

**SHADOWLAND: BLOOD ON THE STREETS**

ISSUE #1

"CRIME AND PUNISHMENT"

by

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**PAGE 1**

PANEL 1

OPEN ON a CLOSE UP of a dead man's NECK, lying on the ground. A BLOODY GASH is slashed across his throat, and his skin, chest and black silk bathrobe are soaked in blood.

A BLACK-GLOVED HAND hovers over the wound, the fingertips also blood-stained.

NOTE: DIM LIGHTING throughout.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
Mikey Fortunato. B-list mobster.

PANEL 2

CLOSE ON the dead man's HAND, also covered in blood, and now we can see that he's lying on a carpeted floor. More blood on the bathrobe, too.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
He's been expanding his business for a while, now.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
Ever since the city started to lose its mind...

PANEL 3

CLOSE ON the dead man's FACE -- MIKEY FORTUNATO, small-time Italian mobster, mid-30s, slightly overweight. His eyes are closed, his mouth partly open and caked in blood.

More significantly, a BLOODY RED HANDPRINT is imprinted over his face -- The mark of THE HAND ninja assassins.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
...Since Daredevil brought the Hand to New York.

PANEL 4

CLOSE ON Mikey's CHEST. His bathrobe is open just enough to see the LARGE STAB WOUND in the middle of his chest, and more blood over the body and bathrobe.

CAPTION (SHROUD)

But we're not in Hell's Kitchen. And while Fortunato may be a career criminal, he's never been convicted of anything.

## **PAGE 2**

### PANEL 1

LARGE PANEL! Take up most of the page with this, it's an almost-splash.

THE SHROUD crouches over Mikey's body, which we now see is lying on the floor of his expensive apartment. Shroud didn't kill him -- he's just investigating the body.

After all the glimpses of Mikey that we get on the last page, make sure that Shroud is the one we focus on, here. We especially need readers to see that Shroud's mask has no eye slits -- he's completely blind.

CAPTION (SHROUD)

Not the first crook to turn up dead with the Hand signature. Seen two myself in as many weeks.

CAPTION (SHROUD)

But something's wrong.

TITLE

SHADOWLAND: BLOOD ON THE STREETS  
PART ONE  
"CRIME AND PUNISHMENT"

...And CREDITS.

### PANEL 2

SHROUD VISION view as he scans inside the corpse, checking for bullets, blade tips, any kind of foreign body. But there aren't any.

CAPTION (SHROUD)

Go over it again.

CAPTION (SHROUD)

Smashed window. Dead mobster. Killed four, five hours ago judging by rigor.

CAPTION (SHROUD)

All wounds are edged. No bullets or foreign bodies inside him. Which leaves one question...

**PAGE 3**

PANEL 1

VIEW FROM OUTSIDE the apartment, looking in through the smashed window (which leads to the fire escape). Shroud turns his head to look up and out the window at us.

CAPTION (SHROUD)

...Why can I sense someone watching from a roof two blocks away?

CAPTION (SHROUD)

Too far away for a detailed reading. Need to move closer, get out --

PANEL 2

LARGE PANEL. The apartment door BURSTS OPEN! Four COPS storm in, their guns drawn and flashlights held crossed under, FBI-style.

The front two are homicide detectives -- LT. RAFE SCARFE (an existing character, you'll need ref) and his younger partner, DET. DWYER. Behind them are two uniformed cops.

LT SCARFE

Freeze!

(cont)

Show me your hands!

PANEL 3

Shroud reacts instantly -- he SIDE KICKS Scarfe's gun out of his hand.

CAPTION (SHROUD)

Dammit. Distracted by the body. Didn't pay attention to the four knuckleheads coming up the stairs.

SHROUD

Sorry, Detective...

PANEL 4

ON Shroud, UNLEASHING DARKNESS from his hands at the cops! It shoots out like thick black smoke --

SHROUD

...I don't have time to see you right now.

**PAGE 4**

PANEL 1

-- And completely envelopes them, filling the front half of the apartment!

