

**Blackout**

by

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EXT. SCENE - CHICAGO. 23RD WARD. STREET (NIGHT)

Evening has fallen on a typical residential street in Chicago, lined with bungalows and the occasional two-flat. Traffic is fading, and the lights are on in the houses around. Proceeding up the street, we pass a light post bearing this sign:

ADVANCED ENERGY  
EFFICIENT LIGHTING  
brought to you by  
DAVIS TECHNOLOGIES  
CHICAGO BUREAU OF  
ELECTRICITY  
and  
ALD. ADRINA CORMORANT  
23rd WARD

Passing this, we proceed up to the second floor of one of the neighboring bungalows.

INT. SCENE - HOUSE - CHILD'S ROOM

A bedroom, done up to suit a typical middle-class child. This is NATHAN's room. NATHAN is seven years old, and it is his bedtime. He has several toys out, some books in the bookcase, and the other odds and ends that speak of a child who is being raised in a comfortable but not luxurious life. NATHAN is in his bed, and his father EDWARD is tucking him in.

NATHAN

Dad, can I sleep with you tonight?

EDWARD

You slept with us last night, Nate.  
You've got a big boy bed now, right?

NATHAN

Yeah, but I wanna sleep with you  
tonight.

EDWARD

Monsters, again?

NATHAN

Dad...

EDWARD

We've talked about this. There's nothing out there.

NATHAN  
Yes there is.

EDWARD  
What?

NATHAN  
There's a man with wings.

EDWARD  
A man with wings?

NATHAN  
And teeth.

EDWARD  
And where is this man now?

NATHAN  
He doesn't come until the lights are out.

EDWARD  
Why is that, hm?

NATHAN  
I dunno.

EDWARD  
Well, let's ask him.

EDWARD turns off the lights. The streetlight shines in through the window, dimly, casting a shadow that resembles nothing in particular.

EDWARD  
You see? Just a shadow. Nothing to it.

NATHAN  
But, Dad, that wasn't it.

EDWARD  
Sure it was, Nate. Now, cover up and go to sleep.

NATHAN  
Dad...

EDWARD

No, it's time for bed. We're right up the hall if he comes back, okay?

NATHAN

Okay.

EDWARD

Love you, Nate.

NATHAN

Love you too, Dad.

EDWARD

Night.

EDWARD leaves and closes the door behind him. The room darkens somewhat. NATHAN is alone. The shadow of the window vibrates and judders against the wall. NATHAN looks at it, and pulls the covers up over his head.

INT. SCENE - HOUSE - PARENTS' ROOM

EDWARD enters, looking rather tired out. CAROL is lying on the bed, reading. She looks up at him as he enters. He begins getting ready for bed as he talks.

CAROL

Monsters again?

EDWARD

Yeah, again. I don't know. You think something could be wrong with him?

CAROL

No. Of course not, Eddie. Every kid goes through that.

EDWARD

I guess.

CAROL

Didn't you ever?

EDWARD

What, see monsters in my bedroom? No.

CAROL

Really?

EDWARD

No. For me, it was robots under the front porch.

CAROL

Huh.

INT. SCENE - HOUSE - CHILD'S ROOM

NATHAN peeks his head out from under the covers. The shadows cast by the window are no longer vibrating, but are spinning and wheeling around each other. He quickly ducks his head under the covers again.

INT. SCENE - HOUSE - PARENTS' ROOM

NATHAN has changed into night clothes. He is getting into bed.

EDWARD

You think he'll stay down all night?

CAROL

No. You?

EDWARD

Not a chance.

CAROL closes her book and sets it aside.

CAROL

Well, it'll pass. It'll pass.

EDWARD

It'll pass. Night, honey.

CAROL

Good night.

CAROL switches off the light. They roll over and tuck in to sleep. The shadow of the window is cast against the wall here, too, and it begins to spin and weave, just as it did in NATHAN's room. As EDWARD lies in bed, the twisting shadows begin to cast a light over the bed that bobs and twists weirdly. EDWARD winces, then turns to look. Then, horrified, he sits up abruptly, and shakes his wife.

EDWARD

Carol!

She rolls over suddenly and sits up. As she looks, the horror comes into her face as well.

EDWARD

Nathan! Nathan!

CAROL

Oh, my God! Nathan!

Across from them, against the wall of the room, is a shadowy winged figure, something like a gargoyle. Its details are not clear, but one thing is: NATHAN, who it is holding by one arm. It bellows silently at them, and turns to take NATHAN away.

EDWARD

Let him go!

The creature passes through the wall and vanishes, NATHAN in tow. EDWARD runs to the window, throws it open and leans out.

EDWARD

Nathan!

EXT. SCENE - CHICAGO. AERIAL. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN is flying over the city.

Caption: Humboldt Park, Chicago. Friday, December 14, 2012. 5:15 PM.

BROOKLYN (VO)

Unsettled.

That's the word for it. I'm feeling unsettled this evening.

Back in the day, things were straightforward--not everything, but it was the clan and the rest of the world. Wake up, defend the city, maybe party a bit until dawn, sleep, repeat.

Now I have a scheme winding up to take our lives, Demona out there somewhere laughing herself sick about all of it, and the one friend I've found in this place just rejected us.

Plus I have no home, no mate, no children, and nothing else to protect but part of my clan.

Yeah, "unsettled" says it.

BROOKLYN banks into a turn.

BROOKLYN (VO)  
Something has to change. The wind can't carry us forever. Got to touch ground sometime.

He approaches and lands on the roof of Humboldt Station.

EXT. SCENE - HUMBOLDT STATION. ROOF. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN lands on the station roof. At a short distance, the others are gathered. BROADWAY comes up to him.

BROADWAY  
Are you all right?

BROOKLYN looks at him darkly.

BROADWAY  
Yeah, neither am I.

They go back to the group.

GOLIATH  
How is he?

BROOKLYN  
He seems all right, as far as I could see. I didn't get too close.

BROADWAY  
So you didn't talk to him?

BROOKLYN  
No. He shot at you last time and threatened to shoot the rest of us. I couldn't think of a good way around that.

BROADWAY  
I was hoping he'd gotten better.

BROOKLYN

Yeah.

GOLIATH

That is only one of our problems now.  
We will take them in order.

BROOKLYN

So what comes first?

GOLIATH

Demonia knows we are not in Manhattan. I don't know for how long she has known. That puts Manhattan at risk, and we are not in a position to defend it.

BROADWAY

And she has allies of her own.

GOLIATH

Yes. This Doctor Cotter is a threat in her own right.

BROADWAY

Do we take her first?

GOLIATH

By no means. She's goading us into attacking. I do not know her plans, but they seem to involve us, and they seem to require our rage against her.

HUDSON

Like a bull to a cape.

GOLIATH

Exactly.

BROOKLYN

She's done a good job of it.

GOLIATH

I know that. I do not intend for her to escape. But I do not intend for her to bait us into helping her, either.

BROOKLYN

And Matt?



GOLIATH sighs.

