



KILL THE LEOPARD

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EXT. RIVER SHORE - SUNSET

SIMON SAVERO (a balding, baby faced 35) stares out towards the sunset. Before him is an industrial river bank, a city skyline shimmers in the distance. He reaches into a coat too big for him and removes a cigarette and lighter.

BASHFUL (a bulky 45 year old who knows how to handle himself) approaches Simon from behind. He wears an outfit identical to Simon's. Dark suit. White tie.

SIMON

Pretty.

BASHFUL

They're all waiting.

Taking a deep drag of his cigarette, Simon nods.

SIMON

You think this is our last sunset?

BASHFUL

Huh?

SIMON

Pop always used to say... 'Drink it in. You never know when it's your last.'

Simon looks to his hand. It's shaking. He flicks his cigarette into the river, taking a final look at the skyline.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You never know.

He turns his back to the city and begins walking towards a run down WAREHOUSE. An 18 wheeler with its trailer doors open is parked outside. SIX OTHER HENCHMEN stand around the truck.

BASHFUL, GRUMPY, HAPPY, SLEEPY, DOPEY, and SNEEZY. Six of Simon's SEVEN Dwarves (*hold on tight- DOC is coming.*)

The Henchmen load into the trailer. Simon is last.

His cohorts look at him attentively. OIL DRUMS are strapped to one side of the truck. Wires are connected to the tops, timers all reading 00:00:00.

Doc tosses Simon a machine gun. Simon turns back to the sunset for one final moment.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Let's go skin a cat.

He slams the truck doors shut as the truck roars to life and begins to drive towards the city.

KILL THE LEOPARD

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - DUSK

A crowded downtown skyline. Metal and glass angrily glimmer in the last moments of sunlight.

Closing in on a single building, elegant at its base with several of the top floors clearly under construction. This is the ENSO BUILDING.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

It is October first. One year to the day since the now infamous Enso building became ground zero in a vigilante showdown that resulted in the shocking, public death of 22-year-old Bailey Gallagher and sixteen other people, not to mention millions of dollars of property damage.

Pulling back- the city scape is on a large TELEVISION MONITOR, displaying the news.

INT. ASYLUM - SECURITY ROOM - DAY - INTERCUT FLASHBACK

A SECURITY GUARD sits in a small bay of monitors- the news continues to play. Smaller screens show two PRISON GUARDS escorting an Older Man in a suit towards a metal detector.

INT. ASYLUM - DAY - INTERCUT FLASHBACK

TITLES OVER IMAGE:

GORDON

This is GORDON GALLAGHER (60), eyeing the security cameras glaring at him. Two armed GUARDS stand on the opposite side.

Removing shoes, watch, and phone, he places them into a bin.

GUARD

The visitor will stay within the bounds marked by the yellow lines. Any attempt to breach the bounds will result in detainment.

Gordon reaches into his jacket and removes a folded piece of paper. He places it in the bin. The Guard eyes it.

Gordon steps through the metal detector.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Visitors are banned from bringing
electronic devices. Your
conversation with the prisoner will
be monitored by prison staff.

He slips back into his shoes. The second Guard is reading the unfolded piece of paper. He looks up to Gordon with recognition, then hands the paper back to him.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - DUSK

A CONSTRUCTION CREW packs up their gear after a day of painting walls. In the foreground, a RADIO blasts the news.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Amid public outcry, construction
holdups and rumors of mafia
pressure, Richard Enso of the Enso
corporation has made good on his
promise to reopen the building.

MIKE MCGRATH (40, scrappy looking- think 90s Bruce Willis) lights a cigarette next to the pinned NO SMOKING sign. He stands at the edge of the site- looking through a window hole with no glass.

MIKE
Can someone turn that shit off?

Mike looks around. His eyes go to a YOUNG CONSTRUCTION WORKER with a YELLOW BANDANNA around his neck.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hey! New guy! What are you, deaf?

The New Guy- Yellow Bandanna clicks the radio off.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Jesus.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DUSK

HAPPY (wearing a trucker hat and flannel) navigates the truck into the city, crossing over a suspension bridge. He grabs the radio from the dashboard.

HAPPY
Over the bridge.

INT. MOVING TRAILER - SAME MOMENTS

Simon and the henchmen sit in the darkness in silence.

INT. ENSO BUILDING LOBBY - DAY - NEWS FOOTAGE

THOMAS ENSO (60) stands before a handful of microphones in an informal press conference.

THOMAS ENSO
This building is a symbol. Any symbol can have positive or negative connotations. Since last year this building has been a terrible scar on the city. And this renovation is all about healing after what happened.

INT. LEOPARD'S LAIR - DUSK

Dozens of flat screen monitors hang in an otherwise pitch-black room, displaying the city skyline, Richard Enso, the weather, a traffic report.

On a central screen, the Female Newscaster is seen standing in front of the Enso Building.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER
It's been a year since a confirmed sighting of the vigilante known as The Leopard. His involvement in the death of Bailey Gallagher and hundreds of others over the last five years has some speculating that he may have given up.

Several of the screens change to *handheld camera phone* footage shot from the ground looking up to the Enso Building.

Several windows are blown out. Smoke billows out into the night sky. Spotlights shine in holes on the building.

A moment passes before figures appear at the edge of a blown out window. A WOMAN falls out of the building, plummeting thirty floors. This is the death of BAILEY Gallagher.

Pulling back- the silhouette of a MAN standing before the dozens of screens in the darkness. This is THE LEOPARD.

The Female Newscaster now sits across from an ACADEMIC.

ACADEMIC

Hundreds. And while these people
haven't died by the Leopard's hand,
it's the 21st century chicken and
egg. Yes. He stops the "bad guys"
but if blowing up a building is
what it takes... Is it worth it?

INT. YOUTH CENTER - DUSK

LOUIS PRATT (35) watches the same program from behind his
desk. He moves from behind the desk to grab his jacket,
revealing that he is in a WHEELCHAIR.

LOUIS

(to himself)

Idiot...

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

Ms. Gallagher and dozens more were
being held hostage by Richard
Rabideau, who called himself Red
Rabbit. Though the night ended in
tragedy for the hostages burned
alive in the building, The Leopard
was able to capture the Red Rabbit.

A MUGSHOT of Richard Rabideau appears on screen next a file
photo of him wearing a Red Rabbit Mask.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

He is currently serving a thirty
year sentence at Moosehead Bay.

He wheels out of his office and to a basketball court. Young
children are playing basketball.

KID

Hey Mr. Pratt!

A basketball comes flying his way. Louis catches it and
deftly shoots- making a basket with ease.

INT. ASYLUM - CELL BLOCK - DAY - INTERCUT FLASHBACK

Gordon stands at the start of a long hallway. Either side is
concrete walls with glassed-off gaps. Two yellow lines on the
floor carve an unmistakable boundary.

At the end of the hallway is a single CHAIR facing the wall. Gordon walks down the corridor, passing glassed-off CELLS, each containing an INMATE.

He finally reaches the chair.

On the opposite side of the bullet proof glass sits RICHARD RABIDEAU (40) with his back to Gordon, his face unseen. He wears a bright red jumpsuit.

RABIDEAU

Rabbit, rabbit. I was wondering if you'd ever come down here. I'm impressed. It only took you a year. That might be a new record. They should make you president of the grief brigade.

Gordon's hands are shaking. He clenches them into a fist. He reaches into his coat and produces the pieces of paper.

INT. ENSO BUILDING LOBBY - DUSK

Mike McGrath exits from the freight elevator, pulling on his jacket. He slows at the sounds of voices. He turns the corner into the lobby of the Enso building. A CROWD of a hundred is gathering around a makeshift stage and podium.

REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN crowd in the front. Cops and a few SECURITY GUARDS are stationed around the perimeter. The rest are civilians.

Mike notices a young WOMAN at the edge of the crowd. This is JACKIE WHITE (26). He approaches her.

MIKE

Excuse me, miss? Miss?

She turns, alarmed.

JACKIE

What?

MIKE

Sorry- can I trouble you for a cigarette?

JACKIE

I don't smoke.

MIKE

Huh. Okay. That's a real shame...
Enjoy the show.

Mike heads towards the rotating glass doors.

EXT. ENSO BUILDING - NIGHT

He reaches into his coat and takes out his pack of cigarettes. He preps one up.

LOUIS (O.S.)
Hey. Can I get one of those?

MIKE
(without looking)
Sorry pal, can't help you.

Mike finishes lighting his cigarette and looks in the direction of the voice-- there's no one there.

LOUIS
Thanks anyway.

He looks down. Louis begins turning away from Mike in his wheelchair. He begins to navigate the rotating glass doors. Mike rolls his eyes in annoyance.

MIKE
Hey.

Louis turns.

Chagrined, Mike offers Louis the pack.

LOUIS
Seriously?

MIKE
You want one or not?

Louis rotates himself in his chair and wheels up next to Mike, taking the pack and helping himself.

LOUIS
You going in there?

MIKE
What? No. No. I work here. Just someone's bad idea of a circus anyway.

LOUIS
How's that?

MIKE

Fuckin' politics. Mayor's gonna smile, Enso's gonna smile. It's a whole PR wheel, you know? They're just trying to grease their own wheels. Don't mean a god damn thing.

LOUIS

Bailey Gallagher's dad is gonna say something.

Mike raises an eyebrow.

MIKE

I didn't know that.

LOUIS

I wonder what he's gonna say. You know? Hard. Losing a kid like that.

Mike thinks on it.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Anyway. See ya.

Louis flicks the cigarette and wheels himself towards the rotating glass doors. Mike looks up.

Across the street, a Woman holds the hands of two SMALL CHILDREN as they weave their way through the city.

Mike turns back to Louis and grabs the grips on the back of his chair.

MIKE

Lemme help you.

Mike safely wheels Louis through the rotating doors, into-

INT. ENSO BUILDING LOBBY - SAME MOMENTS

The crowd is growing. Mike releases Louis.

LOUIS

Thanks.

MIKE

Don't mention it.

LOUIS

Hey, I'm Louis.

MIKE

Mike.

Applause starts up. Mike comes to a slow.

In the distance, Thomas Enso approaches the podium. Louis watches with rapt attention. Mike glances across the crowd, taking it all in. His eyes rest on Jackie for a moment, then to the far corner, where Gordon Gallagher stands.

ON THE STAGE:

THOMAS ENSO

Thank you. My name is Thomas Enso. This is my building, as many of you know. Tonight... Despite what the media has said. Tonight is not a celebration. It's a commemoration. To remember the lives that have been lost in the wake of mad men with crazed agendas. Over the past year, this site has become the symbol for our pain. And tonight, as the building resumes its operations, I hope we can all begin to heal.

IN THE CROWD:

MIKE

(to Louis)

Building ain't even done. Top four floors are missing windows. Bet he don't mention that.

THOMAS ENSO

Over the past year, I've come to know many of the people affected by October 1st. And while I can understand their pain, I can never profess to truly know it. So I want to introduce Mr. Gordon Gallagher.

Applause erupts again.

ON THE STAGE:

Gordon politely shakes Enso's hand. He reaches into his jacket and removes the paper from his pocket. He holds it in his hand.

GORDON

I want to talk about my daughter.

Gordon pauses. He closes his eyes.

INT. ASYLUM - CELL BLOCK - DAY - INTERCUT FLASHBACK

Gordon stands behind the yellow line, holding the paper in his hand. Shaking.

GORDON

Bailey Grace Gallagher. Was born June 11th, 1993. She was a certified scuba diver. Excelled in mathematics. Coached softball in the summer. And she was my daughter. She had so much potential to do good. She was the light of my life. And one year ago that light was snuffed out. A lunatic. Who wore a mask. Paraded around the city. And set fire to this building. With her in it.

Gordon looks up.

Rabideau is standing- inches away from him, face pressed up against the glass. His face is covered in BURNS.

