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Six

by

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Gargoyles: City of the Phoenix
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1. EXT. SCENE - SKY OVER THE HUDSON RIVER (NIGHT)

Caption: October 29, 2012, 6:27 PM. Manhattan.

The skies above New York are troubled. Hurricane Sandy is in full force, and the winds lash the city wildly. Manhattan is in darkness (or at least, the southern end of it), and rain and debris of all sorts lashes the buildings and the few residents still making their way to whatever shelter they can find. In the streets, the storm surge flows wildly, carrying cars, newspaper boxes, and anything else that's not nailed down with it.

Above the streets, a dozen winged creatures fly westward through the night sky, barely visible through the deluge, and buffeted by the 40 mph tailwinds. They must yell to be heard over the wind.

GOLIATH

With me! Stay close!

BROOKLYN

Where are we going?

GOLIATH

Just keep going and get across the river!

They glide out off the Manhattan shore and over the river.

LEXINGTON

Can we get over to there--whoa!

As he points out something dimly visible on the opposite shore, the downdraft catches him and he goes spiraling down.

LEXINGTON

Help!

BROADWAY

Lexington!

He dives toward him, reaching out.

GOLIATH

Coldstone!

COLDSTONE

I have them!

COLDSTONE dives toward them. As he does, BROADWAY gets hold of LEXINGTON, helping him right himself, but the two of them continue to descend. COLDSTONE jets down toward them, catching up between them. He takes hold of both, and fires his jets full power, bringing them back up in line with the others.

EXT. SCENE - SKY OVER BAYONNE, N.J. (NIGHT)

The gargoyles struggle across the river, passing a darkened Statue of Liberty, before finally coming over land at Bayonne.

Below, in the Greenville yard (southwest of the Battery) stands a train of hopper cars, headed by a locomotive that idles placidly. The engineer stands on the deck of the locomotive, looking back, as his conductor jogs up to the front, fighting the wind all the way.

GOLIATH

There! Down into the train, everyone!

They fight their way down, struggling to stay on course, and one by one land on two of the hoppers. GOLIATH, BROOKLYN, BROADWAY, LEXINGTON, and HUDSON (carrying BRONX) land in the first car; the others (with COLDSTONE) land in the second. They duck down inside.

EXT. SCENE - RAIL YARD (NIGHT)

At the front of the train, the engineer watches his conductor come up the lee side of the train, which barely shelters him from the rain and wind.

CONDUCTOR

You're good!

ENGINEER

What?

CONDUCTOR

You're good! Ready to go!

ENGINEER

Great! How's it looking back there?

CONDUCTOR

Lousy. Water's up to the railhead already on 26.

ENGINEER

How about us? How long we got?

CONDUCTOR

Whaddya think I am, a weatherman?

He looks back along the train. In the darkness, several indistinct shapes fall out of the sky and onto the train. They look vaguely like some sort of creatures landing on the train.

CONDUCTOR

Hey! Look at that! Something just landed on one of the cars back there.

ENGINEER

So what? The whole city's blowing up this way. Probably a roof out of Astoria or somewhere. Come on!

The conductor clambers up on the engine, as the engineer heads into the cab. The conductor goes in and slams the door, and the engine throttles up and begins pulling out. As it does, we see one pair of lit eyes come up over the edge of one car, in back of the train, looking back toward the city.

INT. SCENE - HOPPER CAR

GOLIATH is looking over the top of the first car. The others are settling into the car, bracing themselves against the bouncing and jolting of the car as it rolls down the tracks.

BROADWAY

(to LEXINGTON)

You OK?

LEXINGTON

Yeah. Thanks for the assist.

GOLIATH

(to the second car)

Is everyone in?

COLDSTONE (OFF)

Aye, all safe and accounted for. How about you?

GOLIATH

All safe here. Stay there for now.

He comes down from the end of the car and takes his seat with the others. He is somewhat relieved, but dismayed.

BROOKLYN

So where are we going in this thing?

GOLIATH

Wherever it takes us, until we part ways with this storm.

BROADWAY

How far will that be?

GOLIATH

I do not know.

Lightning flashes and thunder cracks. The car lurches suddenly, sending everyone off balance. BROOKLYN grabs for the side of the car to steady himself, and then pulls himself up on the back of the car.

BROOKLYN

Katana, are you all right?

KATANA (OFF)

Yes, are you?

BROOKLYN

Hanging in there.

NASHVILLE (OFF)

Hold on, I'm coming over.

The train lurches again, throwing BROOKLYN sideways on the rail and tumbling the others again.

BROOKLYN

No, stay there. I'll come to you.

A scrap of tar paper (or similar trash) flies up and catches BROOKLYN in the back of the head, snagging on his horns. He reaches up to grab it, but the car lurches again and he has to resume his grasp on the top of the car to avoid falling out. He shakes his head to dislodge the trash.

GOLIATH

Come down from there now.

BROOKLYN

They're right there. I just need to get over once we smooth out.

He starts to climb up, but GOLIATH reaches out and grabs BROOKLYN to pull him back. There is another flash of lightning and a heavy boom of thunder nearby.

GOLIATH

It is too dangerous for that now. Come down.

BROOKLYN looks down at GOLIATH, desperate. After a moment, he turns to the back of the train.

BROOKLYN

Okay, just stay there for now. We'll switch cars at the next stop.

KATANA (OFF)

That had better be a promise.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, I promise.

The train lurches hard again and begins to pick up speed.

