

**DARK LION**

THE COMPLETE LIMITED SERIES

**EPISODES 1-5**

Based on the novel by Alan Hayward

Dark Lion and all original characters created by Alan Hayward

Screenplay by Alan Hayward

2026

- EPISODE 1: -->> "Call of the dark continent"**
- EPISODE 2: -->> "The sands of pain"**
- EPISODE 3: -->> "The fury and the dark"**
- EPISODE 4: -->> "The Lion in The Fox's den"**
- EPISODE 5: -->> "Destiny and the dark"**

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**DARK LION - EPISODE 1****"Call of the dark continent"**

FADE IN:

EXT. SAVANNAH GRASSLANDS - NIGHT

A dark, majestic full moon. Ominous clouds drift by.

A commanding adult African man with a raspy voice -

LIONEL (V.O.)

It was always there. The dark.  
Clawing behind my eyeballs. Gnawing  
at my soul. Calling.

EXT. SAVANNAH GRASSLANDS - CONTINUOUS, NIGHT

LOW ANGLE ON: The waving grass - Only darkness beyond.

LIONEL (V.O.)

Yet he was always there. My light.  
My balance. My brother.

DISSOLVING FROM THE DARKNESS: Right in front of us, hidden in the grass. A king of stealth. A beast. A mythical BLACK LION with a majestic black mane opens its gleaming green eyes.

A THUNDEROUS GROWL ECHOES!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL TRUCKING YARD - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE, CLOSE ON, FOLLOWING: Big, black biker boots run fast and furious over the gravel, splashing through a moonlit puddle of rainwater. Off the heels of the boots bounce the tails of a LONG, BILLOWING BLACK COAT.

CUT TO:

HIGHER ANGLE, CLOSE ON THE SHOULDERS, FOLLOWING: The Running Man moves fast in and out of moonlit shadow. He wears a long, flowing black coat that licks at the screen. Some kind of black fur rests on the shoulders - Majestic, like a lion's mane. His head is barely visible, but appears to be covered in a METAL COWL with a hint of cat ears.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: The lower torso and utility belt of the shadowy Running Man.

Black gloved hands dig into the coat by his belt and he grabs a METAL CANNISTER in each hand - Still running like hell.

CUT TO:

EXTREME WIDE REVEAL, MOVING UP AND AWAY, HIGHER INTO THE AIR: The dark Running Man is SEEN ONLY FROM BEHIND as he darts towards a cluster of cars and trucks inside the massive industrial trucking yard. All we see is the Running Man and his billowing black coat down below - Adamantly sprinting forward - FASTER AND FASTER.

There is a car between him and a huddle of AFRICAN GANGSTERS, having a discussion, doing some kind of deal. His arms extend and the metal canisters are tossed over the car towards the Gangsters.

HIGH ANGLE, SLOW MOTION: The Running Man LEAPS at the car - Like a giant BLACK LION - Arms and legs extended in mid-air. First his hands plant on the roof of the car. The majestic coat billows like a cape. The legs come in towards the hands. He is now mid-MONKEY VAULT - A parkour-style jump vault.

CLOSE ON: The thrown metal canisters hit the ground.

The Gangsters all turn around and look up.

BANG! BANG! The FLASH-BANG-SMOKE GRENADES explode.

REVERSE ANGLE, AT THE CAR: Through the smoke and the dark, the Running Man resolves as he VAULTS over the car roof - His dark figure resembling a dark lion.

We can never see his true form in detail. He is a ninja in a coat, a dreadful ghost, a fast-moving shadow.

The dark Running Man lands in the middle of the disoriented Gangsters and all hell breaks loose in a -

CLOSE-UP FIGHT MONTAGE: Close on the dark Running Man's body, in the midst of things as he beats left and right on the Gangsters.

BODIES BASH, BONES BREAK and SCREAMS and PLEAS OF MERCY ECHO in many African languages.

SWISH! SWOOSH! - Goes the coat as he moves around the smoke.

GUNSHOTS ECHO! - Bullets SPARK against the vehicles.

SHURIKEN FLIES and Gangsters drop to the ground.

A dark, gloved hand and forearm with GAUNTLETS grabs and BASHES a Gangster's head - A CAR WINDOW SMASHES.

Like lightning, it is all over. Limp bodies are scattered all around the ghostly Running Man's feet as the smoke clears.

HE ELUDES US - We only see CLOSE GLIMPSES OF HIM.

SWOOSH! - Goes the coat as he turns - WIPING THE SCREEN.

HIGHER ANGLE, CLOSE ON THE SHOULDERS, FOLLOWING: The dark Running Man in the billowing black coat, staying behind him as he hastens towards a SHIPPING CONTAINER TRUCK nearby.

CLOSE ON: His gloved hand sticks a small, round MAGNETIC-DEVICE onto the padlock. A little green light flickers and -

BOOM! - The lock blows.

His MASSIVE ARMS rip open the container doors.

The dark Running Man steps away and OUT OF FRAME as the doors creek open to reveal -

MOVING IN: A container filled with ELEPHANT TUSKS and even worse - FRIGHTED AFRICAN CHILDREN in raggedy clothes with tearing eyes.

CUT TO:

DAY - DRIFTING over the Southern African bushveld, over mine heaps towards the high rises of a vast city metro. Golden afternoon sunlight reflects off the towers - A city of gold.

WHOOSH! - A squadron of POLICE HELICOPTERS tears through the sky overhead. Rotors slice through the smoggy air, leaving their own wake of billowing black smoke. The metal birds disappear against the towers.

SUPERIMPOSE: EGOLI, SOUTH AFRICA.

The world knows the city as Johannesburg, but the indigenous people call it by a different name: EGOLI - PLACE OF GOLD.

A classy, AFRICAN LADY NEWS REPORTER tells us that -

KELETSO (V.O.)

The protest became official today  
as Egoli's metro police officers  
took to the streets.

EXT. EGOLI CITY STREETS, DOWN TOWN - DAY

A sea of blue flows through the inner city streets. UNIFORMED COPS are marching and protesting. Banners bounce and chants echo as an adamant mob pushes forward.

