepy. Recovering from a little late-night improv after the gala?

MAYA

Oh, Lara, you know how these events can be. Full of allure and hidden agendas. But fear not. My focus was solely on the mission.

Maya LANDS A SOLID RIGHT CROSS on LARA'S CHIN. Before she can apologize,

LARA

On the mission, maybe once I'd like to be in the field so I can focus on the mission.

Lara RETURNS WITH A HARD LEFT HOOK. Maya, THROWS HER GLOVES ON THE FLOOR in frustration and STORMS OUT OF THE ROOM.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. SAFEHOUSE - SAFEHOUSE PLANNING ROOM - NIGHT**51**

Maya and Lara sit in silence, the aftermath of the gala mission weighing heavily on them. Lara massages her temples, visibly exhausted. Maya paces the room, tension radiating from her.

MAYA

That was too close, Lara. We can't keep pushing ourselves like this.

LARA

What choice do we have, Maya? These bastards won't stop. We have to keep going.

Maya stands, frustration etched on her face.

MAYA

And at what cost? Look at us. We're running on fumes, taking bigger risks every time.

Lara meets Maya's gaze, the strain of their work evident in their eyes.

LARA

We can't let this break us, Maya.
We're stronger together.

Maya nods, her resolve hardening.

MAYA

You're right. We've come too far to
let it unravel now.

They share a brief, supportive smile, reaffirming their bond.

MAYA

Let's approach this differently. We need to be smarter, not just relentless. I've been connecting the dots, and it seems our targets are part of a much larger scheme. The city is in grave danger. It's not just one target we're after. We're taking down an entire network of deceit and treachery. These villains are involved in smuggling, money laundering, and blackmail. They have infiltrated the highest echelons of power, controlling the city from the shadows.

LARA

Agreed. We hit them where it hurts most—expose their secrets, and dismantle their power. Look at these connections involving multiple attendees of the gala. Each thread weaves a tale of corruption and manipulation. The network extends its influence into law enforcement, judiciary, and even media. They've built an impenetrable fortress. But we'll find the cracks and bring it crumbling down. They won't know what hit them. With our combined skills we'll expose their secrets and bring justice to the victims.

MAYA

We're going to do more than find cracks. We'll deliver a punch that shatters their fortress; leaving them bewildered and wondering what hit them. Justice will have the last laugh!

Maya nods in agreement, a renewed determination in her eyes.

52 EXT. ROOFTOP OVERLOOKING EXCLUSIVE PARTY - NIGHT**52**

Maya, dressed in a SLEEK BLACK OUTFIT, CROUCHES ON A ROOFTOP overlooking an exclusive party. Her eyes are focused and determined. Through the LENS of her RIFLE SCOPR, she takes in the sight of an exclusive party unfolding on a nearby balcony. The energy buzzes with anticipation. She carefully aims her rifle at strategically placed confetti-filled balloons.

MAYA

This is it. The heart of the operation... Time to bring down the curtain with a bit of comedic timing.

LARA(O.C)

You've got this. Maya. Remember, your bullets may be lethal, but your wit is your true weapon. Show them the true power of laughter.

Maya PULLS THE TRIGGER, and the BALOONS BURST in an EXPLOSION OF CONFETTI. The premature outburst catches everyone off guard, plunging the party into a state of bewilderment mixed with laughter and momentary chaos.

53 INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**53**

Using the confusion as cover, Lara, DRESSED ELEGANTLY, slips through the crowd moving with purpose.

LARA

(whispering into earpiece)
Confetti's done its job. I'm going in.

Silently and skillfully she strategically places LISTENING DEVICES in every nook and cranny of the manor, leaving no secret safe from prying ears.

LARA

Now we'll have all the evidence we need to bring down this criminal empire.

54 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COMEDY BALLROOM - NIGHT**54**

Maya, now dressed in a STYLISH EVENING GOWN, DASHES ACROSS THE STREET, heading towards the Comedy Ballroom.

55 INT. COMEDY BALLROOM - NIGHT**55**

Maya TAKES THE STAGE, the spotlight illuminating her. She delivers a comedic performance, her sharp wit subtly mocking and exposing the criminal activities of the corrupt network.

MAYA

I just flew here from across town and boy are my arms tired. But seriously folks...You ever wonder why the rich and powerful always seem to get away with murder? Well, tonight, let's dig into that... Taking down those organized crime guys is no joke. It's like trying to win a game of whack-a-mole. Except the moles are armed and have access to black-market weapons. It's a tough gig, but someone's gotta do it. Right?

The AUDIENCE LAUGHS, unaware of the deeper implications of her jokes.

56 EXT. CAR WASH - NIGHT

56

Maya drives up to an unassuming CAR WASH, in a sleek SPORTS COUPE. Blending in with the ordinary surroundings, She pulls into the WASH BAY, where a DIGITAL DISPLAY reads "Wash in Progress." As the brushes begin to move, Maya PRESSES A HIDDEN BUTTON on her dash.