BROOKLYN

Long as I don't fall out of this thing first.

He comes down into the car and seats himself alongside GOLIATH, who looks to him and nods.

GOLIATH

They will be all right.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, I hope so.

The storm rages on around them as they brace themselves into the car and make what shelter they can for themselves. The train continues to jounce and roll along the tracks as the horn blasts into the darkness.

EXT. SCENE - RAILROAD YARD (DUSK)

[CAPTION: October 30, 2012. 6:03 PM]

A train of coal hoppers stands in a railroad yard on the southwest edge of the Loop in Chicago. The night is quiet. In the background, the skyline is faintly lit by the last light of sunset. A commuter train comes by, its windows sending streaks of green light across the tops of the coal cars. A moment later, there is a crackling, and a series of roars come through the night, followed by voices from inside the cars.

HUDSON

Ooh! Argh!

BROOKLYN

Yeah, remind me to get a sleeper next time.

LEXINGTON climbs up over the edge of the last car in the train. He looks toward the city skyline.

LEXINGTON

Well, we've stopped.

GOLIATH (WITHIN)

What do you see?

LEXINGTON

Not gonna believe this. Come and look.

GOLIATH climbs up and looks over the edge of the car, followed by HUDSON, BROOKLYN, and BROADWAY. BRONX whimpers from inside.

BROADWAY

I know, buddy, hang on a minute.

GOLIATH

What is it? Not Manhattan.

LEXINGTON

No. I think it's Chicago.

It is, indeed, Chicago. The stepped outline of the Willis Tower says this definitively, as do all the other buildings in the skyline.

BROOKLYN

Whoa. Chicago?

LEXINGTON

Pretty sure.

BROOKLYN

Wow. Never seem to be able to get the short-distance quests, huh?

GOLIATH

I suppose not.

HUDSON

This is going to make returning more difficult.

BROOKLYN

Katana, come have a look at this.

There is no response.

BROOKLYN

Katana?

He looks back. Then, he frantically climbs up on the end of the car, looking down at the end of the train.

BROOKLYN

Katana? Gnash?

HUDSON

What is it?

BROOKLYN

They're gone! Katana? Nashville! Where are you?

LEXINGTON

Coldstone!

By now, they are all on the edges of the car, looking around and calling out frantically for the others.

BROOKLYN

Where'd they go?

LEXINGTON

They must have got cut off while we were asleep.

BROOKLYN

What do you mean?

LEXINGTON

They took off the back of the train during the day.

BROADWAY

So, where are they?

LEXINGTON

Back there, somewhere.

He looks back down the tracks, which stretch off into the distance, empty.

BROOKLYN

Katana!

Suddenly, there are two horn blasts. The cars lurch into motion as the train starts down the tracks.

HUDSON

Come on, all of you!

They climb out of the train and jump to the ground, HUDSON lifting BRONX up so that he can jump. The train accelerates away behind them.

BROOKLYN

Maybe they'll come back. What if they're looking now?

GOLIATH

It's too exposed here. Come on. We can search for them later, once it's dark.

They run out of the yard, and to a nearby warehouse. They begin climbing.

EXT. SCENE - WAREHOUSE ROOF (DUSK)

GOLIATH, followed by the others, climbs up onto the roof. Beyond, the city skyline glows in the waning light. He goes to the edge facing the city and looks out. BROOKLYN goes to the edge facing the yard, searching. The others come up beside him.

BROOKLYN

They've got to be here somewhere.
They've got to be.

BROADWAY

Lexington, where would they have cut off the cars at?

LEXINGTON

I dunno. Anywhere along the way, I guess. Sun came up around...what, past the mountains, wasn't it?

HUDSON

Aye.

BROOKLYN

This can't be happening.

He is not seeing them. After searching, he turns toward GOLIATH, who is still looking out over the city.

BROOKLYN

Sure. "If we stay, it destroys everything." Isn't that right?

HUDSON

Steady, lad.

BROOKLYN

(angrily)

Isn't that right?

BROADWAY

Brooklyn, don't.

BROOKLYN

How much is gonna get destroyed if we leave, huh? You think of that? Have you ever thought of that?

GOLIATH, meanwhile, is not reacting to this. Furious, BROOKLYN turns back to the rail yards, looking out.

BROADWAY

Hey, we'll find them.

From the other side of the building, facing GOLIATH, we can see that he is stunned at what has happened. Behind him, BROOKLYN slouches down and grips at the parapet wall. BROADWAY and LEXINGTON are trying to comfort him. He finally regains his composure.

BROOKLYN

What now?

GOLIATH has no answer for him. HUDSON straightens up.

HUDSON

Goliath?

GOLIATH looks over at him, overwhelmed, and nods.

HUDSON

Right. This is hardly the first time we have had to find our way in a strange place. This is not so strange. It is a human city. So was Manhattan. We have been in worse places and survived, and we can survive this.

LEXINGTON

Are you sure? Have you heard about--

HUDSON

Aye, almost every night, I have heard from the television that this is a savage city. I have heard a great many things, and I have believed few of them, and been better off for it. You would do well to do the same.

LEXINGTON

All right.

HUDSON

Reputation is a starting point, and if it tells us to be cautious, we should listen. But right now, we need to learn where we are.

GOLIATH

Hudson is right. We will not fear what we do not know. That is not our way.

HUDSON

Aye. We do not know the rest of the clan is lost, and therefore we will not fear it. Brooklyn?

