

GOTHAM

"THE NEW COLOSSUS"

BY

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*Howbeit, moreover, nevertheless, this
thrice wicked towne of GOTHAM, is
charged up to the muzzle with all manner
of ill-natures and uncharitablenesses,
and is, moreover, exceedingly naughtie.*

Washington Irving

on Manhattan

1807

BREATHE DEEP. THEN SEE IT:

THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE AT THE PRECISE MOMENT THE SUN RISES.
LIKE A JEWEL BOX OPENING. A GLISSANDO OF LIGHT. NO OTHER
CITY LIKE IT. THERE JUST ISN'T ENOUGH MAGIC IN THE WORLD.

TRAVERS (V.O.)

It makes no sense. Go over it again.

And we LAUNCH INTO... FLASH CUTS: *LIGHTNING QUICK -- EACH
SHOT TIMING WITH HER WORDS -- AS --*

-- A CUP OF COFFEE SPILLS ON OUR SHIRT --

-- A PIGEON FLUTTERS IN OUR FACE --

-- A BUS BLARES RIGHT IN FRONT OF US, DANGEROUSLY CLOSE --

-- A BODY LIES OUTLINED ON A WOOD FLOOR --

-- A ROOM FULL OF CLOCKS TICK-TOCK --

TRAVERS (V.O.) (cont'd)

*Coffee -- Pigeon -- Bus -- Body --
Clocks -- Magic --*

-- ON "Magic" CLOSE ON: A MATCH IGNITING. As it burns:

TRAVERS (V.O.) (cont'd)

*Too much. Again. Slower. See it.
The street.*

A CAR HORN DOPPLERS BY, carrying us to --

EXT. EAST SIDE STREET. MORNING.

ON ANNIE TRAVERS. Charming 30s, radiates efficacy in all she does. Someone who has learned to take care of herself, and by extension others, expecting little help from a world that rarely offers. If she has advantageous looks, and she does, it is news to her, though many have tried to explain.

Travers moves through life in precise 9/8ths compound triple time. So keep up. Right now she is stepping out of --

HER CORNER BODEGA -- holding two coffees. Waves to the OWNER, who SPRAYS his FLOWERS. She sort of knows everybody.

TRAVERS

Howard --

ON THE STREET -- Travers sets that second coffee down for her CORNER HOMELESS MAN. Pulls out an apple.

TRAVERS (cont'd)
Light and sweet. Apple?

HOMELESS MAN
Can't take too much fruit.

TRAVERS
Economy can't be that bad when the
homeless are picky.

She eats the apple herself when -- HER PHONE RINGS. Travers
answers. Listens. Her face turns stone serious --

TRAVERS (cont'd)
When?... Okay.

She hangs up -- WAVES down a CAB. It pulls up. But... just
as she reaches for the handle... THE CAB ROLLS AHEAD TO LET
SOME ASSHOLE IN. He stole her cab.

TRAVERS (cont'd)
Wow. You're just gonna-- I promise my
meeting's more important than yours. You
wonder why everyone hates Wall Street --

She sees another CAB across the street, about to cross to it --
WHEN A PIGEON FLUTTERS UP IN FRONT OF HER.

MAKES HER SHORT-STEP -- SO SHE SPILLS HER COFFEE ON HER
JACKET. *GREAT.* SHE PAUSES TO WIPE IT DOWN, WHEN --

*A BUS FLIES FAST AROUND THE CORNER RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER.
INCHES AWAY FROM RUNNING HER OVER.*

ON TRAVERS. Catching her breath. She looks to the pigeon.
Had it not made her stop she'd be a meatloaf right now.

TRAVERS (cont'd)
Thanks.

The pigeon BLINKS dumbly -- and we --

INT. TONY APARTMENT. DAY.

CLOSE ON: A DEAD BODY. A FAT MAN IN A SILK ROBE ON A RUG.

This is A MURDER SCENE. COPS mill about. FORENSICS TEAMS
take photos, scrape for samples. Travers enters, a badge
around her neck. Detective Travers, it seems. Her partner,
WENDER, stops her at the door. Younger, sincere. Polite
enough never to mention that one drunk time they had sex,
though he thinks about it often.

WENDER

Woods wanted us cleared out ten minutes ago -- I held them off till you could get here. You have coffee on you.