The FLOOR beneath her car BEGINS TO LOWER, revealing a HIDDEN CAR ELEVATOR. The wash brushes continue their routine, masking the descent into the secret lower-level garage.

57 INT. SECRET GARAGE ENTRANCE TO SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

57

Maya DESCENDS into the well-lit garage below, the ELEVATOR COMING TO A SMOOTH STOP. She DRIVES OFF THE PLATFORM and PARKS next to other vehicles including her Vespa and other HIGH-TECH EQUIPMENT. She EXITS THE CAR, wearing a casual yet stylish outfit perfect for unwinding after a long night: a CROPPED TANK TOP, LOOSE JOGGER PANTS, and a TRACK JACKET draped over her shoulders. The car wash above returns to its original state, appearing completely ordinary to any passerby.

58 INT. SAFEHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

58

Maya enters a small, dimly lit bedroom. She drops her jacket to the floor. Exhausted, she COLLAPSES ONTO THE BED, taking a moment to recharge before diving back into the chaos.

59 INT. SAFEHOUSE TECH LAB - NIGHT

59

After a short nap, it's back to the lab... Maya joins Lara. The room is filled with HIGH-TECH GADGETS and SCREENS DISPLAYING DATA.

LARA

We are up and running Maya! The listening devices I planted worked like a charm. We've been monitoring all conversations at the manor for the past 24 hours, and guess what? We just hit the jackpot! Listen to this. It's our main target. Mr. Johnson, discussing his grand plan. He's unveiling the blueprint of his criminal empire, mentioning names, and locations. And the insidious activities they're involved in.

MAYA

Tell me everything, what have you discovered? This is the break we've been waiting for. Lara with this evidence, we can expose their entire operation and bring them down once and for all.

Maya and Lara analyze the data, uncovering Mr. Johnson's criminal blueprint. The evidence is damning, revealing the full extent of the conspiracy.

MAYA

(determined)

This is it. We've got what we need to bring them down.

60 EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

60

The camera pans out, showcasing the city as Maya and Lara prepare for the final confrontation. The stakes are higher than ever, but they are ready.

61 INT. MAYA'S CAR - NIGHT

61

Acting on a tip uncovered after countless hours immersed in a web of screens, deciphering enigmatic data and unveiling secrets, Maya races through the city streets, chasing the trail of elusive villains, headlights cutting through the darkness. Maya GRIPS THE STEERING WHEEL, her gaze focused and determined. The car WEAVES THROUGH TRAFFIC, Maya's face set with determination.

MAYA

(TO LARA over the hands-free phone)

The data has revealed a small window of opportunity to catch the criminals in the act. This is our chance to topple the entire organization in one fell swoop.

As she drives, the city's lights reflect off the car, creating a dramatic, high-stakes atmosphere.

62 EXT. CRUMBLING WAREHOUSE TURNED NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 62

Maya's coupe SCREECHES TO A HALT outside a FOREBODING WAREHOUSE. Its crumbling facade casts eerie shadows on the ground. A MAKESHIFT NIGHTCLUB has sprung up within, transforming the once-abandoned space into a den of vice. At its heart lies the office of Mr. Johnson, the enigmatic kingpin responsible for orchestrating a web of criminal activities that ensnare the entire city.

63 INT. CRUMBLING WAREHOUSE TURNED NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 63

With an air of determination, Maya APPROCHES THE ENTRANCE to the club, the THUMPING MUSIC PULSATES through the air, mingling with an electric tension that crackles with every beat. Maya takes a moment to absorb the sights and sounds surrounding her. Bracing herself for the imminent showdown. The nightclub is a chaotic mix of FLASHING LIGHTS, PULSATING MUSIC, and THROGS OF PEOPLE DANCING. Maya moves through the crowd, her eyes scanning the area. She has an EARPIECE in, connected to Lara who is guiding her remotely.

LARA (V.O.)
Alright, Maya. He's in the VIP section, back left. Be careful.

Maya navigates her way through the chaos, skillfully avoiding security and blending in with the party-goers. THROUGH A WINDOW she spots Mr. Johnson below, deep in conversation with shady figures.

MAYA
Here we are. Caught in the act!

She discreetly takes out a SMALL RECORDING DEVICE, aiming it towards Mr. Johnson to capture audio and visual evidence. Just as she's about to secure the footage, TWO IMPOSING FIGURES step in front of her, BLOCKING HER PATH.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Ahem...

64 INT. CRUMBLING WAREHOUSE TURNED NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 64

Amidst the repetitive rhythm of the music, secrets unfold in the shadows, revelers are lost in the blinding lights of distraction...