BROOKLYN

We can't leave him behind.

GOLIATH

No.

LEXINGTON

He's brought us a lot. We have the station because of him. We had communication.

BROADWAY

Supplies.

GOLIATH

All true. But we need to be safe in order to protect him. If we focus on him first, we may be taken before we can do anything else.

He looks around at them.

BROOKLYN

All right. So where do we start?

GOLIATH

We need to see more of what Demona's plan is for us here. She could have taken us yesterday. She did not.

BROADWAY

I guess we could go look around for anything suspicious.

HUDSON

A patrol may not reveal much to us at this point.

GOLIATH

It may be all we have for now. Take Broadway and Lexington and look out for trouble. Do not engage in what you can avoid. Anything could be a trap.

HUDSON

Aye, Goliath. Come on.

HUDSON, BROADWAY, and LEXINGTON take off from the roof. BROOKLYN turns to GOLIATH.

BROOKLYN

Why are you keeping me out of this?

GOLIATH

I am not. You need to watch Matt.

BROOKLYN is surprised.

BROOKLYN

I thought you wanted to take care of him last.

GOLIATH

But until then, he knows enough about us to be dangerous. There is a very real risk now that he is taken by them. We need to be protected against that.

BROOKLYN

Oh. You saw that.

GOLIATH

I did.

BROOKLYN smiles slightly.

BROOKLYN

You just cost me a little speech I had ready.

GOLIATH

I am not sorry for that. I would be very sorry to lose him, or to lose you over him. We will not leave him behind.

BROOKLYN

Thank you.

BROOKLYN goes to the edge of the roof and flies off to the northwest. GOLIATH looks out over the city, and BRONX comes up beside him and looks out too.

EXT. SCENE - MIDWAY AIRPORT. (NIGHT)

Caption: Midway International Airport. Arrivals. 5:23 PM.

CPD officer ERIC SANCHEZ, out of uniform, pulls his car up to the curb of the arrivals area at Midway Airport. He gets out and looks around. The traffic warden is upon him instantly.

WARDEN

Move it up, can't park here.

SANCHEZ

I'm not, I'm just--

WARDEN

You can't park here. Move it.

SANCHEZ rolls his eyes, reaches into his pocket, and pulls out his badge. He shows it to the WARDEN.

WARDEN

Oh, sorry, officer.

SANCHEZ

No problem, I'll be out of your way in a sec.

The WARDEN moves off. SANCHEZ looks around and finally spots who he's looking for. He waves, and calls out:

SANCHEZ

Aunt Maria!

From down the sidewalk, a middle-aged woman (MARIA CHAVEZ) waves back, picks up her suitcase, and comes briskly toward him. He and she embrace briefly.

CHAVEZ

Merry Christmas, Eric!

SANCHEZ

Merry Christmas, Aunt Maria! Welcome to Chicago!

INT. SCENE - SANCHEZ'S CAR. STREET. (NIGHT)

They are riding in SANCHEZ's car through the surface streets.

SANCHEZ

So how's Tampa treating you?

CHAVEZ

Good. Quiet, but good. How are you doing?

SANCHEZ

Keeping busy.

CHAVEZ

I've heard it's been rough up here. Are you keeping safe?

SANCHEZ

Oh, yeah, it's not as bad as they say. Some strange stuff recently, though.

EXT. SCENE - 23RD WARD. STREET. (NIGHT)

SANCHEZ has turned down a side street. He comes into the same block as we opened this episode on. As he pilots down the block, the shadows are swirling and dancing on the pavement, and suddenly they begin to coalesce into a shadowy, winged figure, standing in the road ahead of them. SANCHEZ pegs the brakes and stops hard.

INT. SCENE - SANCHEZ'S CAR.

SANCHEZ

Ho-whoa-whoa! What?

CHAVEZ

What is it?

SANCHEZ

I don't know.

EXT. SCENE - 23RD WARD. STREET. (NIGHT)

The figure gradually takes more solid form, as though coming into the light (which continues to swirl and dance across it briefly). It is a very dark gargoyle-like creature. Its eyes burn brightly, and it glares at SANCHEZ. SANCHEZ and CHAVEZ exit the car.

SANCHEZ

What is that?

CHAVEZ

Hello there? Who is it?

The figure glowers at both of them, menacingly, silently.

CHAVEZ

Hey, there. Talk to me. I've seen your kind before. We don't mean any harm to you.

SANCHEZ

Watch it.

The creature bares its teeth, as though growling (but no sound is heard from it), and begins advancing on CHAVEZ.

CHAVEZ

Wait, now, I can be on your side, but you need to work with me here. Just hold up a second, all right? Huh?

SANCHEZ

I don't think it's listening.

CHAVEZ

I can get you help, but you need to stop. Stop! What is it that you--

This last sentence is cut off by a gunshot. The creature spins to look back, as SANCHEZ and CHAVEZ duck and look toward the source of the shot. It is EDWARD. He aims a revolver at the creature, cocks, and fires again.

CHAVEZ

Stop! What are you doing?

SANCHEZ

Hey! Put that up! Police!

The creature turns, runs up the street, and then flies off into the sky, vanishing into the night.

CHAVEZ

Come back! Oh.

EDWARD puts his gun down to his side as SANCHEZ runs up to him. CHAVEZ follows him.

SANCHEZ

What are you doing?

EDWARD

Hey! I saved your life, officer!

CHAVEZ

But we were getting through to it.  
Didn't you see that?

EDWARD

What I saw was a cop and his mom not  
bothering to protect and serve. That's  
what I saw.

CAROL exits onto the front steps, NATHAN following.

CAROL

Eddie? What is it? Did it come back?

EDWARD

Yes, dear. It's the police. Go back in-  
side. It's gone now.

SANCHEZ

What do you mean, "come back"?

EDWARD

That thing came after my son a couple  
of nights ago. He barely made it out.

CHAVEZ

He's not hurt, is he?

EDWARD

No, thank goodness.

SANCHEZ

How often has it been coming back?

EDWARD

Just about every night. And every  
night, this is the only thing it'll  
listen to.

CHAVEZ

Is he just coming to you?

EDWARD

No. The Millers down the street, and  
the Czepanskis on the corner, both got  
a visit from it.

SANCHEZ

Anyone hurt?

EDWARD

Flora Czepanski managed to wing her husband. Other than that, no.

NATHAN

Jose and his brother got chased by a clown.

CHAVEZ

A clown? What kind of a clown?

NATHAN

A bad one.

CHAVEZ

I bet.

EDWARD

Nate, go back inside with Mom.

NATHAN and CAROL go back in and shut the door.

EDWARD

You said you'd seen their kind before.  
What do you mean?

CHAVEZ

I had the Gargoyle Task Force reporting  
up to me in New York.

EDWARD

You think that's what we got here?

CHAVEZ

I don't know. Maybe.

EDWARD

So what do we do, then?

CHAVEZ

Stay inside.

EDWARD

Fat lot of good it did before.