TRAVERS

What happened here?

A greezy Coroner chimes in, MOTT. Big Howard Stern fan.

MOTT

A dog is what happened.

WENDER

Benjamin Ratter. Remember trying to get into that club for your birthday?

TRAVERS

Nocturne. Froze my ass off in line for two hours. Never got in.

WENDER

He owns the place.

TRAVERS

Looks like a single shot to the chest ended all that. What do we know?

WENDER

Nothing. No witnesses, no suspects. Security cameras and alarm pads all around -- none show anyone coming in or out since he got home. No sign of forced entry. No sign of entry. Forensics came up empty. Mott?

MOTT

I'm telling you, a dog. Not a hair, not a flake. Nothing on the bullet. Ballistics can't even pin where it happened. For a chest shot here they had to move him, but there's no drag on the carpet. Clean a job as I've seen. It's better than a dog. It's perfect.

All this just motivates her. She begins walking the scene.

TRAVERS

No one's ever perfect.

MOTT

(really, we're doing this?)
Travers, we've seen a hundred of these.

WENDER

Give her a minute. She'll get it.

MOTT

This kind of case doesn't get solved,
it gets shelved and goes cold. I'm
supposed to be out of here already --

TRAVERS

No one can ever make you do a bad job.
They can only ask.

She circles the room. Her mind working. It is an excellent machine. She straddles THE BODY, standing in the victim's place. His perspective. Her eyes narrow on the WINDOW.

It's an almost audible CLICK as the kill comes clear to her.

TRAVERS (cont'd)

No one dragged him, he died right here.
(walking it, off a PLATE)
He was finishing his dinner,
sandwich... the bullet hit him. He
fell. He was looking out the window.

WENDER

Doing what?

*FLASH CUTS: RATTER EATING OFF THE PLATE -- TURNS HIS HEAD --
A SMILE CURLS ON HIS FACE -- HE OPENS HIS ROBE --*

BACK ON: Travers. She points out the window. Across the way is A GYM WINDOW. WOMEN WORKING OUT.

TRAVERS

Jerking off. Time of death?

WENDER

(appropriately skeeved)
10PM.

She takes out her phone, DIALS. Into it --

TRAVERS

Hi, what classes do you have on
Tuesdays about 10PM on the second
floor?... Thanks.
(hangs up)
"Pole dancing."

In a groove, she looks over the body with a FLASHLIGHT. We get a good look at the deceased. This was a man once.

MOTT

I already checked him.

Her eyes dart. She notices something down the back of his neck. Tweezers it into a bag: A WHITE PAINT CHIP.

TRAVERS

Then you missed this.

WENDER

Paint chip? Could it have come from us?

TRAVERS

Not down his collar. This came from above him, while he was still standing. Remember Park Ave?

WENDER

Bullet came through a wall before entry, sprayed sheet rock chips on the body.

TRAVERS

Look for any breaks in the wall, or a paint match in the adjoining rooms, could tell us where the shooter stood.

She's right. Everyone follows the order. They fan out to look. Leaving Travers alone. She paces the room, searching the walls with her flashlight.

As she searches... she pauses, hearing MOVEMENT in...

INT. HALL. CONTINUOUS.

She follows the sound... into the hall... then...

INTO A BATHROOM. Alone, away from the rest. Inside she finds -- spying on the cops -- as if from nowhere --

A DROP DEAD GORGEOUS WOMAN. RED-HAIR.

RED FLICKS OUT A BLADE on A BOX CUTTER -- then RUNS -- TOO FAST -- OUT A BACK DOOR -- INTO --

INT. STAIRWELL. CONTINUOUS.

STAY TIGHT WITH TRAVERS AS: SHE CHASES AFTER -- NIMBLE -- DOGGED -- IMPRESSIVE -- MOVING FAST -- TOO FAST TO TAKE IN DETAILS -- AS WE RUSH THROUGH THE HALL --

DOWNSTAIRS -- TRAVERS JUMPS A BANISTER -- RED JUST AHEAD --

MOVING THROUGH A BRICK COLORED DOOR, OPENED LIKE A CURTAIN --

TRAVERS BURSTS THROUGH AFTER HER, COMES OUT THE OTHER SIDE --
INTO ANOTHER HALLWAY -- TURNING A CORNER --

BUT RED IS GONE. NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

The hell? Travers looks around -- catching her breath.