The well-groomed and smartly dressed KELETSO holds her microphone for a PATROLMAN -

PATROLMAN

The system is corrupt! The management counterproductive. We have not received a salary in three months. No one takes responsibility. *Aikona!* This is our last resort!

He turns and rejoins the march.

Keletso turns back towards THABO, her buff colleague and faithful gum-chewing cameraman -

KELETSO

The South African Police Union welcomes the suspension of Gauteng provincial commissioner, Goodman Kibera. The union now calls for an investigation into the force's funds, as similar incidents are occurring in the Department of Corrections and Traffic. The question remains: Are South Africans facing a nationwide police strike in the near future?

EXT. BUSHVELD, GRASSLANDS - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: THE BUSHVELD, SOUTH AFRICA. 10 YEARS AGO.

LOW ANGLE, CLOSE ON, FOLLOWING: Tiny hiker boots run and side-step with urgency as they navigate an obstacle course of waiving dry grass and rocks.

REVEAL: MIA MODISE [MOH-DEE-SEH], AGE 13, a sweet-faced little African girl with braids and a scout uniform, running through the grass, jumping over rocks as the beads in her hair rattle-tattle along.

The agile little khaki ninja slows down, looks over her shoulder and enthusiastically indicates with her hands -

MIA

Lionel! Lionel, come look!

LIONEL LEONARD, AGE 13, is a handsome little African scout in his own right. He huffs and puffs as he tries to keep up with his love interest while the scorching sun beats down.

He hits the brakes for a moment to look over his shoulder -

LIONEL  
Come on, Leon!

EXT. BUSHVELD, ROCK GORGE - MOMENTS LATER

Lionel and Mia peep over the edge of a jagged gorge that tears deep into the earth.

LEON LEONARD, AGE 13, drops to his knees next to them, gasping for air as he guzzles water from a canteen.

LEON  
Hot!

Leon is Lionel's twin brother - An AFRICAN ALBINO. His body is white as marble and he has blue eyes, but his handsome, distinctly African features protrude just like his one-minute younger brother's.

The alabaster scout's head and neck are draped by a white scarf under a wide-brimmed hat. A colorful long-sleeved dashiki shirt and cheeky orange zinc sunblock on the nose and lips protect his delicate body from the blistering sun.

Lionel gives his brother a welcoming pat on the back.

Three little scouts now peer down the jagged gorge with rusted ironlike red-and-brown teeth. On a ledge further down, they see Mia's discovery - A FURRY, WEARY BLACK CUB.

On squinted inspection from above, it appears not to be a housecat but also not a panther.

LIONEL  
What is it, Mia?

MIA  
It's a black cat.

LIONEL  
That's one scary-ass looking cat!

MIA  
He's hurt. Go get him for me.

TITUS (O.S.)  
I got the rope.

LEE-ROY TITUS, AGE 14, is a husky scout-uniformed Brown (Cape Colored) kid with a camo cap worn backward and a pair of tortoiseshell glasses.

LIONEL & LEON  
(Unison, in Sesotho)  
*Of course you do.*

Leon holds out some canteen water for Titus who accepts.

DOWN THE GORGE: The weary black cub looks up with sad eyes.

LIONEL  
What if it bites?

LEON  
It's a baby. Like you...

LIONEL  
These rocks are tricky...

TITUS  
No worries. This is the Bushveld  
Igneous Complex, with ore deposits.  
Solid... as a rock.

LIONEL & LEON  
(Unison)  
Thanks for the science lesson,  
Titus.

TITUS  
Geography lesson, thank you very  
much Ebony and Ivory.

Titus takes a bow of the camo cap and tauntingly dangles the bundle of climber's rope.

MINUTES LATER - Leon, Titus and Mia built a make-shift pulley around a tree trunk and are lowering Lionel down the gorge.

LIONEL  
Look what you're making me do!

LEON  
Sissy Boy!

LIONEL  
(In Sesotho)  
*Says the watered down copy of me!*

LEON  
(In Sesotho)  
*Yeah, right here, hot chocolate!*

Leon flips his brother the finger and pulls a face.

MIA  
Lionel Leonard! Bring my cat!

Lionel further descends as he looks up very displeased.

Madam Mia frowns annoyed with arms in her side.

Lionel lands, kneels by the cub and curiously inspects it -

LIONEL  
(To the black cub)  
What are you?

The cute little black cub licks his finger.

There is an instant connection and Lionel smiles.

CLOSE ON: Around Lionel's neck sways a leather thong with a GREENISH-YELLOWISH OVAL GEMSTONE with a WHITE STREAK through the centre. A stone that resembles a CAT'S EYE.

The cub is drawn to it and tries to play with the stone, gaffing the reflective gem with its little paw.

Lionel smiles, presents a canteen from his belt and serves the black cub water in his palm.

TITUS  
So?!

LEON  
What is it?

LIONEL  
Thirsty!

MIA  
Hurry up, Lionel.

LIONEL  
(To the black cub)  
Lets go. I've got *biltong*...

He presents *biltong* [cured meat | jerkey] from his short's pocket and teases the hungry little cub.

EXT. BUSHVELD, UNDER TREE - LATER, DUSK

As the sun becomes a low-hanging ball of fiery gold that day, the children sit in the shade of a marula tree, resting comfortably against their backpacks.

Titus fiddles with the climber's rope, tying a neat bundle for the next mission.

Mia curiously pets and inspects the little black cub in her lap. She picks it up and shows off the cub's silhouette against the low-hanging sun -

MIA  
It looks like a lion.

TITUS  
Shouldn't we be worried where its  
mother is?

LIONEL  
You don't get black lions.

TITUS  
You get white ones. It's a rare  
color mutation.

LEON  
Like me!

Leon pushes his chest out with arms in his sides like a superhero. Lionel elbows his brother. Leon wrestles him in a headlock to return the favor.

TITUS  
Like Leon. I've seen one at the  
Kruger Park.

LEON  
They got albino park rangers!?

Titus gets stuck, then clicks that Leon is messing with him. He ponders the bizarre concept -

TITUS  
White lions...

MIA  
Is there anything you don't know?

Titus shrugs coyly -

TITUS  
I don't know?

