

The Fire Below

by

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Gargoyles: City of the Phoenix
Season 1, Episode 5

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EXT. SCENE - COUNCIL TAVERN. ROOF. (NIGHT)

It is a pleasant, if chilly, evening on Division Street in the south end of Wicker Park. Up and down the street, the bars and cafes are bustling with traffic, teeming with young professionals. Vibrant and carefree, they meet, greet, drink and eat, and otherwise conduct the very human traffic of a cool November evening in the entertainment district.

Atop one such enterprise, the Council Tavern, three gargoyles sit. BROOKLYN and LEXINGTON are seated side by side on the parapet with a nine-men's morris board scratched into the coping tile between them. They are playing with bottle caps: LEXINGTON's are right-side up, by way of playing black, and BROOKLYN's are upside down, playing white. BROOKLYN leads, five pieces on the board to four. BROADWAY is perched at the front edge of the roof, watching the people below.

Caption: 1934 W. Division St., Chicago. 8:37 PM, November 16, 2012.

LEXINGTON makes his move, a defensive one. He takes none of BROOKLYN's pieces. He is in trouble here: he has two pairs of pieces that are blocked apart by BROOKLYN's.

BROADWAY watches as one couple comes out of the bar across the street, talking lightly and inaudibly. They embrace and kiss in the street. BROADWAY sighs.

BROOKLYN gives it a little thought, and then makes his move, making a mill and taking one of LEXINGTON's pieces with a small grin. LEXINGTON snorts in frustration.

BROADWAY
You guys almost done?

BROOKLYN
Almost.

BROADWAY
I'll play winner.

BROOKLYN
Sounds good to me.

LEXINGTON
You haven't won yet.

BROOKLYN

No, not yet.

LEXINGTON makes his move, flying one of his pieces across through BROOKLYN's defense, making a mill, and taking one of BROOKLYN's pieces. BROOKLYN is startled, and glares at him. LEXINGTON meets his glare with a smirk.

LEXINGTON

Take that.

BROOKLYN

Flying is cheating.

LEXINGTON

It is not. That's how Hudson plays.

BROOKLYN

How would you know that? How'd you get him down that far?

LEXINGTON

I didn't. He told me.

BROOKLYN shakes his head and focuses back on the board.

BROOKLYN

Whatever. No point in fighting the inevitable.

BROADWAY

Then what are we doing here?

BROOKLYN

Fighting boredom.

LEXINGTON

As long as we're fighting something.

BROADWAY

Losing at that, too, I think.

BROOKLYN

You said it.

LEXINGTON

Well, what else are we gonna do? It's been dead quiet the last two weeks. I'm

almost hoping for trouble to come to us.

BROOKLYN

Careful what you wish for.

BROOKLYN reaches for one of his pieces and, confidently, moves it. Then he suddenly realizes his error.

BROOKLYN

Wait, no.

LEXINGTON

Too late!

LEXINGTON picks up his piece and moves, triumphantly, but before he can finish the move, there is a pair of explosions in the street, rattling all three gargoyles and sending the game pieces over the edge of the roof. Lights go out on one side of the block and the street lights go out, dropping the street into darkness. People in the street panic and scatter. Below, a manhole cover comes clattering down into the street directly in front of the tavern. BROOKLYN, LEXINGTON, and BROADWAY spring to the front of the building, all three taking up defensive postures.

BROADWAY

Whoa!

Below, long huffs of black smoke emerge from the blown manhole, and a squealing roar comes up from the street.

LEXINGTON

What is that?

BROOKLYN

You wanted trouble? Here it comes.

EXT. SCENE - COUNCIL TAVERN. ROOF. (NIGHT)

The street below is closed, the revelers cordoned off to the ends of the block. Fire trucks and ambulances are parked below, along with several police cars. The emergency workers are finishing up their duties. Nearest the blown manhole is an electric company van, with a trio of workers (including foreman BARNEY) standing by, waiting. A TV REPORTER is at the end of the block giving the update.

REPORTER

Thanks, Dave. Yes, a big scare this evening in Wicker Park as an explosion rocks the 1900 block of Division Street.

As the reporter continues, the gargoyles remain perched on the edge of the roof, just watching.

REPORTER

Witnesses say that an explosion in an electric manhole sent the 300 pound iron cover flying into the air and crashing back in to the street, narrowly missing the front of the Council Tavern. Pablo Hernandez was working inside and tells us more.

The REPORTER stops briefly as the video of this interview plays out, unseen.

LEXINGTON

So, where's the trouble? One blast, and that's it?

BROOKLYN

Keep your eyes out. Something may still be up.

BROADWAY

You think this was meant for us?

BROOKLYN

Could be. Could be blamed on us. I don't know. Those guys we beat a couple weeks ago were big business. They could try something like this.

LEXINGTON

See anyone familiar down there?

BROOKLYN

No, not yet.

BROADWAY looks around.

BROADWAY

I do. Look over there.

He points, and they look. On one end of the block, MATT PEGRAM, dressed in work clothes, shows his employee badge and is admitted through the police line. He approaches the work van.

EXT. SCENE - COUNCIL TAVERN. SIDEWALK. (NIGHT)

MATT

Hey, Barney.

BARNEY

Hey, Matt. Sorry to get you out so late on a Friday.

MATT

No, it's okay. I don't live far from here. What you got?

BARNEY

I got another explosion with no explanation. We cleared things out a bit so the cops could have a look. They didn't see anything.

MATT

As usual.

Meanwhile, at the end of the block:

REPORTER

We're told this is the eighth incident since September, and while no injuries are reported, that's not been the case in the past. Back at the beginning of October, a driver and passenger in Logan Square were seriously injured by a flying manhole cover when it struck their car. Chicago Police say they don't think this is anything other than an accident. Edison officials say they are investigating. Reporting live from Wicker Park--

MATT and BARNEY continue talking.

MATT

Gonna have to do something about this. Can't keep flipping covers all over the place.

BARNEY
No kidding.

MATT
You see anything?

BARNEY
Nothing. We burned out the street light
cable. That's about it.

MATT
Again?

BARNEY
Yeah, again.

MATT
Where'd the cover go?

BARNEY points to the cover, which has landed a good ten or fifteen yards away. MATT whistles.

MATT
Wow. Good distance.

There is a motion from the roofline, and MATT looks up instinctively.

EXT. SCENE - COUNCIL TAVERN. ROOF. (NIGHT)

Above, BROOKLYN and LEXINGTON duck down. BROADWAY raises his hand to wave. BROOKLYN reaches up and pulls him down as well.

BROADWAY
What?

BROOKLYN
Can't do that.

BROADWAY
Why not? He knows us.

BROOKLYN
Yeah, and the rest of them don't. Keep
down.

