

Serve and Protect

by

Andrew Morris

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

BROOKLYN is perched on the garage roof across from MATT's house. He is watching the house, calmly, quietly. Through the back windows, MATT is visible in the dining room, puttering around the house. BROADWAY lands nearby him.

Caption: West Humboldt Park, Chicago. Wednesday, December 19, 2012. 6:27 PM.

BROADWAY

Hey.

BROOKLYN

Hey.

BROADWAY

How is he?

BROOKLYN

Quiet.

BROADWAY

Good.

BROOKLYN shrugs.

BROOKLYN

I guess.

BROADWAY

He could be a lot worse.

BROOKLYN

He could be a lot better, too. You know he hasn't been out the last few nights?

BROADWAY

It's his life. He's entitled.

BROOKLYN

He's entitled, but do you believe he'd just stay in?

BROADWAY shakes his head.

BROADWAY

I don't know. I don't know him well enough.

BROOKLYN

Oh, come on. Chases us down, and then he goes off to chase werewolves and hodags and so on, and now he's staying home?

BROADWAY

Humans are weird, sometimes.

BROOKLYN

Not that weird.

Through the windows, BRAD LEVIN is visible. He sits at the dining room table, and MATT sits near him. They are talking, inaudibly.

BROOKLYN

Who's that?

BROADWAY

I don't know. Friend of his, I guess.

BROOKLYN watches. The hair on the back of his neck begins to stand up. BROADWAY looks at him.

BROOKLYN

Something's wrong.

BROADWAY

What?

BROOKLYN

I don't know. But I want to find out.

He goes to the edge of the roof.

BROADWAY

Be careful.

BROOKLYN

No time for that.

He leaps off and glides over to the porch.

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

BROOKLYN lands, and goes on all fours and crawls along silently to sit below the window, listening. From there, he can hear the conversation:

LEVIN

...but I can tell that you have had
some encounters.

MATT

Yes, a couple.

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

MATT and LEVIN are seated at the table, talking.

LEVIN

And I can also tell they haven't been
entirely enjoyable, have they?

MATT

No, that's for sure.

LEVIN

Well, let me also tell you, you are not
alone.

MATT

No?

LEVIN

No. Not at all. These creatures, these
gargoyles, are dangerous.

MATT

Yeah. I know.

LEVIN

Tell me about it.

MATT

They killed one of my brothers about
seventeen years ago.

LEVIN

So I'd heard. And recently?

MATT

They caught up to me. They were claim-
ing to be friends.

LEVIN

Yes. That's what they do.

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

BROOKLYN is still listening at the window. He shakes his head.

BROOKLYN
Who is this guy?

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

LEVIN reaches under the table into his bag. He pulls out a small book, hard-bound, with a red cover.

LEVIN
This is for you. It tells a little more about these creatures, and their history, and just how deceptive they can be.

MATT
Does it?

MATT opens the book and pages through it briefly.

LEVIN
Yes. It's an old book, but the Castaway Foundation keeps it in print because the threat from these beasts is evergreen. Especially in the past eighteen years or so, since they've started showing themselves again.

MATT
So I've found.

LEVIN
Now, you should know, the Castaway Foundation is dedicated to educating the public about the threat from the gargoyles, but we know that education only goes so far. So, we also sponsor a group that focuses on direct defensive actions in the community.

MATT
That the police?

LEVIN
Well, partly. It's a bit less...formal than that. We have some police officers, but also other concerned citizens

who are ready to stand up to the menace and protect humanity. And we think that, with your personal exposure to them, along with your history, you'd be a great addition, possibly even a good section leader.

MATT

And what is this group called?

LEVIN

It's called the Quarrymen.

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

BROOKLYN jumps at this, and his eye lights up.

BROOKLYN

Quarrymen!

EXT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. GARAGE ROOF. (NIGHT)

BROADWAY sees BROOKLYN reacting, and jumps as well.

BROADWAY

Oh, no!

He leaps off the garage into the back yard, toward the house.

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

MATT looks around toward the windows, suspiciously. He has heard. LEVIN plows ahead.

LEVIN

We'll be meeting next at the backroom of a bar in Wicker Park, called El Torito. That'll be next Wednesday at 7:30. I'd really like--

MATT

Wait, did you just hear something?

He gets up and goes to the window, looking around.

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

BROOKLYN is standing, pressed back against the wall, as MATT looks through his window. BROOKLYN is clearly anguished. His eye is still lit.

LEVIN

Did you?

MATT

It sounded like an echo just then.

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

LEVIN

No, I'm sorry, I didn't. I mean, I'd like to say the thought resonated that well with you. I can see it in your face that you're interested.

MATT turns back and sits back down.

MATT

Maybe. I don't know. I'd just as soon leave them behind.

LEVIN

But are you so sure they will want to leave you behind? You know, they can be tenacious, and--

He is cut off by a crash. The dining room window shatters, and glass flies across the table as both LEVIN and MATT shield their eyes. A brickbat flies through the window and tumbles across the floor into the living room. After a moment, MATT jumps to his feet and leans out the window.

MATT

Hey. Hey!

Looking out the window, he can just see a shape running through the back yard and over the fence to the alley.

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

BROOKLYN is still tight up against the back wall as MATT leans out.

MATT

You rotten kids! What do you think you're doing? I'm gonna find you and get you for this!

MATT looks on for a moment, and begins to calm down just a bit as he leans back inside. BROOKLYN relaxes slightly as he does.

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

MATT turns back to the table.

MATT

I'm so sorry, Mr. Levin. This used to be such a nice neighborhood, or so I'm told.

LEVIN

No, it's quite all right. I'm just glad it was vandals instead of, you know...

MATT

Right. I think it's probably best we talk again some other time, though. I'm going to have to clean this up and then close up that window somehow. Next Wednesday at 7:30, you said?

LEVIN

Yes.

MATT

I may see you there.

LEVIN stands to go, taking up his briefcase as he does.

LEVIN

Excellent. I hope so. Good night, sorry about the mess.

MATT

Well, not your fault, I guess. Good night.

LEVIN exits through the front. Unseen, BROOKLYN peeks through the window as he does, and then ducks back down.

MATT

Aw, man. If it's not one thing it's another.

EXT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. ROOF. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN climbs up over the back of the house and runs to the front. BROADWAY glides in from above and joins him.

BROADWAY

Where is he?

BROOKLYN

Should be leaving now. Guy in a dark suit with a briefcase.

They look down from the front of the roof.

EXT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. STREET. (NIGHT)

LEVIN exits MATT's house and walks down the street. He does not get far. There is a growl from above, and BROADWAY drops in front of him, followed by BROOKLYN behind him. LEVIN stops, and looks at each of them.