Lionel smiles, amused by his overly wise-for-his-age friend.

TITUS (CONT'D)  
Wait. A melanistic jaguar!  
(Scratching his head)  
But they're from South America..?

MIA  
Whatever he is, he's precious.

She stares into the eyes of the black cub -

MIA (CONT'D)  
My Dark Lion.

BIG BULLY (O.S.)  
Where did you losers find the fur  
ball?

THREE BULLIES, AGE 14, in scout uniforms stand behind them, looking down with arms folded. The BIG and the FAT AFRICAN BOYS are quite staunch and intimidating, but the skinny WHITE KID behind them is only along for the ride.

BIG BULLY (CONT'D)  
Give it here!

Big Bully grabs the black cub from Mia.

MIA  
No, he's mine! Lionel got him for  
me!

MOVING IN, RAPIDLY ONTO: Lionel's face and eyes.

A sudden INNER FURY, unbecoming of a young boy, consumes Lionel and enrages his eyes. Like lightning, he darts with all his might he pushes Big Bully backwards -

LIONEL  
You leave her alone!

Big Bully stumbles and falls back with the cub on his chest.

BIG BULLY  
Gross! It pee'd on me!

The cub jumps off Big Bully.

Mia picks it up and laughs loudly from her stomach.

LEON  
You should listen to my brother...

FAT BULLY  
Get them!

White Bully shows some gusto and grabs Lionel from behind.

Titus hesitates, afraid to join in.

Big Bully is up from the mat and punches Lionel in the gut, so hard he drops to his knees, gasping for air.

LEON  
Let's not fight...

Leon makes a last attempt at peace, looking like a young alabaster Mandela in his colorful dashiki with hands raised.

BIG BULLY  
Shut up, freak!

BAM! - Leon clocks him with a marble-white fist that sends him staggering back and flat on his ass from where he came -

LEON  
You want some of this!? Light Mike!  
(In Sesotho)  
*The Light Lion!*

Those shiny marble dukes roll like riverboat wheels as he shows them around, accompanied by some real fancy boxing steps. As Leon moves his hands around, the sun emits a flicker from his right wrist -

CLOSE ON: A THICK LEATHER BRACELET around his right WRIST, encrusted with GEMSTONES - YELLOWISH & GREENISH with WHITE STREAKS through the centre - The same type of gemstone the black cub spotted around Lionel's neck earlier that day.

Titus musters all his courage and shoulder charges Fat Bully, knocking him down in the dirt.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Hey!

Lionel sits on his knees in the dirt, gasping for breath.

SCOUT OFFICER, JACQUELINE "JAX" BARNARD, AGE 18, a nerdy white girl with bushy brown hair and big glasses, run towards the children -

JAX  
Hold it right there you brats!

All three Bullies run away.

MIA  
Jax! Look. Lionel got me a kitty.  
May I please keep him?

She affectionately sway the black cub from side to side.

Titus elbows Mia in the ribs to shut her up.

Jax squints her big, magnified brown eyes through the thick Coke-bottle-bottom lenses -

JAX  
No, sweetie. It's a wild cat. Put it down before you catch the tick fever.

TITUS  
Lyme disea...

JAX  
Oh, spare me, smart-ass!

MIA  
But Jax...

JAX  
Get back to camp you lot. We're  
having a big *braai* [barbecue] for  
dinner.

Big boy Titus is suddenly intrigued by "big barbecue" and  
rubs his belly.

Jax gives chase after the Bullies, who keep on running to the  
tented camp in the distance.

Leon kneels by his twin brother Lionel -

LEON  
You okay?

LIONEL  
Leave me alone.

Leon rises and folds his arms -

LEON  
Fine. But, I'm telling the cops at  
home you fight like a little bitch.

Titus giggles and smirks at Mia.

Lionel picks up on that from the corner of his eye, not  
impressed as he suffers the embarrassment before Mia.

Mia crawls over the grass toward Lionel where he sits alone  
holding his ribs, breathing slowly. With appreciation, she  
gently places the little black cub in his arms -

MIA  
Thank you.

She kisses Lionel on the cheek and rises to join Leon and  
Titus.

They look down at Lionel, holding the black cub. Its eyes  
glisten as a STREAK OF SUNLIGHT breaks over its young face.

CUT TO BLACK:

Radiant light cleaves the darkness, cutting out a YIN-YANG  
SYMBOL with Light and Dark Lion heads intertwined - Their  
eyes gleaming like green gemstones.

SUPERIMPOSE: DARK LION

OPENING CREDITS MONTAGE: Voices of NEWS CASTERS in multiple SOUTH AFRICAN LANGUAGES, police activity and headlines depict: Egoli is a city in the grip of corruption, violence and organized crime.

NEWS PAPER HEADLINES:

*Organized crime on the rise in City of Gold!*

*Police fail. Citizen outcry!*

*High level crime Syndicate: Fact or myth?*

*Inspector Commander Leonard: "Closing in"*

*Top cop foils major drug deal!*

*Political figures assassination targets!*

*What is "The Syndicate?"*

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBOURHOOD, STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: LEONARD is the name on the mailbox.

Hard rain pours, and the wind howls as the gleaming crescent moon scrapes the thunderclouds that move rapidly across the sky of suburban Egoli.

EXT. LEONARD RESIDENCE, BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS, NIGHT

The family home's backyard is dark and eerie, yet the raindrops play a soothing symphony in the swimming pool.

BANG! - Lightning flashes blue and white and reflects off the water, revealing the silhouette of a SINISTER, DARK MAN in a LONG, BROWN TRENCH COAT and LOW DERBY HAT with piercing eyes.

His GLASS CUTTER creeks a hole into the patio door.

His gloved hand protrudes through the glass and he unlocks the patio door.

The ALARM WARNING LIGHT FLASHES.

The Dark Man enters swiftly, always in the shadows as if they belong to him and obey his command. His face is never visible. His mouth is covered by a red-and-brown-checked SCARF.

He enters the alarm code successfully.

INT. LEONARD RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Dark Man creeps down the hallway, soundless yet swift on the parquet floor. Always in the shadows, always in darkness, like a disease, half his face hidden by that scarf, those evil eyes peering from under the derby.