Here's where we cheat a little. Shroud's darkness is the total absence of light, so it should always be completely black. But we need to show the reader what's going on, because for many readers this may be the first time they've seen Shroud in action.

So draw the cops as DARK PURPLE SILHOUETTES inside the darkness -- confused and surprised by the sudden lack of light. Even their torches can't penetrate it.

LT SCARFE  
What the--? Shoot him!  
(cont)  
Open fire, dammit!

DET DWYER  
Where? Can't see a damn thing!

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
No need for further violence. But a dose of darkforce will confuse them long enough --

PANEL 2

Shroud LEAPS OUT of the smashed window, darkness trailing behind him like smoke wisps.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
-- For me to leave the same way the Hand came in.

PANEL 3

A MINIATURE ONE-MAN GLIDER FRAMEWORK extends out under Shroud's cloak, allowing him to glide safely through the air across the rooftops.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
Those cops were expecting a crime scene. Somebody tipped them off.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
Probably the mystery observer. But whoever that was, he's already gone.

PANEL 4

Scarfe stands at the smashed window, FIRING out of it into the night as the darkness dissipates around him.

LT SCARFE  
Goddamn capes! Get back here!

PANEL 5

But Shroud is already gone, gliding off into the night.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
Going to be a busy night.

**PAGE 5**

PANEL 1

CUT TO the office of KNIGHTWING RESTORATIONS, private investigators. We look at the office door, inside a downtown brownstone, with the company name inscribed on it.

DOOR SIGN  
KNIGHTWING RESTORATIONS LTD

FROM INSIDE  
You're Misty Knight, right? Where's the other broad?

PANEL 2

LARGE PANEL. Inside the office -- a cozy affair, with bookshelves and filing cabinets lining the walls, and a window facing the street in the middle of the back wall. It's NIGHT outside.

Two desks face across the room, one at each side, each with a phone and piles of paperwork. One of the desks, belonging to Colleen Wing, is currently empty.

The other desk belongs to MISTY KNIGHT, who is right now leaning back against the bookshelf behind her desk, arms folded. (NOTE her red leather jacket is hung on the back of her desk chair in this scene.)

In the middle of the room stand three men -- the central figure is BOBBY FORTUNATO, Mikey's elder brother. Like his brother, Bobby is a smalltime mobster, and the family resemblance is clear -- though Bobby is slightly older, slightly fatter, slightly balder. The other two men are Bobby's goons.

MISTY KNIGHT  
My colleague is on a case.  
(cont)  
What can I do for you, Mr...?

PANEL 3

Fortunato sits down in a chair facing Misty's desk.

BOBBY FORTUNATO  
Fortunato. Bobby Fortunato.  
(cont)  
Daredevil killed my brother last night.

**PAGE 6**

PANEL 1

Misty also sits down, behind her desk, and raises an eyebrow at Fortunato.

MISTY KNIGHT  
And I got a visit from the tooth fairy.

BOBBY FORTUNATO  
He killed that Bullseye schmuck, didn't he?\*

MISTY KNIGHT  
That's different.

CAPTION  
\*See Shadowland #1

PANEL 2

ON Fortunato, leaning forward. He's dead serious.

BOBBY FORTUNATO  
Someone put a sword through Mikey's chest, slit his throat, then slapped a handprint on his face in blood.  
(cont)  
You gonna tell me there's two bunches of kamikaze running around New York?

PANEL 3

TWO-SHOT of them facing one another across the desk. Misty shrugs, she thinks Fortunato's barking up the wrong tree.

MISTY KNIGHT  
They're ninja, not -- never mind.  
(cont)  
Look, I know Daredevil isn't good for your line of business...

BOBBY FORTUNATO  
I'm a legitimate import/export trader.

MISTY KNIGHT  
...Sure. That's why you came to me instead of the cops.

PANEL 4

Fortunato taps the side of his head, the universal sign for whackjob.

