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**Devil's Night**

by

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Gargoyles: City of the Phoenix  
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INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. BEDROOM.

BROOKLYN is lying in bed, with MATT on his wounded side and LEXINGTON on the other side. LEXINGTON and BROOKLYN are both looking intently at MATT.

BROOKLYN

Come on, doc. The less you tell me, the worse it'll seem.

MATT

Well, first of all, I'm not a doctor.

LEXINGTON

You're not?

MATT

No.

BROOKLYN

Too bad. And?

MATT

And, I don't really know how to treat a wound so it won't get infected.

BROOKLYN's facade drops.

BROOKLYN

Oh.

MATT

And I'm afraid I may only have slowed...I mean, that...

BROOKLYN

Yeah.

MATT

I'm sorry.

BROOKLYN

And, so, what? You're just toying around here?

MATT

No, I'm not.

BROOKLYN

Playing a game with my life?

MATT

I am not playing.

BROOKLYN

Because the whole rest of the universe seems to be. What'd make you so special?

MATT

Brooklyn, I'm sorry about--

BROOKLYN

No. Don't you talk to me. Don't touch me. You're a fraud and a liar and the quicker I'm through with you, the better.

MATT just looks at him silently for a moment. BROOKLYN glares him down coldly. The energy that has been driving MATT forward drains out of him under that glare.

MATT

All right.

MATT leaves. BROOKLYN puts his head back into the pillow and exhales deeply.

LEXINGTON

Brooklyn?

BROOKLYN

I need to get out of here. Go tell Goliath.

LEXINGTON

All right.

LEXINGTON exits.

BROOKLYN

(to himself)

Screaming, screaming, screaming...

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

LEXINGTON exits the bedroom. GOLIATH is still on the back porch, brooding, visible through the dining room windows in the background. LEXINGTON initially turns to go to the back of the house, but looks toward the living room. MATT is sitting there on the couch, slouched forward, staring at the coffee table and seeing nothing. LEXINGTON turns and comes up to him.

MATT

Changed your mind about killing me?

LEXINGTON

Not unless you've changed your mind about saving him.

MATT

Is he like this much?

LEXINGTON

All the time.

MATT

Huh.

LEXINGTON

He's had it bad. His mate and children are missing.

MATT

What happened?

LEXINGTON

We hopped a train from Manhattan. We got separated along the way.

MATT

Oh. And now he gets shot on his first night in Chicago. Yeah.

LEXINGTON

He wants to leave.

MATT

I wish he wouldn't. I'm really not sure that he'll make it without a bit more time to heal up.

LEXINGTON  
But you won't stop him?

MATT  
No. It's his choice.

LEXINGTON  
Then what good are you?

MATT is startled by this, and looks at him.

LEXINGTON  
I have to go talk to Goliath.

He walks off to the back of the apartment as MATT puts his head down.

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

GOLIATH is still leaning against the rail, studying the night.  
LEXINGTON enters from the house.

LEXINGTON  
Brooklyn's hurting.

GOLIATH  
As are we all.

LEXINGTON  
He wants to go. Matt won't stop him.

GOLIATH  
Matt?

LEXINGTON  
This Matt. The guy who rescued him.

GOLIATH  
Yes, of course.

LEXINGTON  
He says he might not make it.

GOLIATH  
He should not say those things.

MATT comes onto the porch.

MATT

No, I probably shouldn't. But he needs to know.

LEXINGTON

Why? Why tell him that and break his hopes?

MATT

Because if all his hopes rest on me, then I don't know if he will survive. He needs to know that much. He has to fight.

He squares off to them.

MATT

But he needs to make it the right fight, and so do you. You don't trust me, and that's okay. I don't trust myself completely. But I'm fighting for him anyway, and I don't need him, or you, fighting against me right now. You want to know what good I am? Go ask your brother. If he's breathing, there's your answer.

MATT goes to the rail and looks out, away from them.

MATT

If you want to leave, go, any time you want. I'm not keeping you prisoner.

GOLIATH

We are not leaving.

LEXINGTON

But Brooklyn said--

GOLIATH

We are not leaving. Not until he is safe. Tell him that.

LEXINGTON

All right. Hey, Matt?

MATT

(sullenly)

Yeah?

LEXINGTON

I'm sorry.

MATT exhales, and drops his head.

MATT

Yeah. I know. Me too. We're good?

LEXINGTON

We're good.

MATT

Count a win. Gimme a few minutes, I'll be back in.

LEXINGTON goes back inside the apartment.

MATT

And you? Are you holding up all right?

GOLIATH

I suppose I am.

MATT

Well, at least one of us is.

MATT looks over to GOLIATH.

MATT

I'm going to go pick up a few things to tape up the wound a bit better, maybe make it more comfortable. Lexington asked to go with me. Is that all right?

GOLIATH

Yes, it is. But stay a while. Someone is coming who can help.

MATT

Another one of you? I mean, another gargoyles, or...?

GOLIATH

Yes. An old soldier. He should know more about how to treat a wound.

MATT

Oh, that makes sense. Sure.