He draws a SICKLE-SHAPED BLADE from his waist, serrated on the one side, sharp on the other. It now appears he wears a TACTICAL VEST under the coat, holstering many KNIVES, SHURIKEN and BLADED WEAPONRY - A dark and evil assassin.

He opens a door with a sign - *LEON The Great White Hype*

INT. LEONARD RESIDENCE, LEON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BANG! - Lightning strikes again. Leon is curled up under the covers as only his outline is revealed in the flash.

The Dark Man raises the blade and thrusts mercilessly into his back, hard through the comforter. He retracts to find no blood on the blade. He rips the covers off the bed.

A stuffed doll and pillows form the shape of a person on the bed, mocking his every fiber.

He turns instantly and slips back out the door.

BANG! - Lightning flashes and behind the door, the flash reveals LEON, AGE 18, soaking wet with his alabaster skin lit up by the flash. Leon is dressed well, sporting his favorite colorful dashiki shirt, skinny jeans, and cowboy boots. This is the outfit of an eccentric someone who has just snuck back in after sneaking out for a party.

The Dark Man slowly opens another bedroom door with a sign that reads - *I Don't Like Cricket, I Love It!*

INT. LEONARD RESIDENCE, LIONEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

LIONEL, AGE 18, is asleep.

The Dark Man creeps closer and closer, casting his evil shadow over the bed.

BANG! - Lightning crashes and illuminates the poster of cricket hero Jonty Rhodes above the bed. Jonty's eyes are powerful but playful as if to say to the Dark Man - *"I caught you. Cheers. Jonty."*

The Dark Man again raises his blade, the sickle shadow spilling over Lionel's young face.

CLICK! - A pistol hammer.

INSPECTOR LEONARD (O.S.)

Drop it!

INSPECTOR LEONARD, Lionel and Leon's father, has a 9MM NICKLE-PLATED SMITH & WESSON against the intruder's head.

The broad shouldered veteran detective has a commanding presence and his burly physique far overshadows the not-so-menacing robe and Oskava sheepskin slippers.

Lionel awakes abruptly, rises and crawls back in bed with eyes widened.

INSPECTOR LEONARD (CONT'D)

It's all right son. I've got him.

(To the Dark Man)

You should not have come here.

The Dark Man slowly lowers his blade.

INSPECTOR LEONARD (CONT'D)

I said: Drop it!

The Dark Man pivots.

BANG! - A 9mm round goes off, just missing the Dark Man's hatted head, almost grazing Lionel's head before the bullet digs into Jonty.

Superfast, the Dark Man moves and pulls the gun past his head, with Inspector Leonard now close to his body, twisting and hitting him hard in the gut. He slices his enemy's arm with the sickle-shaped blade and finishes off with a stab in the chest.

He drops to the floor by the door. The Dark Man in the long brown coat now casts a tall, dark shadow over Inspector Leonard.

He steps on Inspector Leonard's hand as he goes for his gun -

DARK MAN

Usually I would not do this myself, Inspector. But for you I shall make an exception.

He presents his blade, gleaming purple and crimson with blood as the lightning flashes through the window once more.

LIONEL (O.S.)

Me too...

Lionel whacks him with a CRICKET BAT, sending the Dark Man crashing through the doorway.

In the shadows, the Dark Man rises, pulls away the scarf and spits what sounds like RATTLING TEETH.

Lionel kneels -

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Papa...

The Dark Man presents a SHINY SOMETHING IN HIS HAND.

SWOOSH! - A KNIFE flies down the hall.

Inspector Leonard pushes Lionel away.

The airborne blade ZINGS through between them and pegs into the bookshelf.

Inspector Leonard regains his gun.

The Dark Man retreats down the hall.

BANG! BANG! - Shots into the wall.

BANG! - One shot clips the Dark Man's leg.

He disappears into darkness.

INSPECTOR LEONARD

(In agony)

Quickly, son. Call Jax !

Lionel grabs a cellphone off his bedside table.

No signal - JAMMED.

From the darkness down the hall we hear -

DARK MAN (O.S.)

You made one very serious mistake,  
Inspector Leonard.

BANG! - Inspector Leonard fires another round down the hall.

INSPECTOR LEONARD

Get out of my house!

DARK MAN (O.S.)

Did you really think I would not be  
prepared?

He appears from the shadows, slowly walking down the hall, back towards them. He stretches his arms out, dragging his gloved fingers across the walls.

Inspector Leonard takes fine aim.

DARK MAN (CONT'D)  
Or that I would be alone?

Now Inspector Leonard hesitates.

THUGS burst into the hall, holding MRS. ZANDILE LEONARD and Leon with blades to their throats.

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
Zandi! No!

MRS. LEONARD  
Tau! Lionel! Are you all right?

The Dark Man kneels and looks Lionel in the eye.

Lionel now knows who this Dark Man is. His father often spoke of him, of his underworld legend, of his myth.

LIONEL  
(Whispers)  
*Phoko [Fox]...*

THE FOX coyly removes the gun from Inspector Leonard's hand and blindly hands it over his shoulder to one of his Thugs behind him.

LEON  
Dad, what do they want?

THE FOX  
Daddy...

He presents the bloody blade and tauntingly inspects it -

THE FOX (CONT'D)  
Is not coming to play...

BAM! - He knocks out Inspector Leonard with a whipping backhand.

MRS. LEONARD'S SCREAM ECHO!

INT. LEONARD RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

The Leonard's are zip-tied down to the kitchen table chairs. The Fox towers over them where they are seated in a row like the Last Supper.

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
Let my boys go. This does not concern them.

The Fox punches Inspector Leonard through the face and on the bleeding shoulder wound.

He growls in agony.

Mrs. Leonard and Leon mumbles in fear through their duct-taped mouths.

THE FOX  
Oh, but it does concern them,  
Inspector. For their lives depend  
on your cooperation.

He crouches by Lionel and removes the duct tape -

THE FOX (CONT'D)  
Do you fear me, boy?

LIONEL  
Yes.

THE FOX  
Do you love your family? Your  
father?

Lionel nods - "Yes"

THE FOX (CONT'D)  
I too have a father. He is also a  
fool, like yours. Tell me, boy. Do  
you fear death?