RABIDEAU

I didn't realize we'd be getting intimate today.

EXT. ENSO BUILDING - LOADING BAY - NIGHT

The 18-wheeler truck pulls up to a security booth. A lone guard cranes his head out.

HAPPY

Got a delivery.

GUARD

I don't got you on my list.

HAPPY

Should be there. Windows.

The Guard looks over a chart, scowling.

GUARD

You're not supposed to be here until tomorrow.

HAPPY

Sure. I understand. Why don't you
just give em a call up top and see
what they have to say?

INT. ENSO BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The Construction worker with the YELLOW BANDANNA stands in
the freight elevator. The doors open.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Two SECURITY GUARDS sit in a room that is wall-to-wall
monitors, covering dozens of angles throughout the building.
There's a KNOCK on the door.

SECURITY GUARD

Who the hell?

He looks at one of the monitors. On the other side of the
locked door, YELLOW BANDANNA looks up to the camera.

BANDANNA

Hey, guys! We're having problems
with the phones on 26. We're pretty
sure the problem is on your end.

SECURITY GUARD

(to the other)

You noticed any problems?

The Security Guard rises and goes to the door. He inputs the
code to unlock the door, revealing Yellow Bandanna.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

What's that?

BANDANNA

You guys weren't getting my calls,
I called from upstairs!

At that moment- a TELEPHONE rings. The Second Security guard
moves to pick it up. In a FLASH, Yellow Bandanna pulls out a
GUN and fires-

EXT. ENSO BUILDING - LOADING BAY - SAME

The Guard has a phone wedged into his shoulder. Happy smiles
at him politely. It rings. Rings. Riiiiiiings.

BANDANNA (O.S.)

Hello?

GUARD

Yeah, I got a delivery at the bay,
but there's nothing on my books
about after-hours.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - SECURITY ROOM - SAME

Blood drips down the security monitors. Two dead bodies lie on the ground next to Yellow Bandanna, who speaks clearly and politely in a more white-collar accent.

BANDANNA

Yeah, that was a last second
delivery, we put a rush on the
windows for the opening ceremony.

GUARD (O.S.)

Guess they're a little late for
that.

BANDANNA

I guess they are.

Yellow Bandanna hangs up the phone-- and from here on out, he'll be referred to as **DOC**- Simon's Seventh Dwarf.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - LOADING BAY - SAME MOMENTS

The Guard hangs up the phone.

GUARD

Back up into Bay 4.

He hits the buzzer and the rail rises. Happy gives him a polite smile.

HAPPY

You have a great night.

INT. ENSO BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

Television cameras are pointed at Gordon like a firing squad.

GORDON

I don't blame Richard Rabideau for
the death of my daughter.

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)
Any more than I would blame the
knife or the gun, or the bullets
that kill anyone. Because he's
just a man. A dangerous man, but
ultimately- a sick one.

INT. ASYLUM - CELL BLOCK - DAY - INTERCUT FLASHBACK

Rabideau stands inches away from Gordon, staring him right in
the eyes.

GORDON
For all his destruction and
violence, I believe Richard
Rabideau, the Red Rabbit, is a sick
man, made-

RABIDEAU
What's the going rate on copper
these days?

GORDON
-sicker by a city that-

RABIDEAU
You look at building permits,
there's lots of little details you
can find. All public record.
Copper... Smaller pipes on the
third, fifth, seventh floors. All
the odd floors with little teeny
sprinkler pipes. I guess Enso's a
gambling man. Bet on even,
should've bet odd. But it's the
little details that always get you.
They were trapped, trapped like
little mice, your Bailey and the
others. And they went up, up, up
because there was nowhere else to
go...

EXT. ENSO BUILDING - LOADING BAY - NIGHT

The 18-wheeler backs into place. A Security Guard helps guide
the truck into the spot.

ENSO GUARD
You're good there!

The trailer door flies open--

BANG.

The Security Guard goes flying onto his back from the blast of a shotgun.

Silence.

Simon and his henchmen stand in the trailer, wearing scary translucent dwarf masks over their faces. *The Seven Dwarves*.

GORDON (V.O.)
I blame the criminals.

INT. LEOPARD'S LAIR - NIGHT

Out of the shadows, the Leopard watches the broadcast. Gordon stands at the podium.

GORDON
I blame the Leopard...

INT. ENSO BUILDING - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bashful and Sneezy wheel a large OIL DRUM towards a vertical steel beam.

GORDON (V.O.)
I blame myself.

They cart over another. Bashful hits a timer on the top. The zeros turn to 03:00:00 and *begin counting backwards*.

INT. ENSO BUILDING LOBBY - SAME MOMENTS

He sweats under the lights.

GORDON
But most of all, I blame all of you. We have created a culture that accepts a parade of violence by vigilantes in masks. We've accepted a status-quo that results in the death of hundreds.

In the crowd, Mike stirs at these words. *They mean something to him.*

GORDON (CONT'D)
Wives. Husbands. Sons... Daughters. Tonight is not about me. And as much as she was the center of my world, this is not about Bailey Gallagher.

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)
And it's not about the other souls
that lost their lives a year ago
tonight.

INT. ASYLUM - CELL BLOCK - DAY - INTERCUT FLASHBACK

Rabideau braces himself against the glass with open palm.

RABIDEAU
And then they reached the 26th
floor, and it was all those little
mice, little Bailey, myself, my
cans of gasoline... And a Leopard.
The smoke came and the fire too.
And he had his choice. He could sit
on the 26th floor and help the mice
out of the burning building... Or
he could catch the rabbit. So the
mice jumped... And catch the rabbit
he did.

Gordon has tears in his eyes.

RABIDEAU (CONT'D)
He could have saved them. Maybe not
all of them. But one or two or ten.
Maybe he would have chosen Bailey.
Maybe she would have gotten on her
knees... And begged for him. But
instead... He saved me. Your little
light wasn't snuffed out. She was a
blaze of glory. Shine so bright.

Gordon steps back, and then begins to walk away, back the way
he first entered.

RABIDEAU (CONT'D)
The Leopard won't win... But
neither will you. Do you want to
know why?

Gordon stops. A devilish smile appears on Rabideau's face.

RABIDEAU (CONT'D)
Red Rabbit, Red Rabbit.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

DOC puts a wired headset to his ear.

DOC
All security forces, I have a
potential 5-80 on the South East
corner of the building's perimeter-

INT. ENSO BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

Four SECURITY GUARDS hold their fingers towards their ear
pieces, listening to the directive. Slowly, they make their
way towards an exit.

GORDON
It's up to us now. To set a new
standard. To stand up and say no.
The people on your left and right.
Your friends, your neighbors. Your
fellow citizens.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Doc switches channels.

DOC
Show time in five... Four...

INT. ENSO BUILDING - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - SAME MOMENTS

SIMON, HAPPY, BASHFUL, SNEEZY, DOPEY, GRUMPY and SNEEZY stand
in the freight elevator. They've got weapons and DUFFLE BAGS.

DOC (O.S.)
Three... Two...

INT. ENSO BUILDING LOBBY - SAME MOMENTS

Gordon looks straight into the news cameras.

GORDON
It's up to us to take control.

Elevator doors open. Mike notices.

BANG. BANG.

The main lights instantly go out and are replaced by the dark
red emergency lights.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - SECURITY ROOM - SAME MOMENTS

Doc FLIPS switches on control panels.

INT. ENSO BUILDING LOBBY - SAME

CRASH GATES drop from the ceiling, covering the exits. There's gunfire seeming to come from all corners. Mike turns towards the exit-

MIKE
Jesus Christ!

Mike pulls Louis out of his chair and down onto the ground. He looks up, just in time to catch a COP pulling his gun, only to be gunned down. Chaos unleashed via gunfire in darkness.

Next to Mike, a news crew from the hits the floor. Mike eyes the camera lying on its side on the ground.

INT. LEOPARD'S LAIR - SAME MOMENTS

The stack of screens all flicker to the same image- the live feed from within the Enso building.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
I... I don't know... What we're-
oh. Oh god. Brenda? Brenda, can you
hear us?

The image flickers to two pale ANCHORS sitting at a desk.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
It seems that there's... Oh God. I
think it's happening again.

The silhouette of the Leopard looms in front of the screens.

INT. ENSO BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Silence.

Profusely sweating with a shake in his knee, Simon rises to the podium where Gordon was moments ago.

SIMON

Um... Okay... So we have wired several hundred pounds of explosives to the base of the building. Any law enforcement entities that attempt to breach the building will trigger demolition... Don't test me on this.

On the ground, Mike eyes the dead police officer in the corner. His gun is still in his hand.

INT. LEOPARD'S LAIR - NIGHT

The shadowy Leopard watches the two Anchors listening to Simon's commands.

SIMON (V.O.)

My associates and me, we've come for one thing. And if we get it, everything will be fine. As Mr. Gallagher there was saying, it's time we adjust the status quo. Mr. Leopard- I'm speaking to you now.

NEWS ANCHOR

We're gonna... Go to the feed-

The image flickers to the live feed of the camera in the Enso building- from the floor peering up towards Simon.

SIMON

Time is not on your side. I got 7:38. At 8 pm and then every hour, I will execute one of my hostages until you surrender yourself. Okay.

More gunfire erupts, followed by screams. The image returns back to the anchors, wide-eyed.

EXT. ENSO BUILDING - NIGHT

Police cars pulls up onto the curb- the streets around the Enso building are blocked off.

INT. ENSO BUILDING LOBBY - SAME MOMENTS

Sleepy grabs the news camera off the floor and smashes it with his foot. He proceeds to smash all three of the news crew cameras.

Holding a plastic bin, Dopey walks around the crowd.

DOPEY

Cell phones, anything with a
battery, anything that lights up.

BASHFUL

We're using radio waves to control
the explosives. If you don't want
to blow yourself up, you'll turn it
all in.

The crowd of fifty or so hostages begin to turn in their
electronic devices.

Simon walks among the crowd.

SIMON

You. Stand up. You. You. You.
Stand! You. You.

He begins pointing out people. JACKIE among them.

Mike watches from the floor as Simon point to him. Mike
points at himself to confirm.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Yeah, you. And the guy in the wheel
chair. Lady, you too.

Mike looks over to Louis and begins to help him into his
chair.

DOPEY

To the elevators- move!

All in all it's a group of about FIFTEEN rounded up together.
The Six Dwarves begin to wrangle the herd of HOSTAGES. Mike
pushes Louis, taking in the situation.

MIKE

These guys did their homework.

SNEEZY

Quiet. Just move.

As the hostages make their way in a line, Simon stops by
Gordon. He looks him up and down.

SIMON

Hey. You wanna come with us?

GORDON

Why would I want to come with you?

SIMON

So you can watch the Leopard die.

Not the response he was expecting. Slowly, he stands up and joins the other rounding out for SIXTEEN hostages.

Mike looks over his shoulder at the dozens of people left in the lobby, staring at them like deer in headlights.

The Elevator swallows the hostages whole.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The Freight Elevator is huge. One side holds the hostages packed in the corner. On the opposite end are the captors-machine guns leveled across the space.

Painful silence.

Mike watches the escalating numbers tick. 14... 15... 16... The elevator stops.

Behind the captors, the freight doors open. BASHFUL, SLEEPY, DOPEY and SNEEZY step out onto the 16th floor.

SNEEZY

Okay, come on. One at a time.

The hostages stand frozen for a moment-- then one by one they begin to file out.

SLEEPY

One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight.

Eight strangers walk out in single file. Gordon steps out to be the ninth- Simon grabs his arm.

GORDON

Why don't you stay with me.

Gordon steps back towards the remaining hostages. Mike watches as the four captors lead the eight hostages into the belly of the sixteenth floor.

A frightened WOMAN looks over her shoulder at him- they have a second of eye contact. The elevator doors close.

On the captor side, it's SIMON, GRUMPY, and HAPPY.

The elevator keeps going up. 17... 18... 19...