MATT looks out into the night alongside GOLIATH.

GOLIATH

You said before that you had heard of the "infamous gargoyles of New York." What did you mean?

MATT

Well, the New York part wasn't hard to figure out, was it? Not with a name like "Brooklyn."

GOLIATH

And the infamy?

MATT

Comes from a few loudmouths blaming you for everything from subway accidents on down to high corn prices. To hear them say it, every calamity in New York is down to your interference.

GOLIATH

Tales told by idiots.

MATT

Full of sound and fury, and signifying bigotry. I know that. The same ones are usually the ones talking about what a disaster zone Chicago is. Of course, they also had a field day with last New Year's. If you don't mind me asking, what was that about?

GOLIATH

There was a bomb. It was meant to go off when the ball fell on it.

MATT

So why'd you take the ball?

GOLIATH

We could not get to the bomb. The ball was in the way.

MATT chuckles quietly.



MATT

Perfectly logical approach. Of course, the loudmouths swore you were going to go sell it to the Chinese.

GOLIATH

To what end?

MATT

Oh, I don't know. Weakening our pure essences or something or another. And now, of course, they've said you had something to do with the storm that came in yesterday.

GOLIATH sinks at this. MATT does not notice.

MATT

I mean, I assume that is why you came here in the first place, right? The storm washed you inland? Huh?

GOLIATH does not answer, does not even look at him. There is a thump on the roof. HUDSON peers down over the edge, startling MATT, and then climbs down to the porch.

HUDSON

I am sorry for the delay. All of these houses look the same. How is he?

GOLIATH

He is as well as can be expected.

HUDSON

That is better than the news Broadway brought.

GOLIATH

He is at the tower?

HUDSON

He was. And he was howling his grief when I left him.

MATT

Oh, no.

HUDSON

Bronx was helping.

GOLIATH

I will go to him. This is Matt Pegram. He has been doing what he can to help Brooklyn. He will be going to purchase supplies shortly. Work with him to see what else can be done. Hudson has fought in the field since long before my time.

MATT

Hello.

HUDSON

Hello. You are not a doctor, then?

MATT

No, but I'm not letting that stop me now.

HUDSON

Aye, now, there's a spirit. That's two of us.

GOLIATH

One more question. Where was Brooklyn shot?

MATT

In the park, along the north side. It was behind a tan four-door. I think it belonged to the shooters.

HUDSON

You intend something?

GOLIATH

(darkly)

I do.

HUDSON

Then, to it. I shall be here.

GOLIATH climbs up to the porch roof and launches away, turning west to head into the wind and gain altitude.

MATT

What's that mean?

HUDSON

It means we are protecting ourselves.  
Where is he?

MATT

In here. Come on.

MATT and HUDSON enter the house.

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

BROADWAY is crouched on the east side of the roof, looking out over the Loop and the lake beyond. BRONX is at his side: he knows something has gone horribly wrong, but he cannot quite fathom what it is. He turns his ear, and then his head to see who is approaching. As GOLIATH lands from the west, BRONX goes to greet him. BROADWAY turns his head at the sound, and then turns back east as GOLIATH approaches.

BROADWAY

Is he still alive?

GOLIATH

Alive and being fought for. Hudson is  
with them now.

BROADWAY

Well, maybe he can do something useful.

They both look out over the city for a moment.

GOLIATH

(calmly)

You were supposed to watch him--

BROADWAY

Yes, I know. I was supposed to watch  
him and I failed. Now he's hurt and he  
could be dying and maybe I should  
just...stop being useless.

He stands and walks toward the center of the roof.

BROADWAY

Stop being...here.

GOLIATH

And that would be more useful in some  
way?

BROADWAY

It would be less dangerous. Because you're right: we can't protect them. We just make things more dangerous for them.

GOLIATH

That is not true.

BROADWAY

Then I don't know what is, because if I can't even protect my own brother, I don't know how I can protect anyone else.

GOLIATH

You have protected him.

BROADWAY

By letting him get shot?

GOLIATH

By staying with him when he was. By getting help for him. You were supposed to watch him and you did exactly that.

GOLIATH goes to him.

GOLIATH

Put the blame on those who injured him, not on yourself. You cannot stop being useless as you have never begun.

BROADWAY wipes at his eyes.

BROADWAY

What now?

GOLIATH

Hudson is with Brooklyn to help tend his wounds. Lexington and that man are going to get supplies. The four of them are fighting together for him.

BROADWAY

How do I help with that?

GOLIATH

We have another fight coming. The shooters' car is still there in the park, and I know they will not want to leave it for long.

BROADWAY

But I chased the one of them off after he shot. They haven't left?

GOLIATH

No. Not yet.

BROADWAY

Wow.

GOLIATH

Impudence like that is a real threat. Will you help me correct it?

BROADWAY

You better believe it. That is some gall.

GOLIATH

Take Bronx. We will go there and settle this. They will not attack us again.

BROADWAY picks up BRONX, and he and GOLIATH leap off into the night, headed for the park.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. BEDROOM.