She turns back the way she came -- but where there was just a door is now A SOLID BRICK WALL. Off Travers, baffled...

LEAD DETECTIVE (PRELAP)

Explain this to me again...

INT. POLICE STATION. OFFICE. DAY.

Standard issue office. Nothing unusual about it except the story Travers is telling. Her LEAD DETECTIVE ain't buying it. He's a lazy fuck, with the skirt steak gut to prove it.

LEAD DETECTIVE

You saw a woman -- that no one else saw. She had a knife --

TRAVERS

A box cutter --

LEAD DETECTIVE

(fuck me)

You followed her. You lost her. Then you got lost. This is what you're telling me? A red haired woman. Who you can't tell me anything else about.

TRAVERS

She's fast. We should go to the victim's club, interview, find out who she is. I found a paint chip, the lab has it, it could be a lead --

LEAD DETECTIVE

The lab matched it to the stairwell, any of a dozen cops could've kicked it in. And there was no damage to any of the walls -- it's useless --

TRAVERS

There's a case here --

LEAD DETECTIVE

Not one that clears. And I have 50 more cases here that will. People who will be missed. We don't have the --

TRAVERS

-- I know, "resources are limited." "We don't have the manpower for every case." Every year there's more to do with less to do it. The only thing holding it together is us, making it work. I'll work it on the weekend if I have to --

LEAD DETECTIVE

-- We're dropping this.

TRAVERS

Or we could care.

Beat. Instead of taking the bait, Lead just grins. Big.

LEAD DETECTIVE

You know what? I don't have to listen to this anymore... You think you're pissed now? I got a call today. About you. Looks like you're not the only one who's impressed with you.

(savors the pause)

Someone called in for your transfer.

Travers' eyes go as wide and red as Hunter's Moons. Livid.

LEAD DETECTIVE (cont'd)

Don't look at me. This is from above my pay grade. You're being pulled --

TRAVERS

Who?

(he shrugs, but she knows)

Homeland? How many people are they gonna pull in? No -- I busted my ass for years to get to Homicide. Homeland fucking Security thinks they can grab anything they want --

LEAD DETECTIVE

They just grabbed you. You report here, 5pm. Said it's some clock shop.

He hands her a note with an ADDRESS. She looks.

TRAVERS

I know that block. That's right near my place. There's no clock shop there.

LEAD DETECTIVE

You're the great detective. Find it.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE OFFICE. POLICE STATION. MOMENTS LATER.

Travers walks out, fuming. Passes right by waiting Wender.

WENDER
What happened?

TRAVERS
I need to go break something.

PRELAP: *BLAMBLAMBLAM!!*

INT. FIRING RANGE. DAY.

Travers FIRES OFF ROUNDS like she was mad at the world and could shoot it dead. Wender SHOTS in the adjacent aisle with far more self-control.

She FIRES till it's all CLICKS. They ratchet their targets back. Wender eyes his. A good grouping in the chest.

She checks hers: Only a few hits. And all over the place.

TRAVERS
Shut up.

WENDER
I said nothing.
(beat, genuine)
Hey. We can fight this. They can't just pull you off duty, can they?

TRAVERS
Not if I forget to show up at 5.

As if on cue -- A REMINDER CHIME FROM HER PHONE. She looks. HER PHONE READS: REASSIGNMENT, 5PM. 118 61st.

TRAVERS (cont'd)
I didn't set a reminder.

Weird. She clicks it OFF. *Oops.* Just then -- A SECOND CHIME. NOW FROM WENDER'S PHONE. He looks. Shows it to her: TRAVERS' APPOINTMENT, 5PM.

WENDER
Maybe you'd better go.

EXT. 61ST STREET. DAY.

Travers walks the street -- looking for the address. Sees 116... 120... As expected, NO 118. She searches.

Without much notice, she passes A STORE DISPLAY FULL OF TVS. ON THE SCREENS: TUNED TO THE NEWS. A CAPTIVATING MAYORAL CANDIDATE ENTHRALLS A CROWD. Posters for this candidate recur tastefully in BG throughout. As she passes one...

MOVE TO A WINDOW POV: SOMEONE WATCHING TRAVERS ON THE STREET FROM ABOVE... WATCHING HER LOOK AROUND, THEN ENTER...