LEVIN

Hello, there. Come to tell me off, then?

BROADWAY

Leave our friend alone.

LEVIN

He's not your friend any more. I've seen to that.

BROOKLYN

That's where you're wrong.

LEVIN

Yeah? Prove it.

BROADWAY

We got nothing to prove to you.

BROOKLYN

Except that, if you keep trying to recruit him, we'll be there to stop you.

LEVIN

Well, that's helpful information.

LEVIN reaches into his bag. He pulls out a small Quarrymen's hammer (a sledge about the length of his forearm) and drops the bag. He clicks it on; the head begins to crackle with energy.

LEVIN

Very helpful indeed.

He swings at BROADWAY, who dodges. The eyes of both gargoyles light up; the fight is on.

LEVIN

Because if you're going to fight for him, then this is self-defense and defense of another. Law's on my side.

BROOKLYN draws his katana and crouches. LEVIN swings at him. BROOKLYN catches the hammer on his blade, arresting it. The hammerhead crackles menacingly.

BROOKLYN

You guys just don't learn, do you?

LEVIN

Oh, and you guys say I'm the one that's quick to judge.

There is a movement behind BROADWAY that catches BROOKLYN's eye.

BROOKLYN

Watch it, behind you!

BROADWAY dodges just as the hammer comes down, swung by J-MO, in full Quarrymen uniform (with mask). It smashes into the pavement. BROADWAY turns to face J-MO, who brings the hammer back up. They face off. Meanwhile, LEVIN hits a button on his hammer. A blade springs out of the handle of his hammer. He disengages it from BROOKLYN's sword and brings the butt of the handle down against him, cutting him in the chest.

BROOKLYN

Agghh!

LEVIN

Truth is, I learn fast.

He swivels the hammer and comes in for another blow. A visibly injured BROOKLYN fights him, sword to hammer, parrying his blow and responding. His response is put aside by LEVIN.

Meanwhile, BROADWAY is working to get inside of J-MO's blows. He finally does, putting J-MO's arm back and punching him directly in the chest, sending him flying backward and sending the hammer out of his grasp. BROADWAY comes back to attack LEVIN with a roar. He grabs LEVIN around his back and tries to throw him, but LEVIN's hammer connects with his arm. BROADWAY is shocked and falls aside. BROOKLYN tries to come back with his sword but is parried again.

J-MO staggers to his feet and goes to his hammer. He picks it up. From a distance, TYRONE runs up.

TYRONE

J-Mo! Stop it!

J-MO

Ty! Get outta here!

TYRONE

No, stop it! They gonna kill you!

J-MO

I'm gonna kill them first. You watch.

J-MO runs back into battle. TYRONE watches from a distance.

J-MO swings at BROADWAY, who has found his footing again. BROADWAY dodges outside the blow and comes down hard on his arm, pushing him down to the ground. J-MO stumbles to stay upright, and brings an elbow up into BROADWAY's chin, knocking him back a bit, just enough for him to get free, dragging the hammer behind him. He brings it up to touch BROADWAY, jolting him but not enough to stun him completely. BROADWAY dives back in, grasping J-MO and flinging him into LEVIN, sending both of them sprawling. BROOKLYN follows LEVIN, leaping upon him and putting the point of his sword into his neck. BROOKLYN is enraged.

BROOKLYN

I ought to finish this right here and now.

BROADWAY goes to J-MO, grabs him, and kneels on his back, pinning him down.

BROOKLYN

I got enough trouble already. Quarrymen
are the last thing I need.

LEVIN

Well, then, do it. Right here and now,
go on, do it. Show them what you are.

BROOKLYN sits there, panting.

TYRONE

Let 'em up.

Everyone looks up at him.

BROADWAY

Why? What's it to you?

TYRONE

The one's my friend. The other's a
jerk, but he don't deserve to die.

BROOKLYN

Your friend and his jerk tried to kill
us.

TYRONE

I know. But we tried to kill you be-
fore, and you let me go.

BROOKLYN and BROADWAY look at each other, and then at TYRONE.

TYRONE

Halloween.

BROADWAY

Oh, wait a minute. You were in the car.

TYRONE

Yeah.

BROOKLYN

You guys were shooting at me.

TYRONE

Yeah.

BROADWAY

So why should we listen to you?

TYRONE

Maybe you shouldn't, but you know, you let me go before. Can't you do it again?

BROOKLYN

This guy is trying to kill me and he is trying to take my friend away from me. Why should I?

TYRONE

Because he took my friend away from me already. I don't want him dead. I want him back.

J-MO

Shut up, Tyrone!

TYRONE

J-Mo, you a idiot. I want you back anyway, bro.

J-MO

You can't use my name out here, dog!

TYRONE

That there is Jerome Morgan Tyler, and he used to be my friend, J-Mo.

J-MO

Dog! No names!

TYRONE

He didn't want me or his aunt to die, so he let this freak get a hold of him and tell him he could protect the city by being a big man. That's all we wanted to do, protect people. I still want that, even if they freaks and idiots.

BROOKLYN has calmed down a bit after this. He looks down at LEVIN, who is scowling at him, and at J-MO, who is squirming under BROADWAY. Then he looks at TYRONE.

BROOKLYN

Get those hammers.

LEVIN

Leave those alone, Tyrone.

TYRONE

You in no position to give orders,
dude.

TYRONE takes both LEVIN and J-MO's hammers, and switches them off.

BROOKLYN

Go throw them in the lake or something.

TYRONE

Yes, sir. I will.

BROOKLYN

Let him up.

BROADWAY relaxes and stands. J-MO gets up, and immediately dives for TYRONE, throwing a fist at him.

J-MO

You a traitor, dog, you gonna--

BROADWAY interrupts this by catching J-MO's fist and twisting it down. J-MO's body wrenches in response, and he squeaks in pain.

BROADWAY

Hey, he just saved your neck, show a
little gratitude.

BROADWAY holds him there.

BROOKLYN

And as for you.

LEVIN

And as for me.

BROOKLYN leans in close to LEVIN.

BROOKLYN

I do not ever want to see you in the
vicinity of Matt Pegram again. Not
here, not at his work, not anywhere.
Whatever he's going through now, he is
under my protection. Is that clear
enough?

LEVIN
(casually)
Sure, whatever you say.

BROOKLYN
I'm not joking.

LEVIN
And I'm not through with you. You can
count on that.

BROOKLYN
You must really want me to take your
head off.

LEVIN
More than anything.

BROOKLYN squints at him, hard, but then releases him and stands.

BROOKLYN
You aren't getting it tonight. Leave.
Take this crony of yours with you.