LEXINGTON
You think this was an accident?

BROOKLYN

If this has been going on since September, then yeah. I don't think it's anything to do with us.

LEXINGTON

Lot of accidents, don't you think?

They peek up over the parapet. MATT has turned his attention to the manhole and is going down into it.

BROOKLYN

I think...I don't know. What do you think Matt is doing here?

BROADWAY

Working, I guess.

BROOKLYN

Working doing what?

BROADWAY

I don't know. Investigating?

BROOKLYN

Maybe we should find out.

LEXINGTON

What do you mean?

BROOKLYN

I think we owe him a visit.

LEXINGTON

I thought we were lying low.

BROOKLYN

We are. But he does know about us already. And he'd be the right one to know if there's something here for us.

BROADWAY

Come on, then. What are we waiting for?

BROOKLYN

Lex, you in?

LEXINGTON

Yeah.

BROOKLYN

Let's go.

The three of them creep away to the side of the roof, staying well out of sight from the street, and, in an inconspicuous spot, jump off into the wind and start gliding west.

EXT. SCENE - COUNCIL TAVERN. SIDEWALK. (NIGHT)

MATT comes up out of the manhole.

MATT

No, you're right. Nothing much going on down there for me.

BARNEY

Again.

MATT

Again. Ugh. I hate chasing ghosts.

BARNEY

You and me both. We OK to put things back?

MATT

Yeah, go ahead.

He looks up to the roofline again. There's nothing going on up there any more, of course.

MATT

Hey, Barney?

BARNEY

Yeah?

MATT

You ever see anything strange out here?

BARNEY

(laughing)

How long of a list you want?

MATT

I don't mean that. I mean, like, strange creatures, that sort of thing.

BARNEY

Saw a raccoon eating a cabbage once.
Seen a few coyotes, that sort of thing.

MATT

Anything up in the sky?

BARNEY

What, you mean like, gargoyles or something?

MATT

Something like that.

BARNEY

Hey, I work underground. If I wanted to watch the sky, I'd be climbing poles. Anyway, they're all in New York, I thought. Thank goodness.

MATT

Suppose so. G'night. Gimme a call if something comes up.

BARNEY

Sure thing. G'night.

He turns to his crew.

BARNEY

A'right, guys, let's go.

The crew sets to work as MATT departs down the street. As he passes the police cordon, he takes off his hard hat, smooths back his hair, and looks up at the night sky. It is quiet.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S GARAGE.

The garage door labors open, and light filters in from the alley, revealing a mess. MATT has half a two-car garage: the other half is occupied by a beaten-up hatchback, and the shelves along the back of the garage are stuffed with the usual detritus of the shadetree mechanic: loose tools, oil bottles, and so on. MATT backs his truck in from the alley. He gradually eases back toward the back wall, stopping short of the shelves, long practice having taught him exactly where to stop. He shuts off the motor, carefully opens the door, and eases out of the truck. He reaches for his tool bag and hard hat, and then shuts the door. He yawns broadly, and then works his way back to the back door

of the garage, hitting the button to shut the garage door. The door rattles and wheezes down.

Suddenly, the door motor strains, clicks, stalls.

MATT

What? Come on, not now.

He begins searching for the obstruction. Suddenly he sees three blue, clawed, fingers under the door, pulling up, quickly joined by three more. Shocked, he stumbles back.

MATT

Oh, no, no, no!

He recovers enough to search quickly for a weapon. He reaches into his tool bag and extracts an engineer's hammer. Gripping this and wielding it over his head, he prepares for whoever is coming. Finally, the door gives up, reverses, and draws up. The light from the alley expands to light MATT full-length, and there, in silhouette, is BROADWAY.

BROADWAY

Hi, Matt!

MATT is stunned and says nothing, continuing to wield the hammer. BROADWAY steps inside. Behind him, BROOKLYN and LEXINGTON drop down from above the garage, fold their wings, and follow him in.

MATT

Get out.

BROADWAY

Hey, lighten up. It's us. Hey? Matt, put that down, we're friends. See?

He spreads his hands. MATT relaxes slightly.

MATT

Friend?

BROADWAY

Yeah. Friend.

BROOKLYN

Friend good.

MATT
Friend...good?

He shakes himself slightly, then lowers the hammer, reaches around, and switches on the garage light, revealing all three gargoyles clearly. He is shocked to see them.

MATT
Jumped up Jesus from Joliet. You came back. Why'd you come back here?

BROOKLYN
Hello to you too.

MATT
Yeah, fine, hello. Lovely to see you. And--wait, how are you?

BROOKLYN
Fine, all healed.

MATT
No way.

BROOKLYN
See for yourself.

He draws back his wing to show his right flank. There is a scar there, but no further sign of his wounds.

MATT
No way! How?

BROOKLYN
I'm a fast healer. With a little help.

MATT
Wow. Well, that's good news. I thought for a while it wasn't going well, and that you--well, might be, um...

BROOKLYN
Out for revenge?

MATT
Kind of, yeah.

BROADWAY
(disappointed)
Oh. Really?

MATT
Well, I don't know, do I? I only met
you the one night. So, what does bring
you by?

BROOKLYN
Wanted to talk to you about something.
Can we come up?

MATT
Sure, come on.

He puts the hammer back in his bag, collects his things, switches off the light, and exits the back of the garage, followed by the three gargoyles.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN.

MATT unlocks and opens the back door, and all four of them enter.

MATT
Truth be told, I was starting to worry
about you.

BROADWAY
Oh, yeah?

MATT
Yeah, a bit. Wasn't sure if you'd headed home, or what. You want a pop?

BROOKLYN
No, thanks.

BROADWAY
Yeah, if you got one.

LEXINGTON
Me too.

MATT opens the refrigerator and pulls out three cans of pop, handing one each to BROADWAY and LEXINGTON.

LEXINGTON

Thanks.

MATT

Y'welcome. So what did you want to talk about?

BROOKLYN

That blast tonight.

MATT

Yeah, the one over in Wicker Park?
Wait, was that you up there?

BROOKLYN

Yeah, you saw us?

MATT

I guess I did.

LEXINGTON

What's been going on with the explosions? The news said this was the eighth since September.

MATT

Tenth, actually. They've been getting closer to downtown, too. The first couple were down by the old steel mills down south, down in the hundreds. Bit of a nuisance, but nobody was around, so nobody much noticed the first one.

BROOKLYN

And the second?

MATT

Caught a car. Someone drove right into the open hole. We paid them for the broken axle, figured at first someone had taken the cover off to the scrapyard, but our guys found the cover up the block a bit.

BROADWAY

Your guys?

MATT

Yeah, our guys. I work for the electric company. Engineering.

BROADWAY

Oh.

MATT

So that's how I get involved. I'm supposed to figure out how to get it fixed so it stops happening.

