

Knights and Pawns

by

Andrew Morris

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

Caption: TSS Humboldt. Wednesday, December 19, 2012. 11:35 PM.

BROOKLYN and BRONX are on the roof, looking around anxiously. HUDSON and BROADWAY land, and the four of them gather. HUDSON is soaked.

BROOKLYN

How'd it go?

HUDSON

It could have gone better. The river is really very cold this time of the year.

BROOKLYN

How'd you end up in the river?

HUDSON

Saving that junior Quarryman.

BROADWAY

Who also wound up in the river.

GOLIATH and LEXINGTON land and join them. GOLIATH is carrying the telephone directory under his arm.

GOLIATH

What did you find?

BROOKLYN

Someone turned up the lights. Sent a phantom hodag after Matt.

LEXINGTON

And you saw it.

BROOKLYN

Yes, we both did. How'd you know?

GOLIATH

Doctor Cotter tried the same thing with us. She is playing with us.

BROOKLYN

But it occurred to me. If we can see those phantoms, that means she's setting up to use them against us the same way they used them against Matt.

HUDSON

She would have to catch us first.

BROOKLYN

That's what is worrying me. The net is closing in on us. Matt is turned against us, Levin is working against us, and we have these lights and the rest of it. She might be closer to catching us than we know.

HUDSON

Then we need a new strategy.

GOLIATH

We need an outside perspective.

HUDSON

Aye. Hard to see the net from inside it.

GOLIATH

Captain Chavez?

HUDSON

And her nephew, yes. We need to see them.

LEXINGTON

I'll give them a call.

He pulls the phone out, dials, and steps away to talk.

BROADWAY

We did the best we could with those Quarrymen.

HUDSON

Aye, but Levin got the better of me. He seems an unusually dangerous man.

GOLIATH

What? How did he do that?

HUDSON

He drew me in to a fight just as the police arrived. They saw it as an attack.

BROADWAY

He seems to be good at that.

GOLIATH

Cotter may be his match.

BROOKLYN

Two of a kind.

LEXINGTON hangs up the phone, and returns.

LEXINGTON

Got them. They'll be waiting.

GOLIATH

Very good. We will return in an hour.

HUDSON and GOLIATH leave, headed south.

BROOKLYN

You really threw that Quarryman kid in the river?

BROADWAY

No, he kind of threw himself there.

There is suddenly a bang from behind them. They turn to look. MATT has exited onto the roof. He looks at them, then reaches behind his back and pulls out a Dellinger.

BROADWAY

Matt!

BROOKLYN

Oh, no.

MATT gets an anxious look on his face. The gargoyles slowly step toward him.

BROOKLYN

Don't do that.

MATT

I don't want trouble.

BROOKLYN

You've picked a strange way to avoid it.

MATT

Then, look.

He thumbs the clip latch, and the clip falls out of the gun and onto the roof. He clears the chamber, and then throws the gun aside.

MATT

I'm not out to hurt you tonight. What I'm asking for is your tolerance. Something is wrong here. I want to get it right.

BROADWAY

So do we.

BROOKLYN

So what do you want?

MATT

Promise me that, no matter what happens, for the next thirty seconds you will not harm me.

BROOKLYN

We have no intention of hurting you.

MATT

But I need your promise. I promise I won't harm you either.

BROOKLYN

You have it. We promise we won't hurt you.

MATT

You all agree?

BROADWAY and LEXINGTON nod.

MATT

Right. Okay. Okay then. Thirty seconds. Okay.

He takes several deep breaths, psyching himself up, then suddenly:

MATT

EXCELSIOOOOOOOOOOOOR!

He runs headlong at BROADWAY and leaps upon him, catching him over the shoulders.

BROADWAY

Hey! Get him off me! Get off me!

MATT puts his nose deep into BROADWAY'S armpit and sniffs deeply. BROOKLYN and LEXINGTON look on, shocked. MATT shuts his eyes, looks contemplative for a moment, then grins broadly and begins laughing maniacally. He opens his eyes and looks directly into BROADWAY'S.

MATT

(roaring)

I KNEW IT!

MATT hops down off BROADWAY and begins pacing wildly.

MATT

Oh, it was so obvious, yes, that's clear enough now, because the eyes lie, but the nose knows. Isn't that right? Trampling through the mind with hobnail boots but it's always something, always some prejudice, that has to show up...

BROOKLYN

Um, Matt? Hello?

MATT continues pacing.

MATT

And they can never! Get it! Right! Oh! I am going to filet them for this, I am going to rip their eyes right out of their skulls for this one!

BROOKLYN

Matt?

LEXINGTON

I think he's broken.

MATT

Trying to mess around up there!

MATT grasps his hair. BROADWAY, in the background, sniffs under his arm.

MATT

UP HERE! And I've put so much work into it, too! I don't understand why--

BROOKLYN

(angrily)

Matt!

MATT

What? Huh?

MATT snaps back into reality.

BROOKLYN

What. Is. Happening?

MATT

Oh. Oh, sorry, right. Someone has been messing with my memories. That's why I was afraid of you. But, lucky for all of us, they did a bad job of it.

BROADWAY

What do you mean?

MATT

Okay. Longer explanation. I remember that you killed my brother on September 18, 1995. Ripped him to shreds in front of me for no reason at all but to kill him.

BROOKLYN

(firmly)

We did no such thing.

MATT

That's right. You didn't. It is a false memory. But it was so firmly planted in my head that I believed it could be true, except for one thing: the smell.

BROADWAY

I didn't think humans could tell us by smell.

MATT

Maybe not tell you apart from each other, but I could tell you from this

creature I remember. It stank like Satan's underpants. You, I'm happy to say, do not. Not even close.