LEVIN stands.

LEVIN
Pigassus will rise, you know. Count on
it.

BROOKLYN
Take your babble too. We're through
here.

LEVIN
Come on.

BROADWAY releases J-MO's fist. J-MO stands, gives TYRONE a hard
look, and then joins LEVIN. They exit up the street. BROADWAY
and BROOKLYN go up to TYRONE, who looks worried and steps back a
bit.

BROOKLYN
Now, as for you.

TYRONE
I'm sorry.

BROOKLYN

No, hold on. Let me finish.

TYRONE

Sorry.

BROOKLYN

Why'd you come back here tonight?

TYRONE

I thought I could get my friend back.
We been friends since we've been kids.
I don't want to lose him to that guy.

BROADWAY

We have that in common, sort of.

TYRONE

I guess.

BROOKLYN

Are we good now? Or you still want to
fight with us?

TYRONE

I want you to leave me alone. I don't
want trouble from you. I don't really
want to give you trouble either.

BROOKLYN

All right. Go get rid of those hammers.
I can live with that.

TYRONE

I'm gonna do it now.

BROADWAY

Thanks for stepping in.

TYRONE

Why?

BROOKLYN

I think that guy is trying to provoke a
fight for some reason. If he's Quarry-
men, probably he's trying to show off
how dangerous we are as a recruitment
thing. You stopped that.

TYRONE

Maybe. I don't want to do that, though.
I still think you're dangerous. Can I
go?

BROOKLYN

Yeah. Go ahead.

TYRONE

You have yourself a good night.

BROADWAY

And you.

TYRONE leaves, taking both hammers with him.

BROADWAY

We're not making any friends out here,
are we?

BROOKLYN

Quarrymen, though.

He thinks about this a moment.

BROOKLYN

We got to get this back to the station.
I don't like the idea of the Quarrymen
showing up this quickly, with every-
thing else going on. Come on.

They climb up a nearby building.

INT. SCENE - ERIC SANCHEZ'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM.

ELLEN SANCHEZ and MARIA CHAVEZ are sitting in the living room,
drinking something (wine if we can get away with it, and, I
don't know, Bosco in milk if we can't). The tree is up and looks
lovely and they have a nice fire going in the fireplace.

Caption: Gage Park, Chicago. 10:15 PM.

ELLEN

So, Tampa is boring?

CHAVEZ

Relatively, yes. I mean, I was hoping
to retire somewhere quiet, and for a
while there I still hoped that. It was

a nice change. But it's just been the same thing every day. Truth be told, I was sort of hoping Chicago would be more exciting.

ELLEN

This exciting?

CHAVEZ

No. I didn't expect any of this.

ELLEN

Neither did I. Tampa's starting to sound like a better option. I know we made a pact when we got married. I don't know that having gargoyles in the house was a part of that, though.

CHAVEZ

But I'm glad. It's been too long since I've spoken to Hudson.

ELLEN

You talk like he's--I mean, as though--

CHAVEZ

He really is okay. They all are. The gargoyles are some of the finest people I know.

ELLEN

Are you really sure, though? They won't hurt the kids, will they?

CHAVEZ

Absolutely not. They actually get along really well with children, or they have every time I've seen them.

ELLEN

Well, all right. I still kind of hope they don't show up here again.

CHAVEZ

I kind of hope they do, actually. If they'll be around, I'd like for you to get to know them better, and vice versa.

ERIC SANCHEZ enters through the front door. He closes it gently.

ERIC
Hey. Kids asleep?

ELLEN
Yeah, about half an hour now.

ERIC
Good. Aunt Maria, we got problems.

CHAVEZ
Oh? What's that?

ERIC
Quarrymen.

CHAVEZ
No!

ERIC
Yeah, 'fraid so. I had Miller trying to pull me in the other night. Gave me this.

He pulls the little red book out of his pocket and gives it to CHAVEZ.

CHAVEZ
That's all we need.

ELLEN
What's a Quarryman?

CHAVEZ
Hate group trying to kill off the gargoyles. I didn't think they were operating this far west.

ERIC
Well, they are now. Miller made it sound like they got thirty or forty people lined up and training. About half are cops. The rest, I dunno.

CHAVEZ
Wow. Getting traction fast. You think Goliath's group knows?

ERIC

I'm not sure. They should.

CHAVEZ

Yes, absolutely. You got a way to get in touch with them?

ERIC

I got Lexington's cell number.

CHAVEZ

Good, give him a call.

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

All six gargoyles are on the roof, gathered.

GOLIATH

Then, they are pursuing him.

BROOKLYN

It sure looks like it. They mentioned something about him becoming a section leader.

GOLIATH

Hmm.

BROOKLYN

There's more. This Levin guy truly wasn't frightened of me. He was taunting me the whole time, daring me to kill him.

GOLIATH

Begging for martyrdom.

BROOKLYN

Yeah.

BROADWAY

But he said something else. "Pegasus will rise." What's that?

GOLIATH

I do not know.

HUDSON

Nor I.

LEXINGTON's phone rings. He answers.

BROOKLYN

I wish I could say it was just nonsense. Maybe it is.

BROADWAY

But don't count on it.

LEXINGTON

Goliath? Phone for you.

He passes the phone to Goliath.

GOLIATH

Hello?

SANCHEZ

(on phone)

Hello, Goliath?

GOLIATH

Yes.

SANCHEZ

Eric Sanchez. We got trouble. Quarrymen.

GOLIATH

Yes, we know. They tried to turn our friend.

SANCHEZ

Worse news than I had, then. How is he?

GOLIATH

Defended, for now.

SANCHEZ

Can we help? I can go by there in the morning if you want.

GOLIATH

That would be helpful. Thank you.

SANCHEZ

Oh, hold on.

There is a faint shuffle on the phone.

CHAVEZ
(on phone)
Goliath?

GOLIATH
Yes, Captain?

CHAVEZ
Be careful. The Quarrymen are getting
into the police.

GOLIATH
As usual.

CHAVEZ
Except this time I can't do much for
you. Neither can Eric.

GOLIATH
Then we will have to take the fight to
them. But later. We have Demona to con-
tend with now. She had some connection
to those lights.

CHAVEZ
Oh, no. She's here too?

GOLIATH
Yes, it seems so.

CHAVEZ
Then you're right. You have your hands
full. Call if you need anything.

GOLIATH
Right. And you.

He passes the phone back to LEXINGTON, who hangs up and holsters
it.

GOLIATH
Manhattan would seem to have come to
us. Captain Chavez says the Quarrymen
are turning up among the police.

BROOKLYN
Trouble on trouble, now.