SANCHEZ

Maybe not, but I'm telling you this. Shooting into the street isn't any better. Keep that inside, and for heaven's sake, lock it up. You got a kid in there.

EDWARD

All right, all right.

SANCHEZ

Okay. Good night.

EDWARD

Good night. Be careful.

EDWARD tucks his gun into his belt and goes back inside. CHAVEZ looks up into the sky, but there is absolutely no sign of the creature. They start back toward the car.

SANCHEZ

I promise it's not usually this dangerous. Or strange. Still...

CHAVEZ

What is it?

SANCHEZ

I want to talk to you about a couple of things. Come on.

They go to the car.

INT. SCENE - SANCHEZ'S HOME. KITCHEN.

A neat family house, decorated for Christmas. The back door opens, and SANCHEZ and CHAVEZ enter, CHAVEZ carrying her bag. She sets it down out of the way and takes off her coat.

SANCHEZ

Ellen and the kids'll still be out shopping for a tree. They should be back in a little while.

CHAVEZ

All right.



She steps into the house and sits at the kitchen table. SANCHEZ goes to the refrigerator and gets out a couple of drinks. He hands one to CHAVEZ, and sits.

SANCHEZ  
So, what do you think?

CHAVEZ  
Tonight, or before?

SANCHEZ  
Either one.

CHAVEZ  
Who you saw before was Lexington. I'm almost sure of it.

SANCHEZ  
What does that mean?

CHAVEZ  
I don't know. But if he's here, we really need to talk to him. Because, as far as what happened tonight, either he knows what's going on, or he needs to know.

SANCHEZ  
How do we get him?

CHAVEZ thinks for a moment, and then looks up toward the ceiling. SANCHEZ follows her look up.

EXT. SCENE - AERIAL. GAGE PARK. (NIGHT)

Caption: Gage Park. 6:47 PM.

HUDSON, BROADWAY, and LEXINGTON are gliding through the night, approaching the Gage Park neighborhood. Clean bungalows pass below them, many decorated and lit up for the season; one or two quite elaborately so. They are looking around as they go.

BROADWAY  
So what is it we should be looking for again?

HUDSON

Anything could be a part of this. We know that Demona laid a trap once, and could do again. You know her schemes.

LEXINGTON

Too well. But she never does the same thing twice.

HUDSON

No, and that is the challenge. But she always has the same aims. Dominate us and death to the humans.

BROADWAY

Lot of options for that second part.

LEXINGTON

Lot of potential traps for the first. What do you think they'd look like?

Below, the lights on one bungalow have been rearranged hastily and messily; they are not decorating the house well. But as the group passes over, BROADWAY notices something.

BROADWAY

Uh, Lex?

LEXINGTON

What?

BROADWAY points at the messy house. As they pass overhead, it becomes clear the lights spell out something: "LEX -->" The arrow points to the back door of the house.

LEXINGTON

What the jalapeña...?

They descend to check it out.

EXT. SCENE - SANCHEZ'S HOUSE. BACK YARD. (NIGHT)

LEXINGTON lands in the back yard, near by the back door. Behind him, HUDSON and BROADWAY land and hide themselves behind the trash cans, tool shed (or whatever). LEXINGTON looks back to assure himself that they are there, goes up to the door, and knocks. After a moment, it is opened by SANCHEZ, who gets a surprised look on his face.

LEXINGTON

Uh...hi. Did you need me for something?

SANCHEZ

Um...uh...

MARIA CHAVEZ steps up behind ERIC SANCHEZ.

CHAVEZ

Hello, Lexington. It's been a while.

LEXINGTON

Captain Chavez! What are you doing here?

CHAVEZ

Visiting my nephew here. He says you'd met before.

SANCHEZ

Yeah. Yeah, downtown, Black Friday.

LEXINGTON

Wait. You were the policeman?

SANCHEZ

Yeah.

LEXINGTON

Oh! Hey, guys, look who it is!

HUDSON and BROADWAY come out of hiding and approach the porch.

BROADWAY

Hi, Captain.

CHAVEZ

Broadway! And Hudson! Oh, this is great. What are you doing in Chicago?

HUDSON

It is a long story.

SANCHEZ

Wait, you know all of these...guys?

CHAVEZ

Yes. Is Elisa here too?

BROADWAY

No. She's still in Manhattan, last we saw her.

CHAVEZ's face drops. She knows something terrible has happened if Elisa is not here. But she remembers why they've called them in.

CHAVEZ

Listen. I want to catch up, but we need to ask you about something. Come inside.

They do, caping their wings as they do, and SANCHEZ, still a little stunned, shuts the door behind them.

INT. SCENE - SANCHEZ'S HOUSE.

CHAVEZ goes to the kitchen table and sits. SANCHEZ joins her there.

CHAVEZ

I didn't expect to see you here. Any of you. Is everyone of your clan here, or...?

HUDSON

No. Goliath is here, and Brooklyn, Bronx, and us. We do not know where the others have gone.

CHAVEZ

Could they have followed you here by any chance?

LEXINGTON

Maybe. Why?

SANCHEZ

There was something or someone who looked kind of like you, who started to attack us a little earlier.

LEXINGTON

Probably none of us, unless...what did that one look like?

SANCHEZ

Big guy, about seven feet. Beefy guy,  
very dark skin.

BROADWAY

How dark?

SANCHEZ

Like charcoal dark. Black hair, too.

CHAVEZ

I didn't recognize him as any of your  
clan, or anyone else I know.

BROADWAY

No, doesn't sound like any of us. Lon-  
don, maybe?

HUDSON

No, the London clans don't match that  
description.

LEXINGTON

Did he say anything?

SANCHEZ

No, and that's the weird part. He  
growled, but we couldn't hear a sound  
out of him.

BROADWAY

Oh, that is odd.

SANCHEZ

The neighbors say he took a kid, too.

HUDSON

What?

LEXINGTON

No.

SANCHEZ

Yeah, only this neighbor said the kid  
got away.

BROADWAY

Well, that makes no sense. Why would a  
gargoyle take human children?

LEXINGTON

Never mind that. Since when could a kid get away so easily?

SANCHEZ

There was more. This same kid said the neighbor kid had been chased by a bad clown.

CHAVEZ

Yeah. Seemed pretty shook up by it, too. Didn't look like the kid was making it up.

SANCHEZ

And given that Dad was shooting into the street--

HUDSON

Not a fairy tale, then.

SANCHEZ

No.

HUDSON

We should look into this. If there is another gargoyle here, we should find him and try to get him under control. If this is a phantasm, then...

LEXINGTON

...then we should look into that too. We have some recent experience with those.

At this point, the front door slams in the distance.

ELLEN SANCHEZ (OFF)

Eric! We're home, are you here?

SANCHEZ

In the kitchen. Give me a minute.

ELLEN SANCHEZ (OFF)

We picked up some burgers. You would not believe how long it takes to find a nice tree, and--

ELLEN SANCHEZ, Eric's wife, comes into the kitchen. Everyone looks at her. She sees the gargoyles and stops short.