BROADWAY

Uh, thanks, I guess.

MATT

And in the back of my mind, I knew that. And there was more: in my memory, just before he was killed, Ben told me, "The eyes lie, but the nose always knows." I can't quite explain that part, but he was right. Somehow I had my head telling me this was all a lie.

BROOKLYN

So it literally didn't pass the smell test.

MATT

You said it.

LEXINGTON

So why the berserker routine?

MATT

I couldn't quite convince myself it was a lie. I still can't. I'm still sort of afraid of you. But I needed to get up close to check, and that was the only way I could get my backbone up enough for it. I couldn't think of how to ask nicely.

And the other thing is, we're well past thirty seconds. I just jumped on you and committed a major violation of your personal space, so if you're so terrible, why haven't you killed me yet?

BROOKLYN

Because we are not going to. I've been trying to tell you that.

MATT

And I haven't been listening because I didn't trust you. I trust you better now.

He extends his hand to BROOKLYN.

MATT

And I am sorry that I doubted you.

BROOKLYN shakes his hand. MATT extends his hand to BROADWAY, who shakes it.

MATT

I am sorry to have jumped on you without permission.

MATT extends his hand to LEXINGTON.

MATT

And I am deeply sorry that I thought for even a moment that you had killed my brother.

LEXINGTON crosses his arms and looks at him coldly.

LEXINGTON

No.

BROOKLYN and BROADWAY look at him, startled. MATT, chagrined, pulls back his hand.

LEXINGTON

You think you're so awesome, don't you? Think you're going to go out and be a hero? Going to save the world out there on your own? Do you have any sense of what we've been through the past few nights trying to get you out of this mess?

MATT

Well, I...

LEXINGTON

You get yourself into trouble, and you very nearly betray us to the Quarrymen, and you've made our lives three times harder than they've had to be trying to

clean all this up. And for what? So you could go out and feel strong? You could go save the day? And now it's just, "sorry, my mind got twisted," and that's supposed to make it all okay again?

MATT

That's not--

LEXINGTON

We needed you. We've got nothing else here. I needed your help the other night, and you weren't around because you were out sizing yourself up for a cape. How selfish are you?

MATT is speechless. BROADWAY and BROOKLYN are rather shocked as well. LEXINGTON glares at MATT, who looks down, ashamed.

LEXINGTON

Well?

MATT does not answer.

LEXINGTON

Huh. When you figure that out, I'll be inside.

He goes into the substation and shuts the door behind him. BROOKLYN and BROADWAY look at each other.

MATT

I don't...I didn't...

BROOKLYN

Hold tight. I'll go talk to him.

BROOKLYN goes into the station. BROADWAY reaches out to touch MATT's shoulder. He pulls away, and goes to stand at the parapet.

INT. SCENE - SANCHEZ HOUSE. LIVING ROOM.

GOLIATH and HUDSON are standing in the living room. ERIC SANCHEZ and MARIA CHAVEZ are seated.

ERIC

Yours is the third phone call I have gotten tonight. The first two said there was some sort of an attack. So, what is going on?

HUDSON

We had a fight with the local leader of the Quarrymen.

CHAVEZ

You ought to know better than that by now.

HUDSON

And you ought to know that I do. But it is very hard to avoid a fight when you are being shot at.

ERIC

I should have figured, I guess. What were you doing over there?

GOLIATH

Something is happening. We now have four different lines of attack against us. This Mr. Levin is one, and he was working to turn our friend against us as another.

HUDSON

And the street lights are a third.

GOLIATH

And tonight we went to investigate and were attacked. By Levin, and by more phantoms commanded by Doctor Cotter.

ERIC

I wish I could say I understood any of that.

GOLIATH

As do we.

CHAVEZ

Do you think there is some connection?

GOLIATH

Yes. But I cannot see it. Brooklyn says we are inside the net, and he is right.

HUDSON

It may just be that Levin is an opportunist. If so, good for him. He will be dealt with in his time. But if there is more of a connection, we need to know how he fits.

GOLIATH

And behind some part of it is Demona. She and Doctor Cotter are connected in some way.

ERIC

I assume that's a bad thing.

CHAVEZ

Very bad. I'm surprised she would be here, though.

GOLIATH

It sounds as though she had something to do with the storm that drove us here.

CHAVEZ

So you think she's responsible for that, too?

GOLIATH

Yes.

CHAVEZ

Wow. You're right, you are inside a net.

ERIC

So how can we help?

ELLEN enters the room. Eyeing GOLIATH and HUDSON warily, she goes over to ERIC and sits beside him.

GOLIATH

We are not familiar with this city or its people. We do not know what may be a part of the scheme, and what may not.

CHAVEZ

Well, let's narrow it down a bit.
You've been keeping your heads down
since you got here.

GOLIATH

Yes, largely.

CHAVEZ

So that means you haven't had as many
people out there watching you. That
narrows things down a little.

HUDSON

A fair point. Without a million eyes
upon us, the number of attackers is re-
duced.

GOLIATH

And this is the one grace we have had
here.

CHAVEZ

I'm sure it is. I know that was always
the problem for you in Manhattan. For
us, too.

ELLEN

What do you mean?

CHAVEZ

Goliath and his clan kept to them-
selves, but they never really hid from
the city.

GOLIATH

It is not our way. We are as we are.
There is nothing to hide.

CHAVEZ

And it took me years to get that. It
got better.

HUDSON

Never good.

CHAVEZ

Never good, but it did get better.
There got to be fewer flare-ups, any-

way, once people got used to the idea. Once people started to see they had nothing to hide. But every time they did come to public attention, we'd get busy trying to calm everyone down.