EXT. BODEGA. MOMENTS LATER.

Travers' enters. Sees Howard (the owner), cutting FLOWERS.

TRAVERS

Howard, you ever see a clock shop
around here?

He looks at her. Like he's surprised she'd ask. Nope.

EXT. STREET. CONTINUOUS.

She steps out. Looks around one more time. About to give up, when... A PIGEON FLIES BY. She watches it rise, when...

SOMETHING CATCHES HER EYE ON A SECOND FLOOR. A SIGN IN THE SHAPE OF A CLOCK. HANGING OUTSIDE OF... AN OLD CLOCK SHOP.

ON TRAVERS. She pauses. Then takes her first step to it. Not knowing life just changed.

INT. STAIRWELL. MOMENTS LATER.

She walks up the creaky old steps...

Up another flight... At the top... a door. She pauses. KNOCKS. No answer. A moment, then she opens it into...

INT. LAWS' CLOCK SHOP. DAY.

A small room crammed with CLOCKS and BAROMETERS. Ancient and new. Working and defunct. So full it takes a moment before she notices...

A sharp-eyed GENTLEMAN repairs a CLOCK, fixing a pinion to a mainspring. Precise movements. Like, well, a clock. 50s. Dapper, yet something improbable about him. Like he'd as soon start speaking Romanian as twist a balloon animal. He doesn't seem to have noticed Travers yet. She fixes that --

TRAVERS

I've lived on this block 15 years.
Never seen this place.

He keeps his eyes on the timepiece, as --

GENTLEMAN

That is the beauty of Manhattan, isn't it. No matter how well you think you know it, there's always some corner or brick you haven't noticed. "*The thrice-renowned and delectable city of Gotham.*" Washington Irving's coinage. Coined "the Knicks" too but never gets credit. He is still very angry about that one.
(finally looks at her)
You must be her. The girl I sent for.
Come.

He steps through a door into a back room. A moment before she realizes she's meant to follow. Then she does, into...

INT. ALDERMAN'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

AN ENORMOUS ROOM. Wood-lined, STATUES in the corners. What Fiorello LaGuardia's office must have looked like. Oddly large and lush compared to the shabbiness of the building. Behind the DESK is A GLASS FRONTED CABINET you wish we got a better look at to see all the pretty, glinty things inside.

TRAVERS

You sell enough clocks to make rent?

ALDERMAN

I'm Morrill. Alderman of this city.

TRAVERS

New York doesn't have Aldermen anymore.

ALDERMAN

And yet. Please. Sit.

(she doesn't)

Are you sure? I have a lot to say.

(off her look)

I see. You think you know what we do here. There is more going on in this city than you're aware of, Detective --

TRAVERS

I know all about it. I was here. I was downtown when they hit the towers. I lost friends. I appreciate what Homeland Security does, I'm sure every day there's another halal chicken guy you need me to harass -- you look pretty well-funded here, find someone else. This isn't why I became a cop --

ALDERMAN

-- No, you became a cop to give back to a city that took care of you. The grateful foundling.

This shuts Travers up. Alderman refers to a FILE on his desk but does not open it.

ALDERMAN (cont'd)

A. Anne Travers. Born May 21, 1980. Spent her first night alive in foster care, and every night after until age 17. 9 foster residences, none she'd call home. No family, few friends. Commendation, commendation, "Intuitive, resourceful, tenacious... combative" -- can see that. Passed over for Lead Detective, tsk. 17 lovers over 14 years, well, that last one fell asleep halfway in, let's not count him --

What? Travers opens that file, looks. Sees it's EMPTY.

ALDERMAN (cont'd)

-- Lousy shot.

TRAVERS

Who are you?

ALDERMAN

Probably not Homeland. Earlier today you wanted to pursue a murder case. We're interested in the same. Boyo --

He looks behind him. Travers sees nothing there. Only those statues in the SHADOWS. Until... ONE OF THOSE STATUES STEPS FORWARD. Not a statue at all, but...

A GRUFF MAN IN A COAT. Quite fairly, Travers startles.