HUDSON is at BROOKLYN's side, examining his bandage. (LEXINGTON and MATT are not in the room.) The bedroom door is closed.

HUDSON

Hm. New materials, but old techniques.

BROOKLYN

But it looks all right?

HUDSON

It is a good bandage. You've done well.

BROOKLYN lies back and groans softly.

HUDSON

And are there any other wounds?

BROOKLYN

Got a couple of holes in my wing.  
They're all right. Nothing else you'd  
see.

HUDSON

And what I would not see?

BROOKLYN

I called that guy a fraud.

HUDSON

That was a mistake, but he will sur-  
vive. What else?

BROOKLYN just looks at him silently.

HUDSON

Are you prepared to survive?

BROOKLYN

I don't know. I, just...

HUDSON

Hmm.

BROOKLYN

I've just wanted to scream ever since  
we got here. We lose the city, we lose  
the castle, we lose Katana, Angela, the  
kids, the Rookery. It is just loss af-  
ter loss and when is it going to end?

HUDSON

Is this outrage, or is it fear?

BROOKLYN

I don't know.

HUDSON

Well, is it what has come or what is to  
come that prompts the screaming?

BROOKLYN

Both, I guess.

HUDSON

Then you are right to be outraged by  
what we have lost. You should not

scream about it, though, not here. This man's neighbors would likely not approve.

BROOKLYN

No, probably not.

HUDSON

But you do not know what is to come, and fearing what you do not know, that is a lack of courage. That is your most dangerous wound right now. Your clan needs you.

BROOKLYN

And I need you.

HUDSON

And it needs your courage if it will survive.

BROOKLYN looks down, chastened.

BROOKLYN

What do I do now?

HUDSON

For a start, you could apologize to that man for calling him a fraud. You could also take heed of his own courage. He has not abandoned you, but your fears are smothering his courage just as surely as they are smothering your own and the courage of your clan.

BROOKLYN takes a deep breath.

BROOKLYN

Bring him in.

HUDSON opens the bedroom door and gestures outside. MATT and LEXINGTON enter.

LEXINGTON

So, how is it?

HUDSON

The bandage is fine and will do its job. The wound could do with a bit of

plastering to help set it, but for a field dressing it is well done.

MATT

Well, you have that if you don't have anything else. Some small consolation.

BROOKLYN

Matt...

MATT

...I'm sorry. I swear, I just, I don't know, I mean well, but...

BROOKLYN

I don't doubt it. Hey, listen.

MATT

What?

BROOKLYN

Nothing's lost until it's gone. You've seen the wound. Does it look infected?

MATT

No, I don't think so.

BROOKLYN

Then we haven't lost this battle yet. I'm still here and I'm still fighting. Are you?

MATT

Yes, sir.

BROOKLYN

Then I was wrong. You're no fraud. Stay in it and don't bother fearing what you don't know is there. Fight it, beat it back, prevent it, but don't give in to it.

MATT sighs deeply.

BROOKLYN

Fight for me.

LEXINGTON

For us.



MATT

Right to the end.

BROOKLYN puts up his hand. MATT and LEXINGTON grasp it and they clench hands.

MATT

Some doctor I'm faking. I should be comforting you.

BROOKLYN

You know something? You are.

MATT releases BROOKLYN's hand.

MATT

I need a bit of...uh, we'll head out in a bit. I'm just going to go, uh, check the coffee pot is off.

LEXINGTON

I'll be here when you're ready.

HUDSON

Is the coffee any good?

MATT

It's not fresh, but it should be okay. Did you want some?

HUDSON

A cup would be good.

MATT and HUDSON exit.

BROOKLYN

Still think he could be a threat?

LEXINGTON

How'd you come up with all that?

BROOKLYN

Goliath said it first. "We do not fear what we do not know." It just took a while for it to sink in. To put it to use.

LEXINGTON

He also said, "no alliances."

BROOKLYN

And he also, also said, go find resources. Ta-da! Resource.

He shifts uncomfortably on the bed.

BROOKLYN

Ow. I'd feel more clever about that if I hadn't taken a bullet to get there.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN.

MATT pours out two cups of coffee and hands one to HUDSON before turning off the coffee pot.

HUDSON

Thank you.

MATT

Well, thank you for whatever you did in there. I don't know what you told him, but he's a lot better than he was.

HUDSON

He needed a reminder of himself. That is all. He forgets his strength sometimes.

HUDSON sips his coffee and winces.

HUDSON

Much like this coffee.

MATT

Sorry about that.

HUDSON

Ah, no matter.

MATT

Can I ask one question of you, though? All this pain and sorrow. I'm getting the sense that you didn't quite mean to end up in Chicago.

HUDSON

No. That was an accident.

MATT

But why'd you come so far just to get away from the storm?

HUDSON

Because we did not mean to get away from it. We meant to take it away from Manhattan.

MATT

You what?

HUDSON

That storm was sent for us.

MATT

It what?

HUDSON

The storm was sent as an attack against those we protected.

HUDSON sips his coffee placidly. MATT looks at him, astonished. HUDSON side-eyes him as he sips.