GOLIATH

And there were still those...

CHAVEZ

Yes. Those.

ERIC

Who?

CHAVEZ

Those who believed they knew better. They might be one in a thousand, but with a million eyes on them, that's still five hundred troublemakers to police, more or less.

ERIC

I see what you mean. And no organization?

CHAVEZ

Not much, other than the Quarrymen, not most of the time. And that's besides all of the other characters who had it in for you. Thailog, and all.

GOLIATH

Yes.

ERIC

So you were out herding cats.

CHAVEZ

More or less.

ERIC

Can't have made it easy.

CHAVEZ

It kept things fresh, anyway.

HUDSON's ear twitches, and he glances back.

HUDSON

Now, it's a million and two eyes. Come out of there.

From behind him, young OSCAR SANCHEZ, who's about five, peeps around the corner. He is in his pajamas.

CHAVEZ

Oscar, what are you doing up?

ELLEN

Everything all right, honey?

OSCAR nods.

ERIC

You want to come in and say hello?

OSCAR nods again.

ERIC

Come in here.

ELLEN

Are you sure?

OSCAR comes in and stops short, looking at HUDSON, who looks back at him. ELLEN watches this warily.

HUDSON

Aye, then, what have we here? Are you being good, Oscar?

OSCAR shakes his head. CHAVEZ chuckles a bit at this.

HUDSON

No? Why's that, then? Are you supposed to be asleep?

OSCAR nods.

HUDSON

Well, we won't tell anyone about that. You just heard someone in the house and went to check on it, right?

OSCAR nods.

HUDSON
I think that will pass.

ERIC
I think it will.

HUDSON
You promise to be good besides that?

OSCAR nods.

HUDSON
Shake on it?

He extends his index finger to OSCAR, who grasps it and shakes it. HUDSON smiles at him.

HUDSON
Deal.

ELLEN
Okay, kiddo. Back to bed.

OSCAR leaves and goes back to his bedroom.

HUDSON
A good child.

ELLEN
You were very nice to him.

HUDSON
Why not? Curiosity like that saves us trouble later.

ERIC
True enough, I suppose.

ELLEN
Can you be sure of that?

GOLIATH
At the moment, I am not sure of anything.

CHAVEZ
That's been more or less a constant, though. Right?

GOLIATH

In Manhattan, yes.

ERIC

I don't think you'll find the people here much different in that. Maybe even nicer. More willing to be curious?

GOLIATH

I have found a little of that here already.

ELLEN

But, I mean, can you be sure they won't just decide to attack you?

GOLIATH

No, I cannot.

ELLEN looks at him, and then stands and begins to leave the room.

ERIC

Where are you going, dear?

ELLEN

The gun safe.

ERIC

No, come back here. What do you need that for?

ELLEN

Answer me this: if they attack you, will they stop there, or will they come after the people who've helped you?

HUDSON

We know that too well. They have already attacked one of our friends.

ELLEN

So they will.

HUDSON

There is too good a chance of that.

GOLIATH

We do not mean to put you in danger--

ELLEN

Hush a moment. Eric?

ERIC

What?

ELLEN

Are you going to help them?

ERIC

I mean...I think I got to.

ELLEN

Then I have to defend my family. Maria, you shoot handgun or long gun?

CHAVEZ

Handgun, but it's been a while.

ELLEN

I'll get you the little one.

She leaves the room.

GOLIATH

We do not mean to draw you into this fight.

ERIC

My wife was a special ops officer. You were never going to keep her out. Where do we start?

GOLIATH

We need a watch on our friend today. He has turned against us, but we hope for his return.

ERIC

Who's that?

HUDSON

His name is Matt Pegram.

ERIC and CHAVEZ look at him, startled.

CHAVEZ

What?

ERIC

Who did you say?

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

MATT is crouched at the parapet, looking down over the side of the station. LEXINGTON comes up beside him. MATT doesn't look up. LEXINGTON crouches down.

MATT

Did you think of something else to tell me off about?

LEXINGTON

Three or four things, maybe.

MATT

You were right. Half of why I went in that building was me thinking I could take care of it quickly, and get back here without bothering you. But half of it was me wanting to look good to you guys. I sort of figured I'd look less like a washout if I could handle one on my own.

LEXINGTON

So you charged right in with no idea what you were getting into.

MATT

Yeah, I did.

LEXINGTON

And how's that supposed to make you look good?

MATT

Oh, I don't know. It made sense at the time.

LEXINGTON

And now?

MATT

Now it just looks dumb.

LEXINGTON

Well, that's progress, anyway. Why'd you come back?

MATT

I'm beginning to ask myself that right about now, too.

LEXINGTON

I mean it.

MATT

I have an obligation. Literally. Swore an oath when I graduated that's called the "Obligation of an Engineer." And I wear a ring to remind me.

He shows LEXINGTON the ring on the little finger of his right hand.

MATT

Lot of stuff about professional responsibility and public service. Half of it was figuring out who my public is, and that you guys are part of it, too.

BROOKLYN comes up along MATT's other side and crouches down beside him.

MATT

I can't work against you and uphold my oath. I should know better than that.

BROOKLYN

So what do you want to do now?

MATT

I want to work with you.

BROADWAY joins the group on LEXINGTON's other side, and crouches down as well.

LEXINGTON

We've got no room for heroes here.

MATT

Could have fooled me. Seems like you got room for nothing else.

BROADWAY

Maybe, but only because we all put our part in. There's no heroes between us.

BROOKLYN

Or washouts.

LEXINGTON

But we've got room for a few humans among us. If they behave.