65 INT. NIGHTCLUB HALLWAY - NIGHT 65

But for Maya, each beat of the music is like the relentless ticking of a countdown clock. Leading to an

inevitable showdown. Now captured by security, Maya is LED DOWN A LONG HALLWAY.

MAYA
(to herself)
Stay focused Maya. This is it. The
moment we've been waiting for.

66 INT. NIGHTCLUB VIP AREA - NIGHT

66

Maya is brought into the inner office of Mr. Johnson. He looks at her with a SINISTER SMILE.

MR. JOHNSON
(stroking a CAT on his
lap)
Well. Well. Maya Santos. It seems
your little investigation has come
to an abrupt end.

MAYA
The joke's on you, I'm here to shut
you down.

MR. JOHNSON
Did you really think you could
infiltrate my inner sanctum without
consequences?

Before Maya can respond, Bosco BREAKS INTO A RUN, BOLTING INTO THE ROOM with the grace of a seasoned agent. CHAOS ERUPTS! Mr. Johnson's cat LEAPS UP, SCREAMING, causing a diversion. Maya BREAKS FREE of the guards and CHARGES AT MR. JOHNSON.

BOSCO
Bark!

CAT
Scream!

MAYA
I invited some friends to the party.
Hope you don't mind the crash.

67 EXT. CRUMBLING WAREHOUSE TURNED NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

67

Armed with Lara's critical intel, the cavalry descends on the club's doorstep.

68 INT. NIGHTCLUB VIP AREA - NIGHT

68

Inside the confrontation escalates.

MR. JOHNSON
You're in way over your head! You're
going to pay for this!

MAYA

Oh, don't worry. Your medical bills
are on me!

The authorities, tipped off by Lara, arrive just in time.

LARA

(entering the room)

Stop!

Mr. Johnson is grabbed and handcuffed by an officer.

MR. JOHNSON

(caught off guard)

What the...?!

Mr. Johnson and his associates are swiftly arrested by the
authorities; their operation is dismantled.

69 EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAWN

69

As dawn breaks, the electrifying climax of the night
reverberates through the media channels. The city awakens
to the news of the night's events. News channels report on
the takedown of the corrupt network, highlighting the
successful arrest of Mr. Johnson and his associates
without mentioning Maya's identity.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

In a major breakthrough, authorities
have dismantled a corrupt network,
arresting several high-profile
figures. Sources say the operation
was executed flawlessly, but details
remain confidential.

70 INT. SAFEHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

70

The city breathes a new dawn and our tireless champions
steal a moment of respite. Maya and Lara are sound asleep
in their beds.

DISSOLVE TO:

71 INT. VARIOUS COMEDY CLUBS - NIGHT

71

MONTAGE depicting Maya back on the road... Night after
night, Maya stands on stage at a comedy club, the
spotlight on her. She delivers her set, cleverly blending
her experiences as a secret agent into her humor.

MAYA (CONT'D)

They say laughter is the best
medicine, which is great because my
health insurance doesn't cover
ninja-related injuries.

MAYA (CONT'D)
 Being a comedian is a lot like being
 an assassin for hire...I get paid to
 kill.

MAYA (CONT'D)
 So I was out late last night. You
 know, fighting crime or as my mom
 calls it 'not giving her grandkids'.

The audience laughs, unaware of the truth behind her
 jokes. Maya's balance between her public life and secret
 identity shines through.

72 EXT. CITY BOARDWALK - DAY

72

As she leaves the comedy club, Maya meets up with Lara and
 Bosco. They walk together, ready for whatever comes next.

MAYA
 (to Lara and Bosco)
 Another night, another mission. But
 we did it. We really did it.

LARA
 (smiling)
 And we'll keep doing it. Together.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

73 INT. MAYA'S SAFEHOUSE, STUDY ROOM - NIGHT

73

The room is DIMLY LIT, filled with MONITORS displaying
 STREAMS OF DATA. BOOKS and FOLDERS are SCATTERED ACROSS
 THE DESK. Maya sits at her COMPUTER, focused on the screen
 in front of her. The DOOR CREAKS OPEN, and LARA STEPS IN,
 her HANDS TREMBLING slightly.

LARA
 Maya... we need to talk.

Maya looks up, sensing the seriousness in Lara's tone. She
 TURNS OFF THE MONITORS and gives Lara her full attention.

MAYA
 What's going on?

Lara walks over to the desk, holding a THICK FOLDER. She
 PLACES IT DOWN, her HANDS STILL SHANKING. Maya watches her
 closely, concerned.

LARA
 I found something. Connections that
 I didn't want to believe at first.

Lara's VOICE CRACKS and she TAKES A DEEP BREATH to steady herself. She O[ENS THE FOLDER, revealing pages of DOCUMENTS, PHOTOS, and HANDWRITTEN NOTES.

LARA (CONT'D)

I think Mr. Johnson...is my Dad.

CUT TO BLACK