MATT

You're serious about that.

HUDSON

We are here, are we not?

MATT

Yeah, no, but... All right.

MATT sips at his coffee, and scowls.

MATT

Oh, that is wretched. Sorry about that.

LEXINGTON enters the kitchen.

LEXINGTON

You ready yet?

MATT

Yeah. Yes. Um, anything in particular that you think we should pick up?

HUDSON

A plaster of some sort, something to hold the wound together when he moves.

MATT

Like tape, or something like that?

HUDSON

Your judgment has been good so far.

MATT

I think I know just the thing. Let's go.

He dumps his coffee out into the sink and leaves the cup there.

HUDSON

May I use your television while you are out?

MATT

Oh, absolutely. Just keep it down. My landlady is downstairs.

HUDSON

Aye, no worry there.

LEXINGTON

I'll go off the roof and follow you from above.

MATT

Sounds good. Shouldn't be gone more than half an hour.

MATT exits through the front door, and LEXINGTON exits through the back door. As they leave, HUDSON takes another sip of the coffee.

HUDSON

Right, then. Let's see what has happened to Manhattan.

He goes into the living room.

EXT. SCENE - HUMBOLDT PARK. (NIGHT)

J-MO and TYRONE are walking through the park toward J-MO's car. (They are coming from Swedish Covenant Hospital, for those who care.)

J-MO

They straight didn't want to know what happened?

TYRONE

Straight up. I said I cut my arm and they left it alone.

J-MO

Dog, you got lucky, man.

TYRONE

Right? Like, what was I gon' tell them? I got it cut by some monster in the park? You know they'd think I was trippin.

J-MO

Straight.

TYRONE

You think they gonna come back?

J-MO

Naw, dog. I already got the one. He ain't gonna be gettin' nobody no more.

TYRONE

Yeah, but they was another.

J-MO

Yeah, and he run off when he see me packin'. He ain't finna mess with no piece like this.

J-MO pats his waist where the pistol is concealed under his shirt.

TYRONE

You say so.

J-MO

Dog, why you so worried, man? I ain't playing with no monsters. I ain't finna play with them no more. I got my piece and I got a guy get me all I need besides. What you think I doin'...

They come around the curve into sight of the car, which BRONX is calmly chewing the left rear tire off of, having finished the right tire already, which hangs in shreds off the rim. There is a pop as the left tire blows out under his jaws.

J-MO

...doooooog?

TYRONE

Dude.

J-MO

Hey!

BRONX looks up at him, unimpressed. The standoff goes for up to three seconds, and then BRONX puts his head down and resumes chewing up the tire.

TYRONE

They ain't comin' back, huh?

J-MO

They ain't after this.

He pulls out his pistol and aims at BRONX. BRONX hears this, and springs away as J-MO fires. The tail light of the car shatters as the bullet hits it, but BRONX is well in the clear and out of sight.

J-MO

Aww. Duuude.

TYRONE

You missed him, dog.

J-MO

I see that, thanks!

There is a rustling to their right, and BRONX comes charging out from the woods in full ferocity. J-MO and TYRONE scream and run in two directions. BRONX pursues J-MO.

TYRONE runs off to the east. He is unpursued. He looks back as he runs to see if anyone is chasing him. They are not. He looks forward, and runs headlong into GOLIATH, who scowls at him.

J-MO has run off across the fields to the south, with BRONX in hot pursuit. BRONX closes on J-MO gradually. As J-MO reaches the north verge of the lagoon, he looks back and sees BRONX almost upon him. He stops, turns, and aims to fire, but with one mighty leap, BRONX is upon him, taking his gun arm in his jaws, and the two of them go to the ground.

Back at the car, BROADWAY waits, leaning up against the hood of the car, arms crossed, drumming his fingers against his arm. GOLIATH approaches from one direction, marching TYRONE ahead of him. From another, along the ground, BRONX drags J-MO by the gun arm. They both come up to BROADWAY.

GOLIATH

Now, which one?

BROADWAY

(indicating TYRONE)

This one is just his sidekick.

(indicating J-MO)

This is the one who shot.

GOLIATH

Right.

He spins TYRONE around to face him.

GOLIATH

You are fortunate that we are not vengeful against humans, or you would share your friend's fate. When you tell about this night, say you were shown mercy because you were sensible enough not to attack us.

He releases TYRONE.

GOLIATH

Run away, sidekick.

TYRONE needs no further invitation: he runs.

J-MO

'Rone! Tyrone! You chicken, you get  
back here!

GOLIATH and BROADWAY advance on J-MO. They come up to him and  
cross their arms.

J-MO

Uhhhhhhh.

GOLIATH

Now, then.

J-MO

Don't hurt me.

BROADWAY

Why not? You hurt my brother.

J-MO

Dog, I didn't mean it.

BROADWAY

I'm no dog.

J-MO

I didn't mean it, sir. Please let me  
go.

BROADWAY

And I am not as merciful as my boss,  
here.

J-MO

Oh, dude, dog, sir, please.