BOBBY FORTUNATO

You and me both know the cops can't do nothing.

(cont)

Daredevil's built a goddamn Japanese  
fortress in the middle of Hell's  
Kitchen! He's out of his mind!

PANEL 5

ON Misty. She leans back in her chair, folds her arms again.

MISTY KNIGHT

And you expect me to do what, exactly?

**PAGE 7**

PANEL 1

Fortunato wags a finger at Misty, like he's admonishing a wayward child.

BOBBY FORTUNATO

I know your boyfriend is one of them supercreeps. I want to know why Daredevil took out my baby brother.

(cont)

Then I want you to impress on him that Bobby Fortunato don't take matters like this lying down.

PANEL 2

Misty dismisses him with a wave of her hand. She's not interested.

MISTY KNIGHT

And you say Daredevil is out of his mind.

(cont)

Forget it. I don't want your money, and I won't help you start a blood feud.

PANEL 3

Fortunato doesn't take that too well. He stands, plants his hands on the desk and leans over it, imposing and threatening.

BOBBY FORTUNATO

Maybe you ain't listening. I also know you ain't got no superpowers, just that robotic arm. And word is, there's a baby on the way.

(cont)

So you understand what family means.

(cont)

And how fragile it can be.

PANEL 4

FACE ON SHOT of Misty, from Fortunato's POV. She GLARES at Fortunato and holds up her right hand, palm facing out.

MISTY KNIGHT

Stop right there, wiseguy. Your "word" is behind the times...

PANEL 5

REPEAT PANEL. But now Misty's hand GLOWS BLUE, pulsing with a MAGNETIC FIELD.

MISTY KNIGHT

...My supercreep boyfriend gave me an upgrade.

(cont)

Now get out.

**PAGE 8**

PANEL 1

CUT TO a couple of minutes later. Fortunato has gone. Misty has opened the window, and leans back against the wall next to it. She pops a pill from a small prescription container.

CAPTION (MISTY)

Just what my heartburn needs. A low-rent mobster looking for revenge.

CAPTION (MISTY)

At least I managed to not throw up on Danny this morning. Guess you could call that a win.

PANEL 2

REPEAT VIEW -- and suddenly, SHROUD appears at the window, crouched in the frame! Misty JUMPS, startled.

SHROUD

Ms Knight.

MISTY KNIGHT

Aah! Jesus!

PANEL 3

Misty recovers and turns to face Shroud, annoyed at him for startling her.

Shroud remains crouched in the window, with wisps of darkness coiling around him.

MISTY KNIGHT

Shroud, right? How come guys like you never use the door?

SHROUD

I apologise for startling you.

(cont)

I've been following Bobby Fortunato's movements for a while. What he says is true -- his brother's death has the Hand's signature.

PANEL 4

Misty smirks at Shroud. He doesn't see the humour.

MISTY KNIGHT

So tell the cops.

(cont)

I'm sorry, are you looking for some kind  
of team-up, here?

SHROUD

Past experience has soured me on it.

PANEL 5

EXTERIOR SHOT as Shroud GLIDES away into the night. Behind him,  
Misty leans out the window, watching him go.

SHROUD

But you are close to Daredevil.

(cont)

Maybe you should talk to him, after all.

**PAGE 9**

PANEL 1

CUT TO a street in a rough area of town. NIGHT.

The street's lined with thugs, junkies, dealers, hookers and johns -- every shade of illicit nightlife.

SILVER SABLE walks, alone, down the street. She wears normal, civilian clothes -- a pale overcoat, sweater, jeans and boots. If it weren't for her silver hair, tied up in a ponytail, she'd look completely normal -- but still a little out of place in a neighbourhood like this.

CAPTION (SABLE)

I should have stayed in Europe. New York has been a battleground since I returned.

PANEL 2

CUT TO a shot of the SHADOWLAND FORTRESS, rising like a black cancer in the middle of Hell's Kitchen. (See Shadowland for ref)

CAPTION (SABLE)

But the money's good, and Anna's new school isn't cheap.