Lionel tries his best to keep his composure -

LIONEL  
Yes.

THE FOX  
As you should.

He sticks the tape back on Lionel's mouth and turns his back.

The Thugs move past him.

One slips The Fox something, but we don't know what it is.

The Thugs move in behind the Leonards.

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
I'll give you everything I have on  
The Syndicate.

THE FOX  
Everything?

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
Yes, everything!

## THE FOX

Good.

Inspector Leonard seems slightly relieved.

## THE FOX (CONT'D)

And Inspector...

A Thug grabs Inspector Leonard and puts him in a choke hold, covering his mouth, holding him up to see.

The Fox whips around -

## THE FOX (CONT'D)

There will be no lies!

BANG! - He fires a shot from the REVOLVER in his hand.

Leon's blue eyes begin to fade to grey.

Blood accumulates on his chest and the dashiki shirt soaks.

Tears stream down Mrs. Leonard's face.

Lionel places his head on his twin's shoulder, trying to nudge his head up as Leon's life fades. The dark skin of Lionel against the light skin of his brother Leon forms an intertwined unity of mutual sorrow as the untimely death descends on them both.

EXT. TOKYO, JAPAN, INNER CITY - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: TOKYO, JAPAN. 3 YEARS LATER

LIONEL, AGE 21, and a troop of JAPANESE PARKOUR ARTISTS run through the cold, wet city streets in search of adrenaline.

PARKOUR MONTAGE: Radical jumps and climbs over rooftops, stairs, walls and rails.

The troop comes to a stop at the gaping split between two levels of a car park. They may look like Japanese punks with their colorful hairstyles, tattoos, and jewelry in unusual places, but here are few athletes in the world with the agility of that of the *YORU NO AKUMA* - THE NIGHT DEVILS.

The death-defying Oriental action stars' leader is HARUTO, a fly guy with sleeve tatoos and spiky orange hair. His shredded athletic physique is something to marvel at, even in the loose-fitting fitness apparel.

Haruto and gang members RIKO and REO, yellow- and blue-haired tattooed Devils are all a foot shorter than Lionel's strong and muscular African build.

HARUTO  
(In his best English)  
The moment of the truth. You make  
this jump and you are in. You will  
be *Yoru no akuma* - The Night Devil.  
Like us!

Riko and Reo slam-bam a high five.

LIONEL  
Have you done it?

RIKO  
He's too short!

Riko laughs as he playfully slaps Haruto upside the head.

Reo joins in the fun and sneaks in a low five.

Lionel stretches his neck over the gap to inspect what  
appears to be an impossible jump.

HARUTO  
No. I'm not crazy. But you are.  
Anyone who lean into the turn like  
you, must be insane.

REO  
He's from Africa, bra! I've seen  
the Lion King. It's a crazy place!

The yellow- and blue-haired Devils share another laugh.

Lionel ponders, and mumbles inside his mouth -

LIONEL  
Right...

HARUTO  
You make the jump, I'll give you my  
Honda Fireblade.

Lionel is certainly intrigued as he smells opportunity -

LIONEL  
I've always wanted one of those.

RIKO  
Alright! He's going for it.

Riko and Reo are quick to pull out their GoPro action  
cameras. They begin setting up to capture the jump.

LIONEL

The Fireblade certainly is fast.  
But, we Africans like to appreciate  
life as we move through it.

REO

You're not afraid, are you Lionel?

LIONEL

Keep the Fireblade. It's so very  
Japanese

HARUTO

What's the bet?

LIONEL

I make this, your broad wheel café  
racer is coming with me. And you're  
paying for the boat to Egoli.

RIKO & REO

(Unison)

Oh, shi...

CUT TO:

Lionel runs flat out at the massive gap between the parking levels. He jumps and displays astounding agility, soaring through the air like an African eagle as he passes the crescent moon hanging over the gaping split. It's touch and go. Will he make it, or meat-bomb the street?

EXT. TOKYO STREET - LATER, NIGHT

VROOM! SPLASH! - A Honda Fireblade and two Kawasaki Ninja's rip through the puddles of leftover rainwater.

Their call is answered by the powerful ROAR of a black broad wheel café racer, ridden like a renegade steed by a strong, out-of-town Black man.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - NIGHT

An overweight UNIFORMED COP, CONSTABLE AYAMA, runs and crashes through the swinging doors, desperately clutching a fumbled piece of paper and a telephone handset.

Sweat beads off his forehead and makes his heavy, double-bar glasses slide down his nose as his breath eludes him. But he pushes forward to bring this obviously urgent information to a superior officer.

INT. POLICE STATION, BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

The digits on the screen of the old government-issued computer play off the green gloom of the anti-reflective coating on the reading glasses of Inspector Leonard.

The strong man with a face and presence that demands the respect of a seasoned policeman in his late forties seems ever troubled.

He leans back, the phone held to his ear, his heart heavy with frustration -

INSPECTOR LEONARD

All we need is one more shot,  
Commissioner. We are so close.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

COMMISSIONER NKWALI

Inspector Leonard. Your unit have conducted an endless vendetta against this *Moriti Mokhatlo* - This so-called Syndicate that leaves you empty handed at every turn. I understand the personal nature of the situation, but my office demands results.

COMMISSIONER NKWALI seats his big, fat body at the big, fat desk of his big, fat office.

INT. POLICE STATION, BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

COMMISSIONER NKWALI (V.O.)

I cannot allow you to continue burning the little resources we have.

Inspector Leonard grows more and more frustrated. He slowly draws his custom 9mm Smith & Wesson and scrapes the barrel against the old metal desk.

COMMISSIONER NKWALI (V.O.)

The force is under staffed and under funded as it is.

He slams the gun under his palm, banging metal against metal -

INSPECTOR LEONARD

Yes Commissioner. I understand.

As he hangs up, Constable Ayama crashes into the bullpen, raising the heads of the OFFICERS working on their cases -

CONSTABLE AYAMA  
Inspector!

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
I'm busy, Constable.

CONSTABLE AYAMA  
The snitch called in. Its them  
Inspector! We're sure this time.