BROADWAY

(to GOLIATH)

How about it?

GOLIATH

(to BROADWAY)

I have handled mine. This one is yours  
to deal with.

BROADWAY

(grinning evilly)

Excellent.



J-MO

No, wait!

BROADWAY

You are so lucky that my brother is alive. I would be sending you to join him if he had died. I'll be satisfied keeping you from trying the same thing twice.

He grabs J-MO's gun and twists it away. J-MO hangs on to it. BRONX growls.

BROADWAY

Come on, drop the gun. Look, I can either break it, or me and my friend here break your wrist and then we break it. Which is it gonna be?

J-MO resists, relents, and releases the gun. BROADWAY takes it up and crumples it like so much paper, throwing it away.

J-MO

There. You happy now?

BROADWAY

No, actually, because I'm not sure you've been totally disarmed. You said just now that you had a guy. How many more guns have you got?

J-MO

Nothing.

BROADWAY

Nothing? Really?

J-MO

Really! Nothing, I swear to God.

BROADWAY

Really? Not even in the trunk?

GOLIATH goes to the car, grabs the trunk lid, and rips it away, throwing it off into the bushes. J-MO winces. GOLIATH then looks inside.

GOLIATH

Well, that is false.

He reaches inside and begins to pull out pistols, four or five of them.

GOLIATH

He is very well armed.

BROADWAY

Then we'll correct that.

GOLIATH looks straight at J-MO, growls, and crushes the first of the guns. He proceeds to crush each of the rest as BROADWAY speaks, throwing the debris into the car trunk each time.

BROADWAY

Now, we're new to this town. You don't need to know us, at all, really, but the one thing you need to know is, we protect ourselves and our friends. We don't tolerate unprovoked attacks. We have a right to live and we intend to defend that right, is that clear?

J-MO

Yessir.

BROADWAY

You are getting a pass tonight. But from here on, any wound you give us, we give right back to you. Clear?

J-MO

Crystal.

BROADWAY

All right. Bronx, off.

BRONX releases J-MO, who stands, unsteadily.

BROADWAY

Now, scram. I don't want to see you again, capice?

J-MO

No, sir.

BROADWAY

Oh, and one more thing.

He seizes J-MO's wrist in both hands and gives him a brisk "indian rug burn."

BROADWAY

That's for calling us monsters before.  
Don't do that.

J-MO rubs his wrist, looking at each of the three gargoyles in turn, and then, coming to his senses, scrambles off as they watch. Once he is out of earshot, BROADWAY sighs contentedly.

GOLIATH

Well?

BROADWAY

That makes up for a lot. Thanks.

GOLIATH

I do not want to make a habit of securing vengeance. If this prevents another attack, however, it is tolerable.

BROADWAY

You're not happy?

GOLIATH

I am never happy when we are attacked without cause. But this was satisfying.  
Come.

They move off toward the Armory, preparing to leave for MATT's house.

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

HUDSON is sitting on the easy chair in the living room. BROOKLYN is with him, lounging on the sofa. They are watching the news on the television. The back door opens and closes in the distance.

LEXINGTON (OFF)

We're back.

HUDSON

In here.

LEXINGTON enters the living room, as the front door opens and closes and MATT enters. He sees BROOKLYN sitting on the couch.

MATT

Oh, you're up!

BROOKLYN

Yeah, I couldn't just lie around all night. My wings get sore.

HUDSON

Any troubles?

LEXINGTON

Nothing. For a change. You?

BROOKLYN

Take a look.

He points to the television. There is a report running with the sound very low: "CHAOS IN SANDY'S WAKE." Shots of flooded streets and garden apartments, storekeepers desperately pushing water out of their shops, police and fire squads, and so on.

LEXINGTON

Whoa.

BROOKLYN

The storm followed us, but it still went through the city.

LEXINGTON

It didn't stay, though.

HUDSON

No, it moved off quickly. The city has survived.

There is a shot on the TV of the subway under water.

LEXINGTON

All of it?

HUDSON

No. Several of the humans have died. We have no word on the rest.

LEXINGTON

Oh.

MATT goes to BROOKLYN's wounded side.

MATT

You still doing okay?

BROOKLYN

Yeah. You got everything?

MATT

Everything I should need.

HUDSON

You could still do this with egg whites and linen, you know. That is how we always did it.

MATT

I could. It's worth the twelve dollars to keep everything cleaner, though.

HUDSON

No respect for traditions.

MATT

Fake-doctor's orders. We use sterile bandages.

HUDSON

As you will.

MATT

Now, let's see, here.

MATT begins to work on BROOKLYN's wounds. We do not need to see all the gory details, but what he is doing is uncovering the wound, wiping it down with a bit of iodine to disinfect, and then putting butterfly bandages across the wound to stitch it together. He will then be taping on a gauze pad to cover the wound. He also does something like this with the holes in BROOKLYN's wings. This all goes on through the following conversation.

BROOKLYN

It still looks fine?

MATT

Far as I can tell, yes. I'm still going to put a bit of iodine on, though. It'll sting.