BROOKLYN looks at him, distraught, and nods.

BROADWAY

But you do know Katana. You don't think she's going to let them get into trouble that easily, right?

BROOKLYN lets out a long, shuddering sigh, and smiles weakly.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, I do. Guess I oughtta be afraid of what she'll do to me when we find her.

BROADWAY smiles at him and pats his shoulder.

HUDSON

We also do not know that this is a savage city, and therefore we will not fear it either.

GOLIATH

But the humans here, they do not know us, and therefore they will fear us. We know that all too well. So we remain on guard, and stay clear of them, until we know more. No alliances for now.

BROADWAY

No protection?

GOLIATH

Until we know more about them, no. This is not our castle to protect, anyway.

LEXINGTON

But we are going back?

GOLIATH

Yes, we are going back.

LEXINGTON

When?

BROOKLYN

Wasn't a round-trip ticket.

GOLIATH

No. Transportation will be a problem. How far is it from Manhattan?

LEXINGTON

About a thousand miles.

BROOKLYN

Bit more than a casual walk. Flying's going to be a problem too.

HUDSON

That is one more problem on the pile. But we will get through them. We always have.

HUDSON adjusts his belt.

HUDSON

Now. First problem is to gather our resources.

LEXINGTON

Well, we're stuck in a strange city on our own, with half our clan gone, no friends, and no idea of where anything is.

HUDSON

Oh, is that all? This...Chicago...how large is it?

LEXINGTON

About...three million people, I think.

HUDSON

And of these three million, how many do you suppose do not eat or drink?

LEXINGTON

They eat and drink just fine from what I've heard.

HUDSON

And they have homes, or do they just lie in the fields and let all these buildings spring up around them?

LEXINGTON

I'm sure they have homes.

HUDSON

Well, then, they have the resources to eat, drink, and shelter themselves, and therefore so do we. I repeat: this is not such a strange city.

LEXINGTON

Just one needing some exploration.

GOLIATH

Exactly so. Brooklyn, you, Broadway, and Lexington go and survey the outer areas.

BROOKLYN looks out to the west, into a sea of orange street lights stretching off toward the horizon, nearly merging with the deep red of the evening sky.

BROOKLYN

How far out? It looks like the city goes on forever.

GOLIATH

Stay in easy gliding distance of here. Hudson and I will explore this area. Stay well aloft, all of you. No exploring on the ground unless you're forced down. We will take care of that tomorrow.

BROADWAY

Hey, tomorrow's Halloween night!

GOLIATH

Exactly. Come the morning, we can meet...

He surveys the horizon and points out the Willis Tower.

GOLIATH

...that building there. It should be easy enough to find your way back.

BROOKLYN

Got it. Let's go.

BROOKLYN, BROADWAY, and LEXINGTON go toward the edge of the roof to leave.

GOLIATH
Broadway?

BROADWAY turns back to him.

GOLIATH
(quietly)
Watch out for him.

BROADWAY
I will.

BROADWAY joins the others, and they glide off the building.

GOLIATH
Thank you for that, old friend.

HUDSON
It was what needed to be said. And your fears...?

GOLIATH
For Elisa. Yes. And for the others.

HUDSON
She is well. She will be, and she will protect the others, or as many of them as she has under her protection now. Do not fear for her.

GOLIATH
(sighing heavily)
No. I should know her well enough not to fear for her. Still.

BRONX whines, and paws at GOLIATH.

GOLIATH
Yes. Shall we explore?

HUDSON
Aye.

HUDSON reaches down and picks up BRONX, with some effort.

HUDSON
Oof. There is an upside, after all. How long has it been since we had a chance to discover a new city?

GOLIATH

You seem unusually cheerful in the circumstances.

HUDSON

Hah. I believe the human name for it is, "whistling in the dark."

GOLIATH

Hmph.

HUDSON

But it is not so bad after all. It is a shorter distance from here to Manhattan than to Wyvern. And...

He looks toward the city.

HUDSON

Manhattan has been somewhat confining. Perhaps a change of scenery will be good for the clan, just for a while. Shall we go?

GOLIATH

Yes.

They spread their wings and take off toward the Loop.

EXT. SCENE - SKY OVER THE NORTHWEST SIDE (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN is, with his brothers, gliding through the night, looking around at what is going on below him, getting the lay of the land. Below him pass the buildings of the near northwest side.

BROOKLYN (VO)

So it's back to this again. I thought we were done with this fifteen years ago. We had our home, we had our clan. I thought the Timedance was finished for sure. And yet here we are, a thousand miles from home, and who knows how far from Katana.

So it's back to cruising a strange sky and trying to find the way to survive, trying to find a way home.

Trying not to scream.

So what now, Goliath? What do we protect now? The castle's a thousand miles from here. We got the storm away from it, sure. What next?

He'll figure it out, I know he will, but until then...

BROADWAY looks over to him.

BROADWAY
You all right?

BROOKLYN
Yeah, just thinking. Why?

BROADWAY
You look angry.

BROOKLYN
And you're not?

BROADWAY
No. I'm not happy, but I'm not mad about it either. It's an adventure.

BROOKLYN
Some adventure.

BROADWAY
I know it's not the Timedance all over again.

BROOKLYN
No. At least you guys are here for this one.

BROADWAY
But, gimme credit for one thing: it's my first, really.

LEXINGTON
Yeah, mine too.

BROADWAY
What about that A.I. thing from last winter?

LEXINGTON

That's different, though. That's just
(tapping his head) all up here.