MEET BOYO. Ancient 38. Unkempt but clean. No stranger to a fight -- as winner or loser. An Old World feel about him. Like verdigris, something sad but steadfast. Charming when he wants to be. Now is not one of those times:

Boyo walks right up to Travers. Gives her one look up and down. Then shakes his head NO and starts to walk out.

ALDERMAN (cont'd)

Boyo --

Boyo stops. Reluctantly comes back. He stands behind Alderman, arms crossed. He does not want Travers here.

ALDERMAN (cont'd)
 Now tell us what you saw this morning,
 Detective. Please.

TRIVERS
 Whatever you are, why do you care about
 my case?... Your friend doesn't want me
 here either, just let me get back to --

ALDERMAN
 (patience spent)
 -- The fact is you are here -- and will
 remain here until -- not you, not him --
 until I say otherwise. Which I am not
 likely to do while annoyed. My memory
 is long, and I am very petty. This
 body you found. Ratter. You saw
 something unusual.

TRIVERS
 I... saw a woman on the scene. I chased
 her. She disappeared. Through a wall.

She waits for ridicule. But sees only a meaningful look
 pass between Alderman and Boyo.

ALDERMAN
 Red hair?

She nods, surprised. Alderman sighs. Moves to his CABINET.
 Takes out TWO COINS. Like the "Large Y" subway tokens of
 the 70s. Slides them across the table to Boyo.

ALDERMAN (cont'd)
 Take these.
 (then)
 And take her.

Boyo stops. Not liking this. Alderman turns to Travers --

ALDERMAN (cont'd)
 Everyone knew this case was unsolvable.
 You wanted to keep working it. Why?

TRIVERS
 (then, honest)
 Someone has to care.

ALDERMAN
 Here's your chance.

She's just been given a choice. Beat. She nods. *Okay.*

ALDERMAN (cont'd)

Good. You'll need this. You'll find I meant what I said, Detective. There is more to this city than even you know.

He takes from his cabinet... A BADGE. AN OPEN EYE GLYPH.

ALDERMAN (cont'd)

This badge will take you places and show you things you forgot how to be frightened of long ago when your parents told you there's nothing in your closet and it was all in your head. Can you manage that?

TRAVERS

I don't have parents.

ALDERMAN

Then it all works out nicely.

Boyo catches Alderman's eye. Shakes his head -- Don't. But Alderman does. He pins it to her coat lapel, when -- Ouch! HE PRICKS HER WITH IT. An accident?

ALDERMAN (cont'd)

Sorry, sorry. Bit clumsy, bit sharp.

Travers adjusts it. *Pausing to notice THE ROOM. In her POV (and ours) IT SEEMS TO BECOME MORE VIVID NOW. WARMER. More detailed. More art in better light. She notes an old PAINTING of THE STATUE OF LIBERTY UNDER CONSTRUCTION.*

TRAVERS

Nice painting.

Alderman smiles. Travers follows Boyo out. Stopping as --

ALDERMAN

And Travers. Welcome.

EXT. 61ST STREET. NIGHT.

Travers follows Boyo out onto Lex.

TRAVERS

Want to tell me where we're going?
(he doesn't answer)
Charming.

The second he steps to the curb A CAB ROLLS UP without him even raising a hand. As if it was waiting for him.

TRAVERS (cont'd)
How'd you to that?

BOYO
Magic.

His first line of our pilot. In it we sense maybe a trace of an accent. Irish? Dutch? Something that crossed the sea. He gets in the cab -- ahead of Travers --

TRAVERS
Charming.

INT. CAB. DRIVING. NIGHT.

Travers looks out the cab window. Sees a kit of PIGEONS fly overhead in a keen formation.

We notice a subtle shift to the city's color palette. From the ho-hum of a normal Law & Order morning... to a more vibrant set of night blues that will come to distinguish from Manhattan our GOTHAM. Here light GLINTS differently, prettily... and shadows often do whatever they please...

Travers taps the window. Noticing something. *Huh.*

TRAVERS
We made every light the last 40 blocks.

EXT. 37TH STREET, AT MADISON. CONTINUOUS.

Their cab passes the STATUE OF KARSKI playing chess.

THE STATUE'S HEAD TURNS. WATCHING THEM GO.

EXT. "NOCTURNE". NIGHT.