MATT smiles weakly.

MATT

If they behave, huh?

BROOKLYN

Key thing being, you don't have anything more to prove to us. We know our friends.

MATT

Yeah. That part, I forgot.

LEXINGTON extends his hand.

LEXINGTON

Are you back?

MATT

Yes.

He takes LEXINGTON's hand and shakes it.

LEXINGTON

Apology accepted. Glad to have you here.

MATT

Thrilled to be here. Thank you.

He stands, followed by the others.

MATT

Now, I've got something else for you.

BROADWAY

Wow. Big "welcome back" and it's down to business already.

MATT

It's important. I shot you.

BROADWAY

Yeah, but you missed.

MATT

Yes. Why? I wasn't in my right mind. I meant to get you, and I didn't.

He goes over to the dropped Dellinger and picks it up, followed by the clip.

MATT

Something I haven't told you. I've got pretty good marksmanship. Took silver in the state fair about ten years ago. My little brother took gold. I don't talk about it much, because who cares? But I keep in practice.

BROOKLYN

Well, that's--wait.

MATT

Yeah.

LEXINGTON

But that's a Dellinger.

MATT

Yes, it is. So, you tell me what you think. Medalist marksmanship, and auto-aiming gun, shooting ten yards to a stationary target, aiming to kill. And it missed. Good luck?

BROADWAY

My luck is never that good.

BROOKLYN

No, our luck has been nothing but good this whole time. Remember Halloween?

BROADWAY

Yeah. They got my trophy.

BROOKLYN

And they got Hudson's ear, and they got Goliath across the shoulder, but nothing more than that. So if this gun is so spectacular, how is it that people keep missing us?

LEXINGTON

It's a fix.

MATT

Yeah, that's what I think.

LEXINGTON

But it worked for me shooting bottles.

BROADWAY

So it works, but not against us. So someone set it up to miss gargoyles because they--oh.

BROOKLYN

Demona?

BROADWAY

Demona.

MATT

Demona?

LEXINGTON

Old enemy of ours. I'll fill you in later.

MATT

Right.

BROADWAY

Which means this is connected to her, which means it's connected to the lights, which is why they had one in the lab. Oh! That is a thing.

MATT

A bad thing?

BROADWAY

Terrible thing, great link. Fist.

He holds up his fist toward MATT, who bumps it with his own.

MATT

Wait. This gun is connected to all of
(indicating his head) this mess?

BROADWAY

Yes. Lexington, who made those lights?

LEXINGTON

Uh, it was Davis Electronics.

BROADWAY

And the guns?

BROOKLYN

That was, what, Cuprium Arms? Why?

BROADWAY

You thought the net was closing in on
us, right?

BROOKLYN

Yeah.

BROADWAY

Let's find out just what kind of net it
is. Come on.

They go inside the station.

INT. SCENE - HUMBOLDT STATION.

BROADWAY enters, followed by BROOKLYN, LEXINGTON, and MATT.

BROADWAY

We've got a little work to do to run
these down. Can you get us online?

LEXINGTON

Sure. What'd you need?

BROADWAY

There has to be more links between
these things, and unless I miss my
guess, I'll bet we find it online.

LEXINGTON pulls up a chair to his rig. He has cobbled together
quite an assemblage of spare parts that are wired to and fro

with a variety of wiring, and now he sits at the keyboard, in front of a spare CRT from the operator's console downstairs. MATT looks in amazement at it.

BROADWAY

I mean, if it's all right?

BROOKLYN

Roll on. I know better than to get in your way when you're on fire.

BROADWAY

Yes!

MATT

Wait, this is from the control consoles downstairs.

LEXINGTON

Yeah.

MATT

Lexington, what have you done to my substation?

LEXINGTON

Oh, relax. It's all spares and scraps.

MATT

And this all works?

LEXINGTON

Maybe. Let's find out. What am I searching for?

BROADWAY

Dellinger, Davis, Cuprium. The three things we have right now.

LEXINGTON types into the computer, and it responds. MATT grins broadly.

MATT

Oh! That is naughtily awesome.

LEXINGTON

That describes half my life. Uh, nothing much here.

BROADWAY
Dellinger, Davis, Chicago?

LEXINGTON types it in.

LEXINGTON
Some guy, mostly. David.

BROADWAY
Not a name I'd want to hear right now.

LEXINGTON
Different one. Pacifist, it says here.
And dead for a few years.

BROADWAY
Scratch that, then.

MATT
No, wait, hold on. Click through there.
"Chicago Seven."

LEXINGTON does.

LEXINGTON
"The Chicago Seven were seven defendants: Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, David Dellinger, Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis, John Froines, and Lee Weiner, charged with conspiracy, inciting to riot," and so on. But that was years ago.

MATT
Yeah, but...

The door opens, and GOLIATH and HUDSON enter. They spot MATT at the computer.

GOLIATH
Matt. How are you?

MATT
Hi. Better, thanks.

BROADWAY
We're working on a couple of leads.

HUDSON

What would those be?

BROADWAY

Figuring out why Matt couldn't shoot me when he shot at me. Demona is involved.

GOLIATH

How?

BROADWAY

We think she set the guns to miss gargoyles.

MATT

Guys?

BROADWAY

Yeah?

MATT

Linkage.

BROADWAY

What, already?

MATT

Yeah. Dellinger and Davis are both on that list. So's Hayden.

BROOKLYN

From the werewolf clinic. Go down the list.

LEXINGTON

Hoffman.

They think for a moment.

LEXINGTON

Great start.

BROADWAY

Pass. Next?

LEXINGTON

Rubin.

MATT

That's familiar.