They glide on for a moment in silence.

BROADWAY

I wish Angela were here. She and
Katana. They'd straighten this right
out.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, probably.

LEXINGTON

Them and Staghart.

BROADWAY

Oh, there's your power trio right
there. How's he been doing, anyway?

LEXINGTON

Good. He dropped me a note right before
the storm, making sure we were okay.
Never got a chance to get back to him.

BROOKLYN

At least you know where he is.

LEXINGTON

Lot of good that does until I can get
back online.

They have, by now, sailed across a relatively dark area of the
city: this is Humboldt Park. There is suddenly a flurry of gun-
shots from below; two bullets whiz past either side of BROOKLYN,
who narrowly dodges them.

BROADWAY

Whoa!

BROOKLYN continues on, fuming, but becoming increasingly angry
through the next speech:

BROOKLYN (VO)

Trying not to scream. Trying not to.
Don't scream. Don't. Don't.

He growls, and finally flashes into a full rage, eye alight, hair flaring. Roaring his rage, he spirals around and down toward the source of the gunfire.

LEXINGTON

Hey! No!

BROADWAY

Brooklyn, come back!

EXT. SCENE - HUMBOLDT PARK (NIGHT)

Two young street toughs, J-MO and TYRONE, are leaning against the trunk of a car parked on a street in the middle of the park. TYRONE is lowering a pistol that he's just finished firing into the sky.

TYRONE

Dog, that thing is tight.

J-MO

Man, why'd you blow off a whole clip like that? You wanna get the cops out here?

TYRONE

Where'd you get that thing?

J-MO

I got a guy. Quit wasting all my bullets and I'll hook you up.

A howl of rage comes down from the sky.

TYRONE

What was that?

BROOKLYN comes streaking down, landing in the street in front of J-MO and TYRONE. Crouching, he puts one hand on his katana. J-MO and TYRONE are momentarily stunned.

BROOKLYN

Put the gun down.

Neither J-MO nor TYRONE move.

BROOKLYN

Boys, I have had an unbelievably bad night. I am absolutely ready to take a

hand off of either of you and all I need is the excuse, so do yourself a favor and put the gun down!

TYRONE, hesitatingly, drops the gun to his side.

BROOKLYN

Why did you shoot at me?

TYRONE

You...whh...wh...what...?

BROOKLYN

You heard me.

J-MO

What are you?

BROOKLYN

A very angry, very frustrated gargoyle.
How about you?

Meanwhile, BROADWAY and LEXINGTON have descended. They land in a tree nearby, in sight of the conflict.

BROADWAY

Oh, this isn't good.

LEXINGTON

Do we go back him up?

BROADWAY

If they start shooting, he's going to need us. And we need to keep an eye on that guy there.

He points at a man concealing himself in the shrubs, out of sight of J-MO and TYRONE, who is watching the standoff attentively. This is MATT PEGRAM.

Meanwhile, back at the main fight:

BROOKLYN

Do yourself a favor: throw the gun away and get out of here before I really get mad.

J-MO

Yeah? What you gonna do about it? Bring a sword to a gun fight? Pop 'im, Tyrone.

TYRONE glances at J-MO, but then dutifully raises the pistol toward BROOKLYN. In a motion, BROOKLYN draws his katana and slashes TYRONE's gun wrist, cutting up and around to bring the sword to his center. TYRONE yelps and clutches his wrist, dropping the pistol.

BROOKLYN

That was a warning shot. Next time I'm taking fingers.

J-MO

What? How...

BROOKLYN

Tell you what, make this simple.

He rears up and spreads his wings.

BROOKLYN

(roaring)

Run!

J-MO and TYRONE look at each other, and then take to their heels and run away. BROOKLYN maintains his posture, panting heavily, for a moment as they leave.

BROADWAY and LEXINGTON descend. BROADWAY goes to BROOKLYN. LEXINGTON descends to some distance behind MATT, who continues to watch.

BROADWAY

Brooklyn?

BROOKLYN gives a deep, growling sigh and begins to calm down. He sheaths his katana.

BROOKLYN

I'm all right.

BROADWAY

Are you sure?

BROOKLYN

No.

BROADWAY

There's one more hiding in the bushes
back there.

At this, MATT starts back. LEXINGTON continues to watch him, but
begins to tense up, preparing to act.

BROOKLYN

Oh, really? Well, maybe I can work some
of this anger out tonight after all.
Why don't you come out of there and
show yourself?

MATT does not move. BROADWAY begins to walk over to the bush
where MATT is hiding.

BROADWAY

Come on. He's not kidding about that,
and if you're not part of this--

He is cut off by a volley of shots from behind him, and ducks
instinctively. J-MO has reappeared behind BROOKLYN and is fir-
ing. BROOKLYN clutches at his right flank. He has been hit.

BROOKLYN

Oh, this...

He falls.

BROADWAY

No!

LEXINGTON

No! Brooklyn!

MATT is startled by the yell from behind him, and looks back to
see LEXINGTON spring out and run toward BROOKLYN on all fours.

BROADWAY

(to LEXINGTON)

Help him!

BROADWAY, enraged and roaring, takes to all fours to pursue J-
MO. Seeing this, J-MO runs for his life. LEXINGTON gets to
BROOKLYN in three or four bounds. BROOKLYN is lying in the
street, bleeding.

LEXINGTON

Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN

Oh, this place.

MATT, having seen all this, tenses, steels himself to action, stands, and runs off.