LIEUTENANT JACQUELINE "JAX" BARNARD, AGE 27, has grown up to be a strong, commanding and attractive woman with that bushy brown hair tied back. She traded the Coke-bottle bottom glasses for contact lenses and the scout uniform for a cool, brown vintage leather jacket

Jax kicks her roller chair back and slides into the conversation -

JAX  
Visual confirmation?

CONSTABLE AYAMA  
Yes, Lieutenant Barnard. Sergeant Foster deployed surveillance. The deal is going down now!

Inspector Leonard rises, holsters his gun and grabs his shield off his desk -

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
Jax, round up the big boys and get me Judge Khumalu.

Jax nods and rushes out with her cellphone in hand.

INSPECTOR LEONARD (CONT'D)  
Ayama! I'll need a full debrief.

INT. POLICE STATION, ARMORY - MINUTES LATER

Jax and Inspector Leonard raid the armory, strapping on bulletproof vests and loading up shotguns with round after round of big business twenty-gauge ammunition.

Jax grabs a radio communication set and a couple of flashlights.

They hastily move past the armory's keeper, CONSTABLE VUZI, who appears to be fresh out of the academy by the looks of the blueness of his uniform.

CONSTABLE VUZI  
Inspector, you have to sign for these.

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
Vuzi, when will they teach you  
young cowboys never to argue with a  
loaded gun?

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The three officers hurry down the hallway and Constable Ayama  
hands Jax a set of keys -

CONSTABLE AYAMA  
Your wheels, Lieutenant. Foster is  
on channel one.

JAX  
Do we have a plan, boss?

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
I want The Fox.

He cocks the twenty-gauge Mossberg Maverick 88 shotgun -

INSPECTOR LEONARD (CONT'D)  
This ends tonight!

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: CRACK! - A crowbar busts open a SANDF military  
crate, splintering the fresh pinewood, stacked with a  
recently sealed consignment of NEW GENERATION PLASTIC  
EXPLOSIVES - Porous and pink, almost like a kitchen sponge.

REVEAL: Unsavory GANGSTERS are conducting an arms exchange.

The buyers move in closer.

A GANGSTER from the selling side takes the back of his shot  
gun and smashes open another crate, revealing a stack of old  
military R5 ASSAULT RIFLES.

An obese African man, cigar toting gangster boss, SONTONGA,  
in a fancy rent-a-tent suit with waistcoat and overcoat,  
steps in and picks up an old R5 rifle with disgust -

SONTONGA  
This... Is not satisfactory.

He spits a tiny piece of stray tobacco from his heavy lips.

From the shadows a familiar DARK FIGURE approaches -

THE FOX

You will take delivery as agreed,  
Mr. Sontonga. The Syndicate does  
not offer a return policy.

Sontonga is aggravated, yet hesitant, puffing his cigar. He attempts to stare down The Fox through the haze of cigar smoke, but even this obese man has no effect.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT, SWAT BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Hidden within the narrow roads, the COPS are busy setting up a command station with comms and monitors. SWAT COPS are strapping on their tactical assault gear and loading up their weapons.

A double-cab pickup truck arrives with tires digging into the gravel as the 4x4 comes to a screeching halt. Inspector Leonard and Jax exit immediately, slamming the doors.

Inspector Leonard hastens over to the cluster of SWAT, tightening the Velcro on his vest, securing his earpiece, meaning in his stride.

Jax follows hot on his heels with a couple of twenty-gauge Maverick 88s and a string of matching shells.

INSPECTOR LEONARD

Foster! Where's my eye ball?

A big, burly, Black man, a mean son of a bitch with tattooed fore arms the size of rugby balls - SWAT leader SERGEANT FOSTER, whips a heavy old TV monitor around with ease and bangs it down on the metal table -

FOSTER

Right here, Inspector. My man is in  
position on the east side roof.  
We've got fibre optics. Makhazi!  
*Hamba lo cable!*

SWAT member, MAKHAZI, plugs a video cable into the monitor.

ON MONITOR SCREEN: From a highly elevated position, we see The Fox and the Gangsters conducting their arms deal.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

THE FOX

Are we going to have a problem, Mr.  
Sontonga?

SONTONGA

You insist that your merchandise is sufficient? Perhaps a demonstration is in order.

THE FOX

You are my guest...

From his coat pocket, Sontonga slips a BULLET into the R5, punches in the bolt carrier forward and takes aim at The Fox.

By metallic cacophony, all the Gangsters' guns are drawn into a tense, no-win Mexican stand off.

The fearless Fox's gleaming eyes scan the situation. He slowly pulls back his coat, just ever so slightly, his tailor-gloved fingers trickling like a cowboy, ready to draw.

The gut-wrenching tension grows more and more unbearable as the gangsters on both sides become more and more uncertain of how to proceed or what will happen next - Then -

With lightning speed of the draw, the Fox sends two TROWING KNIVES the way of the smoky Sontonga.

SWOOSH! - Into the shoulder of his trigger arm.

SWOOSH! - Into his trigger hand - Resulting in a yank of the arm and a pull of the finger.

Sontonga involuntary spits out his cigar and shoots his comrade in the head.

Before the body or spat-out cigar hits the floor, The Fox has a familiar sickle-shaped blade against Sontonga's throat, squeezing out the last puff of cigar smoke from his lungs.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT, SWAT BASE CAMP - CONTINUOUS

JAX

Gun shots, Inspector!

INSPECTOR LEONARD

Gear up! We breach on my command!

SWAT prepares for breach.

Inspector Leonard and Jax jump back into the pickup truck. He places a hand on her shoulder -

INSPECTOR LEONARD (CONT'D)

Jax, my wife just started speaking to me again. Try not to get yourself shot... again.

Jax ignites the engine and turns to Inspector Leonard -

JAX

That goes double for you, boss. I'm more afraid Mrs. Leonard than a bullet.

She hits the lights and pulls away with screeching tires.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

THE FOX

Chinese medicine has long shown us, Mr. Sontonga, that one can manipulate the human body by introducing strategically placed needles, or in this case, something a bit more drastic. With a few more bullets and enough of these...