BROOKLYN

Well, all right.

HUDSON

You are being cautious about this.

MATT

Sure. No reason not to.

HUDSON

Are you as cautious about other things?

MATT

As much as I can. It's the nature of my work to be careful. I've built up the habit.

HUDSON

Oh?

MATT looks up at him.

MATT

Or were you talking about tonight?

HUDSON

The thought does occur to me.

LEXINGTON

And me.

BROOKLYN

That's three of us. Ow.

MATT

Sorry. Well, come on. You were down and I could help, so I did.

BROOKLYN

You could also have run away, but you didn't.

LEXINGTON

And when most humans run from us, it gets creepy to have one stand up.

MATT

Well, you know, you're not so horrible. Especially once I get to talk to you a bit.

BROOKLYN

But you didn't, then. You ran up with bandages, offering to help.

MATT

Demanding to help.

BROOKLYN

Right.

MATT

Right. Something I haven't told you.

He continues to work in silence a moment.

MATT

I asked you earlier if you were brothers.

LEXINGTON

I remember.

MATT

I'd asked Broadway the same thing earlier, when things seemed desperate. It wasn't just conversation. I needed to remind myself of something.

He sighs deeply.

MATT

My own brother was killed in front of me. Shot to death by the police, about 17 years ago.

HUDSON

What?

LEXINGTON

By the police?

MATT

Yes. He was shooting at them, too, it wasn't unjustified.

BROOKLYN

What for?

MATT

For something I don't talk much about. It took years for me to clean up from it, and I did, but it still hurts to think about it too much. But while I was getting clean, I promised myself two things. One of them was that I would never again stand by and let someone die in front of me if I could help.

HUDSON

So you keep bandages.

MATT

And go to class on how to use them, yes. And hope never to have to use them. So, yeah, when you got shot, I saw the creature lying there and didn't quite know what you were. But I also saw his friends, his brothers, watching him die in front of them, and saw someone who needed help. How could I run?

HUDSON

And you leashed your terror to your conscience and put them both to work.

MATT

I guess so, yeah. I never put it that way before.

HUDSON

I wish I were unfamiliar with the feeling myself.

LEXINGTON

What was the other promise?

MATT

To honor the lives of those we'd hurt. My brother shot two of the officers. I still visit their graves each year.



BROOKLYN

But it was your brother who did it?

MATT

I was helping. It took the longest time to get over that. But, I have. Mostly, I have. And, um...

He looks up at them, and smiles weakly.

MATT

Listen to me, unloading on you. I'm sorry. I must be getting tired. I don't mean to dump my trouble on you like that.

BROOKLYN

It's all right. Thanks. That explains a few things.

MATT

Anyway, besides all that grim stuff, I already knew about the gargoyles of New York, of course, and when I heard "Brooklyn," I thought, naw, couldn't be, go check it out.

BROOKLYN

And here we are.

MATT

Indeed. It's a pleasure to meet you at last. And--

He pulls out the last strip of tape with a bit of a flourish and plasters it down.

MATT

--I hope that is enough to fix it for good. How's it feel?

BROOKLYN shifts a bit on the couch.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, that's much better. Lot less painful, thanks.

MATT

Well, thanks for putting up with me.

The back door opens and closes, and GOLIATH and BROADWAY enter.

HUDSON

Well, then. How have you fared?

GOLIATH

We have fared well.

BROADWAY

Won't have to deal with them again.

MATT looks somewhat alarmed at this.

MATT

Why's that?

BROADWAY

They are down five guns and two tires.

GOLIATH

And up one...what was it, "rug burn"?

BROADWAY

Yeah.

MATT

Wait, hold on. Rug burn? They shoot at you, and you give them a rug burn?

BROOKLYN

I wouldn't have it any other way.

GOLIATH

No. We have protected ourselves. Vengeance would just leave a larger footprint.

MATT grins widely.

MATT

You guys are fantastic.

BROOKLYN

Oh, now he gets it.

HUDSON

There is news of Manhattan on the television.

GOLIATH

How is it?

He steps around to take a look at the television.

HUDSON

The storm has done quite a lot of damage.

GOLIATH

Hm. But Manhattan stands.

HUDSON

Most of it, yes. It has been protected.

GOLIATH

Then our journey has not been in vain.

LEXINGTON

So we can go back now, right?

GOLIATH

Just a moment. Is it not well past your sleeping time, Matt?

MATT

Well, ordinarily, yes.

GOLIATH

Then you should be to your bed.

MATT

I don't mind.

GOLIATH

With respect, I do. You have done much for us, and we thank you for that, but there is one more thing. Brooklyn is still wounded, and we would like to sleep here in the morning. Will you keep watch on us during the day?

MATT

Of course. I can't say I have much in the way of sleeping arrangements, though.

GOLIATH

We will sleep outside. That is no trouble.

MATT

You don't have to.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, we do. Anyway, it is a bit tight in here for all of us.

MATT

If you want to. I'll keep an eye on you either way.

LEXINGTON

One other thing. Could I use your computer?

MATT

Something in particular?