BROADWAY

We know Demona was tied up with that Doctor Cotter. We know Cotter was responsible for turning Matt. How does Levin fit into that?

GOLIATH

Do you think Demona is likely to appear at Matt's home?

BROADWAY

Not exactly, but I think it's a good chance anything else she does might turn up there. She probably knows about him and us. Her allies may check up on him to get to us.

BROOKLYN

Including Levin? Why'd they work together? She hates humans and he hates gargoyles.

BROADWAY

I don't know. Maybe he was just scavenging.

HUDSON

But he would need to know where to scavenge.

BROOKLYN

Yes, that's true. And this wasn't just a lucky guess. He knew Matt's history. He said he'd heard we killed his brother.

BROADWAY

So Levin is the second clue. They're probably working separately, but there may be some indirect connection between him and her.

BROOKLYN

He also said the Quarrymen meet down at El Torito.

HUDSON

That is the same tavern where they were distributing guns, isn't it?

BROOKLYN

Yeah. Connection?

BROADWAY

Could be.

LEXINGTON

And Central? They mentioned something about Central at the lab the other night.

BROADWAY

Central is Doctor Cotter, or maybe Central is Demona. I'm not sure.

HUDSON shakes his head.

HUDSON

Aggh. Too many players with too many connections. We will get nowhere chasing them from here.

GOLIATH

Action, then.

LEXINGTON

I can look to see what I can find online. Not like that narrows that down much, but we can go check a couple of places and see what we can find.

BROADWAY

Right.

GOLIATH

Brooklyn, you and Bronx go back to Matt's house and watch for anyone there.

BROOKLYN

Will do.

GOLIATH

Hudson and Broadway, go to the tavern and look out for Levin.

BROADWAY

And take him out? Might cut back on the number of leads we have to chase.

HUDSON

Levin is spoiling for a fight. Do not give him one.

GOLIATH

Not for free, anyway. Lexington, you and I will look for Central.

BROOKLYN picks up BRONX and they depart one way; HUDSON and BROADWAY depart another.

GOLIATH

Do you think you can find them?

LEXINGTON

No. But I think we can find some possibilities. And, actually...

GOLIATH

What is it?

LEXINGTON

Maybe I can narrow it down by a lot. Come inside, I'll show you.

They go inside.

EXT. SCENE - AERIAL. (NIGHT)

GOLIATH and LEXINGTON are gliding along. LEXINGTON has his radio direction finder strapped around his neck, and he looks at it briefly.

LEXINGTON

(indicating)

That way.

They turn slightly to the left, in the direction he pointed.

GOLIATH

If they have destroyed all of the lights, then what are they transmitting?

LEXINGTON

For one thing, I don't know they destroyed all of them, just the ones we ran into. For another, it's not that specific. It could be something else we're tracing.

GOLIATH

I see.

LEXINGTON

But it narrows it down, anyway. And...

He looks at the RDF again. The needle swivels around to their left.

LEXINGTON

Looks like we just went past it. Down there.

They bank left and descend.

EXT. SCENE - CENTRAL MECHANICAL SERVICES. ROOF. (NIGHT)

A typical industrial building with a typical flat industrial roof, studded with standpipes and machinery vents, and a roof access door from the stairway below. GOLIATH and LEXINGTON land. LEXINGTON looks at the RDF and rotates it a bit.

LEXINGTON

Yeah, this is it.

GOLIATH

It does not look like much.

LEXINGTON

So it's the right place?

GOLIATH

I suspect so. Almost certainly.

He goes to the roof access door and tries it. It opens.

GOLIATH

Be on guard.

LEXINGTON

Right.

They enter.

INT. SCENE - CENTRAL MECHANICAL. STOREROOM.

GOLIATH and LEXINGTON exit the stairs into a darkened storage space, stacked high with heating equipment: boilers and furnaces. The space is silent except for the click of their claws on the concrete floor as they go down the aisles. They explore.

LEXINGTON

Lot of heating equipment. Not a lot else.

GOLIATH

And you are sure the signal is coming from here?

LEXINGTON

Yeah.

LEXINGTON examines one of the boilers carefully.

LEXINGTON

Check this out.

He wipes one finger across the nameplate on the boiler. Under the thick dust, the name "REAMUR," in a stylized font, is revealed.

LEXINGTON

"Reamur." That sounds familiar.

GOLIATH

Yes. That was the factory we chased that snake into. It burned down after that.

LEXINGTON

Well, this has been here a few years from the look of it. In fact, look around. None of this has moved for years.

GOLIATH

They are not a very successful business, then.

LEXINGTON

If they're really in business.

They look around. LEXINGTON begins counting the windows to one side.

LEXINGTON
Something else.

GOLIATH
What?

LEXINGTON
There's nine windows down that side.
There were ten on that wall outside.

They look toward the end of the room. The wall there is windowless, with a plain metal double door in the middle.

INT. SCENE - CENTRAL MECHANICAL. CONTROL ROOM.

Inside the control room, all is dark except what is lit by the street lights outside through the single set of windows. With a bang, the door flies open. GOLIATH and LEXINGTON are poised, ready to strike, eyes alight, but there is nothing there. Relaxing, their eyes darken, and they enter the control room. There is just enough light to make out the dead control consoles along one wall, each with a chair in front of it. Across from the consoles are a set of bookshelves and a supervisor's desk. In contrast to what is outside, this place is relatively tidy.

GOLIATH
Nothing.

LEXINGTON
Something.

He goes to inspect the consoles. They show nothing. He goes from one to another. GOLIATH picks up a sheet of paper at the supervisor's desk and reads it.

GOLIATH
"The 17th Street operation will change
to remote control on June 26, 2009."
What does this mean?

LEXINGTON
It means they moved control away from
here a couple of years ago. No wonder
it's so dirty out there. Can you turn
on the light?

GOLIATH goes to the doorway and switches on the lights. He then goes beside LEXINGTON, who sits at a console. He turns it on, and it lights and begins to warm up. As it does, a shadow approaches the doorway.

LEXINGTON

Thanks. Yeah, looks like they're switched over to remote operations here.

GOLIATH

So this is a relay?

LEXINGTON

Yes, that's it. Control is somewhere else, but if I can log in here, maybe I can monitor the transmissions. Is there anything in the desk?

GOLIATH

Nothing that I--

He looks back. Through the doorway is a shadow, approaching the control room.

GOLIATH

Guard!

They both duck under the consoles. At the doorway, a heavily armed soldier (RILEY) appears. He looks inside the room, and then unclips his radio from his shoulder.

RILEY

Riley here. I've got activity in the control center, I'm going to check it out. Send up some backup.