BROADWAY

So you're like a detective?

MATT

In a way, yeah. Not really, but for something like this, I guess I kind of am.

LEXINGTON

So what have you got?

MATT

Why?

LEXINGTON

What do you mean, "why?"

MATT

Why are you asking? This is just boring work stuff.

BROOKLYN

Explosions?

MATT

It's the power company. Stuff blows up all the time.

BROOKLYN

Really, though.

MATT

Really, there's a lot about it I've got to be careful talking about. Because I'm not sure this is all just accidental. In fact, I'm pretty sure it isn't.

BROADWAY

Go on.

MATT

Nuh-uh. First, tell me why you're interested.

BROOKLYN

Because we need something to do besides sit around.

MATT

What, city like this, you can't find something to do?

BROOKLYN

Face like this, it gets kind of hard.

MATT

Okay, point taken, but still. I mean, I don't know, but seems to me if I could fly around the city--

BROOKLYN

Glide, actually.

MATT

--if I could glide around the city, I'd be taking full advantage of it.

LEXINGTON

We've done that already.

MATT

Really?

LEXINGTON

Not like we can get too far. This city is really flat once you get too far out. Makes it hard to get back.

BROOKLYN

But there's more to it than that. We have a bit of a saying, that a gargoyle can no more leave off protecting its castle than stop breathing the air. That is our lives.

BROADWAY

Yeah, that's right.

BROOKLYN

And we haven't had much to protect
since we got here.

MATT

Yourselves, at least.

LEXINGTON

At most, really.

BROADWAY

And it's got to be more. It's not just
saving ourselves. It's saving more than
that.

MATT

So, are you thinking you can help pro-
tect the city here?

BROOKLYN

Are you?

MATT looks at him, and then grins and shakes his finger at
BROOKLYN.

MATT

Oh, you are crafty, aren't you?

BROOKLYN

Well? How about it?

MATT

All right. I get it. I'd be lying if I
said I was following this just for my
paycheck. If you're offering to help,
you're on.

BROOKLYN

Great. Where do we start?

MATT

Right here. You wanted to know what
I'd got?

LEXINGTON

Yeah.

MATT

Let me show you.

He goes to the kitchen counter, moves a couple of things, and pulls up a model of a manhole cover about the size of a coaster. It has a sort of castellated ring under the rim and one or two other filigrees. He hands it to LEXINGTON.

MATT

The third lid blew off in the middle of September. That one was right near a park, and it just so happened that the alderman was having a press conference right when it happened. The next day, we had a guy in from some outfit called Weiner Iron Works, and he was selling those.

LEXINGTON

What is it?

MATT

New model of manhole cover. Twice as expensive, but equipped to better mix the flow of gases through the generation of hypersonic twin-tail vortices.

BROADWAY

What's that mean?

MATT

Nothing. Total gibberish, as far as I can tell. Didn't have any reason to trust the guy, anyway. He sounded like a huckster from the moment he came through the door. And he kept on coming through the door, like clockwork, the morning after every one of these blasts. I'm sure he'll be in tomorrow morning too.

BROOKLYN

You think he's got something to do with it, then?

MATT

I suspect it. No way for me to know, though. I'm always there an hour after

the fact, and all the stuff I get in the lab won't tell me anything useful.

BROADWAY

Well, we were there for this one.

MATT

What did you see?

BROADWAY

Big flash and a double boom, like, "whomp-whoom!"

MATT

"Whomp-whoom," huh? Yeah, that fits. Sounds like it was a gas explosion.

LEXINGTON

There's gas down there too?

MATT

There's not supposed to be.

BROADWAY

So how's it getting down there?

MATT

Good question. Has to have been something in the past couple of months, though. We never had this problem before that.

BROADWAY

And that's why you're suspecting this guy.

MATT

It's a big part of it.

BROOKLYN

Who is he?

MATT

Sidney Harding, sales guy.

BROOKLYN

Doesn't sound familiar.

MATT

Would it?

BROADWAY

Oh, you'd be surprised.

BROOKLYN

Well, we can go out on patrol, anyway,
see if we find anything.

MATT

Probably won't find much of anything in
the next couple of days, anyway. Hasn't
been happening more than twice a week.
Small mercies.

BROOKLYN

What do we look for?

MATT

Anything odd, anyone working around the
facilities who shouldn't be.

LEXINGTON

Which means?

MATT

Well, hard to tell, but give me a call
if you see something.

BROADWAY

A call?

MATT

A phone call--oh, probably not, huh?

BROOKLYN

No, you know, our credit's not so good.

MATT

Well, but, hang on.

He digs into the kitchen drawers and, after a moment, pulls out
an older cell phone.

MATT

How's that? Think I've even got the old
holster somewhere in there.

LEXINGTON

Does it work?

MATT

It will. I'll get it charged up, and
I'll get it reactivated. Should be
ready tomorrow night.

LEXINGTON

Thanks.

MATT

Thank you. Hey, it's not too late. You
guys hungry?

BROADWAY's ears perk up, and he grins.

EXT. SCENE - MATERIAL YARD (NIGHT)

A typical material yard in the industrial section of town,
stocked with concrete pipe, barricades, and other miscellanea
used in contract work. There is a late model car parked in the
yard. A service van, marked "Capable Contracting," pulls in and
stops next to the car. The driver, ALEX, gets out, and walks
over to the car as its driver's side window lowers, revealing
SIDNEY HARDING, a salesman, who is wearing a very loud sport-
coat.

SIDNEY

How'd it go?

ALEX

Fine, Mr. Harding. No trouble at all. I
heard about it on the radio.

SIDNEY

You did fine, Alex. Nice work.

ALEX

How soon you going to need us again? We
gotta get those tanks filled.

SIDNEY

Week from tonight.

ALEX

Week from tonight's a holiday. Fore-
man's not gonna want to pay holiday
rates.

SIDNEY

I tell you what. You tell your foreman that something came up. And, ah, give him that for old Sid, huh?

SIDNEY gives him a stuffed envelope.

ALEX

Well, that'll give him a nice Black Friday.

SIDNEY

That's the spirit. One more job ought to do it. I've almost got it.

ALEX

Whatever you say. Where's the job gonna be?

SIDNEY

Ah, well, you know, hard to say with these things. In town, anyway. Look, don't worry about it. When I know, you'll know.

ALEX

All right, okay. The guys don't much like surprises, though.

SIDNEY

What surprises? There's no surprises here, except good ones. Look, I close this deal, you guys are gonna be doing fine. You're gonna like that surprise, trust me on that. Don't worry about a thing, babe, I got your back. You take care of your foreman, I take care of you. Okay?

ALEX

Okay.

SIDNEY

All right. Look, I gotta run. Just keep your phone on and those tanks filled.