LEXINGTON

Uh, hang on.

He slides over and pulls up on one of the cables connecting the computer, gingerly, and pulls a bit of transparent tape out of the cable housing. He reads from it:

LEXINGTON

"Hodag, serial number 16, copyright
2012 by Rubin Electronics Company."

MATT

That loops in the hodag.

BROOKLYN

And explains what it was doing at your
place tonight.

MATT

Maybe, yeah.

LEXINGTON

Dellinger, we got.

BROADWAY

He's a pacifist, so of course they name
the guns after him. Irony, much?

BROOKLYN

Maybe. Make a note of that.

LEXINGTON

Hayden, that's the clinic. Davis, the
lights. Froines?

MATT

I got that one. "Froines is for
friends." Froines Dairy. The buttermilk
thing.

BROOKLYN

Wait, that? The Buttermilk Bozos?
That's a part of this?

MATT

Could be. And?

LEXINGTON

Weiner.

GOLIATH

The iron works.

MATT

Weiner Iron, the manhole covers.

BROADWAY

It's all there. All but Hoffman.

GOLIATH

Hoffman is here.

On the table is a binder, the Central Command interoffice telephone directory. GOLIATH goes to the table, opens it, and thumbs over to a listing.

GOLIATH

"Cotter, Doctor Victoria. 647 Hoffman Labs."

BROADWAY

There it is. There's your net.

HUDSON

And it has been closing around us since we arrived.

BROADWAY

What were they charged with?

LEXINGTON

Conspiracy and inciting a riot, mostly.

BROADWAY

Someone may be trying to finish the job.

BROOKLYN

That sure sounds like Demona to me.

LEXINGTON

No kidding.

BROADWAY

Wait. "Pegasus will fly."

GOLIATH

Cotter said something like that.

BROADWAY

So did Levin.

LEXINGTON

Uh..."Pegasus"?

BROADWAY

Yeah.

LEXINGTON

Could it be "Pigasus"? With an "I"?

BROADWAY

I guess so. Why? Don't tell me--

LEXINGTON

Sure is. Says they nominated a pig named "Pigasus" for president.

HUDSON

There is a certain lack of gravity to this.

BROADWAY

Maybe there was then, but right now it sounds awfully sinister.

MATT

Any lead on where Hoffman Labs is?

LEXINGTON

I was getting a signal from down south, and maybe a bit east of where Officer Sanchez lives.

MATT

Where? Where does he live?

HUDSON

Near 55th Street.

MATT

I got it. Hoffman Engineering Labs at Tech.

GOLIATH

And how do you know that?

MATT

I spent a lot of time there in school.

GOLIATH looks at him, impassively for a moment. He then speaks.

GOLIATH

Broadway, Matt, stay here a moment. The rest of you to the roof.

They look at each other, alarmed.

GOLIATH

Now.

HUDSON

Come along.

HUDSON, BROOKLYN, and LEXINGTON exit. GOLIATH approaches MATT, who suddenly looks very nervous.

MATT

What's wrong?

GOLIATH looks at him, sternly.

GOLIATH

Is this a trick?

MATT

What? No, of course not.

GOLIATH

Really?

MATT

No, don't do this. I wouldn't trick you.

BROADWAY

I don't think he is.

GOLIATH

You have spoken to him. How did he return?

BROADWAY

Well, uh. He jumped up on me.

GOLIATH

An attack?

BROADWAY

No! He was trying to convince himself
that he's been fooled!

GOLIATH

And you believe him?

BROADWAY

Yes. Yes, I do.

GOLIATH

Look at me.

MATT does, but with difficulty. He begins to tremble a bit.

GOLIATH

There is a fear in your eyes I have not
seen before tonight.

MATT

It is not treachery. Please believe me.

BROADWAY

Goliath? If the net is closing, he's
inside it with us. Remember the dairy?
The werewolf thing?

GOLIATH sighs deeply. His look softens somewhat.

GOLIATH

There have been so many moving pieces
here. Every one of these adventures
leads to the same conclusion. It would
be natural for you to be a part of that
too.

MATT

I understand that, but I am not.

GOLIATH

Has anyone promised you anything?

MATT

Not a thing. I swear it. I was lied to by these people. The only thing I want is to get back at them for disturbing my mind and trying to wreck a friendship that I value very, very much. I would settle for making sure that you are safe and that they cannot do it again. That is the whole truth.

GOLIATH nods.

GOLIATH

I am sorry to alarm you.

MATT relaxes visibly, and lets out a deep breath.

MATT

I get that. We are still friends?

GOLIATH

We are. But I was warned against it.

MATT

By who?

GOLIATH

A police officer, Officer Sanchez. He warned us about your history.

MATT

Oh.

GOLIATH

You told us that history the night we met, or claimed to. That your brother had shot the police. I am asking you now: is there anything more than that?

MATT

Seventeen years of trying to do better. That is everything I can offer.

GOLIATH

Have you done better enough that I should trust you with our lives?

MATT

I really don't know. I hope so. If you do, I will not take that trust lightly. But if you don't, I will understand.

BROADWAY

Goliath? He did come back. He fought off his fear to be here.

GOLIATH

His fears are not my concern. It is what else someone may have put into him that concerns me.

MATT

Whatever that is, I am fighting it off. Right now, I am fighting it off just to stand here and not run from you. If there's anything else in there working against you, my fight is against that too. If your fight is against that, I could really use the help.

He puts out his hand.

MATT

Fight for me, my friend.

BROADWAY

For us.

GOLIATH nods, reaches out and shakes MATT's hand.

GOLIATH

For our clan.