He clips his radio back to his shoulder and enters the room. He goes to the desk and looks behind it; nothing. He then begins to go down the row of consoles, looking under each. He reaches LEXINGTON. As he bends down to examine, LEXINGTON springs out, aiming for his legs. RILEY jumps up in place, and LEXINGTON misses his legs entirely, sprawling out on the floor. The soldier turns and aims his gun at LEXINGTON. LEXINGTON rolls up to sit on the floor, terrified.

RILEY

Got you! Nowhere to run now!

RILEY raises his gun to take aim on LEXINGTON. Suddenly, GOLIATH bursts forth, with a roar, and sweeps his arm down--or tries to, but he passes right through the gun and RILEY, and tumbles forward.

RILEY

If you are wise, you will remain exactly where you are. Security forces have been called, and they will be just as happy to remove your corpse as to arrest you.

GOLIATH looks at his hands in disbelief, then swivels back to face RILEY, who completely ignores him.

LEXINGTON

Goliath! Hit his face!

GOLIATH swings a fist through RILEY's face, and again, it passes straight through without resistance. The shadow of his hand, however, blacks out RILEY below where his hand had passed through.

RILEY

There is no room for bargaining. Our forces are incorruptible, and we will not release you...

GOLIATH looks up. There is a beam shining from the ceiling over the doorway, casting a shimmering light across the floor.

RILEY

...until justice has been brought to bear upon you with the full weight of the law.

GOLIATH

Enough.

He reaches down and punches straight up into the light, destroying it. RILEY fizzles out of existence. LEXINGTON stands and goes to the console. RILEY, though destroyed, continues to speak.

RILEY (OFF)

You should know that burglary is a felony under Illinois law, carrying penalties of up to seven years in a penitentiary...

LEXINGTON
Enough of that, too.

He puts in a few keystrokes, and RILEY stops talking.

GOLIATH
An illusion.

LEXINGTON
More than that. It sure looks like
those street light things from the other night.

GOLIATH
Except this was visible.

LEXINGTON
Yeah.

GOLIATH
Is that the signal you received?

LEXINGTON
Maybe. I'm not sure. Let me see if I
can get in here. Keep an eye out,
though. If that thing was a burglar
alarm, I don't want to be surprised by
whoever heard it.

LEXINGTON begins typing into the console.

GOLIATH
Those were invisible to us, though. How
could we see this one?

LEXINGTON
They probably reprogrammed it. Remember
how it sent something home?

GOLIATH
Yes.

LEXINGTON
I think somehow it may have retuned to
us when we were examining it.

GOLIATH
And now we can be deceived as well.

LEXINGTON

Yeah. Charmingly inclusive of them,
isn't it?

GOLIATH

I would rather it were not.

The console buzzes at LEXINGTON.

LEXINGTON

Aggh. No good. It's locked itself down.
It must have done that when the alarm
went off.

GOLIATH

Is there anything more to be gained
from here?

LEXINGTON

If I can get past the lock, I can look
up that building from the other night,
maybe. The Perriwinkle building. Might
give us an idea of who's involved.

He starts working on the console. GOLIATH keeps a watch behind him. He looks over at the bookshelf, and notices several binders. He pulls one out and looks at it.

GOLIATH

(reading)

"Central Control Services. Interoffice
Telephone Directory."

LEXINGTON

Yeah, that'd be nice.

GOLIATH

Then I have good news.

LEXINGTON looks back toward him as GOLIATH begins to page through the directory.

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

DOCTOR COTTER is seated at her desk, typing on the computer, writing emails. She pauses, counts her words, deletes a bit, and types some more. LOUIE knocks at her door, and then enters. COTTER continues to type.

COTTER

"Cower" is "C-O-W-E-R," right?

LOUIE

Yes, I think so.

COTTER

Great. (typing) "Cower puny mortals before the strength of our performance..."

She types some more, and then hits the "Send" button with a flourish.

COTTER

November financials, done. Now, what have you got?

LOUIE

Someone's over at 17th Street.

COTTER

Oh? That's a bit early. I wonder what's going on?

The phone on her desk rings. COTTER smiles.

COTTER

Works like a charm.

She answers.

COTTER

Cotter here.

LEXINGTON

(on phone)

Hi, is your refrigerator running?

COTTER

Ah, very clever. Very nice. You know, I was just saying, isn't it a bit early for them to be at 17th Street?

LEXINGTON

Isn't that interesting? And I was just saying, I wonder where she is so I can come bash her face in.

COTTER

Oh, now, temper, temper. You know, that site's supposed to have been a trap for you. You are getting just a little ahead of me. I didn't want to get you too soon.

LEXINGTON

Yeah, okay. Nice light show.

INT. SCENE - CENTRAL MECHANICAL. CONTROL ROOM.

LEXINGTON and GOLIATH are listening to a desk phone, which is set up on speakerphone.

COTTER

(on phone)

Oh, did you like it? I'm so glad it worked. You know, you really are hard to tune into. Did you like Riley?

GOLIATH

Doctor Cotter.

COTTER

Oh, Goliath! You remembered the "doctor," thank you!

GOLIATH

Whatever Demona has promised you, she will not give it to you.

COTTER

No, that line is not going to work. You see, she already paid for her services. She's already given me just about all that was due.

GOLIATH

Then why do you drag this out?

COTTER

Because I am having fun.

GOLIATH gives a low growl at this.

LEXINGTON

That will end soon.

COTTER

Oh, I hardly think so. You know how I just said that you were hard to tune into? I never said anything about tuning you with the lights.

LEXINGTON

What did you mean, then?

COTTER

Only that I just love our little chats, and getting to know so much more about you.

LEXINGTON and GOLIATH look at each other. GOLIATH shakes his head.

COTTER

Though, now that you bring it up, maybe I should have a little more fun with the lights.

She can be heard typing a few commands into her computer.

COTTER

Maybe your comrade Brooklyn will find this entertaining? Tell me, what does your RDF tell you now?

There is a faint buzz from the direction finder. LEXINGTON looks at it. The needle is vibrating wildly. He reaches out and hangs up the phone.

LEXINGTON

She's transmitting.

GOLIATH

Transmitting what?

LEXINGTON

No idea, but it's probably time we left.

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

COTTER hangs up her phone with a chuckle.

COTTER

See, this is the thing I love about them, they're so easy to draw.

LOUIE

What are you sending them?

COTTER

Them? Nothing. I'm sending their friend an old friend to keep him company. Hee!

LOUIE

Lab's ready when you are.

COTTER

Oh, excellent.