ALEX

Yeah, all right.

SIDNEY drives off and ALEX returns to his truck.

EXT. SCENE - AERIAL (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN is flying alongside GOLIATH, with BROADWAY and LEXINGTON trailing them. They are on patrol.

Caption: 7:28 PM, November 17, 2012.

BROOKLYN

So that's why he suspects something is going on here.

GOLIATH

He may be right. Do you think this is directed at us?

BROOKLYN

Probably not. He says this has been going on for over a month now.

GOLIATH

I see your point. But it sounds like the explosion that caved in part of the Labyrinth last summer.

BROOKLYN

That's what I thought, too. Maybe it's a coincidence, but...

BROADWAY

Never count on it.

BROOKLYN

Yeah.

GOLIATH

And even if not against us, then it is still an attack on this city.

BROOKLYN

That was how Matt looked at it, too.

GOLIATH

Then let's defend it.

BROOKLYN

I'd hoped you would say that.

LEXINGTON

Yeah.

BROADWAY

Right.

GOLIATH

Do we know what we are looking for?

BROOKLYN

He said look for anyone who shouldn't be working on the facilities.

BROADWAY

What's that mean?

BROOKLYN

I'm not sure. Trust your instincts, I guess.

EXT. SCENE - STREET (NIGHT)

A service van is parked in the middle of the street. Behind it is an open manhole, with barricades all around. The yellow light is flashing on top of the van. Two workmen, NICK and TYLER, are here, getting ready to go to work. NICK is in the back of the van, preparing materials, while TYLER is outside, behind the van, setting up on the street.

TYLER

Ya listening to me, Nick?

NICK

What?

TYLER

I'm telling ya, without Urlacher the Bears got no chance this season.

NICK

Yer full of it, Tyler.

TYLER

Yer full of it. They gotta get the ball down the field. Who's gonna get the ball down the field for them with no Urlacher?

NICK
You got enough braid in that kit?

TYLER
Uhh...

He looks down in the manhole.

TYLER
Yeah, looks...well, toss me another. If we need it, we got it.

NICK
Right.

NICK pulls a couple of extra braids out of the van and tosses them to TYLER.

NICK
Anyway, ya got Cutler, ya got Hester.
What ya need with Urlacher?

TYLER
Cutler ain't got the arm, man. And,
Hester? Seriously?

There is a quick rustle, and a dark shape glides overhead.

NICK
Hey, you see that?

TYLER
Quit changin' the subject.

NICK
Naw, man, straight up. You see some-
thin'?

TYLER
Ain't seen nothin' but yer ugly mug all
night. You got that kit ready to go
down yet, or what?

NICK
Yeah, just about.

TYLER
'Cause if I gotta go on overtime again
tonight...

BROADWAY
Your shift's over, anyway.

He appears from the alley. Both NICK and TYLER are shocked.

TYLER
Whoa, whoa, whoa...

NICK
What the--

LEXINGTON drops into the street behind the van and begins approaching.

TYLER
What is goin' on here?

BROADWAY
That's kinda what we want to know.

BROOKLYN drops onto the top of the van, and looks down over the edge at TYLER.

BROOKLYN
Yeah. How about you tell us what's on your ticket for the night, huh?

TYLER
What? Wait, who are you? What are you?

BROOKLYN
Security, and it's about time we shut you down.

NICK
Ty! Catch.

NICK slides a crowbar out of the back of the van, and TYLER picks it up, and steps back away from the van.

TYLER
I don't think so. What the hell are you, anyway?

BROADWAY
You not listening, or something?

LEXINGTON, remembering suddenly, pulls the phone from his belt, and takes a picture, then texts it out.

TYLER

OK, get back. I don't know what's goin' on here, but that's far enough.

BROADWAY

What, this? (Steps forward) Or this?

TYLER

Stop where you are, I'm warning you.

GOLIATH lands in the street facing the back of the van.

GOLIATH

No, we're warning you. We know what you're up to.

BROADWAY

How are you getting the gas in?

TYLER

What gas? What the hell are you talking about?

LEXINGTON steps in closer as BROOKLYN jumps down from the top of the van. All four are braced for a fight now. TYLER swings out defensively with the crowbar.

TYLER

I said get back!

NICK, who has been watching this quietly from inside the van, has meanwhile picked up a manhole hook. Coiling himself on the back of the van, he suddenly jumps out and onto BROOKLYN's back. BROOKLYN snarls, and flings NICK forward toward TYLER. He lands, rolls, and then staggers to his feet, taking the manhole hook back up as he does. The eyes of all four gargoyles light as combat is begun.

BROOKLYN

We can do that too. Come on.

NICK and TYLER are standing back-to-back, NICK facing BROOKLYN and LEXINGTON, TYLER facing BROADWAY and GOLIATH. All four gargoyles are advancing on them. NICK and TYLER are anxiously winding themselves up for the fight. Suddenly, a tinny version of the "Colonel Bogey March" pipes up from LEXINGTON's belt. With an apologetic look to his comrades, he reaches for the holster and draws out the phone.

LEXINGTON

Always at the worst--excuse me a moment. (answering) Hello?

As he talks, the others continue their standoff, but somewhat less tensely.

MATT (ON PHONE)

Lexington?

LEXINGTON

Yeah?

MATT

What's that photo that you sent?

LEXINGTON

We found these guys messing around in the street. Thought you should see them.

MATT

Why?

LEXINGTON

Well, we're about to take care of them.

MATT

What? Why?

LEXINGTON

I thought that's what you were talking about doing.

MATT

No!

LEXINGTON

No? What do you mean, no?

MATT

Where are you right now?

LEXINGTON

We're facing them down right now.

MATT

Well, stand down!

LEXINGTON

What do you mean, stand down?

BROOKLYN and BROADWAY look at him, then each other.

MATT

That's a telephone company crew. That's nothing to do with us.

LEXINGTON

How do you know?

MATT

I just know.

LEXINGTON

So we don't have to worry about these guys?

MATT

No, let them go.

LEXINGTON looks at the others.

LEXINGTON

He says let them go, these aren't our guys.

GOLIATH

How does he know?

LEXINGTON

He just says he knows they're a telephone company crew.

NICK

Well, he's right.

TYLER

Who's he?

BROOKLYN

Friend of ours. Hang on.

GOLIATH

So what are we looking for?

LEXINGTON

Goliath wants to know what we should be looking for.

NICK

Goliath?

BROOKLYN

Quiet.

MATT

Squarish cover, says "Edison" on it.

LEXINGTON

Square cover. Oh. That's different.

MATT

Yeah, sorry, I should have explained that.

LEXINGTON

Would have helped. OK, hang on.

He looks to GOLIATH.

GOLIATH

Stand down.

They do.