These are THE HOSTAGES: MIKE, JACKIE, GORDON, LOUIS, and three others. BILL (50s) is sweating through his shirt. ISLA (70) has long grey braided hair. JOHN (22) looks terrified.

22... 23...

MIKE

Why don't you guys point the guns
down? Are you afraid of some old
lady?

Simon looks at Mike, squinting through his mask. He looks towards Grumpy and nods.

Silently, Grumpy steps towards Mike and smashes the butt of his gun into Mike's nose. Isla screams as Mike falls to his knees, gushing blood.

GRUMPY

You want to make it through this,
you shut up!

He turns towards John and points the gun at him.

GRUMPY (CONT'D)

Keep staring. I'll cut those eye
lids right off.

John's eyes snap to the ground.

The elevator doors open on 26.

HAPPY

Everyone out.

The hostages pass Mike who bleeds on the floor. Grumpy steps towards him. Mike looks up.

Grumpy has a roll of duct tape in his hands.

GRUMPY

You got it?

INT. ENSO BUILDING - 26TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The seven hostages are lined up in a row. Louis, (on the floor, out of his wheel chair) Jackie, Gordon, Isla, Bill, John, and bleeding Mike. Their hands are duct taped behind their backs.

Grumpy searches Mike, and pulls out his pack of cigarettes.

GRUMPY

Jackpot.

Mike sneers begrudgingly.

GRUMPY (CONT'D)

Do something.

Grumpy holds up his walkie.

GRUMPY (CONT'D)

How's it looking?

INT. 16TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Bashful picks on the other end. The eight hostages are tied up in a similar fashion, guarded by the four captors.

BASHFUL

We're tight.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - 26TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Simon looks down at his watch, sweating. It reads 7:58.

HAPPY

Two minutes.

SIMON

Any sign?

INT. ENSO BUILDING - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Doc looks over the security feeds. There's a healthy police barricade outside.

DOC

Cops, not cats.

SIMON (O.S.)

Patch me through.

Doc turns to a switchboard. He flips on a switch that reads EMERGENCY INTERCOM.

EXT. ENSO BUILDING - NIGHT

Speakers begin to blare Simon's voice.

SIMON (O.S.)
Mr. Leopard. It's 7:59.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - 26TH FLOOR - SAME MOMENTS

Simon speaks into his walkie talkie.

SIMON
You could have stopped this. You
can still save the others. All you
have to do is give up.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The Enso building is seen from an adjacent rooftop across the street, looming in its own night lighting.

SIMON (O.S.)
You've got dues to pay.

The Leopard looms in the shadows.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - 26TH FLOOR - SAME

Simon turns towards the row of hostages. He looks over each of their faces. No one makes eye contact. Except for BILL.

SIMON
What's your name?

BILL
Bill... Bill Berlo.

SIMON
You have kids, Bill? Got a wife or
a husband?

Bill nods.

BILL
Don't hurt me.

Simon looks at him sympathetically.

SIMON
It's outta my hands, Bill. This is
bigger than us.

Grumpy grabs Bill by his collar and begins to drag him towards the other side of the room-- where the windows have not been installed.

The hostages begin to yell in protest- Happy fires a warning shot into the air then turns his gun on them.

Screaming in terror, Bill is dragged towards the open panels.

BILL
No! No! Please! Please!

Grumpy gives him a shove. Bill goes over the edge. The hostages all exclaim in horror.

LOUIS
JESUS CHRIST!

JACKIE
No, no, no, no.

Then there is silence. Simon turns back to the hostages. They're crestfallen. *This is going to get really bad.*

Simon looks out the window and down to the ground below. The small dot of Bill's body can be seen on the street. He nods to himself, a little shaken.

LOUIS
Why are you doing this?

Simon kneels down to Louis's level.

SIMON
Because I owe him.

Their eyes are locked. Simon is dead serious.

SMASH CUT TO:

SIMON

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Roving spotlights aimed from flashlights light up the side of the warehouse. A dozen COPS appear out of the darkness, lining up along the sliding doors.

Looking in through a dusty pane of glass, a COP eyes the inside of the door- it's chained shut.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK

A Cop in a welding mask cuts through the chain. It falls on the ground, the doors slide open. Guns and flash lights raised, the Cops enter the darkness.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME MOMENTS - FLASHBACK

The Cops reach the center of the warehouse. It's a mess. The floor is littered with torn-open plastic bags. Powder cakes everything. It's like a sugar factory.

Several BIG MEN lie unconscious on the ground.

A cough echoes off screen. The Cops turn their attention to a corner- flash lights pointed.

Under a small MOUNTAIN OF COCAINE shifts the body of SIMON SAVERO- almost completely covered. His face is caked with white powder and smeared blood. His face is a pulpy mess.

COP

Holy shit.

Simon coughs.

SIMON

(weakly)

It's not mine.

FLASH.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Still covered in powder and sporting two black eyes, SIMON stands for a mugshot.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Simon Savero, businessman and son to alleged mafia Don Luccio Savero was arrested last night by Metro PD in a drug sting.

INT. PRISON CELL BLOCK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Simon is led down the rows of cell blocks wearing a red jump suit and holding his pillow and blanket.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Police say they found Savero under
a quote mountain of illegal
substances. Conflicting reports
indicate the vigilante known as The
Leopard was involved, but police
have yet to confirm-

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY - FLASHBACK

The prison bars close behind Simon.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Mr. Savero has been charged with
possession with the intent to
distribute, racketeering and minor
weapons charges. He's currently
being held without bail.

Simon gulps. Before him is his 300 pound CELL MATE.

SIMON (O.S.)
Pop, you gotta get me out of here.

INT. PRISON - VISITORS AREA - DAY - FLASHBACK

Simon sits behind a glass panel, phone to his ear. Opposite
him is DON SAVERO (80) looking worried.

DON SAVERO
It's being worked on. We're
appealing. These things take time.

SIMON
Well grease the wheels, will you?

DON SAVERO
It all takes time. We're all
working to get you out of this
place.

SIMON
Work. Faster.

Don Savero gives him a sad nod.

SIMON (CONT'D)
What about... The guy who put me in
here?

DON SAVERO
I've got feelers out. He wages war
on my family, we'll wage war on
him. You have my word, Simon.

Simon nods. That's all he can ask for from here.

DON SAVERO (CONT'D)
You're a sweet boy, Simon. You're
smarter than this. You were
supposed to be better than me. I
hoped that you would... I'd hope
you'd be able to rise above *this*.

SIMON
... Yeah. I know.

DON SAVERO
It's my failing. That's my failure
as a father.

SIMON
Don't say that.

DON SAVERO
They treating you alright in there?

Simon hesitates.

DON SAVERO (CONT'D)
What?

SIMON
It's fine. Food sucks.

DON SAVERO
Yeah. That's prison.

Don Savero puts his hand up against the glass.

DON SAVERO (CONT'D)
We'll get you out. Just hold on.

A BUZZER rings.

INT. PRISON CELL BLOCK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A GUARD slowly walks along the cell block, happily whistling
to himself.

Muffled CRIES can be heard echoing through the darkness.

SIMON (O.S.)
NO! NO! GET THE FUCK OFFA ME!

The Guard keeps his stride, whistling as he takes out his night stick. He passes Simon's cell and hits the bars with the stick.

GUARD
Keep it down in there.

There's just enough light to see the shadowy outlines of Simon trying to kick at the giant that is his cell mate-keeping him at bay.

SIMON
No! NO!

The BUZZER rings again.

INT. PRISON - VISITORS AREA - DAY - FLASHBACK

Simon's left eye has swollen itself shut. His lip is split. He sits at his station. On the other side of the glass is an empty chair.

He waits.

A door opens and on the visitors side, Simon's LAWYER sits across from him. They pick up their phones.

SIMON
You gotta get me out of here.

LAWYER
The appeals have been filed, at the very least we should be able to transfer you to a medium-security prison while we sort through the paper work-

SIMON
Medium security? OUT! OUT. OUT.
OUT. WHAT DON'T YOU GET ABOUT OUT!

LAWYER
I understand.

Simon has tears in his eyes.

SIMON
I don't know if I'm gonna make it.

His Lawyer shifts uncomfortably. Simon wipes his eyes.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Where's Pop? Pop was supposed to be here.

LAWYER

Um... He died, Simon.

Dead silence.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

He and some associates were out for The Leopard. The Leopard found them first.

SIMON

He killed him?

LAWYER

No. Your father had a heart attack. He um... He died about eight hours later at St. Michaels... He was... He was eighty, you kn-

SIMON

I know how old he was.

In shock, Simon nods, staring off into the distance.

SIMON (CONT'D)

So... They're going let me out for the funeral, right? That thing, the pass thing?

LAWYER

Furlough, right. We can apply for it, but it's usually not... In the current circumstances, I think we should stick to the agenda of getting you transferred. It's a different battle and-

SIMON

You're telling me... I should miss my father's funeral?

LAWYER

Yeah.

Slowly, Simon hangs up the phone and stands.

INT. PRISON CELL BLOCK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Simon walks to his cell in a daze.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Simon crawls onto the top bunk, pulling himself into the fetal position. He closes his eyes.

QUICK CUT TO:

WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. *THE LEOPARD DODGES GUNFIRE.*

Simon opens his eyes. Tears stream out.

QUICK CUT TO:

WAREHOUSE. *DON SAVERO LIES ON THE GROUND, WIDE EYED AND CLUTCHING HIS CHEST.*

Simon blinks again.

QUICK CUT TO:

DON SAVERO'S EYES CLOSE.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SIMON'S EYES OPEN. He sits up and hops off the top bunk, walking over to the small toilet in the corner.

He begins to pee.

Behind him, his Cell Mate rises, towering over him.

Simon's eyes rise. He's calm. Cool. Collected. The Cell Mate puts a hand on Simon's shoulder.

In a FLASH, Simon turns around and runs his fist directly into the Cell Mate's throat. The Cell Mate falls straight back onto the ground, choking.

INT. PRISON CELL BLOCK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The Prison Guard walks along the cell block, whistling.

He passes Simon's cell. Simon is sitting on the bottom bunk. His Cell Mate lies on the floor. Simon looks up at the Guard.

SIMON

He fell.

HOLD on Simon's face. Anger simmers under a placid surface.

EXT. ENSO BUILDING - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Red and blue lights flash. Paramedics cover Bill's crushed body in the middle of the street.

The medic looks up at the Enso building.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Mike shifts uncomfortably, hands tied.

MIKE
(a whisper)
We gotta get out of here.

JACKIE
He'll come for us.

MIKE
I'm not waiting around for-

GRUMPY
NO TALKING!

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

THE LEOPARD appears out of the shadows on a rooftop across from the Enso building. He takes a knee and begins to assemble a *harpoon gun*.

INT. 30TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Tarps flutter on an abandoned floor of the Enso building. Most of the windows have yet to be put in. Construction materials and tools are piled off to one side.

Pushing into the drywall...

WHAP!

A metal spike pierces through the drywall. The tip of the spike separates and flattens out into three forks, fastening themselves against the wall.

The spike is connected to a black rope, leading out the open floor and into the night... The slack of the rope is taken up as it's pulled taut.

EXT. ENSO BUILDING - NIGHT

In the darkness, the shadow that is The Leopard climbs along the rope.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The row of hostages fidget uncomfortably.

ISLA
Excuse me!

Happy looks to her.

ISLA (CONT'D)
I have to pee.

HAPPY
What?

ISLA
Do you need me to spell it?

Happy sighs.

ISLA (CONT'D)
Well it's inconvenient for both of us, isn't it? What, you want me to go here? On these people?

Happy starts to walk away.

JACKIE
Hey! Help her!

GRUMPY
Let her sit in it.

MIKE
There's a bathroom right down the hall behind us. There's no doors on the stalls yet. Plumbing works.

GRUMPY
What did I tell you about talking?