CAPTION (SABLE)

Still, I'll be happy to get away from all this ugliness... with my prey in hand, of course.

PANEL 3

BACK TO the street. Four YOUNG GUYS, gangster types, are hanging out on a stoop, and Sable approaches.

NOTE the fourth guy, who stays at the top of the stoop, is moor scrawny and weaselly-looking than the others; he's clearly the nerdy brains of the outfit.

THUG1

A-yi-yi...

THUG2

She lost? She gotta be lost.

PANEL 4

Unfazed, Sable stops and speaks to them.

SILVER SABLE

I'm not lost. But I am looking for someone.

(cont)

Ten-Spot Tyler.

PANEL 5

The three front guys stand, surrounding Sable. Two of them produce knives, threatening her.

THUG2

Oh, man. What that accent, Russian?

THUG1

You real far from where you need to be, lady.

THUG3

And that's valuable information. Maybe you pay us enough for our trouble, we show you the way home.

**PAGE 10**

PANEL 1

Sable doesn't waste time trying to talk these guys down.

She GRABS the arm of the nearest -- THUG1 -- and SLAMS the heel of her hand against his elbow, BREAKING it.

THUG1

Aaaargh!

PANEL 2

Using Thug1's body as a pivot, she LEAPS over his back and KICKS Thug2 in the face.

THUG2

Nnnh!

PANEL 3

Then she THROWS Thug1 into Thug3, and they both crash backward onto the sidewalk.

THUG3

Ufff!

PANEL 4

CLOSE ON her, looking down and off-panel at the fallen thugs.

SILVER SABLE

Symkarian.  
(cont)  
Actually.

PANEL 5

Meanwhile, the fourth guy -- TEN-SPOT TYLER -- cowers at the top of the stoop. Sable stands over him, holding out a wad of 10-dollar bills.

SILVER SABLE

And you must be Ten-Spot Tyler.  
(cont)  
I was told you could help me find Sergey  
Bulovic.

**PAGE 11**

PANEL 1

CUT TO the next day. AFTERNOON.

Misty walks up the steps of the NYPD 12TH PRECINCT. Cops, civilians and lawyers come and go.

CAPTION (MISTY)

Danny knows Daredevil better than me. I mentioned it to him. He said it was probably all bunk.

CAPTION (MISTY)

I hope he's right.

PANEL 2

CUT TO Misty, wearing a guest ID badge, entering the SQUAD ROOM. It's busy as all hell.

Lt Scarfe sits at his desk, one of four in a square -- Dwyer sits opposite.

Scarfe looks up, sees Misty and waves in greeting.

CAPTION (MISTY)

As for me, I figured I'd go see an old friend.

LT SCARFE

Hey hey!  
(cont)  
Misty!

PANEL 3

He stands, and they hug like the old friends they are, reunited for the first time in several years.

MISTY KNIGHT

How you doing, Rafe? Been a while.

LT SCARFE

Too long, bella, too long.  
(cont)  
Uff. Watch my ribs, with that arm of yours.

PANEL 4

Scarfe gestures at Dwyer, who leans over to shake Misty's hand.

LT SCARFE

This is my latest rookie, Dwyer. Dwyer, meet Misty Knight -- my partner, before she went freelance on us.

DET DWYER

Pleasure, ma'am. How come you get to call him Rafe?

PANEL 5

ON Scarfe, mocking Dwyer.

LT SCARFE

Dwyer, when you're even half the man Misty is, you can call me Snuggles McGee for all I care.

(cont)

Until then, it's Lieutenant Scarfe.

**PAGE 12**

PANEL 1

Scarfe sits back in his chair and puts his feet up on his desk.

LT SCARFE

You didn't come slumming with us flatfoots just to say hi. What's up, you put all the super bad guys away already?

PANEL 2

ON Misty, leaning back on the edge of the desk.

MISTY KNIGHT

Very funny. But you're right, it's business.