GOLIATH

Tell him we are leaving.

LEXINGTON

OK, we're leaving.

MATT

Are those guys OK?

LEXINGTON

Yeah. I think so.

MATT

OK, come on back. I'll show you what to look for.

LEXINGTON

Got it, see you soon.

He hangs up and puts the phone back on his belt.

LEXINGTON

He says come back in.

GOLIATH

Right, let's go.

LEXINGTON, BROOKLYN, and BROADWAY depart.

GOLIATH

We are sorry for this. Please fix the
lines to New York.

NICK

Yeh, sure.

GOLIATH leaves. After a moment, NICK and TYLER lower their
tools.

TYLER

Nick?

NICK

Yeah?

TYLER

Did that just happen?

NICK

Yeah, I think so.

TYLER

You OK?

NICK

Yeah. You?

TYLER

Yeah. You know what?

NICK

What's that?

TYLER

I'm not all that worried about the
overtime now.

INT. SCENE - EDISON OFFICES. MIKE'S OFFICE.

MIKE BENSON is in his office, with the sign on the door announcing he is the manager of the engineering department. MATT approaches and taps on the door.

Caption: 1:35 PM, November 21, 2012.

MATT

Hey, Mike, you needed something?

MIKE

Yeah. Come in, have a seat. We gotta talk about this manhole thing.

MATT

Yeah.

He goes in and sits down.

MIKE

We any closer to a deal?

MATT

No.

MIKE

Really?

MATT

Really.

MIKE

Because I've got a call in a few minutes with public affairs. The Mayor's office is wanting to know what we're doing.

MATT

I'd expected that.

MIKE

And?

MATT

Tell them we're still investigating the problem and we're hoping to address the root cause.

MIKE

Sounds an awful lot like saying we aren't doing anything.

MATT

Well, that's not true. I'm working a new angle, and I expect to have results pretty soon.

MIKE

I see. Shut the door.

MATT reaches over and closes the door.

MIKE

You know Sidney's been working angles of his own, right?

MATT

At the city?

MIKE

Yes. They want to know why we haven't gone ahead if it's going to solve all our problems.

MATT

Because it won't. Or because he can't prove any of that.

MIKE

We can't disprove any of that, either.

MATT

Mike, Sid Harding's a scammer. I can't prove it, but I just feel it.

MIKE

That may be, but he's also an ace salesman, and right now he's really making the sale at the city. I get what you're saying, but we're running out of slack here.

MATT

Look, can you get me a couple of days? I've almost got it, I'm sure of it.

MIKE

I can try. No guarantees, though.

MATT

Understood. Thank you.

MIKE

Matt, I need results on this. Monday, no later.

MATT

Monday. Got it.

MIKE

Good. Go on, get out of here. Have a happy Thanksgiving.

MATT

Thanks, boss. You too.

He stands up and leaves.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. BACK BEDROOM.

LEXINGTON sits in front of the computer. He is in an online chat that runs like this:

tinman > Hey, Amp, you on?

Amp > M8!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

tinman > Hi!

Amp > WHERE ARE YOU?

tinman > Can't say yet. Goliath thinks it's too dangerous.

tinman > He thinks the lines may be traced.

Amp > Well, they could trace you anyway if that were so.

tinman > Could be.

Amp > *I* may trace you anyway if you don't say.

tinman > Come on and do it. Would love to see you here.

Amp > Are you guys still doing OK? Haven't heard from you since Hallowe'en. Is Brooklyn OK?

tinman > He's all right now. We got help. We're fine.

Amp > Why did it take so long for you to log back on?

tinman > We don't have a computer. I have to borrow one from this guy we met.

Amp > Oh, right.

tinman > Same guy who patched Brooklyn. We're helping him with a problem.

Amp > What problem?

tinman > They've had manholes blowing up. We're helping track down who's causing it.

Amp > Manholes?

tinman > Cable vaults.

Amp > Oh, I see. They had that happening here in London a while back, too.

Amp > Let me know what you find.

tinman > Sure will. How are you guys doing?

Amp > Fine. Been pretty quiet here.

Amp > Lonely.

tinman > Same.

LEXINGTON looks wistfully at the screen.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM.

MATT is sitting at the dining room table with a cup of coffee, looking a bit dejected. BROOKLYN is seated across from him, straddling the chair, while BROADWAY and GOLIATH are standing.

MATT

So, that's the score right now. I've got to get this figured out by Monday or Sidney makes a sale.

BROADWAY

I think you're missing the bigger picture here.

MATT

I'm not. I know it's putting people in danger. Thing is, we buy these things, it may put the problem to rest for a while. But then what happens next? He decides he needs to up his sales targets?

GOLIATH

And the extortion continues.

MATT

Exactly.

BROOKLYN

Well, we haven't had any luck so far.

MATT

I know, and that scares me. Either he's a lot more clever than he seems, or he's saving up for one grand finale.

GOLIATH

He doesn't seem like the clever type from what you have described of him.

MATT

He isn't. At least he's not as clever as he thinks he is.

GOLIATH

But that still makes him dangerous.

MATT

Oh, no debate. Maybe more so.

LEXINGTON comes into the dining room.

LEXINGTON

Have we tracked him down yet?

BROADWAY

Still working on it.

LEXINGTON

Can't we just take the fight to him?

BROOKLYN

I wouldn't mind getting in front of
this one myself.

MATT

On what basis?

LEXINGTON

You know him. You said yourself he was
a huckster.

MATT

And I could be completely wrong about
that.

GOLIATH

And if we attack him wrongly, it could
put us in trouble. No. We catch him in
the act.

HUDSON (OFF)

Well, you lot won't do that from here.

LEXINGTON

Gotta find him first, Hudson. It's a
big city.

HUDSON grunts, stands up, and comes in from the living room.

HUDSON

Not big enough for all this talk. He
wants a big event?

BROADWAY

Sounds like it.

HUDSON

And what makes a big event?

MATT

Big impact.

BROOKLYN

Lots of witnesses.

LEXINGTON

Breaking something important.

HUDSON

All true. But he is not that clever.
You said so.

MATT

I'm pretty sure of it.

HUDSON

So what is a not-clever man going to
look for? Inspiration. And what is the
biggest event in town according to the
television? Black Friday. The adver-
tisements talk of nothing else.

MATT puts his hand to his head, in realization.

BROADWAY

Maybe so, but where?

MATT

Where the manholes and the stores both
are. Downtown.

BROADWAY

And you will have people lining up good
and early. Easy targets.

MATT

Guys, you are brilliant.

HUDSON

Thank you.

MATT

It's still a long stretch. Probably,
from the main library up into about
Lincoln Park or so, a good two or three
miles.

GOLIATH

We can cover that easily enough. We
will survey the area tonight.