MIKE
I'm just saying, alright?

Grumpy and Happy exchange glances, then Happy goes to Isla's side and lifts her to her feet.

ISLA

Thank you.

HAPPY

Lets go.

Mike watches as Isla is walked off. His attention turns to the scene in front of him. There are only two men watching them now. Grumpy and Simon.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Isla walks in front of Happy as they walk down a long, under construction hallway. They reach a doorway with no doors. Sure enough- rows of toilets. No stalls.

HAPPY

Go.

Isla sneers and walks into the bathroom. She looks to Happy.

ISLA

You're going to watch me?

Happy frowns. He turns sideways, keeping her in his periphery. Isla begrudgingly accepts the compromise.

In the hallway:

A metal clanging chimes out. Happy looks down the hall.

A spray-paint sized CAN is rolling down the middle of the hallway. Happy squints at it.

HAPPY

Guys-

The can ERUPTS with MUSTARD YELLOW SMOKE. Plumes instantly fill the hallway. Happy raises his gun-

WHUMP.

The Leopard grabs Happy from the front and tags him into the plume of yellow. He instantly disappears.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - 26TH FLOOR - SAME MOMENTS

Simon whips around at the sound. He looks to Grumpy.

GRUMPY

Get ready.

Simon reaches down into a DUFFLE BAG. He takes out a device that with an antenna that looks like an cell phone from the 80s. He grips a hand around it, twisting a switch.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - BASEMENT - SAME MOMENTS

A GREEN LIGHT illuminates on the countdown of the BARRELS OF EXPLOSIVES. Next to it is the word ARMED.

INT. ENSO BUILDING- 16TH FLOOR - SAME MOMENTS

Bashful, Sleepy, Dopey and Sneezy turn their guns towards the other batch of hostages.

DOC (V.O.)
Cat's out of the bag, people.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - SAME

Sitting on the toilet, Isla blinks. The yellow smoke plumes in the hall. She catches just a glimpse of The Leopard.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - 26TH FLOOR - SAME

Grumpy points his machine gun towards the hostages, but his eyes are on the hallway.

SIMON
Mr. Leopard! We've all seen this movie! On the count of three I blow away another hostage!

Mike's eyes are on Grumpy.

MIKE
(low)
We can take em.

He trades glances with the other hostages.

SIMON
We have hostages on two floors. If anything happens here, the other eight hostages die. You understand?

MIKE
(frantic)
Get ready--

JOHN
Man- shut up-

SIMON
I'M NOT FUCKING AROUND! YOU THINK
YOU KNOW ME? YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT!
ONE! TWO!

THE LEOPARD
ALRIGHT.

Metal clangs. Silence.

Eyes ablaze, Mike makes fierce eye contact with his fellow hostages. Eyes on Gordon. Eyes on John. Eyes on Jackie.

Louis and Jackie both are looking at one thing. The plume of yellow smoke. The sprawling shadow reaching towards them.

SIMON
Hands!

The shadow's hands go up. It moves closer. From around the corner, The Leopard appears, seen clearly at last.

Silence.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Take off the mask.

The Leopard reaches towards the back of his head. He unfastens a clip at the base of his neck and begins to remove his helmet, revealing the face of-

-A total stranger. He's just some guy, about 40. Raccoon-eyed makeup around the eyes. Simon scowls at him.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you?

He begins to laugh. Grumpy eyes Simon in his periphery.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You're just- what? Some... Some
nobody? I always figured you'd at
least be... Somebody.

BANG!

Simon shoots The Leopard square in the chest. He goes flying onto his back. Jackie screams- and MIKE takes the opportunity and rises to his feet, hands still tied behind his back, launching himself straight into Grumpy like a linebacker.

Grumpy's GUN goes off- first clipping Mike on the outside of his shoulder, and then hitting Gordon square in the GUT.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - SECURITY ROOM - SAME MOMENTS

Doc watches the mayhem unfold on the security camera feed.

DOC
Get up there! Get up there now!

INT. ENSO BUILDING - 26TH FLOOR - SAME MOMENTS

Simon turns his gun towards Mike. John launches himself up into Simon- knocking him over.

THE DETONATOR goes flying, hitting the ground 20 feet away from LOUIS. He starts crawling for it.

Mike wrestles for the gun, hands *still tied*. The duct tape starts to get loose, and Mike gets a free hand-

MIKE
FUCKIN! MOTHER! FUCKER!

Louis frantically squirms towards the detonator on the ground.

Simon pulls out a KNIFE, slashing at John and cutting him. John pushes himself back off of Simon.

Mike slams an elbow down onto Grumpy- HARD.

Simon crawls towards the gun cast to the side-

BANG!

Everyone stops.

Mike stands a few meters away, gun pointed at Simon. Silence, except for the sound of Gordon choking on blood.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Get up.

Simon rises. His ear piece is dangling around his ear.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Give me your knife.

Simon frowns. He reaches into his belt and pulls out a knife.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Throw it over there.

Simon throws it onto the ground towards Jackie. She begins to pull it towards herself with her feet.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hey Lou.

LOUIS
...Yeah?

MIKE
Keep an eye on that detonator, huh?

There's squawking coming in from Simon's ear piece.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Those your boys?

SIMON
Yeah.

MIKE
Give it here.

Simon removes the cord to his earpiece and unclips the walkie from his belt and slides it on the floor over to Mike.

BASHFUL (O.S.)
-SOMEONE SAY SOMETHING, GOD DAMN
IT!

MIKE
Knock knock.

A beat.

BASHFUL (O.S.)
Who's there?

Mike looks around. Louis is on the ground holding the detonator. Jackie has cut herself free and is removing her jacket, putting pressure onto Gordon's gut shot.

MIKE
I... I wasn't expecting the tee up for the joke, so I got nothing in that department. What I do have is a detonator and your friends.

DOC (O.S.)
They've only got two guns. Go ahead and rush them-

MIKE
HEY! I will blow this place the
fuck apart!

BASHFUL (O.S.)
Let me talk to Simon.

Mike looks at Simon.

MIKE
Simon.

He holds the walkie up at Simon.

SIMON
I'm here.

BASHFUL
What do you want us to do?

SIMON
Come get me.

BANG.

Mike shoots Simon, sending him down.

BASHFUL (O.S.)
Hello? HELLO?

Mike blinks- surprised as what he's done. It's a moment of
REAL violence. It shakes him.

LOUIS
Why did you do that?

JOHN
Oh shit.

Mike looks towards the hallway.

MIKE
Hey. Kid. KID!

John looks up.

JOHN
John!

MIKE
John, fine! There's two cameras.
One in the corner and one in the
hall. Bash em in. Do it now.

Mike beelines towards the hallway.

LOUIS
HEY! Where are you going? HEY!

INT. 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike reaches the hallway and finds Happy unconscious on the floor. He grabs Happy's gun off the ground and goes to a door labeled EMERGENCY EXIT.

He opens it, looking down into a massive

STAIR WELL

Floors below, he can see figures moving. He SLAMS the door.

MIKE
Shit, shit shit.

He runs back to the main section of the 26th floor, darting to a pile of construction materials. He pulls back sheets of tarp, uncovering boxes, pipes and cinder blocks.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hey, kid! John! Give me a hand!

John goes to him and helps him pick up a GIANT PIPE- about 8 feet long and 5 inches in diameter. They carry it together back into the hall.

JACKIE
Hey these guys are all shot!

MIKE
We're all gonna be shot in a second! Help me!

Back at the door to the stairwell, Mike and John drop the pipe on the ground, pressing the open end against the door. It almost reaches across the entire hallway- about three inches to spare.

MIKE (CONT'D)
There's at least those four others down there, and I think there's another in the security booth.

Mike yanks on the door- it collides with the pipe- only giving an inch or so of space to crack.

ISLA (O.S.)
Excuse me.

Mike and John look over their shoulders. Isla peeks her head out of the bathroom.

ISLA (CONT'D)
Wouldn't they take the elevators?

John and Mike's eyes widen-

INT. 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

John and Mike SPRINT down the hallway together- at the end of hall is an elevator- the floor lights above illuminating- 17... 18...

The two men crash into the elevator doors and Mike instantly begins clawing at the slit in the elevator.

JOHN
How do you stop it?

MIKE
There's a sensor to make sure it's
not going to hit anything--

JOHN
Does it work?

The elevator door opens into the shaft. The Elevator is rushing upwards at an alarming rate- 19... 20...

MIKE
FUCK!

Mike swings his body out into the elevator shaft- feet still on the ground, like *Singing' in the Rain*.

Closed eyes open.

The elevator has stopped two floors lower. Dripping with sweat, Mike eyeballs John and nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Someone grab a two by four.

On this side of petrified, John obeys.

INT. 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A plank of wood sits lodged into the cracked elevator door, reaching out into the darkness of the shaft.

INT. 26TH FLOOR - SAME MOMENTS

Isla holds Jackie's coat over Gordon's gunshot wound. Louis pulls himself into his wheelchair, careful not to knock over the explosives detonator.

Jackie is cradling the Leopard- resting his head in her lap. She murmurs to him softly.

John and Mike re-enter.

MIKE

I bought us some time.

ISLA

We don't have much time. This man's been shot.

Mike looks over at Gordon. He's bleeding badly.

LOUIS

Why did you do that?

MIKE

Do what?

LOUIS

Why did you shoot that guy? They got what they wanted, they were going to let us go!

MIKE

If it weren't for me we'd all be road kill. Wake up dude, we've seen faces, we know names- you think these guys were going to let us go?

Louis didn't think of that.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Alright. Glad that's settled. Doesn't matter now anyway.

LOUIS

You didn't have to shoot him-

MIKE

It doesn't matter! Look. They control the elevator so if we let it up, they can box us in anyway. Our best bet is the stairs-

JOHN

We should stay here. Fuck those
guys, we got guns, we got a
detonator-

JACKIE

A detonator is good when you want
to trigger a bomb from far away.
Unless we're going to blow
ourselves up, that threat's good
for a limited time.

MIKE

Is he dead?

JACKIE

No. Just... Out.

BASHFUL (O.S.)

Hey.

Mike's attention turns to the walkie sitting on the floor.

BASHFUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey idiots. Come in.

Mike picks it up.

LOUIS

Don't provoke them.

He takes a breath, eyes locked with Louis's.

MIKE

Hey ass-hat, it's the idiots, over.

Louis looks at him wide eyed and mouths very fucking clearly:
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

BASHFUL (O.S.)

Tell me if this is funny to you.

A moment.

ELAINE (O.S.)

Hello?

A shaky, frightened voice takes over the frequency. Mike's
cockiness shifts. *This is unexpected.*

MIKE

Hey, who is this?

ELAINE (O.S.)
I'm... Elaine Curtis. They... Um.
They told me that... If you don't
do what they say, they're going to
kill me.

BASHFUL (O.S.)
Tell him about your son.

ELAINE (O.S.)
Uh- uh- my... I've got a 6-year-old
son named Nate. He's my little guy.

She's sobbing.

ELAINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I don't want him to have to grow up
without me with him. I just- I
don't want that. He's only six!
Please, just do what they ask.

Mike is taking this seriously now.

MIKE
Elaine. It's gonna be fine. You're
gonna see Nate really soon.

ELAINE (O.S.)
Don't let them do this to us.
Please.

MIKE
What do you want?

A beat.

BASHFUL (O.S.)
Is the Leopard up there?

MIKE
Yeah.

BASHFUL (O.S.)
Alive?

MIKE
Yeah.

BASHFUL (O.S.)
You put him and Simon in the
elevator and send it down to the
sixteenth floor. And we'll be gone.
And no one else has to die. You got
five minutes.

Silence. Eternal. Fucking. Silence.

JOHN

So like... We're gonna take that deal, right?

MIKE

Yeah. We're gonna take that deal.

Mike begins walking towards Jackie and The Leopard- pistol in his hand.