(cont)

I hear you're lead on Mikey Fortunato's murder. His brother Bobby came by my office, swore it was Daredevil's fault.

PANEL 3

Scarfe shrugs in response, and Dwyer laughs.

LT SCARFE

What can I tell you? He's right.

(cont)

Look, since them guys in the pyjamas moved in, we've been on permanent overtime.

DET DWYER

Not that we normally complain about overtime.

PANEL 4

But Scarfe isn't in the mood for jokes. He explains to Misty how bad things have gotten recently.

LT SCARFE

I'm not joking here, Dwyer.

(cont)

There's been over two hundred missing persons since last month. Citywide, we're dropping five homicides per day.

(cont)

And, yeah, Fortunato was number -- eight? I can't even keep count -- on the Hand's little crusade.

PANEL 5

ON Misty, surprised.

MISTY KNIGHT

Wait... are you saying this isn't the  
first one?

**PAGE 13**

PANEL 1

Two more detectives, THOMAS and GOLDMAN, enter -- they occupy the other two desks in the square. They've been out fetching lunch, and hand fast food takeout bags around.

THOMAS

Daredevil ran through that Bullseye guy, right? Pretty cold.

LT SCARFE

Thomas and Goldman. They've run a couple of these mob killings, too.

(cont)

Point being, yeah. Even besides Bullseye, this has been going on for weeks.

PANEL 2

Scarfe starts eating his burger. Misty still doesn't know what to make of all this.

LT SCARFE

We got no prints, no DNA, no witnesses. These are pro hits, with the Hand signature all over them.

MISTY KNIGHT

It sounds crazy... If Daredevil's sanctioned this, he must have really flipped.

PANEL 3

ON Scarfe, eating. He doesn't care whether Daredevil sanctioned this or not, the case is plain to see.

LT SCARFE

We've got a half dozen new cases every shift, everyone from the mayor to the chief on our backs, and the board just gets redder.

(cont)

The one thing we don't have is time to worry about old horn-head's state of mind.

PANEL 4

Misty steals a french fry from Scarfe's bag. Scarfe looks at her like she's insane.

MISTY KNIGHT

Can I see the body?

LT SCARFE

What? No!

(cont)

Didn't you hear what I said?

**PAGE 14**

PANEL 1

Scarfe wipes his hands on a paper napkin. Misty reaches inside her jacket for her phone.

LT SCARFE

I'm sorry, Misty, but unless you want to come back and hang a badge off them sweet hips, I can't spare the time.

(cont)

Fortunato's a slam dunk, and God knows we've got a serious shortage of those right now.

MISTY KNIGHT

Hold on, that's my phone...

PANEL 2

ON Misty, answering her cell.

MISTY KNIGHT

Hey, Danny. What's up?

FROM PHONE (JAGGED)

Luke's heading up a little intervention over at Daredevil's new place. You want to come?\*

CAPTION

\*See Shadowland #2

PANEL 3

Misty stands, puts her free hand over the cell mic and looks back over her shoulder at Scarfe. He smiles and waves in response.

MISTY KNIGHT

I've got to go. Thanks anyway, Rafe. See you round.

LT SCARFE

Any time, girl. You take care of yourself, you hear?

PANEL 4

CUT TO the lobby. Misty leaves, still talking on her phone, handing her guest ID to the desk sergeant.

MISTY KNIGHT

Did you call Colleen?

FROM PHONE (JAGGED)

Uh... not yet. I didn't know if you'd be cool with that.

MISTY KNIGHT

Danny, this isn't grade school. Just call her, it's fine.

PANEL 5

REAR SHOT of Misty walking back out and down the steps, onto the street.

MISTY KNIGHT

Now listen, I've been thinking about names for a girl...

**PAGE 15**

PANEL 1

CUT TO another rough part of town. NIGHT.

A WOMAN with long dark hair, dressed in heels, skirt and short silver jacket, walks down the street towards a strip club.

The woman is actually SILVER SABLE, in disguise.