MATT

And, please be careful. Sid's the kind
of guy to pin it on you.

GOLIATH

We have long experience with that.

MATT

I'm sure. I just don't want you guys getting hurt over this. And I don't want him coming back with gargoyl-proof manhole covers next year, or something.

LEXINGTON

How would that even work?

MATT

I don't want to find out.

BROOKLYN

Let's go.

He stands, and they begin to exit.

MATT

Goliath? Do you have a moment?

GOLIATH

Yes.

He goes around the table as the others exit. Once they are alone:

MATT

You guys are going to be okay working on this?

GOLIATH

Better, I think, than if we were working on nothing at all.

MATT

Good, good.

He is silent a moment.

MATT

You all trust me?

GOLIATH

Yes.

MATT

Why?

GOLIATH

That is a strange question. Why should we not?

MATT

Just that, that first night. I've been thinking about it. If I were looking from the outside, I'd almost think it was a bit too convenient that I was in the right place at the right time.

GOLIATH

You have trusted us. Why?

MATT

I don't know. You just sort of have that, aura, I guess.

GOLIATH

As do you. We have long experience protecting ourselves. Knowing who is trustworthy is essential. We can care for ourselves. Do not worry.

MATT

Yes. You're right. All right. Listen, I could get some things and fix Thanksgiving dinner. Would you be interested?

GOLIATH

Thank you, but no. It is not our holiday, and as Brooklyn would point out, we have had little to be thankful for recently.

MATT

You're alive.

GOLIATH

Besides, shouldn't you should celebrate with your own clan?

MATT

Yeah. I guess.

GOLIATH

We will let you know what we find.

MATT

Thanks. Good hunting.

GOLIATH exits and the back door closes.

MATT

If only I had a clan to go to.

EXT. SCENE - STATE STREET, CHICAGO. (NIGHT)

It is morning downtown. Lines are forming already outside of the stores, mostly orderly. Many of the people, especially at the heads of the lines, have folding chairs out. By the curb sits a police cruiser containing officers KYLE MILLER and ERIC SANCHEZ, keeping watch.

Caption: State Street. 5:05 AM, November 23, 2012.

Up the street comes a service van marked, "Capable Contracting." It pulls up hesitantly, stops in the street, starts again, stops again, and then pulls to the curb. Inside is ALEX, driving, with OSCAR in the passenger seat.

INT. SCENE - SERVICE VAN.

ALEX pulls out a map and looks at it, then looks up.

ALEX

I don't know, man. This looks wrong.

OSCAR

He said 64 South State, right?

ALEX

That's what I thought he said, but, man. We got eyes on this.

OSCAR

Well, maybe you should--

He is interrupted by a sharp pounding on the side of the van, which makes both of them jump.

VOICE (OUTSIDE)

Hey! Move it!

ALEX opens the window and looks out. Officer ERIC SANCHEZ steps around, glaring at them.

ALEX

What is it?

SANCHEZ

City shut down all permits for Black Friday, same as every year.

ALEX

Well, we got a trouble call.

SANCHEZ

There isn't any trouble down here and I mean to keep it that way. Now scram.

ALEX

Look, can I get my foreman out here first? Maybe he can take care of it.

SANCHEZ

All right. Get him here in fifteen minutes, though, or I'm gonna have you towed out.

ALEX

Fair enough, thanks.

ALEX pulls out his phone and dials a call as SANCHEZ departs.

EXT. SCENE - STATE STREET, CHICAGO. (NIGHT)

SANCHEZ walks back behind the van to his cruiser, which is parked on the curb there. He gets in the driver's side. Officer KYLE MILLER is on the passenger side, reading the paper.

MILLER

What'd he say?

SANCHEZ

Says they got a trouble call down here. I'm letting him get the foreman out.

MILLER

Huh.

SANCHEZ

Weird thing, though. Normally they won't send a contractor out for trouble. I thought they gave that to their own guys.

MILLER

Eh, it's Black Friday. Everyone's probably off. Same reason we're here.

SANCHEZ

Maybe why you're here. I can use the O.T.

MILLER

Yeah, yeah.

INT. SCENE - SERVICE VAN.

ALEX is on the phone to SIDNEY.

ALEX

Yeah, Sid, I know what time it is.
Yeah, but you gotta come down here.
We're sticking out here like a kangaroo
with two heads and we already got
bawled out by the cops. I know, Sid. I
wouldn't be calling you otherwise. All
right. Make it quick, please.

ALEX hangs up.

OSCAR

Well?

ALEX

He's on his way.

ALEX starts nervously tapping on the dashboard as they wait.

EXT. SCENE - STATE STREET. ROOFTOP. (NIGHT)

Not far away, LEXINGTON and BROOKLYN land on a rooftop, watching what is going on below them.

BROOKLYN

What do you think?

LEXINGTON

They have the police right there. I
don't know.

BROOKLYN

Get a picture to Matt?

LEXINGTON

Yeah.

LEXINGTON pulls the phone out and takes a picture. He begins composing a message.

BROOKLYN

I hope this is it, finally.

LEXINGTON

It could be. There hasn't been anything else out here.

LEXINGTON sends the message.

LEXINGTON

Now what? Wait here?

BROOKLYN

I think so. At least until we hear back.

EXT. SCENE - STATE STREET. (NIGHT)

Below, a nice-looking car pulls up to the curb behind the police cruiser. SIDNEY HARDING gets out, casts a worried look at the police cruiser, and then goes up to the door of the van.

SIDNEY

Alex!

ALEX (INSIDE)

Yeah!

SIDNEY

What is the deal here?

ALEX opens the van door.

ALEX

Is this the right spot?

SIDNEY

Yes, I told you that.

ALEX

Are you sure? There are a lot of people around here.

SIDNEY

And how's that different from anywhere else?

SANCHEZ walks up.

SANCHEZ

Morning. You the foreman?

SIDNEY

The what?

ALEX

Yes, he's the foreman.

SIDNEY

Yes, I'm the foreman.

SANCHEZ

Okay. What are you doing here?

SIDNEY

Talking to my crew.

SANCHEZ

Okay. That's nice. What is your crew doing here?

SIDNEY

We have an emergency job.

SANCHEZ

What kind of emergency job?

SIDNEY

Well, uh, you know. An electric one. In the manholes.

SANCHEZ is becoming visibly frustrated.

EXT. SCENE - STATE STREET. ROOFTOP. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN

Ooh, this looks promising. Get a shot of this guy.

LEXINGTON

Uh, the camera on this phone isn't good enough to make him out.

He studies the street briefly, drawing his thumb across the scene.

LEXINGTON
Be right back.

BROOKLYN
Where are you going?

LEXINGTON
Need an aerial shot.

BROOKLYN
Watch yourself.

LEXINGTON
I will.