He twists the blood-splattered knife stuck in Sontonga's shoulder, forcing him to grind his teeth and growl to stop from screaming in agony.

THE FOX (CONT'D)

I will make you shoot your entire crew. Like my puppet.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The ROOF COP peeps through the sky light, aiming a FIBRE OPTICS CAMERA below.

Sweat runs into his eye and he clinches, shifting slightly.

A flock of PIGEONS spending the night, scurry about.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SONTONGA

What do you want?

THE FOX

What do I want? It humors me that you should ask. You just gave me enough explosives to sink a mine shaft in the middle of this stinking city, but it's not the gold I'm after.

SONTONGA

Perhaps the merchandise is in order? The gun did fire...

The Fox twists the knife once more.

Sontonga bites down hard again, but The Fox muffles his mouth to shut him up as he listens intently - SCURRYING PIGEONS.

THE FOX  
We are not alone.

The gangsters on both sides slightly lower their weapons and start looking around, scanning the exits.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

ROOF COP  
(Over the comms)  
Sergeant, they've made me. I'm out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT, SWAT BASE CAMP - CONTINUOUS

FOSTER  
(Over the comms)  
Don't you dare move!

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Roof Cop gets up and runs across the corrugated iron roof.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Following the thumping footsteps, all the gangsters break loose in a combined effort and send a hail of bullets at the roof, breaking the skylight into a million pieces of shattered glass and pigeon feathers.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Roof Cop runs for dear life as the bullets rip through the corrugated iron roof, sparking violently in the darkness of night, barely missing his feet as he keeps one step ahead of certain death.

ROOF COP  
(Over the comms)  
Foster! Get me the hell out of here!

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! - The roller shutter door EXPLODES, taking out the closest Gangsters.

The pickup truck crashes through the smoky inferno as Jax hits the incline at speed.

Foster and his SWAT team breaches.

Gangsters of both sides take cover behind parked vehicles and stacks of crates, uniting against the Cops.

A massive FIRE FIGHT erupts.

Jax throws a handbrake turn, using the pickup truck as cover. Inspector Leonard and Jax jump out and return shotgun fire.

Foster charges Gangsters like a mad man, shooting for the bad wound and breaking jaws with the buttstock of his rifle.

INSPECTOR LEONARD

(Over the comms)

Damn it, Foster! Leave me some live ones!

The Fox moves swiftly and ghostlike as he jumps off a pile of crates, flying through the air.

He eliminates TWO COPS with TROWING KNIFES and decommissions more with KUNAI and SHURIKEN.

SHOOSH! - Goes the long trench coat as he moves between structures and speeding bullets without fear and kills without remorse, proving to be a dreadful enemy with undefeatable hand-to-hand combat and assassination techniques.

Inspector Leonard and Jax tear off and start moving between crates and machinery, taking on Gangsters by hand, beating them into submission and cuffing them to structures.

Jax pushes a Gangster up against a crate -

JAX

I'm out of cuffs, Inspector!

Inspector Leonard knocks out a Gangster -

INSPECTOR LEONARD

Break his legs then! Leave me The Fox!

A leg-breaking CRACK and a SCREAM echoes.

Foster and SWAT surrounds the remaining Gangsters.

JAX

He could be anywhere. The man is a ghost.

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
Take the north side. Watch your  
back.

Jax nods and takes off in the opposite direction.

INSPECTOR LEONARD (CONT'D)  
(Over the comms)  
Foster, find him.

FOSTER (V.O.)  
(Over the comms)  
I think he got out, Inspector.

- BETWEEN CRATES

Inspector Leonard moves slowly with his eyes peeled.

JAX (V.O.)  
(Over the comms)  
Inspector, anything yet?

From darkness, a gloved hand comes from behind and places a sickle-shaped blade against Inspector Leonard's throat -

THE FOX  
Drop it.

Inspector Leonard drops his Maverick, unholsters his Smith & Wesson, and kicks them both away as if expecting the request.

THE FOX (CONT'D)  
Now tell her...

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
(Over the comms)  
Nothing, Lieutenant.

The Fox leans forward, next to Inspector Leonard's ear, revealing his scarf-covered face ever so slightly in a streak of moonlight from above -

THE FOX  
We meet again, Inspector. How long  
has it been? Three years?

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
Too long, coward.

The Fox utters a slight crackle of laughter -

THE FOX  
Tell me Inspector: How is the  
family?

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
How's the leg?

THE FOX  
Unbreakable.

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
You should have killed me when you  
had the chance.

INT. LEONARD RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASH BACK)

CLOSE ON: Inspector Leonard's Cellphone: *"17 missed calls.  
Jax Barnard"*

MOVING IN, CLOSE ON: Mrs. Leonard's Cellphone: Whats App  
Message: From Jacqueline: *"Mama Z, tell Inspector call  
urgent. Why no one answer?"*

BAM! The back door smashes open and Jax bursts into the  
kitchen - Just after Leon was shot. Her Beretta 9mm is  
already drawn. She shoots and kills Thug 1 with a double tap.

Inspector Leonard busts towards the side, knocking over Mrs.  
Leonard and himself, still zip-tied to their chairs.

Lionel lifts his head from his dead twin's chest. He flips  
and twists his chair off its legs and hits the floor.

The Fox and Thug 2 return fire over the Leonards. Jax takes  
cover, then she returns fire relentlessly. Thug 2 drops dead  
just as The Fox escapes.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Fox puts just enough pressure on the blade against  
Inspector Leonard's neck to cause a small, radial laceration  
in the skin. The blood slowly creeps down the gleaming blade.

THE FOX  
For years, you have been my most  
feared enemy...

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
Glad I could make an impression.  
Now what?

The Fox pulls Inspector Leonard closer to him -

THE FOX  
I have plans for you, Inspector.

INSPECTOR LEONARD  
I'm married...

THE FOX

I have great respect for my enemies. One should always learn from them.

INSPECTOR LEONARD

You respect only death and destruction. You're an anarchist. And those kinds of people are unreasonable people. You'll soon make the acquaintance of the business end of my boot.

THE FOX

The revolution is coming. Your position has always offered you arrogance instead of safety. I remember a similar situation...