BROOKLYN

How bad?

LEXINGTON doesn't have to answer: he is near tears.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, thought so.

LEXINGTON

Hang in there. Broadway's going after them. He'll be right back, I'm sure of it.

BROOKLYN

I'll do my best, but I don't feel so great. Here, help me here.

LEXINGTON tries to press down on BROOKLYN's wound.

LEXINGTON

It's not stopping.

The sound of running steps approaching puts LEXINGTON on guard. MATT approaches, carrying an olive green bag slung over one shoulder. He slows to a walk as he comes close. LEXINGTON growls at him.

LEXINGTON

That's close enough. You stay back.

MATT

Let me in. I can help.

LEXINGTON stares him down.

MATT

I have bandages. I can stop the bleeding and save his life. Please let me help.

LEXINGTON looks to BROOKLYN.

BROOKLYN

Can't make it worse. Let him in.

LEXINGTON looks to MATT, and nods. MATT comes in close and kneels down, setting the bag down and opening it.

LEXINGTON

If he dies, so do you.

MATT looks at him briefly, and then begins pulling a trauma bandage out of the bag.

MATT

This is a trauma pack. I'm going to have to push down on the wound with this for a few minutes. It should work but it'll probably hurt, all right?

BROOKLYN

Yeah.

MATT

All right. Here goes.

He places the bandage onto BROOKLYN's flank and presses down. BROOKLYN squirms a bit.

BROOKLYN

Rrgh.

MATT

I know. I'm sorry.

BROADWAY bounds into view from behind the scene and runs up on all fours. He slows and stands as he approaches, startled to see this human interposing himself and pressing down on BROOKLYN's wounds.

BROADWAY

Brooklyn?

BROOKLYN

Yeah. You get them?

BROADWAY

No, he got away. How are you doing?

BROOKLYN

Not great.

He shuts his eye.

BROOKLYN

Dizzy.

MATT

OK, stay with me here.

(to LEXINGTON)

Can you get his feet up a bit? Just put them up on the first aid pack or something.

LEXINGTON

Yeah.

LEXINGTON takes the first aid bag and puts it under BROOKLYN's feet.

MATT

How's that, any better?

BROOKLYN

A little.

MATT

All right, we'll take that. Can you open your eye for me?

He does.

BROOKLYN

Ugh. How'd he get away?

BROADWAY

I don't know. We went around a corner and he was gone. I didn't want to hang around looking for him. I'm sorry.

BROOKLYN

Doesn't matter now, anyway. How bad does it look?

MATT

You've got a pretty good chunk out of your side here. Couple of holes in your wing too.

BROOKLYN groans.

BROOKLYN

Stupid kids.

MATT continues to press down on the bandage.

MATT

I think the bleeding is stopping, anyway.

BROOKLYN

I wish that weren't the first good news I was getting tonight. Hey.

BROADWAY

Yeah?

BROOKLYN

Tell Katana--

BROADWAY

No, you tell Katana.

BROOKLYN

Shush. Tell Katana I was thinking of her.

BROADWAY

No. Come on.

MATT

Hang in there. You're doing fine. You got this.

BROOKLYN

Tell her I was doing something smarter than this.

MATT

Hey, Brooklyn, you're going to tell her yourself. We're not letting you go that easily. You hang on.

BROOKLYN

Oh, I feel sick.

MATT

(to LEXINGTON)

Could you get the big roll of bandage out of the bag for me?

LEXINGTON digs into the bag and pulls out a thick roll of gauze.

MATT

Yeah, that, thanks. I think the bleeding has mostly stopped. I'm going to try to tie off now, and we can figure out what to do next. Here, hold this down. Push.

LEXINGTON takes over pressing the trauma pack down on BROOKLYN's wound. MATT begins to unroll the bandage and wrap it around BROOKLYN's waist.

LEXINGTON

You don't know?

MATT

Well, officially, he should be going to the emergency room now. You want to do that?

LEXINGTON

I guess not.

BROADWAY

So what, then?

MATT continues to work in silence for a couple of wraps.

BROADWAY

What do we do?

MATT

We'll go to my place.

BROADWAY

What? Home with you?

MATT

If that's all right. I don't know there's much else we can do. How about it?

BROOKLYN

I don't want to stay here.

MATT

(to LEXINGTON)

All right?

LEXINGTON looks at him, and then nods. MATT ties off the bandage and tucks the ends under.

MATT

I'll get my truck. Keep an eye on him.
I'll be right back.

MATT gets up. His hands and his pants are bloodstained. He leaves toward his truck.

LEXINGTON

Really, how are you doing?

BROOKLYN

I just--

He snuffles.

BROOKLYN

--just want to go home.

BROADWAY takes his shoulder.

BROADWAY

We'll get there.

LEXINGTON

Yes, we will.

BROOKLYN

I know. I'm just not--

He snuffles again.

BROOKLYN

--aagh.

He looks up at BROADWAY.

BROOKLYN

You've got to tell Goliath what's happened.

BROADWAY

No, I want to stay with you.

BROOKLYN

We don't know this guy. If this is a setup, I want you and Goliath coming back to get him.

(to LEXINGTON)

And I need you with me if we're going into his house.

LEXINGTON

Got it.

BROOKLYN sighs deeply.

MATT's truck revs around the curve and pulls up next to BROOKLYN. MATT gets out, goes back, and drops the tailgate.

MATT

It's not going to be really comfortable, but it's what we've got. I need your help to get him in and out; can you do that?