LEXINGTON leaps off into the wind, holding the phone at the ready, and heads up over the street briefly before doing a chandelle to return just above street light level, just out of obvious sight.

EXT. SCENE - STATE STREET. (NIGHT)

ALEX
We got a report of a slow burn on the number sixty-five circuit. If it's not taken care of right now, it could foment the entire center city grid.

SIDNEY
Right. What he said.

SANCHEZ
Uh-huh. You guys got a permit for this work?

SIDNEY
Well, officer, I'm sure I have one right here.

SIDNEY begins to reach into the inside pocket of his coat.

SANCHEZ
Mister, if the permit is going to consist of little green papers, you're going to jail for the weekend.

SIDNEY freezes, and looks guilty.

SIDNEY

Ulb.

SANCHEZ

You got a job? Go ahead, get on with it, whatever it is, and get out of here.

SIDNEY

Yes, sir.

There is a soft whooshing sound from above as LEXINGTON passes over, photographing SIDNEY in the process. SANCHEZ's eye is drawn by the motion, and he looks up sharply to see LEXINGTON passing by, very faintly lit and quickly passing out of sight. His eyes widen in shock.

SIDNEY pulls his hand out of his pocket, oblivious to what is happening.

SIDNEY

Okay, guys, let's get on with it, like the man said.

ALEX

Okay, boss.

SANCHEZ

Right, thanks.

SANCHEZ turns and goes back to the police cruiser.

ALEX

That's another fifty bucks for saving your hide.

SIDNEY

Now, that was not our deal.

ALEX

Neither was having you come in and babble to the cops.

SIDNEY

Now, look.

EXT. SCENE - STATE STREET. ROOFTOP. (NIGHT)

LEXINGTON lands back on the roof.

LEXINGTON

Got it.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, and that policeman saw you, I think.

LEXINGTON

I couldn't help that, but I got a good shot of the guy.

He begins sending the photo out.

LEXINGTON

Is he looking up here?

BROOKLYN

No, looks like he lost you.

INT. SCENE - POLICE CRUISER.

SANCHEZ gets in and sits down, still somewhat confounded. MILLER still has his head down in the paper.

MILLER

Got it taken care of?

SANCHEZ

(softly)

Yeah.

MILLER looks up at him.

MILLER

Sanchez, you okay?

SANCHEZ

Yeah, I just...

He shakes himself.

SANCHEZ

Yeah, I just thought I saw something.

MILLER

These guys moving?

SANCHEZ

I gave them the okay to do their job.
The foreman's a bozo, though.

MILLER

Hmph. What do you expect on a holiday.

MILLER puts his head back down in the paper. SANCHEZ looks out of the windshield toward the sky, looking around.

EXT. SCENE - STATE STREET. ROOFTOP. (NIGHT)

LEXINGTON and BROOKLYN are watching the scene below as ALEX and SIDNEY argue in the street. SIDNEY finally throws up his hands, turns, and walks back toward his car. There is a chime from the phone, and LEXINGTON pulls it out, looks at it, and grins.

BROOKLYN

What's he say?

LEXINGTON shows him.

LEXINGTON

"Tally ho."

BROOKLYN

Let's get the others.

They go to a side of the building away from State Street and leap off into the sky.

EXT. SCENE - STATE STREET. (NIGHT)

ALEX and OSCAR begin setting up on the street. They open the back of the van to reveal several compressed gas tanks. They pull out a couple of manhole hooks and begin hooking the manhole cover, which is in front of the van.

ALEX

We gotta move on this one. That cop's gonna hound us out of here.

OSCAR

No kidding. How long you want for this one?

ALEX

Probably about twenty minutes. Try to get it about the time the stores are opening. And, lift.

They lift and pull the cover aside. OSCAR looks down.

OSCAR

It's a big 'un. Gonna be a big blast.

ALEX

Get the igniter wired and set. I'll get the gas set up.

OSCAR begins to go down into the manhole as ALEX goes to the back of the van.

EXT. SCENE - AERIAL. (NIGHT)

LEXINGTON, BROOKLYN, GOLIATH, and BROADWAY are gliding in formation along the street, watching out.

BROADWAY

There he is.

He puts two claws in his mouth and whistles sharply. A moment later, HUDSON ascends into formation, carrying BRONX. GOLIATH turns the formation around and they all reverse course.

HUDSON

You have him?

LEXINGTON

Right downtown. Matt confirmed it.

GOLIATH

And he is not alone.

BROOKLYN

Police watching over him and a few dozen other people nearby.

GOLIATH

Then it won't be safe to intercept him where he is.

BROOKLYN

I don't think so.

LEXINGTON

There he is.

GOLIATH

Surround him. He will not go far.

The formation spreads as they flare out to take up positions nearby.

EXT. SCENE - STATE STREET (NIGHT)

ALEX and OSCAR are quickly wrapping up: ALEX is winding up the hose, and throws it into the back of the van and shuts the doors. He waves to the police cruiser, and SANCHEZ waves back with false cheer. ALEX goes back to the front of the van. He and OSCAR grip the manhole hooks and slam the manhole cover back into place.

OSCAR

All lit up. Let's get out of here.

ALEX

This better be the last of these.

They climb back into the van. ALEX starts it up and drives off. In the darkness, it is barely possible to see a couple of shapes following him through the air.

INT. SCENE - SERVICE VAN.

ALEX is driving the van down the street.

ALEX

What do you think, Oscar? We gonna pull this one off?

OSCAR

I dunno, man.

ALEX

Me neither. I think this Sidney guy's wack.

OSCAR

Yeah, probably, but for five grand, I can live with a little of that.

There is a thump on top of the van.

ALEX
You hear something?

OSCAR
Yeah. You shut the toolbox, right?

ALEX
Of course I did.

Suddenly, BROADWAY appears over the top of the windshield, looking in, eyes alight. Both ALEX and OSCAR scream, and swerve the van to the curb, bringing it to an abrupt halt. BROADWAY flies off the roof of the van and to the ground, rolls, and recovers. BROOKLYN rips the driver's side door open and comes in. ALEX screams again and pinwheels back, before trying to escape over OSCAR through the passenger side door, but LEXINGTON is already there, blocking the way. OSCAR attempts to punch LEXINGTON, who deflects the punch and throws him into the back of the van. BROOKLYN grabs ALEX, spins him around, and pushes him against the back wall of the cab.

BROOKLYN
I don't think so. You stay here.

LEXINGTON goes into the back of the van and examines some compressed gas tanks there, as BROADWAY enters through the passenger door.

ALEX
Wh--what--

BROOKLYN
Special security detail. What are you up to tonight, boys?

LEXINGTON
Flammable gas.

BROOKLYN
Going to pop a few covers off tonight?