JACKIE

No. No, no-

MIKE

Move-

JACKIE

Wait-

MIKE

Fuckin' move!

Mike pushes Jackie away from The Leopard's body. He turns and starts to drag it. The familiar clack-click of a gun echoes through the room.

Jackie stands with her legs shoulder width apart, gun in two hands, as if she's on the firing range.

JACKIE

We're not doing that.

MIKE

Sweetheart, you know how to use that thing?

BANG.

She fires a round off into the wall behind Mike. John hits the deck. Isla yelps.

JACKIE

Yeah. I do. Sweetheart.

LOUIS

Okay- can we just all calm down?
The gun thing- I really- we don't need to do this with guns.

MIKE

If we don't do this, they're going to start killing people down there. People like us.

JACKIE

That's their problem. We're up here and they're down there and right now we have cards.

MIKE

I understand you're upset. I understand you're scared-

JACKIE

I'm not scared-

MIKE

Okay. That's fine.

LOUIS

Guys- seriously, can we just-

MIKE

HEY! SHUT UP! We're talking!

JACKIE

You want to give away all our leverage.

MIKE

No. I don't care about either of these guys... But I don't want anyone else to die, because of him.

Mike shakes his head emphatically.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Not on my fuckin watch. Nuh-uh. He's got it coming to him.

Mike walks towards GRUMPY'S body. He reaches down-

JACKIE

HEY!

Slowly, Mike reaches into Grumpy's pocket and retrieves his stolen pack of cigarettes.

MIKE

Do something.

He lights a cigarette and sits on the floor, back to a wall. Eyes on Gordon, he shakes his head, taking a deep breath.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hell of a speech this clown gave earlier. "It's time for us to take responsibility" huh? All I been hearing about all year is the 'tragedy of Bailey Gallagher, Bailey Gallagher, pretty twenty year old Bailey Gallagher.' America's sweetheart and all. You know what names you don't hear?

Mike inhales his cigarette.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

MIKE (a little more put together) his WIFE, SON (10) and DAUGHTER (5) drive together. The children are animatedly and inaudibly talking. Mike is laughing. They all move in slow motion.

INT. 26TH FLOOR - SAME MOMENTS

Mike stares ahead, eyes transfixed with pain.

MIKE

Paula McGrath. Ian McGrath. Jane.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

In slow motion, Mike looks over to his wife.

MIKE (V.O.)

They didn't deserve to die.

His smile melts into a blank stare. A single BRIGHT LIGHT is hurdling straight for the passengers side- so big it looks like an oncoming train. Mike reaches out to his wife-

SLAM!

The SOUND smashes back in like thunder as the car spins out into a full 360- the roof supernaturally caves in.

And then all is quiet.

MIKE

INT. WRECKED CAR- SAME MOMENTS

Mike blinks awake. Blood spills from his shattered nose. He looks down. His wife's fingers are twitching. He looks up. The roof of the car is so caved in he can barely move.

He turns towards the back seat- his face devolves into a scream-

INT. 26TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Mike puffs on his cigarette- eyeing the Leopard's body.

MIKE

It was a high speed chase. The suspects were two guys. Arnold Pace and James something. They had robbed a bank. And in comes "The Leopard." In his fucking... Armored tank thing. Just trying to be stop the bad guy.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike has a neck brace on, lying on a stretcher. He's inaudibly screaming as he's lifted into an ambulance. Three bodies are laid out on the pavement- the sheets covering them are cruelly seeping blood.

MIKE (V.O.)

Just being the hero.

INT. 26TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Louis, Jackie, Isla and John watch Mike in silence. He stubs his cigarette out on the ground.

MIKE

You know what the front page headline was the next day? "Mysterious Leopard brings bank robbers to justice." Bank robbers. That money was federally insured. The only ones getting screwed were the corporations... So I'm sorry.

He looks up at Jackie.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I really am. I understand. But the old man was right.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
Tonight is about looking each other
in the eye and saying "enough." How
many people get to die because of
him? Tonight I say enough.

Mike stands, gun in hand, and walks towards The Leopard.

MIKE (CONT'D)
We got about two minutes. Hey- kid.
Help me out with this guy.

Jackie steps over The Leopard's body.

JACKIE
I'm not letting you take him.

Flabbergasted, Mike stares at her.

MIKE
What the hell is it with you?

A phone rings. An awkward beat.

ISLA
Am I the only one who hears a
telephone?

LOUIS
No. I hear that.

JOHN
Where's that coming from?

In the far corner of the floor is a set of corded phones,
awaiting their proper installation.

John goes to them. He picks up one. The phone keeps ringing.
He picks up another. Another. Another.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hello?

NEGOTIATOR (V.O.)
This is Captain Frank Hobbes. I'd
like to speak to someone in charge
to negotiate releasing some of the
hostages.

JOHN
(to phone)
Um. Hold please.

He puts the phone to his chest.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Cops.

LOUIS
Thank Christ.

JACKIE
Tell them to come get us.

MIKE
Gimmie the phone-

JACKIE
You stay where you are.

LOUIS
Guys-

ISLA
I'll take it.

John hands the phone to Isla.

ISLA (CONT'D)
This is Isla Bloom.

NEGOTIATOR (V.O.)
...Uh... Ma'am, are you one of the
captors?

ISLA
No, I was a hostage.

NEGOTIATOR (V.O.)
Say again, you were a hostage?

ISLA
I might still be. Things are a
little foggy right now. We're all
sorting it out up here.

NEGOTIATOR (V.O.)
Are you under duress?

ISLA
It's very complicated.

NEGOTIATOR (V.O.)
We'd like to send in a medical team
so that we can attend to the
wounded. Will they allow that?

ISLA

I can't speak for them, none of them are here. Um. There are several men very wounded. Mr. Gallagher has been shot in the abdomen area, I'm very worried about him.

NEGOTIATOR (V.O.)

Ma'am, to be clear-

BASHFUL (O.S.)

Hey. Idiot.

The Walkie comes in loud.

Jackie and Mike lock eyes.

JACKIE

Don't pick it up.

MIKE

I'm picking it up.

Her eyes widen- an expression somewhere between pleading and warning. *Don't.*

He does.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm here.

BASHFUL (O.S.)

Where's our package?

MIKE

I'm sorting it out, pal, but you gotta give me more time.

BASHFUL (O.S.)

Come here.

A moment.

MIKE

NO, NO, NO, WAIT, WAIT-

ELAINE (O.S.)

(a little distant)

NO! NO PLEASE! PLEASE!

She begins shrieking. Voices can be heard yelling.

MIKE
NO- NO- WAIT- WAIT!

Mike runs towards the Leopard and grabs him by his foot. He begins to DRAG the Leopard towards the elevators and--

BANG BANG.

Mike goes down.

Isla drops the telephone at her feet.

NEGOTIATOR (V.O.)
Ma'am? Hello? Hello?

The walkie lies on the ground in a growing pool of blood.

BASHFUL (O.S.)
Bye Elaine. You can stop this. All you have to do is put Simon and The Leopard in the elevator. And it all stops.

Jackie picks up the walkie.

JACKIE
He's still alive. And when he wakes up, he's going to beat you all to death with his bare hands. I'd leave while you still can.

Jackie snaps the walkie into the off position. John, Isla and Louis stare at her.

LOUIS
What the hell did you just do?

JOHN
We've got to get out of here.

JACKIE
We're not leaving him. I'm not leaving him.

ISLA
... Then we hide.

INT. 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - LATER

Jackie, John and Louis are in the hallway. John diligently ties up Happy's unconscious body.

Jackie hands Louis the pistol.

JACKIE
Just point and shoot, okay? Try not
to hit me.

She carefully rolls the pipe aside to allow the door more
give. She pokes her head down into

THE STAIRWELL.

It's empty.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
It's clear.

JOHN
How are we going to do this?

JACKIE
We use the elevator they can see
where we are. If we go down the
stairs we can hide on a lower
floor. Maybe even get past them,
back down to the ground.

JOHN
How are we going to... Move our...
People?

Jackie eyes Louis.

INT. 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

John pushes the unconscious Leopard in Louis's wheelchair.
Louis sits on the ground by the door, guarding the pipe.

INT. 26TH FLOOR - SAME MOMENTS

Isla kneels over Gordon's body. She checks for a pulse.

JACKIE
Is he alive?

ISLA
I can't tell.

JACKIE
Is he breathing?

Isla puts her face close to his.

ISLA
Yes.

Jackie is on her knees by Mike's body. She takes off her outer shirt and begins to rip it. She ties a tourniquet around Mike's shoulder and waist, leaving her in a tank top.

JACKIE

Put his feet up. It'll help the blood to keep moving. Tie that tighter on him.

ISLA

Shouldn't we bring them too?

JACKIE

We'll try. Come on.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The stairwell is dark and seemingly endless. Jackie and Isla hold the wheelchair. Louis clutches onto John's back.

ISLA

We have a long way to go.

JACKIE

All downhill from here, right?

The wheelchair, loaded with The Leopard- goes down the first step with Jackie and John guiding it. They almost instantly lose control and it stumbles down a second step.

Straining, they lean the wheelchair backwards until The Leopard's head is practically on the stairs.

LOUIS

Put me down, put me down-

John puts Louis down and grabs the edge of the chair, steadying it. It teeters on the edge of another step. The Leopard balances precariously.

John ambles in front of the chair and helps to guide it down from the front.

JOHN

This guy must weigh 200 pounds.

JACKIE

Shhh. They might be guarding the stairs.

John leads, carefully stepping backwards down the stairs as he guides the wheelchair.

Jackie does her best to keep it steady as the wheels slam down each step. One. After. The. Other.

Isla follows behind them. Louis hangs onto the railing, pulling himself down the stairs without the use of his legs.

INT. 22ND FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

An empty hallway. A door clicks and slowly opens. John pokes his head out through the crack.

JOHN

Okay.

The door swings open and the foursome emerge from the stair case onto the 22nd floor- which is completely furnished and finished- not under construction at all.

Jackie pushes The Leopard in the chair. Isla and John follow. Louis drags himself out of the doorway and into the hallway. Exhausted, he stops.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You okay?

Louis waves him on.

LOUIS

I'll be right there.

They wheel The Leopard down the hall. Louis takes a deep breath, dripping with sweat.

He looks up.

At the end of the hallway is a small SECURITY CAMERA.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Fuuuuuuuuuuck.

Louis continues crawling along the carpet as quickly as he can. He reaches the door his companions went through and closes it behind him.

INT. 22ND FLOOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A small office kitchen. Louis pulls himself into the room as John struggles to lean The Leopard against the wall.

LOUIS

There are cameras.

ISLA

What?

LOUIS

In the halls.

JOHN

Did they see us?

LOUIS

If someone was watching the monitors they saw us, yeah.

JOHN

I'll just take them out-

LOUIS

NO. No, no. If they see they're out they'll know we are here.

JACKIE

They might know that already.

LOUIS

Look. The security station controls everything. The cameras. The monitors. The elevators. The.. The.. LIGHTS, I bet. If we get control of that... We get control of everything. The lobby. We can just... Walk out.

JACKIE

But whoever is in there is going to have a gun. Guns.

JOHN

We got two guns.

JACKIE

What we don't have is a small army of trained... Whatever these guys are. You really ready to shoot someone?

JOHN

Me? Imma let you do all that.

ISLA

Are there cameras in the stairwell?

LOUIS

I didn't see any.

JACKIE

So if we can make it down the stairs, we could make it down to the security station without anyone knowing.

JOHN

If.

JACKIE

If.

She looks at The Leopard.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

What about him?

LOUIS

I'll stay with him. Here. I can't do any more stairs. Neither can he.

Jackie nods. Acceptable. She looks to Isla, then to John. A 70 year old and a 20 year old. And her.

JACKIE

So it's us three... Okay.

Jackie hands Louis her gun.

JOHN

Lady, I ain't running at no armed dude with no gun!