EXT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. FRONT. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN and BRONX are standing on the roof, each on a corner looking out toward the front, watching the street. Below, MATT is visible through the front windows of his apartment. He is dialing the phone. It rings, and his other brother, LUKE PEGRAM, answers.

LUKE

(on phone)

Hello?

MATT

Luke, it's Matt.

LUKE

Hey. How are you doing?

MATT

Well, I've been better.

LUKE

I figured. You wouldn't call this late if you were doing okay.

MATT

Yeah, sorry about that.

LUKE

No problem. What's up?

MATT

I've been thinking about '95.

LUKE

What brings that on?

MATT

Just...lot of things, recently. How much of that do you remember?

LUKE

Well, not much. I was hiding out in the closet for most of it.

MATT

You remember when Ben died?

There is silence a moment.

LUKE

You're a load of laughs tonight.

MATT

I know, but it's just...

LUKE

(quietly)

Yeah. I remember. I didn't see any of it. I heard enough to know what was going on. When they came to get me, they wouldn't let me go past him.

MATT

Yeah. In the house?

LUKE

Yes. You were right there.

MATT

Yeah. Maybe. I don't quite remember it, suddenly.

LUKE

I know you remembered it. I know Milo Centerwall sure remembered it.

MATT

(chuckling)

Good old Milo.

LUKE
And his brother Lyle.

MATT
Lyle Centerwall. Future racer extraordinary.

LUKE
Yeah, well, if you can call sixth overall extraordinary. I never did figure out how Social Services came up with those names for us.

MATT
Neither did I. How is the racing world treating you?

LUKE
Eh. Got to get the motor rebuilt this winter. Beat the snot out of it at the Nationals.

MATT
I saw it on TV. "Lyle Centerwall making a break from the pack out of turn six, and, oh nooooooooo..."

LUKE
Heh. Oh well. Could have been worse, I guess.

MATT
Yeah. Way worse.

LUKE
You doing all right, though? Really?

MATT
I don't know, Luke. I hope so. It's just, that...

LUKE
Just what?

MATT
I don't know. Some thing feels wrong tonight. It just--you're sure about Ben?

LUKE
Yes. Very sure.

MATT
Okay.

They are quiet a moment.

LUKE
You need me to come down there? I will.

MATT
What, you're gonna drive three hours
because I can't sleep?

LUKE
If you need it.

MATT
No. It'll be all right.

LUKE
If you're sure.

MATT
I am. Thanks.

LUKE
All right. Char says "hi."

MATT
Hi, Char.

LUKE
(away from phone)
Hi, Char.

(to MATT)
You still shooting?

MATT
Yeah, but it's been a while.

LUKE
Well, come up to Appleton sometime,
we'll go punch out a few holes. It's
been too long.

MATT

Yeah, let's do that. I could use the practice. Especially now.

LUKE

Sounds good. Well, if you're all right, I'll let you go.

MATT

I am. Thanks for the talk.

LUKE

Take care of yourself.

MATT

You too. Bye, Lukey.

LUKE

Bye, Mutt.

MATT hangs up. He goes to the window and looks out to the street wistfully. Above, BROOKLYN is watching the street.

BROOKLYN

Come on then. What are you waiting for?

He looks around.

BROOKLYN

(loudly)

There's no way she could show up here!

BRONX looks at him. BROOKLYN looks around again. All is quiet.

BROOKLYN

Worth a try, anyway.

BRONX folds his ears and grumbles a bit.

MATT sighs, and then turns away from the window. The light in his apartment goes out.

Below, the street lights begin to shimmer in the street. They cast a sparkly light up into MATT'S apartment.

There is suddenly a yell from below. BROOKLYN goes to the front and leans over, trying to see what is happening. BRONX runs to the back.

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

The broken dining room window has been covered with a piece of black plastic, such as a trash bag, to close it up.

MATT is cornered. Before him stands a particularly large and gross-looking hodag, eyes glowing red. It creeps up on him. MATT cowers.

There is suddenly a bang. The plastic is broken out of the window frame, and BRONX leaps into the room. He faces down the hodag, which turns to face him. They growl and circle each other. MATT cowers even harder in the corner. A moment later, BROOKLYN appears at the window, looking in.

BROOKLYN

Bronx, get him!

And hearing this, BRONX leaps at the hodag, and passes straight through it. He lands and rolls across the living room floor, crashing into the coffee table. He rolls upright, shakes his head, and then charges forward again, sniffing the specter warily. Seeing this, BROOKLYN realizes what is going on.

BROOKLYN

Be right back!

He jumps up to the roof and is gone.

EXT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. ROOF. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN runs at full tilt across the roof and launches himself off the front of it and onto the nearest street light, which sways tremendously under his weight. He hangs on with one hand, draws out his katana with the other, and with a mighty swing knocks the light into next week. It fizzles and sparks and goes out.

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

Inside, the hodag blips out of existence, much to BRONX's confusion. MATT is himself slightly confused by this, and stands unsteadily. BRONX comes happily toward MATT, who leaps up on a chair to avoid him.

MATT

No, get away from me!

BRONX cocks his head, looking at MATT. MATT kicks at him. BRONX dodges, but backs off a little bit and continues to look at him quizzically. BROOKLYN reappears at his window and looks at the scene. MATT looks at him, terrified.

BROOKLYN

Bronx, come on, let's go.

BRONX looks at him, then at MATT, then turns and climbs out of the broken window. BROOKLYN sheaths his katana, and looks at MATT, sadly.

BROOKLYN

I hope you get your head together soon.
This is killing me.

He turns and leaves for the roof, followed by BRONX. MATT unsteadily steps down from the chair and goes to the window, looking out. Seeing nothing, he turns back to his apartment, still astonished.

EXT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE. ROOF. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN and BRONX come up over the back edge of the roof. BROOKLYN walks to the front edge and looks out distantly. BRONX comes up beside him, looks out, looks up to him, and whines softly.

BROOKLYN

No, I'm not all right. How am I supposed to look out for him when he's so scared?

BRONX

(plaintively)
Harough.

BROOKLYN

It's always the same thing. The more we protect them, the further away we get. I mean, everyone was scared of us before, but...

He draws up short.

BROOKLYN

Wait. Hang on. You saw it too?

BRONX nods.

BROOKLYN

Oh. But it...this is not good. If they've got these things tuned in to us, and if they used them to turn Matt, then...

BRONX

Haraounugiaugh.

BROOKLYN looks down at him.

BROOKLYN

Easy for you to say. Come on.

He picks up BRONX, and takes off into the night.

EXT. SCENE - EL TORITO BAR. ROOF. (NIGHT)

HUDSON and BROADWAY glide in and land on the roof of the El Torito Bar (last seen in Episode 4).