INSPECTOR LEONARD

You come into my house, take my son from me. I'm going to tear you apart piece by piece.

THE FOX

Do not aggravate me, Inspector. I hold all the --

BAM! - The enraged Inspector Leonard headbutts backward, hitting The Fox in the face and breaking free in the process.

He grabs The Fox and sends them both crashing into a wall of crates. He beats The Fox like a boxer against the ropes.

The Fox blocks fast and furious, but accurate, then retaliates with astounding skill and separates them.

Inspector Leonard is no match for the superfast hand-to-hand combat skills of The Fox - Punches like missiles.

Inspector Leonard offers a last charge, but The Fox sends a flying FIXED BLADE KNIFE into each leg, right above the knee, forcing Inspector Leonard to drop.

- MAIN FLOOR

Foster and SWAT round up all the Gangsters still breathing and tend to the wounded Cops.

Jax runs onto the main floor -

JAX

Where's the Inspector? I can't find him. Nothing on comms.

Foster looks up from the floor, where he is tending to a wounded SWAT team member, the big man's face growing bleak.

Jax is momentarily confused, and then suddenly swings around with her weapon drawn.

The Fox is standing in the middle of the massive warehouse floor with his arm around the neck of Inspector Leonard.

The blood has soaked his pants crimson from the knife wounds. He can barely stand.

JAX (CONT'D)

Let him go!

SWAT aim laser scoped rifles at The Fox, lighting him up.

JAX (CONT'D)

Inspector! Are you all right?

The Fox applies pressure to the blade -

THE FOX

He'll live, Lieutenant. If, I walk out of here.

Jax cocks the hammer on her 9mm Beretta and fine aims -

JAX

Make one move and I'll paint the wall with you. Let him go! You are out of options!

THE FOX

Am I, Lieutenant.

INSPECTOR LEONARD

(Mumbles in pain)

Shoot him, Jax. Shoot the son of a bitch.

The Fox reveals a small REMOTE DETONATOR in his hand -

THE FOX

Will you ever learn?

He presses the button and holds it down.

SWAT scan the room and finds FLICKERING RED LIGHTS. There are WIRED EXPLOSIVES all around the warehouse floor.

FOSTER

(To himself, in isiXhosa)

*This is bad...*

THE FOX

I drop this, Lieutenant, and the coroner collects you with a tooth pick.

FOSTER

(Whispers over the comms)  
He's gonna blow it anyway.

JAX

(Whispers over the comms)  
Stand down, Sergeant.

The Fox moves backwards, dragging Inspector Leonard, uttering his evil, taunting laugh that sends chills down your spine.

Jax furiously re-aims her pistol several times, but cannot find a sweet spot -

JAX (CONT'D)

(Whispers over the comms)  
Prepare to take cover.  
(Yelling across the room)  
It's going to be all right,  
Inspector!

THE FOX

Keep telling him that.

The Fox and his hostage disappears behind a wall of crates.

JAX

Get down!

Everyone dives for cover.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! - A series of explosions send splinters of pinewood and packaging material flying through the warehouse once the shockwave had ripped a vacuum to suck it all in.

From the turmoil, Jax crawls at first and then slowly gets to her feet, her ears buzzing and her body disorientated.

JAX (CONT'D)

Foster!

Foster stumbles to the centre floor and rips a wooden stake out of his bleeding upper arm as if only a splinter.

FOSTER

Here, Lieutenant!

The SWAT Sergeant spits blood on the floor in disgust.

JAX  
Find them! He couldn't have gone  
far!

FOSTER  
Move it, ladies! Find Inspector  
Leonard!

The SWAT team scatters and exits in all directions.

EXT. WAREHOUSE YARD, CONTAINER STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jax and Foster scurry through the massive steel containers and earth-moving vehicles parked in the industrial warehouse yard.

Monstrous shadows are around every bend, lurking in the moonlight.

They enter a clearing. In the dark distance, Jax spots a man with blood-soaked hair, his mouth duct-taped. He is tied to OIL DRUMS, fitted inside the RIPPER of a BULLDOZER EXCAVATOR.

Foster shines a flashlight onto the man and spots the POLICE SHIELD on his belt gleaming gold and blue. It is Inspector Leonard! His pants are soaked in blood from above the knees.

JAX  
Inspector!

Jax rushes out.

Foster grabs Jax and stops her dead in her tracks -

FOSTER  
Lieutenant, wait!

THE FOX (V.O.)  
(Over the comms)  
Listen to the Sergeant..

Foster shines the flashlight from side to side, revealing an explosive with flickering red light stuck to an oil drum.

FOSTER  
Look...

JAX  
God, no...

- ON THE FOX

The Fox looks down from a pile of shipping containers, his coat billowing in the icy night breeze.

Vapor streams out from under the scarf covering his mouth and nose like a hissing dragon. His evil eyes gleam as he speaks -

THE FOX

I have a reputation to uphold.

- ON JAX AND FOSTER

THE FOX (V.O.)

(Over the comms)

You and Leonard have cost me dearly  
in the past, but tonight I shall be  
repaid in full.

Jax's knees start to buckle under emotion and her gun drops to the ground -

JAX

Please don't...

THE FOX

Good night, Jacqueline.

JAX

No!

She runs forward, but is flooded by an ORANGE HUE.

Deafening sound and heat engulfs and forces her backwards.

Foster grabs Jax in a grip of mercy as they stumble to ground and can only stare helplessly at the FIRE BALL inside the ripper of the Bulldozer.

The Fox triumphs on top of the pile of shipping containers.

SWOOSH! - Goes the long coat as he jumps into a dark abyss.

SOUND OVER: POLICE SIRENS are soft at first, becoming louder.

The fire burns bright orange, yellow and brown and we -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

CLOSE ON: Orange, yellow and brown SCOTCH.

REVEAL: LIONEL, AGE 21, in a BLACK SUIT AND TIE, clutching the tumbler with both hands. The sadness is evident in his eyes as he struggle with emotions. Lionel drinks.

At the end of the bar, THREE BIKER HOODLUMS harass an attractive YOUNG BLOND LADY corporate suit on her pop-in lunch coffee, at the wrong place, touching up her red lips.