JACKIE

If someone comes up here, how is he going to protect himself-

JOHN

That's another IF!

LOUIS

It's fine.

Louis wheels himself to the kitchen counter and takes out a carving knife from a rack.

ISLA

What? You're going to run over their feet while you stab them?

LOUIS

If they didn't see us come in here, we're hidden. On a random floor.

(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)
They'd have to check the entire
building. You have to move quick.
And either make no noise at all...
Or make a lot of noise so I know it
didn't work.

That shuts everyone up.

JACKIE
Okay.

The trio heads towards the door.

LOUIS
Be as quick as you can in that
hallway.

JACKIE
Take care of him.

A beat. Jackie looks to John. Then to Isla. They all give
each other reaffirming looks: *we're fucking in it together.*

The door swings open and out they go.

Now it's just The Leopard and Louis, brandishing a cleaver in
his hand and his eyes on the unconscious vigilante.

LOUIS
I will.

Cut to black.

LOUIS

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The door to a SHIPPING CONTAINER swings open. LOUIS is on his
feet. He and another HENCHMAN (19) stand at the opening.
Behind them are dozens of boxes.

LOUIS
Come on. Help me.

Louis walks over to the boxes and begins to pile them into
the back of the shipping container.

HENCHMAN
You sure this is the right one?

LOUIS

Look, this is simple. We pile the boxes in the container. We switch the serial numbers. We go home. I've done this ten thousand times.

HENCHMAN

Cool.

LOUIS

Where'd they find you.

HENCHMAN

Around.

LOUIS

Around. You look like you're twelve.

HENCHMAN

Fuck you.

LOUIS

Fuck you. I'm just saying. You kids keep getting younger. They draft you outta high school for this gig?

HENCHMAN

Just need something that pays. I got my mom.

LOUIS

Everyone's got someone.

They keep stacking boxes.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Look. None of my business... But I'd advise... Keep your head down. Work the docks. Work this shipping stuff. You really want to help your mom? Don't agree to do anything where they give you a gun.

HENCHMAN

Bet it pays better.

LOUIS

A lot better. But you'll end up in some cock knocker's gang war where a total psycho is banging it out with an assault rifle. Having a gun puts a target on your back. Keep it safe. Stick to drugs.

CLANG.

Louis reaches into his jeans and pulls out a HANDGUN.

HENCHMAN

I thought you said stay away from
guns.

LOUIS

That's you, not me. Just stay here.
Probably ain't nothing.

Louis steps out of the container and into the belly of the warehouse.

Hundreds of shipment containers are stacked along each other. Gun aimed into the darkness, Louis walks down a narrow opening between two containers.

Another CLANG. Louis turns.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Kid?

His voice echoes back to him.

He takes a breath.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Okay. Come on you mother. I'm ready
for yo-

Out of the darkness, a hand grabs Louis by the shoulder and violently YANKS him into oblivion.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Louis opens his eyes. He's staring straight down to pavement. He looks up. His ankles have wire wrapped around them-suspending him in mid-air. Louis spins, upside down.

Spinning, he comes face to face with the masked LEOPARD.

LOUIS

Oh God, no. Don't kill me.

THE LEOPARD

You work for the Saveros.

LOUIS

I just move weight for him! It's
like stocking the vending machines,
no big deal!

THE LEOPARD
You sell drugs to children.

LOUIS
I DON'T SELL SHIT! I'm just a- I'm
just a dumb guy! Man!

The Leopard reaches back and produces Louis's gun. He puts the barrel against his face.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Okayokayokay-

THE LEOPARD
Just a dumb guy. With a gun.

The Leopard grabs Louis by his collar and pulls him close to his mark.

THE LEOPARD (CONT'D)
Get off the streets. I'm not going
to tell you again.

The Leopard begins to walk away. Louis grits his teeth.

LOUIS
I can't wait until someone gets the
drop on you. You dressed-up faggot!

The Leopard stops. He turns. He slowly walks back to Louis, removing a blade from his wrist.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Wait wait wait-

He lashes out- cutting the suspension wire clean through. Louis lets out a blood-curdling scream as he falls a single story down to the ground below.

Cut to black on the sound of his bones snapping in half.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Sporting two deep black circles around his eyes, Louis regains consciousness. His skin is practically green. He has a neck brace on. He's sitting upright in a hospital bed.

A heart monitor beeps rhythmically.

He looks at his palms, turning them over. IVs plugged into the back of his hands. He moves his fingers. He looks down to his feet, clearing his throat.

He looks to the night stand next to him. There's a plate of untouched hospital food. A plastic fork and knife. He grabs the fork. He presses it against his chest.

A wince of pain.

He pushes the fork into his hip. He winces again.

Pulling back the covers reveals the braces on his legs. They are covered in stitches, gauze- that yellow iodine stain, these are Frankenstein legs, reassembled flesh.

He pokes the fork into his thigh. He pokes his thigh again. Deeper.

He pushes until he bleeds.

Louis removes the fork, looking at the blood on tip.

LOUIS

Oh, God.

Leaning as far forward as he can, he jabs the fork into his knee. He jams the fork into both of his legs in a panic.

The hear rate monitor goes wild. Fork stuck in his leg, Louis leans back and begins to cry.

INT. 22ND FLOOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Louis looks at the knife in his hand. Then to The Leopard. And back down to the knife. *He breathes.*

INT. STAIRWELL - LATER

John, Isla and Jackie descend the stairs together.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - BASEMENT - SAME MOMENTS

The drums of the explosives are continuing to count down. It switches from 1:00:00 to 00:59:59.

INT. 26TH FLOOR - SAME MOMENTS

One of the many phones in the corner is ringing off the hook.

SIMON opens his eyes.

INT. 8TH FLOOR - NIGHT

John, Jackie and Isla exit the stairway to the 8th floor. Gun in hand, Jackie leads them down the hallway.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - SECURITY ROOM - SAME MOMENTS

Doc sits in the security room, blinking.

DOC
Um... Hello? Guys?

BASHFUL (O.S.)
What's up?

DOC
I got three bogies on the 8th floor.

BASHFUL (O.S.)
8th floor? Where you are?

DOC
Yes! Where I am....

Doc examines the screens.

DOC (CONT'D)
They've got guns. Someone get down here right now before they blow this whole thing. NOW. NOW.

BASHFUL (O.S.)
On it.

INT. 8TH FLOOR - SAME MOMENTS

Turning a corner, the trio stops.

A long stretch of hall. At the end of which is a white door with the words SECURITY on it. A dead security guard lies by a closed door.

JOHN
That's it.

JACKIE
No shit.

JOHN
What do we do?

JACKIE
Maybe they don't know we're here
yet-

The door to the security open swings open and DOC meets them head on with a machine gun, firing wildly into the hall-

Isla gets SHOT square into the chest- falling into the wall behind her, blood spraying everywhere.

John gets hit in the arm, dropping the gun as he dives for the adjacent hallway. Jackie jumps the opposite way at the t-intersection, unscathed.

BANGBANGBANGBANG.

JOHN
RUN! RUN!

Jackie looks around the corner as Doc reloads- she stands, takes aim-

POP. One shot.

She hits Doc square in the head from all the way down the hall. *It's fucking magical.* John stares at her incredulously.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Is this the part where you tell me
you're an international assassin?

Jackie drops to her knees in sheer panicked exhaustion.

JACKIE
No. I just don't want to die
tonight.

He nods.

JOHN
So...

Jackie is locked in place. Unmoving. Isla's body is splayed and bloody behind her.

JACKIE
I don't want to look at her.

JOHN
We just gotta... Gotta... Oof.

JACKIE
You okay?

JOHN
Hard to see.

JACKIE
You're going into shock.

JOHN
Sounds right. We gotta get the hall
down that hallway, press some
buttons and fuck some shit up. And
then... And then lets go home.

JACKIE
Do you need help walking.

He nods.

JOHN
Yes'um

She rises, helping John to his feet. Clutching his bleeding
arm, they walk down the hallway together.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

John slumps down into the office chair. He looks over the
monitors.

JACKIE
You know what you're doing?

He shrugs.

JOHN
I'm young. This is a computer. It
works itself out.

JACKIE
Do they have anything like...
Rigged to blow up?

He nods to himself, scanning the interface.

JOHN
Note to self, don't blow us up.

He starts to click.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Disabling cameras. This is the
lobby. The security doors.
Parking... Elevators... Unlock.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
Unlock. Disable. Open... Okay. So I
can-

His eyes go to a wedge of a monitor.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Oh... No.

The bottom of the square reads 16. It's a large conference
room littered with eight dead bodies.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That's...

JACKIE
They killed them.

Jackie puts her hand to her mouth in horror.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
They just killed them.

JOHN
Um... Jack... Where are the...
Where the guys with guns at?

She blinks. Indeed- the dead bodies are not guarded
whatsoever.

JACKIE
Get up, get up, get up-

Jackie pulls John to his feet and yanks him back into

THE HALLWAY

They're running- Jackie tugging on John to keep up.

They turn a corner-

BANG!

Jackie screams as JOHN gets shot in the head.

DOPEY
GET HER!

She doubles back the other way, sprinting as fast as she can.
The sounds of her captors are closing in. She gets to the end
of the hall and takes a hard right as DOPEY and SNEEZY round
the corner behind her.

Panicked, she runs down anonymous white hallways of a
seemingly endless corporate labyrinth.

She turns a corner.

Another.

Another.

She's lost in there.

Ahead of her is the elevator- the doors are opened. She sprints towards it- running and sliding like it's home plate.

She lunges back and slams the ground floor button. The doors start to close. Tears streaming down her face, she points the gun down the hallway, waiting for the doors to close.

JACKIE

Come on come on come one please-

Sneezy rounds the corner- Jackie starts to unload. The doors start to close for her- finally trapping her in

THE ELEVATOR.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Oh god. Thank God. Thank you. Thank you.

She drops the gun and falls into her tears. The numbers on the elevator go down. 7... 6... 5...

Her thumb hits the stop button. The elevator stops.

Ashen. She sits in silence for a moment. Her eyes go up to a button. The one that says 24.

INT. 22ND FLOOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Louis pokes his head out of the kitchen, looking into the empty hallways.

Behind him, The Leopard rises to his feet. Louis looks back to him.

LOUIS

...Hi.

Leaning against the wall, The Leopard removes his padded glove with his teeth. He digs his fingers into his kevlar vest, yanking out the bullet with a groan.

The bullet is crushed and did indeed pierce his skin, but didn't go all the way in. It's tipped with his blood. The Leopard looks around, disoriented.

THE LEOPARD
What happened?

LOUIS
That's... Uh... I don't quite know
how to answer that.

The Leopard nods. He feels his face.

THE LEOPARD
My mask.

LOUIS
Yeah. You... Took it off.

THE LEOPARD
Is everyone out of the building?

LOUIS
Do you remember me?

This sobers The Leopard even further.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
I wouldn't have thought you
would... Just asking... But we
actually met before.

Taking it in The Leopard clocks his surroundings, the
details. *That wheelchair.*

LOUIS (CONT'D)
I grew up in Chapel Hill.

THE LEOPARD
Okay.

LOUIS
Chapel Hill. Bad area... Real bad.
No Mom. Shitty Dad. All those
cliches. Started doing odd jobs to
make ends meet. And then the jobs
got odder. And then they got
badder. And then I was shipping
drugs and passing notes for the
Saveros. Mobbed up, I guess. I
wasn't anyone important, and my
heart wasn't in it. In comics and
shit I'd just be the nameless
henchman. But I was a criminal.
Never killed nobody. Could've.
But... When I lost my legs, I lost
the streets. And I had to figure
something else out. I got clean.

(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Quick. Started working at St. Joe's Youth Center. I didn't think they'd even consider letting me work. But they took me in. Said I'd be the cautionary tale. Show the kids that mobbed up doesn't mean you get to be Scarface. When you took away my legs... That... I don't know. It kinda made shit start to work out for me. For once. So... Fucking weird saying this. But... Thank you.