CHAVEZ

Hello, Ellen.

SANCHEZ

It's all right, honey. These are gargoyles, friends of Aunt Maria. I'll be up in a sec.

HUDSON

Hello.

ELLEN SANCHEZ just looks at the tableau.

BROADWAY

Did you find a nice tree?

ELLEN SANCHEZ

I...we...

CHAVEZ

Ellen, it's all right. I'll explain later.

ELLEN SANCHEZ retreats from the room without another word.

HUDSON

We had probably better go.

CHAVEZ

Might be best, at least for now.

HUDSON

Should we check it tonight?

CHAVEZ

No. Whatever it is, it may have been scared off for tonight. Let's meet here tomorrow night, just after last light.

HUDSON

Very well. We will see you then.

The gargoyles exit through the back door.

SANCHEZ

Aunt Maria?

CHAVEZ

Yes.

SANCHEZ

I thought you retired.

CHAVEZ

And I hate every minute of it. Tampa is boring, Eric. This is interesting.

SANCHEZ

Well, all right. I guess you'll need a driver, then.

CHAVEZ smiles at him.

CHAVEZ

Indeed I will.

EXT. SCENE - 23RD WARD. STREET. (NIGHT)

Down on the street, SANCHEZ and CHAVEZ pull up near to where they saw the creature before. They park along the curb. In the sky, the silhouettes of BROOKLYN, BROADWAY, HUDSON, and LEXINGTON arrive and land on a nearby roof. SANCHEZ and CHAVEZ get out of the car.

Caption: 23rd Ward, Chicago. Saturday, December 15, 2012. 5:40 PM.

CHAVEZ

All right. We're all here but one. Come on.

The lights begin to shimmy and shake along the street. A shadow begins to form.

SANCHEZ

There you are.

(yelling)

There he is!

He points toward the creature.

EXT. SCENE - 23RD WARD. ROOFTOP. (NIGHT)

The four gargoyles watch from a distance, and can see SANCHEZ pointing at nothing.



BROADWAY

What does he mean? What's he pointing at?

HUDSON

It's there. He thinks so, anyway.

EXT. SCENE - 23RD WARD. STREET. (NIGHT)

CHAVEZ

Well, now, how's it going to go tonight, huh?

The creature takes full form: a very dark gargoyle, with black hair and white, glowing eyes. It opens its mouth as if to roar, and then begins approaching SANCHEZ and CHAVEZ.

CHAVEZ

Easy, there. You don't want to do anything rash. I know you're frightened. I don't blame you for that, but I do want to help.

It keeps approaching.

CHAVEZ

Whatever's happened before, I won't hold it against you, but you have to trust me now. However cruel they have been to you before, however they treated you, I'm different. I promise that. How about it? Can we talk about this?

The creature is almost upon her, and suddenly takes a swipe at her. CHAVEZ jumps back.

CHAVEZ

Whoa!

SANCHEZ

Okay, change of plans.

He draws his gun.

SANCHEZ

Look, you, I don't want to hurt you, really, but I'm not playing games with you either.

EXT. SCENE - 23RD WARD. ROOFTOP. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN  
(yelling)  
What's going on?

SANCHEZ  
Slight disagreement. Dealing with it.

BROOKLYN  
Do not shoot at it.

SANCHEZ  
Thanks for that. I'll try.

EXT. SCENE - 23RD WARD. STREET. (NIGHT)

CHAVEZ  
(to the creature)  
Hear that? That's one of our friends  
trying to save your neck. Someone who's  
not all that different from you. So,  
come on, what do you say, huh?

The creature says nothing, but continues to menace CHAVEZ.

From a distance, a shape glides into the scene, unnoticed by the others: this is GOLIATH. Seeing the standoff below, he turns and lands on the street light pole. Suddenly, the creature below sways and deforms on the ground, briefly, as though it were being projected on a screen and the projector were bumped. The creature shakes its head and then keeps coming, continuing to sway a little.

SANCHEZ  
What? You all right? You're looking a  
little wobbly.

Above, GOLIATH draws one wing quickly across the face of the lamp. Its shadow draws across the creature, and it vanishes, along with the light from the lamp, and then reappears as though nothing had happened. SANCHEZ and CHAVEZ are startled by this.

CHAVEZ  
It's not there. It's coming out of the  
light.

They look at the light pole and at the form atop it.

GOLIATH, seeing this, reaches over and, with a grunt, rips the street lamp from the arm. A shower of sparks rains down.

EXT. SCENE - 23RD WARD. STREET. (NIGHT)

The creature blips out of existence at once as the street goes dark. SANCHEZ and CHAVEZ duck in response to the shower of sparks. GOLIATH leaps down and into the street in front of SANCHEZ and CHAVEZ, lamp in hand. SANCHEZ momentarily points his gun at GOLIATH, but CHAVEZ pushes it down.

GOLIATH  
Captain.

CHAVEZ  
Good evening, Goliath.

The other gargoyles land in the street next to GOLIATH. SANCHEZ holsters his gun.

BROOKLYN  
What did you see?

SANCHEZ  
Same thing, creature or whatever it was. You saw it?

GOLIATH  
No.

BROOKLYN  
Neither did we. It looked like you were just talking to thin air.

GOLIATH  
Your creature would seem to live inside of this device here.

LEXINGTON takes the lamp from GOLIATH.

LEXINGTON  
Then I think we should take a look inside of it, don't you?

SANCHEZ  
Do you have someplace you can do that?  
I think you're scaring my wife a bit.

LEXINGTON

We could do it back at the station.

CHAVEZ

You go do that. I'll go back to the house.

LEXINGTON

Right.

The gargoyles leave.

SANCHEZ

You're sure about this?

CHAVEZ

Your city. You should get to know them. And I've got some catching up to do with the kids.

SANCHEZ

Yeah, I guess so.

EDWARD comes out of his house, and looks toward CHAVEZ and SANCHEZ.

EDWARD

What's going on? Oh, it's you again? What are you doing here?

SANCHEZ

You have a light out. If I were you, I'd call the alderman. Good night.

SANCHEZ and CHAVEZ get in the car and drive off. EDWARD watches this, and then shakes his head and goes back in.

INT. SCENE - HUMBOLDT STATION.

SANCHEZ is walking around the upper floor of the station, examining the setup. By this point, this includes an old TV set up in one corner (turned off) and a couple of chairs that have been scavenged from the alley. LEXINGTON has the street light on a work bench, opened up, and he is poking around inside of it. GO-LIATH, BROADWAY and HUDSON look on. BRONX follows SANCHEZ around at a distance.

SANCHEZ

Who set you up here?

BROADWAY

A friend of ours works at the power company.

SANCHEZ

Oh, yeah? Where's he?

BROADWAY

He's having kind of a rough time right now. So, what, this is all a shadow show, then?

LEXINGTON

I think so.

HUDSON

So why could we not see the shadow?