LEXINGTON

Yeah, of course.

MATT

All right, let's go. Feet first.

MATT, LEXINGTON, and BROADWAY lift BROOKLYN up and place him in the bed of the truck. BROADWAY folds BROOKLYN's wings down over him.

MATT

Do you want to ride in back or up front?

LEXINGTON

In back.

MATT

All right, get in and hang on.

LEXINGTON and BROADWAY get into the truck bed. MATT gets in front and drives away.

EXT. SCENE - WILLIS TOWER, ROOF (NIGHT)

GOLIATH and HUDSON (carrying BRONX) land on the top roof of the Willis Tower. HUDSON sets down BRONX, who takes a couple of steps away and stretches himself.

HUDSON

Well, what do you think?

GOLIATH

It is a wide open city, and easy to patrol.

HUDSON

It does have that for it, but it's so quiet here. It does not seem nearly as dangerous as I had heard.

GOLIATH looks out to the east, over the Loop and on toward the lake. HUDSON follows his gaze.

HUDSON

And even a tranquil sea beyond.

GOLIATH

Yes. It has been many years since I last looked out over an open sea from this height.

HUDSON

And I. Not, perhaps, since...

BOTH

Wyvern.

HUDSON

Aye. But a great deal more peaceful than that.

HUDSON turns away.

HUDSON

It must be insufferably dull.

GOLIATH scoffs slightly, drawing a smile from HUDSON.

GOLIATH

A welcome change, perhaps.

HUDSON

Perhaps so. Shall we set up housekeeping here, then? Take steady jobs and get a nice apartment?

GOLIATH

Certainly. We can manage.

HUDSON

Of course we can. You can wash windows, and I can go sell trinkets to the tourists.

GOLIATH chuckles slightly at this.

GOLIATH

You are in a hilarious mood.

HUDSON

Aye, well, for what the world has done to us in the last two nights, why not spit in its eye? We have reached a bottom. May as well fight back up however we can.

GOLIATH

That much is true.

He continues to stare out over the lake, silently.

HUDSON

You did the right thing, Goliath. She would not have given way.

GOLIATH

We could have fought.

HUDSON

And the storm? How would you have fought that?

GOLIATH

Somehow.

HUDSON

"Somehow" is not a plan.

GOLIATH

No. I know that.

HUDSON

Then take no shame in retreating to a position of strength. The clan is safe. We are here. We are alive, and in due course we will return to fight.

BROADWAY lands on the roof. He looks toward HUDSON and GOLIATH from a distance. The distress shows in his face. He stands off, not approaching them at first.

GOLIATH

You have returned early. What news?

BROADWAY says nothing, and can barely look at them. GOLIATH's face registers the sudden fear that drops into his gut.

GOLIATH

Where are your brothers?

BROADWAY

Brooklyn...Brooklyn's been shot.

HUDSON

What?

BROADWAY

He went to deal with some kids who were shooting at him. We got distracted, and one of them came back and shot him. He's...really hurt.

GOLIATH is stunned. After a moment, he speaks.

GOLIATH

Where is he?

BROADWAY

In a house west of here.

GOLIATH

Take me there. Hudson, wait here with Bronx.

HUDSON

Aye, Goliath.

BROADWAY and GOLIATH fly off the building. HUDSON and BRONX watch them go, still shocked.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. BEDROOM.

BROOKLYN is in bed with his wings loosely folded over him, covered by a blanket and his feet put up on a rolled bedspread. LEXINGTON is at one side of the bed, and MATT is kneeling at the other side, examining the bandage.

LEXINGTON

How is it?

MATT

Well, it's holding. Hey? Brooklyn?

BROOKLYN

Hm?

MATT

How are you holding up?

BROOKLYN

Not as sick. That's a plus.

MATT

Yeah. You know, I hate to ask this, but where on you would I check your pulse?

BROOKLYN

I don't know. In the wrist, I guess.

MATT

Here, let me have a look.

MATT takes his wrist to check his pulse.

BROOKLYN

Can I get a pillow or something? My tail's kind of--

MATT

Oh, yeah, there should be one up in the closet. Give me a sec.

LEXINGTON

I'll get it.

He goes to the closet, clambers up, and returns with a pillow.

LEXINGTON

Just, what, under your back?

BROOKLYN
Yeah, if you could.

LEXINGTON puts the pillow in under BROOKLYN, who shifts onto it.

BROOKLYN
Thanks, much better.

MATT takes BROOKLYN's hand and puts it back along his side.

MATT
Well, you're keeping up a good pulse,
best I can tell.

He stands up.

BROOKLYN
Another plus.

MATT
Yeah, another plus. All right. Relax
here, get some rest. If you need any-
thing, let me know.

He exits into the hall. After he leaves, BROOKLYN groans and puts his head back into the pillow.

LEXINGTON
What is it?

BROOKLYN
Ahh. I just shouldn't be here. I should
know better by now than to turn my back
on someone with a gun.

LEXINGTON
Yeah, but he ran off.

BROOKLYN
Not far enough.

LEXINGTON
We had someone else to deal with first,
anyway.

BROOKLYN
Maybe. Goliath's not going to be happy.

He looks at LEXINGTON.

BROOKLYN

You actually going to kill this guy?

LEXINGTON

What?

BROOKLYN

You said in the park if I didn't make it, you'd kill him.

LEXINGTON

Yeah, well, you're going to make it, so what difference does it make?