A long, long beat.

THE LEOPARD

Okay.

The Leopard begins to limp towards the door.

LOUIS

Where are you going?

He stops in the doorway.

THE LEOPARD

Stay here. I think you're... Safe.

LOUIS

Wait-

The Leopard turns. Louis reaches into the pouch in the back of his wheelchair. He produces The Leopard's HELMET. The Leopard looks at him warily and takes it.

THE LEOPARD

What's your name?

LOUIS

Louis. Louis Pratt.

THE LEOPARD

St. Joe's.

LOUIS

Yeah.

The Leopard dawns his mask. His presence suddenly shifts into an elemental being.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Give em hell.

He disappears down the hallway. Louis wheels himself back into the kitchen. He looks at the shelves. They are stacked with snacks.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jackie's finger looms over the button panel. She hits a number. The indicator above starts to rise. 5... 6.... 7...

INT. 26TH FLOOR - NIGHT

SNEEZY AND BASHFUL turn the corner from the hallway into the core of the blood soaked room. Simon sits up against the wall, as if waiting for them.

SIMON
Hiya, fellas.

Bashful and Sneezy go to him.

BASHFUL
(into his earpiece)
Doc. Hello? Anyone?

SNEEZY
How you feeling, boss?

SIMON
I've been better.

SNEEZY
We gonna stick to our exit
strategy?

Simon shakes his head.

SIMON
Is he dead yet?

Sneezy and Bashful glance at each other.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Then we're not done.

Grimacing, Simon rises to his feet, working with the pain of his shot up body.

The telephone rings.

SIMON (CONT'D)
What's that?

BASHFUL

Phone.

Simon looks over to the pile of phones in the corner.

SIMON

That's kinda funny.

Loopy, Simon hobbles over to the phones. He picks up one. The phone keeps ringing. He picks up another. Still ringing.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What the fuuuuuck...

Another. The phone stops ringing. He puts it to his ear.

NEGOTIATOR

Hello? Ma'am? This is Captain Hobbes again. We'd like to speak to someone in charge so we can provide medical assistance and maybe bring some food and water in. How about a pizza? Would you folks like that?

Simon drops the phone on the ground.

SIMON

Come on. They didn't take him far.

He looks down at the ground. There's a trail of blood spatter all the way down the hall.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Fuckin' Pocahontas.

Simon, Sneezy and Bashful disappear into the stairwell, leaving the bloody mess behind.

Pulling back to reveal: Gordon Gallagher's eyes are opened.

INT. 22ND FLOOR - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jackie slowly opens the door. The Leopard is not where she left him.

Louis sits by the kitchen table, eating from a bag of pretzels. He blinks- surprised to see her.

LOUIS

Hi.

JACKIE

Where is he.

LOUIS
He woke up.

JACKIE
He's okay?

LOUIS
He's kinda hard to read.

JACKIE
Where is he?

LOUIS
Uh- I don't uh- know what happened
to you since the last time I saw-

JACKIE
They're dead, Louis. They're- I
think there are more still in the
building-

LOUIS
Why the hell did you come back?

JACKIE
... I had to.

LOUIS
Shut the door.

She does.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Put a chair against it.

She grabs the dinky kitchen chair and places it by the door,
bracing it against the handle.

Louis raises his index finger to his lips.

She nods, gripping her gun. She kneels down.

Her attention goes to the floor. There's a blood trail all
around them leading to under the door.

At that moment: the sound of a door opening. Muffled voices.
Through the wall, a low murmur. A metal cla-click clearly
registers above the low din. Louis widens his eyes.

Jackie looks to the door handle. It twists ominously.
Creaking- a push against the door. The chair slides against
the carpet just a little, but doesn't give.

More murmurs.

BRRRRRRRRAPPP!

MACHINE GUN FIRE blasts through the walls in a vicious line- Jackie drops to the ground- plaster and insulation falls everywhere as the wall is ripped to shit.

The spray of bullets suddenly goes upwards, making an intentional spike to the ceiling.

The gunfire stops. It's replaced by *screaming*.

SIMON (O.S.)
NO! NO! I'LL KILL YOU, YOU FUCK!
YOU FUCK!

Sounds of intense struggling are coupled with a body banging into the wall, cracking it around the bullet holes.

Jackie sits up- slowly. She looks clean through one of the bullet holes. She catches glimpses of Simon, surrounded by yellow smoke, shooting into nothingness, screaming like a mad man. Bleeding.

The Leopard appears to his right- Simon turns, pulling the trigger to his gun- BANG BANG BANG!

He hits The Leopard nearly point blank. The Leopard manages to reach him, punching him so hard, Simon spins straight into the wall and bounces off it, finally falling to the ground.

The Leopard collapses with him.

Jackie covers her mouth, tears welling in her eyes. She turns and catches the scream in her throat.

Louis's face has been blown off. His body lies limply in his wheelchair. Yellow smoke seeps in through the bullet holes.

Jackie rises. She limps down the hallway. Stepping over Bashful, Sneezy and Simon's bodies until she finally reaches The Leopard, collapsed on the ground.

Crying, she turns him over. Blood is pouring out of his suit. She reaches to the back of his neck and unclasps his mask, removing it.

JACKIE
Wake up. Wake up, please. Don't do
this to me. Please. Wake up.

She cradle him close.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I love you. You hear me? I love
you.

BELLS RING.

Cut to black.

JACKIE

INT. CHURCH - DRESSING ROOM - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Dressed in a wedding gown, Jackie sits in front of a mirror.
Church bells ring. Bridesmaids flutter around. A knock.

OLDER WOMAN
Jackie? Jackie?

Jackie looks up.

OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)
Sean needs to talk to you.

JACKIE
Now?

She nods. Jackie rises.

OLDER WOMAN
Ladies- can you...

The Bridesmaids take it in and quickly file out- leaving
Jackie alone in the room. The Older Woman closes the door for
a moment.

It reopens. Jackie turns, putting her hands over her eyes-
beaming.

JACKIE
Close your eyes! We're not supposed
to see each other!

SEAN (30) comes in. His eyes are red. He's jittery. He
doesn't close his eyes.

SEAN
Jackie.

JACKIE
I'm listening, I just don't want to
see you, it's bad luck-

SEAN

Jack.

She hesitates- then drops her hand, seeing him in the mirror.

SEAN (CONT'D)

... I can't do this.

JACKIE

You can't do what?

SEAN

I can't do this. I can't do today.

JACKIE

Um... Okay. Look. I'm nervous too. I know the whole thing has been a lot with the meals and the playlists and the fucking linens, but we're here- this is the fun part now!

SEAN

No- I... I'm not doing it.

Jackie sobers up.

JACKIE

You're not doing it, like... You don't want to get married to me?

SEAN

I just can't.

JACKIE

You don't want to.

Silence.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Can you do me the... Fucking courtesy of saying what you mean for once?

SEAN

I do not love you.

Jackie hesitates. A smile comes over her face. A smile with tears.

JACKIE

What, uh- what have we been doing for... For five years, Sean? What has this been?

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I mean, are you trying to prove some point? Are you- are you- are you sleeping with someone else? We made promises to each other, Sean. Where did all of that go? Why did I move? Why did I leave my life behind for you? Why did I sit through those awful dinners with your pompous father? Why did I help your sister buy a car? Why did I cut back on drinking? Why did I swallow your cum? Those are promises, Sean. Those are all promises that you make when you're an adult and you decide to spend your life with someone- I mean- why did you even ask me to marry you? What the fuck are you doing, Sean?

SEAN

I'm sorry. I just... I don't want this. I just wasn't sure...

JACKIE

Fuck you. FUCK YOU! You god damn child!

SEAN

Okay.

Sean turns and walks away. Jackie stands- she follows him out and into

THE CHAPEL

JACKIE

Fuck you! Sean! Shame on you! You fucking coward! Sean!

He's out the door- and into the world. Jackie watches him walk quickly down the front steps of the church. Behind her, the entire wedding party and guests have assembled, ready for the big show.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

SEAN!

She watches him go. Wedding guests start to rise, unsure of what to do.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

SEAN.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Still wearing her wedding gown, Jackie sits on a lawn chair on a well designed roof patio, drunkenly singing to herself. Her makeup has run down her face- she's had a rough day.

She rises and begins to walk towards the edge of the roof. Looking down, it's a long way to the street. Thirty floors.

Part of her lace veil is still in her hair. The wind blows- whipping it into the air. She grabs for it- missing.

She watches it flutter through the night sky, frowning sadly.

From what feels like miles away- a small POP.

Past the fluttering veil- she sees a shadowy figure running along a rooftop, maybe half a block away. Behind him, more figures. There's yelling. It almost sounds like laughter- *it could be a party.*

JACKIE

At least someone's having fun
tonight.

She sighs, watching the commotion out of the corner of her eye. The shadowy figure LEAPS- diving off the rooftop and down to the street.

Jackie screams.

The shadowy figure hits a fire escape on his way down, then collapses into a dumpster.

Silence.

Jackie bolts.

EXT. CITY STREET- NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jackie races across an abandoned street and into an alley. Her eyes go to the dumpsters in the corner- a man is hanging half in-half out. *The Leopard.*

She pushes a hand on his shoulder.

JACKIE

Hey-

He groans.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Oh- shit.

Behind her, THREE MEN appear at the mouth of the alley.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Hey! There's a guy! He fell off the
roof! Can you call someone?

The three Men approach her. They pass Jackie by and go straight to The Leopard, dragging him out of the dumpster. He hits the ground with a thud.

THUG 1
What about her?

The Men eye her. Jackie notices the guns in their hand.

JACKIE
Oh- wait. Hey- I'm just... I'm
really drunk right now, I should
probably go- excuse me-

One of the Men grabs her by her wrist-

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Please- let go-

THE LEOPARD
Hey-

From the floor, The Leopard kicks out his feet- stamping his heel straight into one of the attackers knees. A gun goes off. Jackie screams as The Leopard launches himself between her and the three goons.

With violent efficiency The Leopard takes all three of them down. Elbows. Feet. Head butts. It's like knocking over dominos with these guys.

Cowered against the wall, Jackie watches The Leopard. All is quiet. He takes a breath, then turns his attention to her.

THE LEOPARD (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

She nods frantically, drunk and in shock.

THE LEOPARD (CONT'D)
Why are you dressed like that?

Jackie blinks.

JACKIE
What?

THE LEOPARD

The Police will be here soon. Tell them what you saw.

He starts to walk away.

JACKIE

I was supposed to get married today. He... He left me.

The Leopard stops. He looks over his shoulder.

THE LEOPARD

You deserve better.

And then he's gone.

Jackie sits in the alley, three unconscious guys at her feet, a wedding dress partially muddled. Her eyes full of wonder.

INT. 22ND FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The yellow smoke is clearing. Bullet holes, blood, dead bodies. And Jackie. Sitting in the middle of it all, cradling The Leopard.

INT. 26TH FLOOR - NIGHT

MIKE opens his eyes to the sound of the ringing telephone. Groaning, he rolls onto his stomach.

To his surprise, Gordon Gallagher is sitting on the edge of the building, his feet dangling out the gap where the window should be.

The phone is still ringing. Mike looks at the line of wires. Gordon is holding the handset in his lap. Slowly, Mike rises and walks.

MIKE

Mind if I join you?

Gordon has a cigarette between his lips. He's pale, ashen, looks like total shit. He shrugs. *Free country*. Mike sits next to him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You seem like you wanna answer that.

GORDON

I don't know.

Mike nods. Gordon picks up.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Hello.

NEGOTIATOR

This is Captain Frank Hobbes. Who am I speaking to?

GORDON

This is Gordon Gallagher.

NEGOTIATOR

...Jesus. Mr. Gallagher, are you safe?