LEXINGTON

No idea. Most of this stuff is pretty normal. It's just a light.

GOLIATH

But it did make that creature appear to those people.

SANCHEZ

It sure did.

LEXINGTON

I mean, in theory, you could put the right kind of modulation on here and get it to project something. But we'd see that, and anyway, there's no optics. All you ought to get is shimmering.

BROADWAY

We did see that.

SANCHEZ

So did we.

LEXINGTON

And then there's this.

He taps a small daughterboard tucked into the light, connected to a length of foil running around the perimeter of the light's casing.

BROADWAY

What about it?

LEXINGTON

Capacitors, transistors, mini-RF connector, and foil which could be an antenna, which means either a receiver or transmitter.

BROADWAY

Receiving what?

SANCHEZ

Remote control, probably. They're talking about these as being smart lights.

GOLIATH

Smart enough to cast illusions?

LEXINGTON

Well, let's find out.

He connects the light to a power cord and plugs in. The light flares up, flooding the room with intense white light.

SANCHEZ

Yow, that's bright.

On the ceiling, the light shimmers and shakes, and the shadowy creature begins to form, in miniature and upside down this time. It never quite takes form, though, always remaining rather indistinct.

SANCHEZ

And there it is.

GOLIATH

Where?

SANCHEZ picks up a dowel from the corner and points it into the flood of light, touching the creature.

SANCHEZ

Right...there.

BROADWAY

I still can't see it.

LEXINGTON

There's nothing here that--hang on.

The daughterboard has begun to give off an eerie blue glow, completely separate from the illumination from the light. LEXINGTON passes one hand over to shade it, making the blue glow stand out more clearly.

SANCHEZ

Is that supposed to be glowing like that?

LEXINGTON

I don't think so. Maybe it's just loose.

He pokes it carefully with one claw. The moment he touches it, it crackles, and the glow goes up his finger.

LEXINGTON

Aaah!

He yanks back his finger, and the glow leaves it immediately. He shakes his finger out.

SANCHEZ

You get shocked?

LEXINGTON

No, I don't know what it is.

BROADWAY looks up at the light pattern, and starts back.

BROADWAY

Whoa!

All of the others look up. For an instant, DEMONA's face is barely visible in the shimmering lights, upside down, before fading out.

GOLIATH

No. She cannot be there.

BROADWAY

You see that too?

SANCHEZ

What? See what?

LEXINGTON

Did you just see something?

SANCHEZ

I saw something flare up in the light,  
but I couldn't make it out.

GOLIATH

Lexington, are you all right?

LEXINGTON

Yeah, I'm fine.

GOLIATH

Touch the circuit again.

LEXINGTON cautiously pokes the board again, and again the glow crackles up his finger, stopping short of his palm. DEMONA's face reappears in the middle of the light, where the creature's form had been. It gradually comes into focus, with her body materializing out of the light, somewhat indistinct, as before, and upside down.

LEXINGTON

How is that possible?

SANCHEZ

How is what possible?

GOLIATH

Officer, what do you see?

SANCHEZ

I see...it's not clear. Sort of a  
bluish blob. Different than before, but  
it doesn't look like anything.

HUDSON

Lexington, touch Officer Sanchez. See  
what happens.

LEXINGTON touches SANCHEZ's arm with his free hand. There is a small blue spark between them. SANCHEZ looks up, and recoils.

SANCHEZ

Whoa! Okay, now I see her.

HUDSON

How clearly?



SANCHEZ

Not very, but clear enough. Who is that?

GOLIATH

An old enemy and onetime friend.

LEXINGTON releases SANCHEZ's arm. There is another small flash of blue as he does, and SANCHEZ visibly relaxes.

SANCHEZ

How old?

GOLIATH

A millennium.

SANCHEZ

So it's a ghost, is that it?

GOLIATH

No ghost. She is here.

BROADWAY

Think about it, though. This light's right outside that guy's house, and he sees something so terrifying, he shoots at it. So do his neighbors. We get it here, Lexington puts his finger in, and not only can we see it, but we get something terrifying to us.

SANCHEZ

No, not getting it.

LEXINGTON takes his finger out of the circuit. He looks around, and settles on the TV.

LEXINGTON

It's like rabbit ears. What do you do when the picture's bad? You wiggle them, touch them, put foil on them.

SANCHEZ

So, you think you just wiggled the rabbit ears?

LEXINGTON

Something like that. But why would it pick that up from me?

GOLIATH

Perhaps it's not that specific. It may have picked that up from any of us.

SANCHEZ

Oh. Oh, I see now. So someone on that block is terrified of gargoyles, and the light picks it up, and now suddenly it's showing it off.

BROADWAY

Could be. And someone else is terrified of clowns, so you get one of those, and so on.

SANCHEZ

And you're terrified of her, which...actually, terrifies me a bit, now, too.

The blue blob in the middle of the beam of light takes form more sharply in response to this; it is still indistinct, but becomes more clearly DEMONA.

LEXINGTON

But I don't get how that could happen. This thing is a radio receiver, not a fear receiver. How does a radio pick up fears like that?

HUDSON

There may be more to it than radio.

GOLIATH

Sorcery.

HUDSON

Aye.

SANCHEZ

Sorcery? Come on, get real.

GOLIATH

It is very real. This enemy of ours has used sorcery against us many times.

SANCHEZ

That is just superstitious nonsense.

BROADWAY

Oh, is it? Then what else could it be?

SANCHEZ

Well, you said it could project something. Maybe it's just a video receiver.

LEXINGTON

And how is it only some of us can see it, then?

SANCHEZ

Well...I don't know. But sorcery? Come on.

HUDSON

Officer, the world is much stranger than you think it is. We know something of this.

SANCHEZ

Well...I mean...

He looks at each of them; they look back, gravely. He shrugs and puts his hands up.

SANCHEZ

All right, fine. Sorcery it is, then. So what do we do about it?

GOLIATH

We need to go back there. If Demona is using sorcery, then this is worse than we thought. She is here.

SANCHEZ

Is there any good news out of this?

LEXINGTON

I can grab this board out of here and make up a signal tracer. We should be able to track down the control signal if it comes on again.

The light flares and flickers momentarily. A couple of red and green lights on the daughterboard suddenly light up and begin flashing.

LEXINGTON

Oh, that's not good.

BROADWAY

Getting a signal?

LEXINGTON

Sending one. This thing is calling home.

BROADWAY

Oh, that's not good.

LEXINGTON

Told you.

SANCHEZ

Why's that?

BROADWAY

Whoever's behind this, in a few minutes they're going to know someone was tampering with their equipment.

SANCHEZ

So, what does that mean?

GOLIATH

If you had seeded a street with fear projectors, and you knew you were found out, what would you do?

SANCHEZ

Put them to work. Oh. No. Not good.

GOLIATH

Get that signal tracer built and do what you can. Hudson, Broadway, you take Officer Sanchez back to that street and try to keep things under control. I will get Brooklyn. We'll be right behind you.

HUDSON

Aye. Come on.