ALEX
Just the one.

BROADWAY
You could kill people with that stunt.

LEXINGTON
And we don't like that.

OSCAR recovers enough to take up a manhole hook and swings it at LEXINGTON. He's not having that. He catches it. His eyes light, he hisses viciously, and kicks OSCAR right in the belly, right through the back doors of the van. LEXINGTON jumps down from the back of the van, brandishing the manhole hook. OSCAR rolls over, landing at GOLIATH's feet. OSCAR looks up. GOLIATH looks down at him, sternly.

BROOKLYN

Now, who put you up to this, or do you want to follow your partner there?

ALEX

H--Harding. Sidney.

BROOKLYN

Sidney Harding. Thank you. Where can we find him?

ALEX

I don't know.

BROADWAY

Never mind that. How are you triggering the gas?

ALEX

Igniter in the manhole wired to the lines. It's already lit. It goes off when enough air gets in.

BROADWAY

How long?

ALEX

I don't know.

BROOKLYN

(fiercely)

How long?!

ALEX

Maybe five minutes!

BROOKLYN

Lex! You get that?

LEXINGTON

Yeah.

BROOKLYN
Get Matt on the line.

LEXINGTON takes out the phone and dials.

GOLIATH
Is that hose connected?

LEXINGTON looks over at it.

LEXINGTON
I don't think so.

GOLIATH
Bronx! Hold.

BRONX jogs over and puts two paws onto OSCAR, pinning him to the ground. GOLIATH steps over him and reaches into the van.

During the conversation that follows, he pulls out the hose, measures it, and snaps it in half. He takes one half of it and throws it to the front of the van, where BROADWAY takes it. GOLIATH returns to OSCAR and begins to tie him up with the hose.

MATT
(on phone)
Lexington? You all right?

LEXINGTON
We got them.

MATT
You're kidding me, really? Already?

LEXINGTON
Yeah, but we got a problem. They put gas in the manhole and they say it's been lit up already. We got less than five minutes.

MATT
Oh, boy.

LEXINGTON
What do we do?

MATT
Gimme a sec. Uh.

LEXINGTON
Time's ticking.

MATT
Can't ventilate it. Can you flood it?

LEXINGTON
With water?

MATT
Yeah.

LEXINGTON
I think so.

MATT
Do it.

LEXINGTON
On it. Call you back.

LEXINGTON hangs up.

LEXINGTON
He says we have to flood the manhole.

GOLIATH
How?

LEXINGTON
Gimme the van. I got this.

EXT. SCENE - STATE STREET. (NIGHT)

A faint wisp of smoke rises up from the manhole, unnoticed by officers SANCHEZ and MILLER and the people on the street. There is the roaring of an engine nearby as the service van flies up the street. It pops into view. At the last moment, LEXINGTON leaps out of the back and hits the air, jogging to the side and leaping up onto a nearby building. The van vaults the curb and slams directly through a fire hydrant, bounces and crashes into the stores across the street. The crowd screams and scatters. MILLER starts up from his paper. SANCHEZ leaps from the patrol car. Water geysers up from the broken fire hydrant and floods into the street, into the manhole, which gives off a few wisps of steam. SANCHEZ runs toward the van, looking into the driver's side, and then looking back the way it came. He sees a weird shape along the street.

SANCHEZ

Kyle! Get this!

MILLER runs over, yelling into his radio as he comes up. SANCHEZ runs back the way the van came, and toward the shape.

SANCHEZ

Hey! Stop! Police!

LEXINGTON climbs up the building partway and comes into full view of SANCHEZ, who draws up to a stop upon seeing him.

SANCHEZ

No.

LEXINGTON

Officer, your perps are tied up in the next alley. Go get 'em.

SANCHEZ

What?

LEXINGTON

Go on. They won't wait long.

He scrambles up the building and up over the parapet, and is gone.

SANCHEZ

No, wait. Wait!

He looks down the street and runs to the alley. There, ALEX and OSCAR sit, back to back, tied up with torch hose.

SANCHEZ

(into radio)

1467, need a unit at Madison and State.

RADIO

1467, we got units coming. C.F.D. en-route.

SANCHEZ

(to ALEX)

I think you're in trouble now, guys.

ALEX

Less than we just were, thanks.

OSCAR
Is that creature gone?

SANCHEZ looks at him. His stern facade slips for just a moment; he is not the only one who saw the gargoyle tonight. Sirens approach from all angles as the lights of the shops begin to come on.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM.

MATT enters from the back door, carrying two large take-out bags. He sets them on the table. A moment later, there is a tap on the door.

MATT
Come in!

GOLIATH opens the door and enters, followed by BROOKLYN, LEXINGTON, HUDSON, and BROADWAY.

MATT
Hi, guys. Welcome.

GOLIATH
You called?

MATT
Yes, I did. Couple of things. First of all, I sent your photos over to our security guys. They're working on Sidney, but I don't think he'll be a problem again.

GOLIATH
That is good news.

MATT
'Course, I had to do a little explaining how I got the pictures in the first place, but I think I managed it. Weiner Iron Works is officially off our list.

BROADWAY
So what's in the bags?

MATT
The second thing.

He opens one bag and pulls out several wrapped hot dogs, and puts them on the table.

MATT

I'm not necessarily the finest representative, but on behalf of the people of the City of Chicago, and especially their electric utility, I would like to thank you for your service. It's not a traditional Thanksgiving dinner, but I hope it is a fitting token of our gratitude.

BROOKLYN

We took down Weiner, so you brought wieners.

MATT

Yes, I did.

GOLIATH

You need not have done that.

MATT

Of course I did. You are in the Midwest now. Food's how we say thanks.

BROADWAY

Can we, Goliath?

MATT

I'm not freezing two dozen Chicago dogs.

GOLIATH

Yes, all right.

BROADWAY

Yeah. Thanks!

All of them but GOLIATH pick up the hot dogs and unwrap them. BROADWAY's eyes bulge. HUDSON sniffs at his, suspiciously.

BROADWAY

Oh, wow. That's a lot.

MATT

First time having a Chicago dog?

BROADWAY

Yeah.

HUDSON

What is this green stuff?

MATT

Pickle relish.

HUDSON

Oh?

MATT

It's fine. Trust me on that. Goliath,
have one.

GOLIATH

May I make a telephone call first?

MATT

Of course.

GOLIATH

Thank you.

He goes into the kitchen.

LEXINGTON

That reminds me. I have your phone.

MATT

Keep it. You're getting more out of it
than I would.

LEXINGTON

Thanks.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN.

GOLIATH has the phone to his ear as the recording plays.

OPERATOR

...Your call cannot be completed at
this time. Will you try your call again
later? Thank you.

GOLIATH sighs, and hangs up the phone. Cut to black.

=END=