LEXINGTON

Need to check in with someone.

BROADWAY

Amp?

LEXINGTON

Yeah. He's gotta be worried sick.

HUDSON

One final thing.

MATT

This is adding up.

HUDSON

I do believe that Goliath would like to use your telephone.

GOLIATH

Yes, I would.

MATT

Not a problem. Anything else?

BROADWAY

Can we get a pizza?

MATT

Not this late, sorry. Maybe next time.

BROADWAY

Aww.

HUDSON

We will handle the rest.

MATT

All right, then. Good night.

He goes into his bedroom and shuts the door.

BROOKLYN

So, what next?

GOLIATH

We do not know yet that Manhattan is safe. We cannot return and risk provoking another attack.

BROADWAY

So we're staying here?

GOLIATH

In Chicago, yes.

LEXINGTON

For how long?

GOLIATH

Until we know it is safe to return. I will speak to Elisa. She will know the state of the city.

BROOKLYN

And what about the others?

GOLIATH

That is the other factor. They may be nearby, and if so, then we regroup and return as one clan. We search for them while we are here. They will surely be searching for us as well, and the less we move, the more quickly we may be found.

HUDSON

The same may be said of Demona, of course.

GOLIATH

Certainly. Discretion must be the rule. We must make ourselves visible enough to reunite the clan, but not prominent enough to let Demona know where we are. So Amp cannot know where you are.

LEXINGTON

He'll worry.

GOLIATH

He will understand. Elisa cannot know where we are either until Demona is no longer a hazard. I am hopeful she will understand.

BROADWAY

But we're not going into hiding, are we?

GOLIATH

I would not ask that of you. These people talk. We know that well enough. So make the rumors flow. Let them say there are gargoyles in Chicago, but not be sure of it. The rumor will reach the right ears, and with luck, that will bring the rest of the clan home.

BROOKLYN

And if it reaches the wrong ears?

GOLIATH

A risk we must take. But I do not think Demona will want to chase whispers. Unless she knows we are here, the greater risk is hers. But she will most likely be listening to those she thinks we will contact, so we must be careful in speaking to them.

BROADWAY

Can we at least explore the city while we are here?

GOLIATH

Yes, as long as you do not get shot at again. A little visibility may help get word out.

BROOKLYN

Especially on Halloween. Who's to say that a certain gargoyle in a certain photograph of a party isn't just a costume?

BROADWAY

Katana.

BROOKLYN

Or Angela. I like this plan.

BROADWAY

So do I.

LEXINGTON

And Matt? How about him?

GOLIATH

He has been a good resource, but I fear for his safety. We cannot stay here. If Demona does locate us, he would be a natural target. We shall keep our distance unless we need him again.

LEXINGTON

Makes him sound like he's just kind of useful.

GOLIATH

He is, and must stay alive to remain so. This is how we will protect him.

HUDSON

This, and one more thing.

(calling out)

Matt! To bed!

There is a pause.

MATT (OFF)

I am!

HUDSON

Not unless your bed is leaning against  
the door.

MATT opens the bedroom door.

MATT

What do you mean by that?

HUDSON points to his left ear.

HUDSON

How do you think I can have the televi-  
sion so low?

MATT gapes briefly, and then shakes his head.

MATT

All right, all right.

He goes into the bedroom and shuts the door.

HUDSON

He does have spunk, that one.

GOLIATH goes from the living room into the kitchen.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN.

GOLIATH enters and picks up the telephone. He dials haltingly; he is not completely comfortable with it. The phone gives a recording:

OPERATOR

We're sorry, due to telephone company  
facility trouble, your call cannot be  
completed at this time. Will you try  
your call again later? Thank you.

GOLIATH hangs up the telephone.

GOLIATH

Good night, Elisa. Stay safe.

EXT. SCENE - HUMBOLDT PARK. (NIGHT)

A park district security car drives along the north drive of the park, followed by a tow truck. They pull up to J-MO's car in all its ruined glory, still sitting there, less the trunk lid and



with two blown tires. The tow truck pulls around the back of the car and stops, setting its brakes. The GUARD gets out of the security car, and the tow truck DRIVER and J-MO get out of the truck. They meet alongside the truck. The GUARD gives a long whistle.

GUARD

Wow. This was your car?

J-MO

This is my car, or what's left of it.

DRIVER

Jeez, what happened? You drive over a land mine or somethin'?

J-MO

Man, I don't wanna talk about it. You wouldn't believe it anyway. Just get me home, would you?

DRIVER

All right, but the auto club never said nothin' about two blown tires.

The DRIVER begins setting up to tow J-MO's car out. J-MO, meanwhile, starts walking around the car, surveying the carnage. He spots an envelope on the windshield and picks it up.

J-MO

Blowed-up car, and I got a ticket too.  
Great night.

GUARD

That's not one of ours. Maybe they left a note?

J-MO

Note? They wouldn't leave no note.

He opens the envelope and pulls out a short letter. He reads it: "I can help solve your problems, meet me at El Torito tomorrow night at 6:30, yours very truly, Craig Larsen."