HUDSON, BROADWAY, GOLIATH, and SANCHEZ exit to the roof. As SANCHEZ leaves:

SANCHEZ

Can't we take the stairs this time?

LEXINGTON looks up again at the light on the ceiling. DEMONA glares viciously out from the ceiling, inverted, wavy, and out of focus.

INT. SCENE - CENTRAL CONTROL.

Caption: Central Control Services. 7:48 PM.

Dissolve to a cup of coffee, in the surface of which is reflected DEMONA's face. COTTER picks up the cup and sips. She is sitting at her desk, in front of a couple of computer monitors, watching one with amusement. DEMONA is seated across from her, waiting impatiently.

COTTER

Well, well. System reset on the one they got, and now there's a new image uploaded. Check this out.

She swivels the monitor around. One of the windows on the screen is titled, "Current render," and contains a somewhat grainy still image of DEMONA's face, snarling and mugging. DEMONA looks at it, unimpressed.

COTTER

Not a great likeness, I admit, but then we never tuned it for gargoyles, or at least we didn't try to. You must really be on their minds tonight.

DEMONA

Fascinating. So what?

COTTER

So what? So everything. If they can re-code one of the luminaires, they must be working out how they operate. And of course, if we can capture from their minds with what we have, whoo! Guess what, we just saved weeks of R&D.

DEMONA

Good for you. What can they do with this knowledge?

COTTER

Well, I suppose they could recode all the units on the block, make them throw your image around. Not really a downside from our end, I guess, if you'll pardon the imprecation.

DEMONA

Useless for my purposes. What good is it to me if they put me in the crosshairs?

COTTER

Well, advertise they're working for you, and you get to the same place, don't you?

DEMONA

Not good enough. I need them out of the way, if not actually working for me.

COTTER

We could go either way, you know. You were the one who wanted Project Davis advanced, after all.

DEMONA

I still do. It paves the way, and now that Goliath knows I am here, every hour of delay is another hour he can work out how to thwart me.

COTTER

Do you want us to intervene? For the right price, we could try to hold him up, let you deal with the others alone.

DEMONA

I want you to deliver them to me, all of them, as we agreed. I will take care of the rest.

COTTER

We aim to please.

DEMONA

But tonight, I want the project brought to a conclusion. Ramp it up.

COTTER  
(gleeful)  
Oh, bless your heart. I was hoping you  
would say that.

She spins the monitor back and begins typing on the computer.

COTTER  
(singing tunelessly)  
Love what you do, and you'll never work  
a day in your life, doo dee dee...

(speaking)  
Let's see. Activation, one hundred per-  
cent, pattern...hmm.

DEMONA  
What?

COTTER  
Well, they haven't all got the gargoyle  
pattern yet. Will that be a problem? I  
can get you chaos, but probably not fo-  
cused chaos.

DEMONA  
Give me what you can.

COTTER  
Chaotic chaos it is. Patterns fixed.  
And...execute.

She hits Enter, and then sits back, grinning.

COTTER  
Bam. Lights out.

DEMONA rolls her eyes at this. On the screen, the computer  
shows, "Activating, 100%," and other related data.

EXT. SCENE - 23RD WARD. STREET. (NIGHT)

HUDSON and BROADWAY (carrying SANCHEZ) land in the street, back  
where they had left. BROADWAY puts SANCHEZ down in the street.  
One light is still down, but beneath the others on the block,  
the light is dancing. Shadows begin to form under some. Chaos is  
beginning to break out: a tiger is chasing the residents around  
one yard, a terrifying clown has the children cornered on anoth-

er porch. In a third house, a samurai is running around the living room (visible through the front windows).

SANCHEZ

Okay, where to start, where to start...

BROADWAY

What do you see?

SANCHEZ

They're all on. Every single one of them is active.

There is a crash from the nearest house, and all three react. One of the residents has dived out of the front window and onto the lawn. He rolls over sharply to look back. The Black Knight appears in the window and dives out after him, sword drawn. The resident rolls to one side, narrowly avoiding the knight's blade, which buries itself in the turf right where his chest had been. The resident scurries to his feet and runs around the back of the house. After a moment, the knight gets his blade free and gives chase.

BROADWAY

Then let's make them inactive.

SANCHEZ

Do it.

BROADWAY leaps onto the nearest light pole and begins to shimmy up it. MRS. MILLER approaches, brandishing a kitchen knife.

MRS. MILLER

Oh no you don't! You may have got my bullets, but you're not getting away from me this time!

BROADWAY

Whoa!

He leaps clear as she dives toward him with her knife. They fight, or more precisely, she fights as BROADWAY dodges.

MRS. MILLER

Demon! Monster!

BROADWAY

Lady, no! I'm trying to help h-- whaa!



He dodges one close swipe.

BROADWAY  
I'm trying to help you here!

MRS. MILLER  
Vex my son, will you?

She takes another swing. BROADWAY is easily dodging and parrying her attack, but is being driven further away from the light pole. HUDSON leaps in behind her, and draws his sword.

HUDSON  
You want a fight?

She turns, and is shocked and dismayed to see him there, sword at the ready.

SANCHEZ  
Gentle on her!

HUDSON  
I've got this.

MRS. MILLER  
Come on.

She attacks, and HUDSON parries. They fight, knife to sword, HUDSON carefully attacking only her knife. MRS. MILLER is getting tired as they continue to fight.

BROADWAY, now free, goes back to the light pole and begins to shinny up it again. A shot rings out from across the street, and he falls off the pole to the ground.

SANCHEZ  
No!

BROADWAY looks up. He is uninjured.

BROADWAY  
I'm fine. He missed. What's going on over there?

SANCHEZ looks behind him, across the street. A dragon is in the front yard of yet another house. The occupant is busy trying to get his rifle reloaded as it roars (silently) and threatens him. It blows a stream of fire from its nose, and the occupant dives back to avoid it.

SANCHEZ

Dragon.

BROADWAY

Really?

SANCHEZ

That's kind of a relative term right now.

BROOKLYN arrives overhead, gliding over the street. BROADWAY spots him.

BROADWAY

Brooklyn! Can you get the light?

BROOKLYN

Easily!

He lands on a light pole, which sways under his weight. He spits on his palms, rubs them together, seizes the light head, and is promptly and brightly shocked as it sizzles and sparks. He flings his arms out wide and nearly falls from the pole, barely catching himself in the process.

BROOKLYN

(shakily)

Ahhghh...jalapeña...

BROADWAY

Are you all right?

BROOKLYN

I see stars.

SANCHEZ

Hey, get down from there, it's no good.

BROOKLYN, still shaky, slides down the pole to the ground. A flurry of shots rains forth, and he, BROADWAY, and SANCHEZ all dive to the ground as the bullets pass over them and tear up the turf behind him.

BROADWAY

And this looked like such a nice neighborhood, too.

That gives SANCHEZ an idea. He looks around and spies a stone lying in the turf nearby, roughly the size of a baseball. He grabs it and stands.