HUDSON

He may not be here, after all.

BROADWAY

Trouble is, we don't know where else he could be. Got to start somewhere.

HUDSON

Aye.

They walk over to the skylight and look in. It is dark inside.

BROADWAY

Of course, we may have a bit of a wait.

HUDSON turns his ear, and then turns to look.

HUDSON

Perhaps not. Someone is coming.

A car drives up the alley and pulls up to a stop in back of the bar. The doors open and close. Then the back door to the bar opens, casting light into the darkened space. A moment later, the lights come on, and LEVIN enters, followed by J-MO. J-MO removes his mask as he comes in and throws it down angrily on a table. The gargoyles crouch down to listen at the skylight.

J-MO

That was a disaster, man!

LEVIN

It was no such thing.

J-MO

What are you talking about? They got away. You nearly let that thing take your head.

INT. SCENE - EL TORITO BAR. BACK BAR.

LEVIN

And you somehow think that was an accident? I have my plan.

J-MO

You are out of your mind.

LEVIN

And you know better, do you?

J-MO

I know I had that one cornered until that jay Tyrone showed up.

LEVIN

Good for him. That would have been a problem.

J-MO

Problem? A problem? You think that thing jumping me was better?

LEVIN

Yes, I do. I'm trying to build something here. That seems to escape you.

J-MO

Nothin' escapes me, man, except monsters that I get distracted from killing.

LEVIN

We kill them, we fall. We show their danger, and we rise. That is the plan. That has always been the plan. Now, if you--

J-MO

Stick your plan, man! I am not standing around to be beat up and humiliated by those things!

LEVIN looks away, huffs, and then smiles. He looks back at J-MO.

LEVIN

Very well then. Have it your way. You want to kill them?

J-MO

More than anything, yeah.

LEVIN

With what?

J-MO draws up short.

LEVIN

Perhaps you ought to go and get our weapons back before you start tramping about for blood, don't you think?

J-MO

Yeah.

LEVIN

Do you know where they are?

J-MO

I got a good guess.

LEVIN

Where's that?

J-MO

Tyrone won't have gone far. If he's gonna dump them, he'll be at the river.

LEVIN

Where at the river?

J-MO

One of the bridges east of here. Not far. We've dumped stuff there before.

LEVIN

Well, then, go on and get them.

J-MO

Yes, sir.

J-MO grabs his mask off the table and storms out the back door.

EXT. SCENE - EL TORITO BAR. ROOF. (NIGHT)

HUDSON

Follow him.

BROADWAY

Right.

BROADWAY goes to the edge, sighting J-MO, and then leaps off into the wind to follow him in the air. HUDSON goes back to the skylight and looks down. Below, LEVIN paces, looking at the floor, back and forth once. Then, suddenly, he draws up short, turns on his heels, and looks directly up at HUDSON through the skylight. HUDSON recoils.

LEVIN

Hi, soldier!

There is a pop and a hum from one side. HUDSON looks toward the sound: it is a Quarrymen's hammer coming alive, wielded by the guard (dressed all in black) who had been monitoring them the whole time. He swings. HUDSON draws and parries the swing, cuts down in response, and they fight.

The Quarryman is not a very skilled fighter, and HUDSON gains the upper hand quickly. He finally is able to cut the head off the hammer, and follows with a fist directly into the Quarryman's face. The Quarryman stumbles backward and then falls into the skylight, which shatters and dumps him into the bar. HUDSON leaps down through the skylight. The Quarryman crawls along the floor, trying to get back to his feet as HUDSON stands over him. LEVIN draws a Dellinger from behind his back and aims at HUDSON, who spots this. He puts his sword in front of him as LEVIN fires, deflecting the first bullet, and then rolls forward and does it again for the second, and then leaps forward and, with one great blow and a roar, cleaves the gun in two. He brings his sword back up, thrusting down into LEVIN's throat and putting him to the floor.

HUDSON

Why do you persist in this?

LEVIN

To show off what you are.

A chorus of police sirens approach outside and draw up to a stop.

LEVIN

Go on then. Let the cops see what you
do to humans.

The police storm in the front door, and then hurtle through the back bar door and enter the bar, Officer MILLER in the lead. They draw up short at the sight. They draw their guns.

LEVIN

Officers! Help! He's jumped us!

MILLER

Hey, get off him! Stop! Police!

With a roar, HUDSON releases LEVIN and leaps up into the rafters instead.

MILLER

Open fire!

The police begin firing on HUDSON. He is able to dart for the skylight, and get up and away. MILLER grabs for his radio and keys it; there is a squeal of feedback as his voice echoes from the radios of the other officers.

MILLER

(to radio)

2537, I got one runn-- flying, out of
El Torito Bar, need a chopper out here.

RADIO

2537, copy.

EXT. SCENE - CORTLAND STREET BRIDGE. (NIGHT)

An old iron bridge across the Chicago River. Around is woods and darkness; there is no traffic at this hour. TYRONE is dragging the hammers behind him along the bridge, heading to midspan. J-MO runs up behind him.

J-MO

Tyrone!

TYRONE

If you ain't coming to help dump these
things, leave me alone.

J-MO

You got no right to do that.

TYRONE

Yeah, maybe I don't.

J-MO

You're playin' right into those things
if you do that.

TYRONE

Yeah, I am. Deal with it.

J-MO

Bro, what you--

TYRONE stops abruptly.

TYRONE

Don't you "bro" me, dog! You ain't J-Mo
no more! You just Jerome Morgan, some
dude finna get hisself killed for no
reason but some stick figure told him
to!

J-MO

Tyrone, we protecting this city.

TYRONE

We ain't no more, not like this. I
don't know what city you protectin' but
it ain't mine.

J-MO

Come on, Tyrone, gimme the hammers.

TYRONE

No.

He continues dragging the hammers. J-MO follows him.

J-MO

Give them to me.

TYRONE

No, Jerome, I won't.

J-MO gets hold of the larger hammer near the head.

J-MO

Gimme this.

TYRONE

No.

J-MO

Give it.

TYRONE

No, get off!

TYRONE's grip slips on the hammer, and he accidentally hits the switch. The hammer sparks to life, shocking J-MO, who flops back. TYRONE drops the larger hammer in shock, and is left holding the smaller hammer. J-MO shakes his hands out, and then looks up at TYRONE, murder in his eyes.

J-MO

You want to go, dog? We go.

He advances, takes up the larger hammer, winds up, and swings at TYRONE. TYRONE dodges, and swings the smaller hammer in a loose parry that misses by a lot.

TYRONE

J, don't do that, man!