BROOKLYN

Lex. You know what difference it makes. I don't really want to spend our first night here making enemies.

LEXINGTON

Do you think he's for real here?

BROOKLYN

I don't know. Stranger things have happened. Why don't you go talk to him and figure it out?

LEXINGTON

I'm not good at that.

BROOKLYN

All right. But, just...if this all turns out not to be a trick or something, clear the air with him, okay?

LEXINGTON

Later.

BROOKLYN

Fine.

BROOKLYN settles back again.

BROOKLYN

I guess that reputation turned out to be correct, huh?

LEXINGTON

Maybe so. I don't remember the part about roving medics popping out of bushes, though.

BROOKLYN

Well, every place has its secrets.

LEXINGTON

Maybe so. I'd rather not have learned about this one from experience, though, you know?

BROOKLYN

No, that's two of us.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN.

The kitchen of MATT's house. It is a small kitchen typical of a two-flat, and though it has been updated over the years it is still of a 1920s layout, with the refrigerator by the back door to his unit and the sink and stove lined up close by.

MATT is working in the kitchen to fix coffee. His cheerful demeanor has faded and he looks quite grave, going through the automatic motions of setting up the coffee pot with his mind elsewhere. The back door opens, and BROADWAY enters. MATT snaps out of it and turns to greet him.

MATT

Welcome back. Any luck?

BROADWAY nods and steps in, folding his wings as he does. GOLIATH follows him in, looking grave. The house is small and confining, especially for GOLIATH; he has to stoop under doorways and dodge bookshelves and furniture as he passes through the house.

MATT

Hello. Are you Goliath?

GOLIATH

I am.

MATT

Come in. I'm Matt Pegram.

GOLIATH

Where is he?

MATT

He's in the bedroom. He's all right, as far as I can tell, resting now.

GOLIATH

Show me.

Now, MATT cannot get through the two of them, because it is such a small kitchen.

BROADWAY

This way.

MATT

I'll have coffee on in a few minutes. Would you want any?

GOLIATH

No.

BROADWAY and GOLIATH leave toward the dining room, headed to the bedroom.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. BEDROOM.

GOLIATH and BROADWAY enter the bedroom. It, too, is not a large room; the space is especially confining with the three of them standing in it, and GOLIATH finds himself compressing himself down as he approaches the bed. BROOKLYN is lying in the bed, eye shut.

GOLIATH

How are you?

BROOKLYN opens his eye.

BROOKLYN

Well, the bed's lumpy, but the service hasn't been bad. I'd give it three stars.

GOLIATH sighs.

BROOKLYN

The wound's pretty bad. It's under control, but I don't think I'm going anywhere tonight.

GOLIATH

What happened?

BROOKLYN

Some kids were taking potshots at us. I went down to deal with them. They ran off. I guess the one came back.

BROADWAY

We saw this guy hiding in the bushes and got distracted.

BROOKLYN

Turns out he wasn't the one to worry about. This is his apartment.

GOLIATH

I see. And you thought it wise to engage these kids, is that it?

BROOKLYN

No. I mean, I don't know. It just happened.

GOLIATH

Hmm.

GOLIATH fumes for a moment.

GOLIATH

I need a word with your rescuer.

He moves toward the doorway, and BROADWAY exits ahead of him to let him out.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN.

MATT has a cup of coffee and is sipping it pensively. GOLIATH enters, followed by BROADWAY.

GOLIATH

I would like a word with you. Outside.

(to BROADWAY)

Mind your brother.

BROADWAY

Uh, all right.

BROADWAY exits into the apartment. GOLIATH exits onto the back porch, followed by MATT.

EXT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. BACK PORCH. (NIGHT)

GOLIATH steps out onto the porch, opening his wings as he does so. His compression of the past little while is relieved, and he stretches slightly as he grips the rail in front of him. MATT follows him out and stands alongside him.

GOLIATH

I have never understood how you people can live in such small rooms.

MATT

Tight budgets. We make it work.

GOLIATH

How is he doing?

MATT

He's all right for now, as best as I can tell.

GOLIATH

For now?

MATT

Well. I've done what I can. He's stopped bleeding and that's a lot, but first aid only goes so far. I'm not a doctor. I don't know what was hit and I can't do very much against infection.

GOLIATH

But he will live?

MATT

I don't know.

GOLIATH slumps slightly and grips the rail tight.

MATT

He doesn't look bad right now. He's awake and in good spirits and that's a lot. But I just don't know.

BROADWAY comes from the back door and joins them on the porch, opening his wings as he does, but holding them slack.

GOLIATH

You were to mind your brother.

BROADWAY

Lexington is with him. Did you just say he might die?

MATT

I'm sorry.

BROADWAY

No. He's doing fine now. How could he die?

MATT

Because I'm not an expert at this. I'm doing the best I can, but there's only so much I can do.

BROADWAY wilts at this, on the verge of being overcome by grief.

MATT

You saw this happen?

BROADWAY nods. MATT gulps hard.

MATT

Then I will give everything that I've got to save him. I promise you that. I'm not going to let your b-- your brother die without a fight.

MATT touches BROADWAY'S arm. BROADWAY looks at him and nods.

MATT

I'm going to go check his bandage. Let me know if you need anything.

GOLIATH

One question, first. Why are you helping us?

MATT

Because I can. I hope I can, anyway.

GOLIATH

More than that. Most humans fear us. Why not you?

MATT

I've heard about you already. The infamous gargoyles of New York.