EXT. SCENE - STREET. (NIGHT)

A swanky part of town, and a street lined with posh townhouses. BRAD LEVIN exits one of these. He turns, locks the door, and proceeds down to the street, out the gate, and down the street.

Caption: Prairie Avenue, Chicago. Thursday, December 20, 2012.
6:07 AM.

As he goes, LEVIN hears the sound of something clicking on the sidewalk behind him, and speeds up a bit. The clicking speeds up

too. Unbothered, he continues, reaching under his coat and drawing out a Dellinger. A voice speaks behind him:

LOUIE
Mr. Levin?

LEVIN stops and turns around. Before him is LOUIE, accompanied by a large hodag, who growls softly.

LOUIE
You are wanted. Seventy-four, fetch.

The hodag advances on LEVIN.

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

COTTER is seated at her desk, fingers tented, cup of coffee steaming in front of her. There is a knock, the door opens, and LOUIE enters. Behind him, the hodag follows, dragging LEVIN by the foot. LEVIN, on his back, has his arms crossed and looks displeased. The group stops in front of COTTER's desk.

COTTER
Mr. Levin, we need to have a conversation.

LEVIN
I am busy.

COTTER
Not right now, you aren't. Louie?

LOUIE
Seventy-four, release.

The hodag merely growls slightly. LOUIE is somewhat puzzled.

LOUIE
Release. Let go.

LEVIN
You know, you could bother to get these things figured out before you drag me here.

COTTER
(in German)
Vierundsiebzig, frei.

The hodag promptly drops LEVIN's leg and goes to sit by LOUIE's side. LEVIN stands and brushes off his coat.

COTTER

Language pack. Got another project coming up. Which is exactly the problem here, sir.

LEVIN

Your adventures in *Allemagne* are not my concern.

COTTER

No, but the ones we have going on here are. Watch the door.

LOUIE

Yes, doctor.

LOUIE and the hodag go outside, and LOUIE closes the door behind him.

LEVIN

You have an interesting approach to client service. I don't say I appreciate it, Doctor Cotter.

COTTER

We had an agreement. No direct action until the new year, which, by my math, is not for a couple of weeks. Why have you done otherwise?

LEVIN

I did warn you that it would be hard to keep things controlled.

COTTER

Yes, you did. You failed to warn me that you, yourself, would need to be controlled as well.

She types into the computer, bringing up a still photo of LEVIN and J-MO on the sidewalk. She turns this around to face him. He looks at it neutrally, and then back to her.

COTTER

This is the problem with having devices on the street that pick up fears. We

can see so much going on. Such as this one, located not far from where you and your compatriot decided to have a little fight recently.

LEVIN

That was not my doing, or do you expect me not to defend myself when I'm attacked?

COTTER

But why were you attacked? What caused that, hm? Do you want me to explain it to you?

LEVIN

No.

COTTER

Do you need me to explain to you again what the terms of our agreement are?

LEVIN

No.

COTTER

And are you aware that the consequences of future breaches could involve a one-way ticket out of town and--?

LEVIN

Yes, yes, yes.

COTTER

So are we going to have this discussion again?

LEVIN

No, Doctor Cotter.

COTTER

Fine. Then I think we can salvage this relationship after all. Thank you for your time. You may go.

LEVIN

No, thank you, Doctor Cotter.

He opens the door, and LOUIE and the hodag both look at him.

COTTER

See that Mr. Levin reaches his office safely. I trust that the hodag will not be needed for that?

LEVIN

It won't.

COTTER

(in German)

Vierundsiebzig, bleib.

HODAG

Grawrur.

LEVIN and LOUIE leave, LOUIE closing the door behind them. COTTER sighs, and rubs her face.

COTTER

You can come out now.

A side door opens, and DEMONA enters. COTTER looks at her from behind her hands.

DEMONA

You are certain he will not be any further trouble?

COTTER

I am not certain of anything much at the moment, except that, if he is, we'll take care of it.

DEMONA

I trust that you will. It is going to be exceptionally hard for you to deliver as promised if Goliath and his clan are destroyed.

COTTER

I know that. Of course I know that.

DEMONA

Then why do you leave him to make trouble? Get rid of him.

COTTER

It is not that easy. You should know that. He has a following in this town

and if he suddenly disappears that following is going to rise up and make forty times as much trouble.

DEMONA

Then suppress them. That is your job.

COTTER

My job is to manage this caper for you, not to put down a revolt. There will be chaos, yes, but according to the plan.

DEMONA

For how much longer?

COTTER

Tonight only. They will be yours tonight, but only if you let me do my job.

DEMONA

Very well. What is the time?

COTTER

Seven o'clock. You have a few minutes.

DEMONA

Fine. Then I will see you tonight.

COTTER

Bring the champagne. You'll be pleased.

DEMONA exits through the side door, closing it behind her. COTTER shakes her head.

COTTER

I hate client management.

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

All the gargoyles are taking up their positions around the parapets. GOLIATH and MATT stand together.

GOLIATH

I would like to ask you for something.

MATT

Go ahead.

GOLIATH
Sleep here today.

MATT
What?

GOLIATH
We have several enemies here now. They
have targeted you already. You will be
safer here.

MATT
Are you sure of that?

GOLIATH
Yes. As will we.

MATT
All right. If you insist.

GOLIATH
I do.

MATT
I'll need to go and get some things
from home.

GOLIATH
That is all right, but please return
quickly. Officer Sanchez offered to
check on you. Please give him our re-
gards.

MATT
Can do.

GOLIATH
And, thank you for returning.

MATT
Thank you for letting me come back.

GOLIATH climbs up to the upper level of the roof. He turns and
faces east. The sun breaks the horizon a moment later, and all
six gargoyles turn to stone. MATT exhales sharply. He turns to
go.