J-MO picks the hammer back up and winds up again. TYRONE swings against him loosely, catching him in the arm and throwing J-MO's following blow off target. TYRONE swerves to the side to avoid J-MO's succeeding rising blow.

From above, there is a howl, and BROADWAY descends onto the bridge behind TYRONE, eyes alight, facing J-MO. J-MO spins the hammer in his hands as he faces down BROADWAY.

BROADWAY

Step aside, Tyrone.

He does, lowering the hammer. BROADWAY and J-MO fight, J-MO swinging wildly, BROADWAY dodging. BROADWAY slugs J-MO square in the chest, knocking him backward and knocking the breath out of him briefly. BROADWAY closes. J-MO brings the handle of the hammer up into BROADWAY's chin, knocking him backward, and then swings down, but BROADWAY dodges the blow again. BROADWAY aims a kick at J-MO and knocks him back against the bridge rail. J-MO raises the hammer for another blow. BROADWAY catches his arm and pushes it back over J-MO's head. J-MO loses control of the ham-

mer as it goes behind him, then loses his balance, and tumbles back over the railing, falling into the river with a scream. BROADWAY, shocked, reaches after him to no avail.

BROADWAY

No!

From above, a shadow dives into the river; it is HUDSON. He comes to the surface and swims toward J-MO, who is out cold.

TYRONE

(yelling to HUDSON)

Leave him there! He ain't my friend no more.

HUDSON takes J-MO by the chin and tows him to the shoreline. BROADWAY and TYRONE run down around the end of the bridge toward them.

EXT. SCENE - CHICAGO RIVER. (NIGHT)

HUDSON approaches the shore as BROADWAY clambers down from the street, followed with difficulty by TYRONE, still holding his hammer. BROADWAY reaches down and pulls J-MO out, laying him out, and HUDSON climbs out of the river onto the shore.

TYRONE

You stupid! Why'd you save him? He tried to kill all of us. Why'd you do that?

HUDSON

I did not save him. I wanted to save you.

BROADWAY

Every one we take out wins ten more for the Quarrymen.

TYRONE looks down at J-MO. He throws the hammer he's holding into the river.

HUDSON

Tell him what happened. Tell him who saved him from the river. If there's anything left of your friend to save, maybe that will do it.

In the distance, a helicopter is approaching. HUDSON and BROADWAY climb up the bank toward the bridge.

TYRONE

Hey!

BROADWAY

What?

TYRONE

Thank you.

BROADWAY

Don't mention it.

They exit.

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

MATT is busy working to tape up plastic over the window again. He has the radio on, playing the news as he works.

RADIO

...said that he could not comment on specifics, but that as far as he knows, no such facility exists. From City Hall, Amy Duncan, Chicago's NewsRadio.

There is a brief, dramatic "breaking news" sounder on the radio.

RADIO

Chicago's breaking news as it happens on NewsRadio: report of a possible gargoye attack out of Wicker Park this evening.

MATT abruptly stops what he is doing to listen to the radio.

RADIO

Thanks to a caller on the NewsRadio tip line, Kyle from Archer Heights, who says a gargoye broke in to the El Torito Bar in Wicker Park and attacked two customers there. It's said to have escaped, only minor injuries reported. No comment from the Chicago Police at this hour, but we'll be following up overnight. You can always get the latest breaking news online or right here

on Chicago's NewsRadio. If you've got a tip on what's happening in Chicago, give us a call on the tip line, any time, day or night: (312) 958-NEWS, 958-6397. Chicago sports at 15 and 45 coming up, it's 11:13.

MATT shakily turns off the radio and goes slowly into the living room.

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

MATT sits on his couch, hands folded on the coffee table. He rocks his hands up and down, tapping the steel ring on his little finger against the table nervously. Voices come to him in his mind:

CUT 1: PREVIOUSLY THIS EPISODE

LEVIN

...the threat from these beasts is evergreen. Especially in the past eighteen years or so...

CUT 2: EPISODE 8

LEXINGTON

We've stuck by you this long. We're not quitting now, not by a long shot.

CUT 3: EPISODE 9

BEN

...They got you bad. Everything's kind of screwed up, but it'll come clean. I promise...

CUT 4: EPISODE 8

BROOKLYN

...we don't want anything to happen to you. We protect our friends...

CUT 5: EPISODE 7

MATT

...the fastest way to shut it down involves me working with you, not just

being under your protection the whole time...

CUT 6: EPISODE 9

SGT. JOE

...you will have your revenge after that. They will help you with that.

CUT 7: EPISODE 9

BEN

My brother is a hero and he always has been.

CUT 8: EPISODE 5

GOLIATH

I would be sorry to lose track of a friend now.

MATT puts his hands up to his face and rubs it. The ring rubs along his face. He pulls his hands back, takes the ring off, and stares through it, as though it were a foreign thing. More voices come to him.

EMCEE (VO)

...join me in congratulating the graduating class of 2002. (APPLAUSE) Will the candidates for induction into the Order of the Engineer please rise and face the audience...

MATT's eyes focus on the ring.

EMCEE (VO)

Raise your right hand and recite with me the Obligation of an Engineer: "I am an Engineer"--

The voices of his fellow graduates respond:

OMNES (VO)

I am an engineer.

MATT

(aloud)

I am an engineer.

OMNES (VO)

In my profession I take deep pride. To
it I owe solemn obligations.

MATT puts the ring back on his hand and stands up. His voice is audible in the mix with the others from here forward. MATT rapidly collects a Dellinger from the bedside table, puts on his coat, and goes outside.

OMNES (VO)

As an engineer, I pledge to practice
integrity and fair dealing, tolerance
and respect.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S TRUCK.

MATT is driving along the streets as the voices continue in his head.

OMNES (VO)

...And to uphold devotion to the stan-
dards and dignity of my profession,
conscious always that my skill carries
with it the obligation...

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

MATT walks up to the station, unlocks and opens the door, and goes inside.

OMNES (VO)

...to serve humanity by making the best
use of the Earth's precious wealth.

INT. SCENE - HUMBOLDT STATION.

MATT goes up the stairs toward the roof, with the Dellinger tucked into his belt behind his back.

OMNES (VO)

As an engineer, I shall participate in
none but honest enterprises. When need-
ed, my skill and knowledge shall be
given without reservation for the pub-
lic good. In the performance of duty
and in fidelity to my profession--

MATT has reached the roof door now. He opens it and steps out. BROOKLYN, BROADWAY, and LEXINGTON are at the edge of the roof.

They turn at the sound of the door opening and face MATT, surprised. MATT reaches for the Dellinger.

MATT (VO)

--I shall give my utmost.

CUT TO BLACK.

=END=