GOLIATH

What have you heard?

MATT

That you are horrible, savage creatures. That you have no respect for life, eat small children and puppies nightly, and that merely to fall within your sight means certain death to the man who hesitates to open fire upon you.

BROADWAY

Those are lies.

MATT

I know. I have no reason to believe any of that, but I've been curious about the truth for about fifteen years now.

GOLIATH

As have I.

MATT

And don't get me wrong. Somewhere down deep, you're scaring me terribly. But I do want to help you if I can. As long as I've got that job to do, I can put the terror on hold.

GOLIATH

I would rather not need your help, but I am glad for it. Thank you.

MATT

It is my privilege.

MATT exits the porch into the house.

GOLIATH

If we cannot even protect ourselves, how can we protect Manhattan?

He turns to BROADWAY.

GOLIATH

Go to Hudson and tell him to come here.

BROADWAY

Yes, Goliath.

BROADWAY climbs up onto the porch roof in preparation to fly away.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. BEDROOM.

MATT is at BROOKLYN'S side, cleaning his wound. LEXINGTON is at his other side, looking on.

MATT

How is it feeling, other than terrible?

BROOKLYN

It hurts, but not as bad as it did.

MATT

Well, that's good. You can still feel everything where I'm touching?

BROOKLYN

Yeah.

MATT

And it doesn't feel hot or, weird, I guess?

BROOKLYN

I don't know what you mean by weird. Not like I know what a bullet hole is supposed to feel like.

MATT

Fair enough. Uh, let's see: you can still feel your leg OK?

BROOKLYN

Yeah. Why?

MATT

I don't think you have any nerve damage, so that's more good news. It's just an awfully big gash. Probably ought to be stitched up.

LEXINGTON

No.

BROOKLYN

No, no stitches.

MATT

Well, I don't really know how to do that anyway.

BROOKLYN

Can you tape it up?

MATT

I think so. I might need to run out for a few more things to do that.

LEXINGTON

Can I help with that?

MATT

Not unless you think they'll let you through the drug store without saying anything.

LEXINGTON

It is almost Halloween. Can I at least keep an eye out for you?

MATT

Well, that's a switch. I thought you were going to kill me.

LEXINGTON

Yeah, well...I didn't really mean that.

MATT

Good to know. You three are brothers?

BROOKLYN

Believe it or not, yes.

MATT

I believe it. I'd have done the same for my brother, once upon a time. Yeah, of course you can come with.

LEXINGTON

Thanks.

MATT

But are you planning to watch my back
or keep me honest?

LEXINGTON

Um, both.

MATT

Figures.

LEXINGTON

Sorry. We don't know you well enough
yet.

MATT

I get it. Of course, I don't exactly
know you well enough either, to know
you're not just going to take my head
off once we get outside.

BROOKLYN

Why would we wait that long?

MATT

That's not exactly reassuring, you
know.

BROOKLYN

No? You've seen Goliath. Do you think
we'd actually take you out of his reach
to do you in?

MATT

Okay. That is a point. We'll go out in
a little while here.

BROOKLYN

So, now we're clear that nobody's going
to kill anyone tonight, tell me. How
bad is it really?

MATT

Well...

BROOKLYN

The truth, now.

MATT looks at him somberly.

EXT. SCENE - WILLIS TOWER. ROOF. (NIGHT)

HUDSON and BRONX are on the roof, keeping a watch out. HUDSON is quietly watching the western sky, deep in thought. BRONX, too, is worried.

HUDSON

This is not what I had hoped for, old boy. Perhaps, for once, I should have listened to those fears.

He reaches down and pats BRONX behind the ears.

BROADWAY approaches and lands on the roof.

HUDSON

How is he?

BROADWAY

Hurt and bandaged. He's awake and talking, though. They have him resting.

HUDSON

He is safe for now?

BROADWAY

There's a man there who came to help him, and he's taking good care of him, but...he says he may not make it.

HUDSON

Where is his wound?

BROADWAY

(indicating)

Along his side, right about here.

HUDSON

He bleeds?

BROADWAY

He did. They have it stopped.

HUDSON

That is not so bad, then. What is his concern?

BROADWAY

He said something about infection, and not being a doctor.

HUDSON

I see. How are you doing, lad?

BROADWAY

I'm not...

He lets off a single, sudden sob.

BROADWAY

I just don't want to lose anyone else.

HUDSON

Nor I. We'll make sure we do not.

BROADWAY

How?

HUDSON

As we always have. We fight for our own and we leave none behind.

BROADWAY

Except half the clan.

HUDSON

That was not our doing. We are separated. They have not been left behind and we will rejoin them. Goliath is working on it. Nothing is lost. Be sure of that.

BROADWAY

I hope so. This place is awful.

He wipes at his eyes.

BROADWAY

Goliath's asking for you.

HUDSON

Is there any trouble?

BROADWAY

I don't think so.

HUDSON goes to the edge of the roof and looks out.

HUDSON
Which way is it?

BROADWAY
(pointing)
That park over there, and then west
about ten blocks.

HUDSON
Stay here a while and keep an eye on
Bronx. I will send someone back.

HUDSON takes off westbound. BROADWAY looks on after him until he is out of sight. He walks around the roof, trailed by BRONX, looking out into the city in each direction. He stops on the east side of the roof, overlooking downtown. He raises his head, spreads his arms and his wings, and begins roaring his grief into the night. BRONX joins him, howling.

=END=