EXT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. FRONT.

ERIC and ELLEN are in a car outside of MATT's house. They are dressed for the cold weather and are watching out generally.

Caption: 7:50 AM.

ERIC

You're okay with this?

ELLEN

No. I'm not okay with any of this. I want my husband and my kids safe. I want to be at home with them, not sitting out here guarding a Pegram against God knows what.

ERIC

We could go home. If you want.

ELLEN

I don't want to go home, either. I want things to be normal.

ERIC

Really?

ELLEN

Well.

ERIC

Well.

He smiles at her, and rubs her hand affectionately.

ELLEN

They seem like decent people. I guess we can help them out.

Above, MATT appears in the front window of his apartment, looking out to the street. ERIC sees this.

ERIC

I think that's him. I'm going to go talk to him.

ELLEN

All right. You be careful, though.

ERIC

Oh, when have I ever done that? I'll be right back.

ERIC gets out of the car and goes up to the door of the building. Overhead, a couple of helicopters pass. He presses the door buzzer.

MATT

(over intercom)

Yeah? Who is it?

ERIC

It's Eric Sanchez. I'm a police officer. Can I come up?

The door buzzes, and ERIC goes in.

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

MATT goes to his front door and chains it. He opens the door. ERIC comes up to it outside.

ERIC

Can I come in?

MATT

You got your badge on you?

ERIC pulls it out and shows it to MATT. He shuts the door, unchains it, and opens it again. ERIC enters.

MATT

Sorry about that. Goliath told me you were coming.

ERIC

Oh? You spoke to him?

MATT

Yeah, this morning.

ERIC

He seemed to think you'd turned on him.

MATT

I did, but I'm kind of better now.

ERIC
"Kind of better"?

MATT
Well, it's...can I get you a coffee or something? I got a fresh pot on.

ERIC
Sure, thanks.

MATT goes into the kitchen. ERIC studies the surroundings while he is gone: the pictures on the wall, the dented coffee table, and so on.

MATT (OFF)
You want any cream in it?

ERIC
Black's fine.

MATT (OFF)
He said you were coming to check on me.
I appreciate that, thanks. I'm not sticking around here today, though.

ERIC
Well, we were gonna do it for him, not so much for you, if I'm honest. I don't know I like the idea of guarding a Pe-gram.

MATT returns with two cups of coffee.

MATT
I guess I could have seen that coming.

He hands one of the cups to ERIC, and they sit. Another helicopter goes by overhead.

MATT
Officer, I was twelve years old when all that happened. That's not who I am. That's not who I've been for almost fifteen years now.

ERIC
I get that. It's just hard to get around it.

MATT

Try being it.

ERIC

You and your brother shot at the cops.

MATT

Yeah. We did. I don't deny that.

ERIC

Why?

MATT looks away, uncomfortably.

ERIC

C'mon, if I'm gonna be watching you...

MATT

It was a family thing. My mother was out to get away from a lot of troubles of her own. She set up her own sons to be her own private army. She failed. We failed. She's still stuck in a hospital in Wisconsin, refusing to get better. One son died, and the others spent time in foster care trying to get the stink of that off. I don't know it ever does come off.

ERIC

And here I am watching out for you anyway.

MATT

People change. People can get better.

Another helicopter goes by overhead. MATT drinks his coffee.

ERIC

You said you were "kind of better."
What do you mean?

MATT

I know the gargoyles are all right, but I don't believe it. I keep believing that they're going to do something to me, that it's all a trick. I'm afraid of them for no reason.

ERIC

You're not the only one.

MATT

I know that. But I want to get better.

ERIC

That why you're sticking with them?

MATT

Yes. I don't want whoever messed up my head to get away with it. I've been through that once already.

ERIC

Good luck.

MATT

Thanks.

ERIC

Are you all right, though?

MATT

No. I can't say I am, completely. What about you?

ERIC

Me, what?

MATT

You seem to be helping them out too. What's your deal?

ERIC

Friends of the family. My aunt was with the NYPD, and got a chance to know them there.

MATT

Oh, yeah? Small world, I guess.

ERIC

I guess. She keeps trying to get me to help them out.

MATT chuckles a little at this.

MATT

They do seem to inspire that, don't they?

ERIC

I don't know. I guess so. But she says they're good people.

MATT

You think so?

ERIC

Yeah. Yeah, they are, from what I've seen.

MATT stands.

MATT

I gotta get back over to the station.

ERIC

Need a lift?

MATT

You don't mind?

ERIC

Nah. Goliath wanted me to keep an eye on you. May as well see that through.

MATT

Thanks. Let me dump this out and grab my bedroll. You done?

ERIC

Sure.

MATT takes the cup from ERIC and goes into the kitchen.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN.

MATT enters the kitchen and puts the cups into the sink. As he does, another helicopter goes by overhead.

MATT

Lot of helicopters today.

ERIC (OFF)

What's that?

MATT

Lot of helicopters going by today.
There something going on downtown?

ERIC (OFF)

Not that I know of.

MATT steps outside onto the porch.

EXT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. BACK PORCH.

MATT steps out on the porch and looks around. He spots the latest helicopter flying east overhead and slightly south. He follows the line of its flight off to the distance. There are several helicopters hovering in a group there. He watches a moment, and then his eyes widen in horror.

MATT

Sanchez!

ERIC comes out onto the porch.

ERIC

What is it?

MATT points at the helicopters.

MATT

Tell me my eye for distance is out.
Tell me they're not over the station.

ERIC looks out at the helicopters.

ERIC

Come on.