SANCHEZ

Yeah. Hardly any vandals.

He sights, winds up, and hurls the stone at the light. He misses it by a couple of feet, but the stone arcs up and into GOLIATH's hand as he passes by. He turns and fires it into the light, nailing it dead center and shattering the housing of the light. It arcs and spits blue fire, and then flickers out. As it does, the dragon, which had been rearing up to spit fire once more, fizzles and sputters out in a blink. The occupant of the house, who had been shielding himself with one arm, looks out in amazement that his foe has vanished.

SANCHEZ

They're not indestructible.

BROADWAY

Hudson! Need your sword!

HUDSON

Coming!

He makes one final parry, catching the knife from MRS. MILLER's hand and flipping it across the parkway, where it clatters into the street. She is frozen in fear, but HUDSON ignores that and tosses his sword to BROADWAY, who grabs it out of the air and begins to climb another light pole.

HUDSON, meanwhile, collects MRS. MILLER's knife from the street.

HUDSON

May I borrow this?

MRS. MILLER just stares in response. HUDSON begins to shinny up another light pole. BROADWAY, having reached the top of his pole, swings, connects, and knocks the light off the pole. It arcs and flames, and the Black Knight, which has chased his quarry around the house and is now coming back through the front yard, suddenly fizzles and vanishes. HUDSON strikes his light with the knife, the light arcs and flames, and the evil clown vanishes. Both of them spread their wings and glide on to two other light poles.

Nearby, a third neighbor, standing on his porch, pulls out a gun and aims it toward BROADWAY, terrified. From his point of view,

we track BROADWAY and take a bead on him--only to have BROOKLYN appear in the line of fire, blocking the shot. The neighbor recoils in terror.

BROOKLYN

No, you don't!

He grips the gun and pulls it out of the neighbor's hand.

BROOKLYN

Now, sit down. We've got this.

He leaps away, taking the gun with him. The neighbor, meanwhile, slumps down and sits on his porch. BROOKLYN goes up the street, aims, and shoots one light out, then down the street and shoots another.

Suddenly, there is a scream from EDWARD's house. On the roof, NATHAN has climbed out of his window and is backing up toward the edge. In the window, the shadow gargoyle is crouched, snarling silently at him. EDWARD and CAROL are on the front lawn. EDWARD has his revolver in his hand.

CAROL

Nathan!

EDWARD

Nathan! Don't move!

NATHAN

Daddy! Help!

SANCHEZ runs over to EDWARD.

SANCHEZ

Stop! It's just a shadow, that's all, it's just a trick.

EDWARD

Nathan! Stop!

SANCHEZ

Nathan! It's just made of smoke! It's not real! Stay where you are!

NATHAN

Help! It's coming!

NATHAN is now at the edge of the roof. One foot slips back and off, and he scuttles it back up.

CAROL

Nate!

NATHAN

Help me!

SANCHEZ

Please, listen! It's not real, you've got to believe that it's not real. It's no stronger than you make it!

EDWARD points his gun up at the creature, hesitatingly.

SANCHEZ

Don't! Bullets can't hurt it!

EDWARD

I know, but it's coming for my son.

SANCHEZ

It's not! It's a fraud!

EDWARD

You call that a fraud?

NATHAN now slips back. Both feet go off the roof, and he grasps the eaves, desperately. He screams.

EDWARD

Nathan!

From above, GOLIATH swoops down and, in a motion, collects NATHAN from off the roof and glides away.

CAROL

No! Nathan!

EDWARD

No, no, no, no, no!

He aims at GOLIATH. SANCHEZ reaches in and pulls down his gun.

SANCHEZ

Stop! He's a friend!

EDWARD

Get off!

SANCHEZ

He's rescuing your son. Look!

GOLIATH comes around and lands. He sets NATHAN on his feet, next to his father.

GOLIATH

There. Are you all right?

NATHAN

Y--yeah.

GOLIATH

Good.

EDWARD and CAROL stare at him, dumbfounded. EDWARD shakily raises his gun towards GOLIATH, but he intercepts it and takes it from him.

GOLIATH

Now, there is no call for that.

He breaks the revolver open, dumps the bullets on the ground, closes it, and returns it to EDWARD.

GOLIATH

It has been a difficult night. No need to make it worse.

EDWARD

What...who...

SANCHEZ

This is Goliath. Say hello.

NATHAN

Hi.

GOLIATH

Hi, there.

EDWARD

What...

SANCHEZ

No, "hello." It's an easy word.

EDWARD  
It...I...

SANCHEZ  
Okay, never mind.

SANCHEZ looks up. The shadow gargoyle is on the edge of the roof, leering down.

SANCHEZ  
Oh, and here he comes. All right.  
Nathan?

NATHAN  
What?

SANCHEZ  
You see that monster up there?

NATHAN  
Yeah.

SANCHEZ  
Goliath's gonna beat him for you.

NATHAN  
How?

SANCHEZ  
Take your father's hand.

He does.

SANCHEZ  
And, sir, take your wife's hand.

After a moment to absorb this, he does.

SANCHEZ  
All right. Now, watch closely. We're  
going to dissolve him. Ready?

The shadow gargoyle pounces on them. EDWARD, CAROL, and NATHAN all wince. SANCHEZ and GOLIATH stand tall. As the shadow creature hits the ground where they are standing, it swirls and dissolves into smoke. The smoke spreads out across the ground. NATHAN looks around.

NATHAN

Whoa!

SANCHEZ

Pretty cool, huh?

NATHAN

Yeah, thanks!

GOLIATH

You are very welcome.

EDWARD

That thing...it's gone?

SANCHEZ looks up and back. On the nearest light pole, the light unit hangs down in tatters, giving off a few last, feeble sparks. At its base, BROOKLYN stands, blowing off the smoke from the barrel of his borrowed gun. He and the others look around. All of the street lights hang dead on their poles. The street is dark except for the soft, colorful glow of the Christmas lights in the yards.

SANCHEZ

Yeah. Gone for good.

EDWARD

Oh...oh...Nate!

He picks up his son and hugs him.

NATHAN

Hi, Dad.

LEXINGTON arrives, holding a gadget with a compass-like indicator on it.

LEXINGTON

Hey, did I miss much?

SANCHEZ

Most of it, I think.

LEXINGTON

Aw.

GOLIATH

Are you getting a signal?



LEXINGTON

Loud and clear.

EDWARD

Who are you, anyway?

SANCHEZ

Eric Sanchez, Chicago Police. These are the gargoyles, they're helping me tonight.

GOLIATH

You needed help, so we came.

EDWARD

You saved my son. Thank you.

LEXINGTON's tracer suddenly begins vibrating and making odd noises. From the street, there is a sudden high-pitched whistling, followed by a series of explosions as the remains of the street lamps explode, one after another. Finally, there is a pop and a trail of blue smoke escapes LEXINGTON's tracer as it dies.

LEXINGTON

Whoa! Oh, no.

EDWARD

What? What is it?