Gordon looks around. He and Mike are the only other guys alive there.

GORDON

I think? There's just me and some other guy.

NEGOTIATOR

A hostage?

GORDON

Are you a hostage?

MIKE

Sure.

GORDON

Sure.

NEGOTIATOR

Can you verify the location of your captors?

GORDON

Hold on.

He puts the phone to his chest.

GORDON (CONT'D)

You know where anyone is?

Mike shakes his head.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I don't know. I'm actually shot quite badly. In my stomach. It's... Well it was quite painful, but right now I don't feel anything.

NEGOTIATOR

What floor are you on, sir?

GORDON

24.

NEGOTIATOR

And it's just the two of you?

GORDON

Far as I know.

NEGOTIATOR

Sit tight, Mr. Gallagher. We're
sending SWAT and medical in.
They're going from bottom to top.

GORDON

Alrighty.

Gordon hangs up. The two men sit in silence. Gordon looks
over to Mike and blinks.

Mike is holding the DETONATOR.

MIKE

Hey can I get one of those?

Gordon realizes he's talking about the cigarettes and offers
him the pack.

GORDON

I think they're yours anyway.

Mike grins at this as he lights up.

MIKE

Yeah.

He takes a deep drag.

MIKE (CONT'D)

My wife got me to quit smoking. I
picked it back up after she died. I
feel bad about that.

Gordon nods.

GORDON

24th floor, huh?

MIKE

Uh-huh.

GORDON

Then this is where she died. I guess that was symbolic for him... Bailey. I mean. This is where she died.

MIKE

Sorry.

Silence.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I been thinking... About pulling this trigger. Just... The Leopard. These psychos. Us. Put everyone out of their misery, you know?

GORDON

What's stopping you?

MIKE

I've been thinking about your speech.

GORDON

Oh.

MIKE

They killed my kids. My wife. For no reason. And I've been thinking about your speech up here, and I just really wonder if you believed any of that shit you were saying.

Gordon nods.

GORDON

I went to see Richard Rabideau. Before my speech. I went to his cell. Wanted to look him in the eye and tell him what I thought. Face the monster.

Mike's surprised by this.

GORDON (CONT'D)

When I got there, you know what I saw? He wasn't the Devil. Evil incarnate. He wasn't even scary. He wanted to be. But really he's just a... Sick man.

Gordon nods, evaluating what he's saying as he speaks.

GORDON (CONT'D)

A sick person made sicker by all---
THIS. This *shit*. Your friends will
stab you in the back to get ahead
of you. We drug ourselves to keep
our heads in the stratosphere.
Corruption. Greed. And at the end
of the day, we have a lot of nasty
people who only think about
themselves. And very few who think
about others... And if that's not
enough to drive you to be sick..
Well, we might be the crazy ones
for tolerating it.

He locks eyes with Mike.

GORDON (CONT'D)

We used to be so much better. I
think we really did. So. Yeah. I
guess. I do believe all that shit.

Mike nods, looking down at the detonator.

MIKE

Even so. If you could blow them the
fuck away, just to get yours.
Wouldn't you? For Bailey?

Mike lifts up the detonator. He hands it to Gordon.

Gordon hesitates.

He takes it. Holds it. Closes his eyes. Then opens them. He
puts the detonator down on the ground next to him.

GORDON

I'm not going to be a part of the
problem. Not anymore.

Mike takes this in, then nods.

MIKE

Me either.

INT. 22ND FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jackie leans against the wall, eyes partially closed-
exhausted. The Leopard's head is in her lap. He stirs. She
opens her eyes.

JACKIE

Hey.

He groans, struggling to sit up.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Don't try to move.

Turning onto his side, he grips his gut, letting out a deep moan of pain. Jackie helps him to his knees. He takes a breath. Blood runs out of his mouth. He's in bad shape.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Thank God you're alive. I thought I lost you.

She kisses him. The Leopard looks into her eyes.

THE LEOPARD
What are you doing?

JACKIE
It's okay. You're okay. We're okay.
I'm not going anywhere.

She tries to kiss him again. He stops her.

THE LEOPARD
Stop.

She's surprised.

JACKIE
What's wrong?

He shakes his head and pushes her away, struggling to get up on his own.

THE LEOPARD
You don't know me.

JACKIE
I... I met you. I was in a wedding dress. In the alley. Don't you remember me? You... I never got to thank you for what you said to me... It made all the difference.

THE LEOPARD
Okay.

He bends down and picks his mask off the ground. Jackie looks at him, confused.

JACKIE
What are you doing?

THE LEOPARD
I'm done now. You're safe.

He begins to walk away.

JACKIE
Wait!

He stops.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I... Look. I feel like things happen for a reason. My fiance ruined me, and six hours later you pick me back up. That's not an accident. One man ran out of my life, and another came crashing in. That's a sign... And... I don't care, call it a school girl crush, but... I can't just let you walk away when I have to believe it means something more.

He sighs.

THE LEOPARD
It doesn't.

JACKIE
But-

THE LEOPARD
Lady. I am a god damn woman.

Silence.

JACKIE
What?

Jackie shivers. She looks at the Leopard. His jaw is square, hair chopped short, and has a hardened edge to his... *Their* face... But suddenly Jackie sees it. The Leopard isn't a Man at all. She is an androgynous woman, built like a brick wall.

THE LEOPARD
You don't love me. You don't like me. You don't even know what gender I am. You have trauma and you haven't dealt with it. I'm going to be very clear with you now so that you can start putting your life back together. You don't need me. You need a therapist. I do not love you. I will not love you.

She puts on her mask and continues walking down the hall.
Jackie's face burns with embarrassment.

JACKIE
I... I killed people for you.

THE LEOPARD
I didn't ask for that.

The Leopard keeps walking.

JACKIE
I let people die so that I could
save you... That's... That's a
promise. That's a promise we made.

She's whispering to herself.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
That's a promise.

Her eyes go to the ground. A handgun is at her feet. She
picks it up and aims it at The Leopard.

She pulls the trigger with a CLICK-

The Leopard stops. She turns back towards Jackie. A moment,
then she shakes her head, turns and keeps walking,
disappearing around the corner.

INT. ENSO BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

A SWAT team enters the building in slow motion.

Laced boots pass over dead cops lying on the floor. They make
their way towards the elevators and the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME MOMENTS

Flashlights point up the stairway as the SWAT team climbs up
the staircase.

INT. 8TH FLOOR - SAME

The SWAT guys cruise down the labyrinth of white hallways,
passing over the bodies of JOHN and ISLA.

INT. 22ND FLOOR - HALLWAY - SAME

Jackie walks down the hallway in a daze. The SWAT team appears in front of her- she raises her hands above her head as the crowd around her and pass her by.

They pass over SIMON's dead body.

INT. 22ND FLOOR - KITCHEN - SAME

Louis is limp in his chair as the team enters the kitchen.

INT. 26TH FLOOR - SAME

Drenched in blood, Mike and Gordon sit next to each other. The SWAT team approaches them from behind.

The explosive detonator lies untouched on the floor.

INT. ENSO BUILDING - BASEMENT - SAME

A BOMB SQUAD works on the barrels of explosives. The timers are counting down. 00:00:07. They begin cutting wires. The timers reset to 88:88:88.

INT. 28TH FLOOR - PRE-DAWN

Five SWAT guys reach the under-construction 28th floor. There is a SPEARED HOOK through a wall. A rope attached to it.

One of the SWAT examines it.

He turns towards the shadows, shining his flashlight on

THE LEOPARD.

Swat's eyes go wide. He raises his gun.

Without the ambient sound, it's a surreal moment. The Leopard disappears, then reappears. She begins to disable the five SWAT guys, dodging their bullets, performing take-downs.

For once, The Leopard performs in her full glory- until all five are down.

She steps towards the open window, hooks a metal gear onto the rope, getting ready to zip-line out of the building.

She turns back towards the belly of the building.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Several weeks after the climactic showdown that left twenty dead, Thomas Enso, the real estate mogul who owns the Enso building is adding his own drama into the mix with this statement:

EXT. ENSO BUILDING - DAY

Thomas Enso stands in front of the building at a podium. Half a dozen microphones are pointed his way.

THOMAS ENSO

Twice now I've had millions of dollars in property damage. I've had violence, acts of terrorism in my business, my corporate name, which is also my family name is irrecoverably associated with the senseless death of innocent people. Today I am offering a five million dollar reward to anyone who gives information that leads to the capture of the individual known as The Leopard.

INT. YOUTH CENTER - DAY

A television plays the news. Thomas Enso's image is replaced with the News Anchor.

NEWS ANCHOR

Word of the reward has quickly spread, devolving into violence in the streets as people accost those they have reason to believe is The Leopard.

A CITIZEN appears on the screen.

CITIZEN

Word got out The Leopard is a woman. But like a... A MANLY woman. I'm not tryina be rude or nothing.

Handheld footage shows a burly woman being attacked. Someone in the background is shouting.

BYSTANDER

THAT'S THE LEOPARD! GET HIM!

INT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Jackie sits on the edge of her rooftop.

INT. MOVING CAR- DAY

Mike drives a car down the street. He pays close attention to the changing lights.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The city is undergoing what some have coined "Leopard-mania" in an attempt to find and unmask the vigilante once and for all.

WOMAN (V.O.)

He's caused a lot of pain, lot of people's kids died, a lot of people's friends died, and it's about justice. He thinks he's doing us good, then he should turn himself in. Get that reward money himself.

Mike frowns and turns the radio off.

MIKE

Bunch of idiots.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Gordon steps out of the grocery store with two bags of groceries in his arms. An ANDROGYNOUS MAN sprints past him- his clothes are torn and he's bleeding. Two others catch up to him and run him into the ground.

ONLOOKER

He's The Leopard! That's him!

Gordon watches as the fight crawls across the street in open traffic- car horns honk at the people clawing at each other.

RABIDEAU (V.O.)

The Leopard will never win, you know.

INT. LEOPARD'S LAIR - NIGHT

The Leopard's mask sits on a table. A BAT shatters it.

INT. ASYLUM - CELL BLOCK - DAY

Gordon is on his way out of the asylum. Rabideau sits naked in his cell.

RABIDEAU
Do you want to know why?

Gordon stops. He sighs.

RABIDEAU (CONT'D)
Resentment. Greed. Pain. Grief.
Revenge. What do these things have
in common? They breed.

Rabideau begins to giggle.

RABIDEAU (CONT'D)
They breed like rabbits. And no
matter how hard he tries, the
streets will run with blood that
he's spilled. Someone's pain will
turn to anger and that anger will
breed to violence, and that. Is a
blood red rabbit.

Gordon hesitates- then continues walking.

RABIDEAU (CONT'D)
And that's how I will win. Without
having to step foot out of this
cell. Red Rabbit.

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

Mike is stopped at a red light. On the sidewalk next to him, a HOMELESS MAN has a sandwich board sign that reads THE END IS NIGH. He turns. The other side reads KILL THE LEOPARD.

Mike drinks in that image.

RABIDEAU (V.O.)
Red Rabbit.

A honk. Mike snaps out of it, drives through his green light.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - SAME MOMENTS

Gordon watches as the young men tear at each other.

RABIDEAU (V.O.)
Red Rabbit.

Gordon frowns and turns the other way.

He stops at a crosswalk, waiting for the signal to turn. He looks up, and freezes.

Across the street stands The Leopard in civilian clothes. Her attention is on a cell phone at her hand. She pockets the cell phone and looks up.

She recognizes Gordon. Gordon recognizes her. The Leopard's attention goes to the commotion taking place behind Gordon.

Gordon gives her the slightest of nods. The Leopard simply averts her eyes. The signal changes. The two walk towards each other, passing on the street.

When he gets to the other side, Gordon looks over his shoulder. He sees The Leopard walking away from him. The crowd thickens.

The Leopard blends into it, just another face in the crowd.

KILL THE LEOPARD