

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

WEBBER is sweating profusely as he sprints up several flights of stairs with his gun drawn. A voice comes through the small ear piece he's wearing.

HERC (O.S.)

Where are you?! He's on the roof, I got eyes on him! Web! Where are you?!

WEBBER

(exhausted)
I'm coming dammit!

HERC (O.S.)

I'm gonna take the shot!

WEBBER

No!

HERC (O.S.)

Then hurry up!

WEBBER

Shut up and let me concentrate on not having a heart attack!

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Webber busts through a door and finds himself on the roof of an apartment building. The sun momentarily blinds him.

HERC (O.S.)

He's running!

Webber's vision returns just in time to see a teenage male running across the roof towards the ledge. Webber points his gun.

WEBBER

Stop!

The young man doesn't stop.

WEBBER (CONT'D)

Herc!

Suddenly a rifle shot rings out from far away and the bullet hits the roof right in front of the running boy. He stops so abruptly his momentum sends him crashing to the ground. Webber runs over to him with his gun pointed.

WEBBER (CONT'D)
Get up slow.

The boy starts to slowly get up with his hands raised.

WEBBER (CONT'D)
Slower.

The boy gets to his feet and slowly turns around to face Webber, who has the gun pointed right at the boy's head.

WEBBER (CONT'D)
You can give it to me or I can take
it. Your choice.

The boy and Webber stare into each other's eyes. It's a standoff.

HERC (O.S.)
Easy Web, don't get too close.

A light breeze blows the boy's hair out of his face. He looks in the direction that the wind is blowing and smirks.

WEBBER
Shit. Herc shoot him!

HERC (O.S.)
What? You said...

The boy takes off running again towards the edge of the roof. Webber is in pursuit and lets off a couple of rounds but the boy miraculously avoids the bullets by making quick subtle movements.

HERC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the hell? How did...

WEBBER
Goddammit Herc, shoot him! Shoot him
now!

Shots start to ring out from far away again. Each bullet lands a step behind the boy until he reaches the ledge and without hesitating, hurls himself off the roof.

WEBBER (CONT'D)
No, no, no, no!

When Webber reaches the edge, he looks down and sees the boy with his arms out wide like a child imitating an airplane.

He's floating slowly towards the ground, swaying back and forth in the wind as if he was wearing an invisible parachute.

The sound of police sirens in the distance are getting closer.

HERC (O.S.)

Web, we got company. I'm packing it up. I'll meet you back at the rendezvous.

The boy makes a soft landing on the ground and looks up at Webber and sarcastically salutes him before running off.

WEBBER

Fuck you kid.