LEXINGTON

Self-destruct. They must not have wanted anyone getting the scraps.

EDWARD

Who didn't?

SANCHEZ

We're not sure yet, but we're going to find out.

EDWARD

But is that thing gone? I mean, really gone?

SANCHEZ

Are you still afraid of it?

EDWARD

No, not any more.

GOLIATH

Then don't worry about it.

SANCHEZ

Right. Come on, let's go.

They walk away from EDWARD, CAROL, and NATHAN.

SANCHEZ

Not a bad neighborhood.

GOLIATH

Do most of them have this many guns?

SANCHEZ

Well, not all. Some have more.

GOLIATH

Did you trace the signal?

LEXINGTON

Not very well. Somewhere down south is about all I could get.

SANCHEZ

South? How far?

LEXINGTON

Maybe a bit east of here, but that's a guess.

SANCHEZ

Not much to go on. Too bad. I'd really like to get hold of whoever set this up.

GOLIATH

As would we.

SANCHEZ

I'll make sure to loop you in if we find them. You coming back to the house? Aunt Maria would love to chat.

GOLIATH

Not tonight. We have work to do to get to the bottom of this. But please let her know we would like to meet.

SANCHEZ

No problem. She should be in town until New Year's. Stop by any time. We'll probably have, like, a thousand tamales to get through, too.

He turns and extends a hand to GOLIATH, who takes it in a handshake.

SANCHEZ

Thanks for your help. I owe you one or two for this.

GOLIATH

It is our calling. You owe us nothing.

GOLIATH reaches for his pocket and pulls out a letter.

GOLIATH

But if I may ask a favor?

SANCHEZ

Please.

GOLIATH

Would you see to it this letter goes back to Elisa? Captain Chavez will know how to reach her, I am sure.

SANCHEZ takes the letter from him.

SANCHEZ

With all due haste. Consider it done.

GOLIATH

Thank you.

He calls to the others.

GOLIATH

To quarters!

The other gargoyles respond, gliding off the tops of the poles or climbing up to gain height. As they do, there is a smattering

of applause from the neighbors below, who are taking stock of the damage, and from SANCHEZ, who watches them go in wonder.

Sirens approach. Around the corner and up the street comes a police cruiser, which pulls up to SANCHEZ and stops. KYLE MILLER gets out and approaches him.

MILLER

Sanchez! What are you doing here? I thought you were taking time off.

SANCHEZ

Events caught up to me.

MILLER

What's going on? We got calls about shots fired, and explosions, people saying the lights are out, and something about dragons. The whole place goes nuts or something?

SANCHEZ

More or less. I think it's under control now.

MILLER takes up his radio and calls in.

MILLER

Eight forty-six, slow 'em down. Take a one fox and I'll be here tying things up.

RADIO

Eight forty-six, thanks. Units in 8, take a disregard, peace restored. Eight forty-six on scene.

MILLER clips his radio back.

MILLER

Susanne! Where's my wife at?

SANCHEZ

What are you doing down here? Still chasing O.T.?

MILLER

More than that. They were saying there were creatures down here. Gargoyles.

SANCHEZ

Yeah, there were.

MILLER

Wait. Really? You saw them?

SANCHEZ

Yeah, I did.

MILLER

Sanchez. You gotta be careful.

SANCHEZ

No, they're all right, Kyle.

MILLER

No, but, see. I was talking to someone.

MILLER goes into his cruiser and pulls out a small red hardcover book. He hands it to SANCHEZ.

MILLER

You need to know the truth about them.

SANCHEZ looks down at the book, and then at MILLER, concerned.

EXT. SCENE - HUMBOLDT STATION. ROOF. (NIGHT)

GOLIATH, HUDSON, BROOKLYN, BROADWAY, and LEXINGTON land on the roof.

GOLIATH

So she is here.

BROADWAY

It sure seems like it. I don't know much about sorcery, but I don't see how she'd be able to cast a spell on those lights from somewhere else.

HUDSON

But I am puzzled as to her intentions.

BROADWAY

Sheer chaos. Not like she's looked for more in the past.

LEXINGTON

But why here? Why now? If she's laying traps, what was the trap here?

GOLIATH

If there was one, we seem to have avoided it. If there was not one, I can hardly believe she would sow chaos for its own sake.

HUDSON

Perhaps take this back to Manhattan?

GOLIATH

She has not done that in the past.

HUDSON

Which leaves us with nothing.

LEXINGTON

I'm not sure of that. We know she's working with that Doctor Cotter from the other night, and she was working on something to do with the visual cortex.

HUDSON

Stimulating dreams.

LEXINGTON

Right. And now we have a light show that's doing the same thing a little differently.

BROADWAY

And the people attacked us, at least for a while. Which means Matt wasn't a target. He was an experiment.

HUDSON

So that locks it up. Demona is working with Cotter. Cotter took Matt for Demona to get to us.

BROOKLYN

And if they can turn one friend to an enemy, and then terrify a neighborhood...

GOLIATH

Then we are in more danger now than we have been. It is time for a change of strategy. Demona knows we are here. The time for discretion is now past. This city is under attack. We shall defend it.

LEXINGTON

No more lying low?

GOLIATH

No. We will not wait for her next attack. We will bring the fight to her and to anyone who aids her.

BROOKLYN

About time, too.

GOLIATH

Demona intends something. Whether it is against us, this city, Manhattan, or otherwise, we will prevent her and her allies from achieving it.

INT. SCENE - CENTRAL CONTROL. MANAGER'S OFFICE.

COTTER is sitting at her desk. The monitors in front of her blink red; the entire system of street lights has been terminated. COTTER sips her coffee and frowns. There is a knock at the door.

COTTER

Yeah.

MINA, the lab technician, enters the office.

MINA

Doctor.

COTTER

Yeah, what you got? Good news?

MINA

Good news.

COTTER

Pattern capture? Please tell me it's pattern capture.

MINA

Pattern capture, doctor. We got Lexington with about ten percent loss, and that red one--

COTTER

Brooklyn.

MINA

Right. Just about 98 percent capture.

COTTER

98 percent? Now, that is good news, for a change.

MINA

Field problem?

COTTER

Yes. They managed to get most of the units too quickly. Davis is gonna want a fortune. But the patterns are lining up okay?

MINA

It sounds like it. Should have no problems retuning the units for you.

COTTER

Good. Excellent. And the lab, and...

MINA

Yes, doctor. Everything's lined up.

COTTER

Then we're right on time.

MINA

Yes, doctor, easily.

COTTER

Mina, you are a treasure. Your bonus will reflect that.

MINA

Thank you, doctor.



COTTER

Get word to Demona. Make sure she knows  
where to go and when.

MINA

Immediately.

MINA turns and leaves. COTTER begins to drum on her desk.

COTTER

(singing)

Pig-pig-Pegasus, Pegasus flies,  
Pig-pig-Pegasus, Pegasus flies,  
In the morning we see where sanity  
lies,  
Chaos follows where Pegasus flies.

=END=