CAPTION (SABLE)  
According to Ten-Spot Tyler, this is  
Bulovic's club.

CAPTION (SABLE)  
I suppose I shouldn't be surprised.

PANEL 2

Sable approaches the club. A sign proclaims it to be the EASTERN PROMISE PRIVATE CLUB, and a burly bouncer stands in front of the door.

CAPTION (SABLE)  
I hope I'm not too late. Tyler said the  
police are looking for Bulovic, too. If  
they get to him before me, they'll never  
extradite.

PANEL 3

The doorman tries to wave Sable away. But she looks up at him with a sorry, vulnerable expression -- playing up her role as a young Russian working girl.

DOORMAN  
Wrong club, sweetheart. Men only, you  
dig?

SILVER SABLE  
Niet, please... I look for work.  
(cont)  
I am Silvija. Good girl from Moscow, da?  
I dance. I very good dancer.

PANEL 4

Sable stands close to the doorman, letting him glimpse down her low-cut top. He raises an eyebrow.

SILVER SABLE

I dance for you. Show you my...  
skillset, da? Then you give me work.

DOORMAN

Is that right.

PANEL 5

CUT TO the reception area inside the club. A second bouncer, LENNY, stands talking to a young girl at the counter. Beyond them is another door, leading to the club interior.

The doorman enters, leading Sable by the hand and heading for the inner door. The second bouncer grins at him, knowingly.

DOORMAN

Lenny, watch the door.

LENNY

No sweat, Lawrence. Don't strain yourself.

## **PAGE 16**

### PANEL 1

CUT TO a storage closet, cramped and dimly lit, filled with cleaning and maintenance equipment. The doorman and Sable are inside -- he closes the door behind them, smiling lasciviously.

#### CAPTION (SABLE)

Lawrence probably does this with a dozen girls every night. When he's finished, he'll throw me back on the street.

### PANEL 2

Before he can even get close to her, Sable KARATE CHOPS him right in the throat.

#### CAPTION (SABLE)

The dent I leave in his trachea won't make up for abusing all those girls.

#### CAPTION (SABLE)

But it's a start.

### PANEL 3

CUT TO the main club area, where bored businessmen watch equally bored strippers pole-dancing.

Sable makes her way through the tables, heading for a set of stairs at the back.

#### CAPTION (SABLE)

Bulovic is a partner here. He'll have an office upstairs -- somewhere private, to vet girls.

### PANEL 4

At the foot of the stairs is another bouncer -- he blocks Sable's way, but she puts on her vulnerable-lost-girl look again.

#### SILVER SABLE

Lawrence sends me. I must sign contract with Mr Bulovic, da? Then I start work.

#### CAPTION (SABLE)

And none of his men are too bright...

**PAGE 17**

PANEL 1

CUT TO the upstairs area. Sable opens the door to an office, reaching inside her jacket --

CAPTION (SABLE)  
...Which is why they don't think to  
check if a Russian working girl is  
armed.

SILVER SABLE  
Mr Bulovic? I bring message...

PANEL 2

-- And bursts in, throwing the door open, gun raised.

BULOVIC, a burly, shaven-headed and tattooed Polish gangster, sits in a chair behind his desk... But Sable is too late.

Bulovic is DEAD, and his wounds are all too familiar to us -- a deep stab wound in his chest, his throat slit, and a bloody handprint on his face.

NOTE: The office window, which faces onto the street, is open.

SILVER SABLE  
You're under--  
(cont)  
Pula mea.

PANEL 3

Sable approaches the desk, gun still up, watching the body.

CAPTION (SABLE)  
I'm too late, after all. But it wasn't  
the police who beat me to it.

CAPTION (SABLE)  
Interpol won't like this...

**PAGE 18**

PANEL 1

LARGE PANEL.

CUT TO downstairs -- as the VICE SQUAD bursts in, raiding the joint!

COP1

Everybody stay where you are! This is a raid!

COP2

Nobody move!