They both run back inside the apartment.

EXT. SCENE - HUMBOLDT STATION. ROOF.

On the roof of the station, two riggers in military helmets and vests are finishing tying off lines to HUDSON. They jump onto a rope ladder hanging from a helicopter, and one points his finger upward, drawing a small circle. The helicopter lifts up, hoisting HUDSON up into the air, and flies away with him dangling underneath as the two riggers are hoisted up into the helicopter. Only GOLIATH remains where he went to sleep.

EXT. SCENE - HUMBOLDT STATION. STREET.

ERIC SANCHEZ pulls up to the curb sharply, and parks. ELLEN, MATT, and ERIC jump out of the car and rush to the door. All three are armed. MATT unlocks the door and goes in, followed by the others.

EXT. SCENE - HUMBOLDT STATION. ROOF.

The last helicopter has taken its place over GOLIATH. Two riggers drop down from the helicopter and begin to rapidly fit a harness around GOLIATH. MATT bursts out onto the roof, followed by ELLEN and ERIC. They turn to look up at the riggers; from where they are, they cannot get up to GOLIATH.

MATT

Hey! Get off of him!

ERIC

Police officer! Stop what you're doing!

RIGGER 1 steps away from GOLIATH as RIGGER 2 continues to cinch up the harness. RIGGER 1 draws a pistol from his belt and fires down at the group, which ducks and dodges back. ELLEN takes her rifle up and aims at the group, and fires. RIGGER 1 ducks to avoid the shot. ELLEN then fires several shots at the helicopter, leaving holes in the fuselage. RIGGER 1 returns fire and ELLEN ducks out of the way.

MATT

Watch your aim, don't hit Goliath!

ELLEN

What'll happen if I do?

MATT

I don't know, but he won't be happy about it in any case.

ERIC

Gonna be even less happy if they get away with him.

MATT steps out and tries to aim at the riggers with his Dellinger; RIGGER 1 fires nearby him and drives him back under cover.

ERIC

Watch it!

MATT

I'm trying. You got an idea?

The riggers finish attaching the harness to GOLIATH. They step onto the ladder, and RIGGER 1 points up and draws a small circle in the air. The helicopter lifts off, taking GOLIATH up. As it does, MATT, ELLEN, and ERIC all step out and open fire on the helicopter. The riggers duck for cover, as much as they can on the ladder, and several of the shots find home on the helicopter, damaging its panels. One twangs against the rigging, which begins to rip under the strain. The riggers look at this, and then scramble up into the helicopter. They make good their escape.

MATT

Oh, no, no, no. Can you follow them?

ERIC

I can try. Come on.

ERIC, ELLEN, and MATT run back through the door.

INT. SCENE - HELICOPTER.

RIGGER 1 and RIGGER 2 climb back up into the helicopter. RIGGER 1 looks down at GOLIATH, who is beginning to sag slightly off-kilter as the rigging tears.

RIGGER 1

Yeah, she ain't gonna hold up real good. Get us out over the lake. I don't wanna hit anyone when we drop this thing.

PILOT

You got it.

RIGGER 1

And take it easy 'til we get there.

PILOT

Right.

RIGGER 1 looks down at their cargo as the helicopter proceeds east over the city.

INT. SCENE - SANCHEZ'S CAR.

ERIC is driving madly through the streets, going east. ELLEN and MATT are watching out for the helicopter.

MATT

I got a pretty good idea they may be going down to Tech.

ERIC

So why are they going east?

MATT

I don't know. Just keep up with them if you can. I don't like the look of that harness.

ELLEN

Make a left here, honey.

ERIC turns sharply left. ELLEN looks out the passenger side and MATT shifts over in the rear seat to watch that side too.

MATT

Still going east.

ELLEN

Yeah, but traffic's better up here.

ERIC

Mostly.

EXT. SCENE - STREET. DAMEN AND NORTH AVENUES.

There is a line of traffic waiting to get through the complex intersection of Damen and North Avenues. ERIC swerves around to the left, passing all the traffic and forcing oncoming cars to get out of the way. They fly under the El and cut a swift right across the line of traffic, and floor it up North Avenue east-bound.

INT. SCENE - SANCHEZ'S CAR.

MATT is a little startled by this latest maneuver, but excited by the chase.

ELLEN

Good driving, dear.

ERIC
Thank you, darling.

EXT. SCENE - AERIAL.

The helicopter continues east with a noticeably lopsided GOLIATH hanging below it. The rigging is now getting to be noticeably deteriorated.

INT. SCENE - HELICOPTER.

RIGGER 1 shakes his head.

RIGGER 1
Ain't gonna make it much further like
this.

INT. SCENE - SANCHEZ'S CAR.

They have now made it downtown. As the helicopter continues east, ERIC swerves left onto Lasalle Street and through Lincoln Park, keeping as close to it as he can.

INT. SCENE - HELICOPTER.

The helicopter has made it into the clear over the park.

RIGGER 1
Down, take it down! Get us close to the
water, this thing's going!

The helicopter descends over the water.

EXT. SCENE - NORTH AVENUE BEACH. PARKING LOT.

ERIC drives the car into the parking lot and brings it to a sudden stop. All three of them get out of the car and run down toward the lake shore, off of which the helicopter is hovering. GOLIATH is quite tilted now.

As they arrive at the shore, there is a snap. GOLIATH falls into the water, with a colossal splash, about 200 feet off shore. The helicopter, freed of its load, leaps up.

MATT
No!

GOLIATH is completely submerged. The wreckage of the rigging floats above him, and a narrow stream of bubbles float to the surface, but there is otherwise no sign of him.

=END= (To be continued)