

CHASE

Wow. You really are serious. Let me just get my laundry on and maybe we can run out and get a pizza or something..

(Chase grabs his travel bag, dumps it into his laundry basket, and heads into the laundry room. Sam sits back down on the couch and then suddenly realizes something. He struggles to his feet and takes a step towards the laundry room.)

CHASE (O.S.)

Hey! Saturday is my laundry day!

(Sam freezes in his tracks as Chase emerges holding what looks like a damp leopard print body suit.)

CHASE

What's this?

SAM

I...uh...

CHASE

(examining the suit)

Is this...who makes a body suit in leopard print?

(beat - still casual)

Is this some kind of costume?

SAM

I do cosplay...sometimes It's a thing...

CHASE

Cosplay.

SAM

You know...conventions and such.

CHASE

(feeling the fabric)

Sam? Is this a kevlar weave?

SAM

It's...high quality cosplay?

CHASE

And these claw marks feel pretty damn real.

(He tosses the suit to Sam. Sam catches the suit but doesn't even look at it)

CHASE

(beat - then connecting the dots)

The late nights. The bruises. Your sudden disappearances whenever crisis calls...

SAM

I work nights. You know that.

CHASE

(slowly)

Sam? Are you The Ocelot?

SAM

(too quickly)

No.

(beat - Chase just stares at him)

I'm not.

CHASE

(beat)

You can tell me.

(beat)

Sam-

SAM

(exploding)

Okay! Fine! I'm The Ocelot. Happy now?

CHASE

Holy shit!