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. BEDROOM.

MATT is asleep in his bed. The bedclothes have been changed since BROOKLYN was in the bed. The alarm clock shows 7:15 AM, and the sky outside his bedroom window is beginning to lighten. There is a tap at the door, and he rolls over.

LEXINGTON (OUTSIDE)

Matt? Are you awake?

MATT

Mmmff.

He opens his eyes groggily and looks at the alarm clock, and then sits bolt upright.

MATT

Oh, for cryin' out loud!

He begins scrambling to get dressed.

LEXINGTON (OUTSIDE)

Are you all right?

MATT

The damn alarm clock didn't go off!

LEXINGTON (OUTSIDE)

Yeah, I know.

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

LEXINGTON is standing outside MATT's bedroom.

LEXINGTON

I turned it off last night. We wanted to let you sleep in.

MATT (INSIDE)

You what?

He opens the door in a state of high dishabille: he has obviously not been sleeping very well.

LEXINGTON

If you're gonna watch out for us, I mean.

MATT blinks at him a few times.

MATT  
You're still here.

LEXINGTON  
Yeeeahh...

MATT  
Okay. Cool. Um, let me get dressed  
here. Be right out.

He shuts the door.

LEXINGTON  
Don't get dressed up on our account.

MATT (INSIDE)  
Well, lemme get some pants on, anyway.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN.

BROADWAY and BROOKLYN are in the kitchen. BROOKLYN is sitting side-saddle on a chair, and BROADWAY is at the counter. LEXINGTON enters.

LEXINGTON  
He's getting dressed.

BROADWAY  
Going to have to hurry up. What do you  
think? You want to go up to the roof?

BROOKLYN  
No, down here's fine.

MATT enters the kitchen, dressed in his undershirt and jeans. He is carrying BROOKLYN's swords.

MATT  
Morning. How are you?

BROOKLYN  
Still pretty sore, but it's been all  
right.

LEXINGTON  
I'll go up and tell Goliath.

MATT

Where's he at?

LEXINGTON

Up on the roof with Hudson and Bronx.  
See you around.

MATT

See you.

LEXINGTON exits through the back door.

MATT

Sure you're going to sleep outside?

BROOKLYN

We kind of need to, and anyway, I really need to stretch out. Spending the whole night on my back is murder.

MATT

So to speak.

BROOKLYN

So to speak, yeah. We're going to have to get out of here tonight, though.

MATT

You're gonna be all right?

BROOKLYN

Oh, yeah. I think you made sure of that. Are you?

MATT

What, with all this?

BROADWAY

It has been a lot.

MATT

I'll be fine. Just take care of yourselves.

BROOKLYN

Always.

BROOKLYN starts to stand, with effort. BROADWAY comes over and helps him stand. MATT hands BROOKLYN his swords, and he puts them back under his belt.

MATT

I know it's hard to believe with what's happened, but this really is a good city. It has a good heart.

BROOKLYN

But it's not home.

MATT

No, I get that. It's got to be good for a short stay, anyway.

BROADWAY

Well, we'll find out tonight. Halloween's usually a good time for us to be on the streets.

MATT

No doubt. Coming back tonight? I could order something in.

BROOKLYN

No.

MATT

I don't mind it.

BROOKLYN

We've put you through enough. Anyway, we have to start working on how to get home.

MATT

Well, don't be a stranger.

BROOKLYN extends his left hand to MATT.

BROOKLYN

Matt Pegram, you saved my life. You're no stranger. Thank you.

MATT takes his hand and shakes it.

MATT

It has been my pleasure, Brooklyn.

BROADWAY extends his right hand, and MATT shakes it.

BROADWAY  
Thanks for everything. Come on, it's  
almost sunrise.

MATT  
You're very sure you don't want to  
sleep inside?

BROADWAY  
No, because--

BROOKLYN  
Actually, why don't you come see for  
yourself?

MATT  
See what?

BROADWAY  
Yeah, actually. Come on.

MATT  
All right.

The exit onto the back porch.

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

BROADWAY, BROOKLYN, and MATT exit onto the back porch. BROADWAY supports BROOKLYN under his arm, and they go along the porch to stand along the rail. BROOKLYN stretches his wings and yawns. BROADWAY also spreads his wings, though his left wing is tucked under BROOKLYN's.

BROADWAY  
Just in time.

MATT  
Wow.

BROOKLYN  
What?

MATT  
It's just...I hadn't seen you stretched  
out like that.

BROOKLYN

You haven't seen everything yet. You want to see why we sleep outside?

BROOKLYN and BROADWAY take up reasonably fierce poses (BROOKLYN being, of course, somewhat constrained by his injuries), and as the sun breaks into the sky, there is a crackling as both of them turn to stone. MATT is astonished by this.

MATT

Whoa.

He reaches out one hand to touch BROOKLYN lightly, and then pulls it back sharply.

MATT

Whoooooah.

He laughs, and shakes his head.

MATT

Vaya con dios, gents. And God bless this crazy world.

He goes back inside the house and closes the door.

-END-