PANEL 2

ON Sable, peeking around the top of the stairs to look down at the raid.

CAPTION (SABLE)

Bad to worse. Nice work, Silvija, you've outdone yourself.

PANEL 3

Back in Bulovic's office, Sable starts climbing out the window.

CAPTION (SABLE)

I can't let the cops take me in.

CAPTION (SABLE)

It's not only that I no longer enjoy diplomatic status. Since Symkaria fell into chaos, I'm also an illegal alien.

PANEL 4

Half-in, half-out (the window leads to the fire escape), Sable stops and looks out across the city in surprise.

CAPTION (SABLE)

What the--

**PAGE 19**

PANEL 1

LARGE PANEL.

Sable's POV, looking North, towards Hell's Kitchen -- just as an EXPLOSION rips a hole in the side of Shadowland!

(See Shadowland #3 for ref -- it's the Punisher making his entrance into the fortress.)

CAPTION (SABLE)  
Looks like Daredevil's luck isn't too good tonight, either.

PANEL 2

Sable LEAPS down the fire escape, toward the alley below. She pulls off the dark-haired wig as she goes...

CAPTION (SABLE)  
Not that I have much sympathy. His pets just cost me half my fee. Interpol wanted Bulovic alive, to try him in Poland.

CAPTION (SABLE)  
Obviously, the Hand didn't agree.

PANEL 3

...And walks away, down the dark alley, unseen.

CAPTION (SABLE)  
But if it's so obvious...

CAPTION (SABLE)  
...Why do I feel that something is very wrong?

**PAGE 20**

PANEL 1

CUT TO another part of town, a residential area filled with apartment blocks. NIGHT.

SHROUD glides across the rooftops.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
Something about this is wrong.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
Like whoever was watching me at Mikey Fortunato's place.

PANEL 2

Shroud lands on a roof, beside the parapet -- an ideal place to watch the block across the street.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
My senses are better than my real eyes ever were.

PANEL 3

SHROUD VISION of the apartment block opposite, focusing on BOBBY FORTUNATO'S PLACE. The outlines and shapes indicate Bobby is on his couch watching TV, while his two goons sit at a table playing cards.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
From here, I can "see" right inside Bobby Fortunato's apartment across the street.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
But it has a finite range. Mystery man was right on the boundary.

PANEL 4

ON Shroud, looking over the parapet, hidden in the shadows of the night.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
Military bearing. Crouched like a soldier. 6'2", 220lbs, wearing body armor and carrying sidearms.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
Some kind of mercenary? Plenty of them  
around. Someone like --

PANEL 5

REPEAT VIEW -- Shroud turns to "look" over his shoulder, behind  
him.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
-- Like the man crouched under the water  
tower behind me.

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
It's him. Watching me --

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PANEL 1

CROSSHAIRS VIEW, looking through a telescopic gunsight, at Shroud!  
He stands up, turns to look up directly at the crosshairs --

CAPTION (SHROUD)  
Waiting for me --

PANEL 2

-- We see a SILHOUETTED FIGURE crouched in the shadows of a water  
tank, angled down, holding a SNIPER RIFLE. The rifle FIRES --

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 3

-- And Shroud CRUMPLES to the ground, collapsing from the shot!

SHROUD  
Unh!

PANEL 4

The silhouetted figure leaps down onto the roof.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 5

The mystery man lands. LOW VIEW, with just his boots and hand in  
panel, as he bends his legs and puts one hand down to steady his  
landing.

In background, through the silhouette's military-style boots, we  
see Shroud lying on the floor, clutching his chest.

SHROUD  
Who... are you...?

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PANEL 1

SPLASH PAGE!

LOW VIEW. Shroud lies on the floor, helpless.

Standing over him, with the rifle slung over his back and a large PISTOL now pointed at Shroud, is... PALADIN.

PALADIN

The name's Paladin.

(cont)

You got any last words?

CAPTION

NEXT: ON THE EDGE!

//ENDS