THUMPING MUSIC peels from A DOWNTOWN CLUB. A LINE OF PEOPLE FAR BETTER LOOKING THAN YOU goes around the damn block. Boyo and Travers walk up to the CROWDED front. Travers sees the BIG BOUNCER. Silly Brooklyn hair, thinks he's a player.

TRAVERS
I remember that guy. He wouldn't let me in. Offered him two hundred bucks.

Boyo walks right up to Big Bouncer, BEACH. Familiar.

BOYO
Beach. Need to take a look.

BEACH
Sorry, Boyo. I can't let you in here --

Without breaking stride -- BOYO PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE. Moves him aside. Walks in unimpeded. Travers follows, not sure what to make of Boyo. Looks back to Beach.

TRAVERS

Maybe just let people in next time.

INT. NOCTURNE. FRONT. CONTINUOUS.

TRAVERS' POV: Entering the small front section of the club. PACKED. MUSIC LOUD. MESMERIZING LIGHTS. Corsets and young bodies and sweat. The place looks like a big piece of sex.

MOVE WITH TRAVERS THROUGH THE PULSING BODIES, PRESSING AGAINST HER -- through to the curtains leading into --

INT. VIP SECTION. CONTINUOUS.

A MUCH LARGER SPACE. Dingy. And almost entirely EMPTY. Some GIRLS dance in the middle sort of sadly. TABLES where A FEW MEN HAND OVER CASH for bottle service. But they seem to think it's all amazing. Strange.

TRAVERS

It's a dump in here. If I knew I'd never have waited in line.

BOYO

Yeah you would.

JUMP CUT TO: TRAVERS INTERVIEWS TWO SMOLDERING CLUB GIRLS.

CLUB GIRL

Can't believe he's gone, he was amazing.

TRAVERS

You slept with Ratter?

CLUB GIRL

Oh yeah. We all did.

Travers surprised, but they all agree. Starry-eyed smitten.

CLUB GIRL (cont'd)

He was amazing.

JUMP CUT TO: INTERVIEWING THE BOUNCER, BEACH, AT THE BAR. Beach ices his cheek, resentful, but compliant, as --

BEACH

He was a Class A asshole. All the cash and girls coming through here, he didn't leave a scrap of either for anybody.

TRAVERS

Did he have any enemies?

BEACH

He slept with a lot of people's girlfriends. Didn't hide it from his girlfriend either.

TRAVERS

He had a girlfriend.

BEACH

Macy, she owns this place with him. Guess it's all hers now. She's in back.

Beach points to the back. Travers and Boyo catch eyes. Sounds like a suspect. As they move for it --

INT. BACK OFFICE. NOCTURNE. CONTINUOUS.

They step into the small room. Inside Travers finds...

THE RED-HAIRED WOMAN. MACY. Macy recognizes Travers -- then sees Boyo. SHE GRABS THAT BOX CUTTER -- FLICKS OPEN THE BLADE. This time we watch as -- Red/Macy turns and -- SLASHES AT THE SOLID CONCRETE WALL BEHIND HER --

SLICING IT OPEN LIKE VELVET! THE SOLID WALL RIPS RIGHT OPEN -- A HOLE BIG ENOUGH FOR HER TO DIVE RIGHT THROUGH!

THE HOLE SEALS RIGHT BACK UP AFTER HER. MERE WALL AGAIN.

Travers looks to Boyo -- stunned -- beyond --

But Boyo simply turns around, walks out front, unfazed --

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE NOCTURNE. NIGHT.

Travers catches up to Boyo on the POPULATED STREET.

TRAVERS

The hell was that? Where'd she go?

BOYO

If you could just. Shut the hell up.

There. He spots Macy in the shadows -- two blocks away -- BOLTING DOWN THE AVENUE. She reaches a BUILDING -- CUTS at the BRICK with THE BOX CUTTER -- SLICING INTO SOLID WALL --

TO COME OUT A BLOCK AWAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING!

Boyo stops Travers from chasing after her.

BOYO (cont'd)

Bup. Too many people out. Can't let them see. Bugger was right.

And he takes out THE TWO COINS the Alderman gave him... one in each hand... and ROLLS THEM OVER HIS KNUCKLES...

THEY BEGIN TO GLOW. LAMBENT. With a flick of both wrists crossing -- HE THROWS THEM!

In the air they come alive! MOVE WITH THE COINS -- FLYING -- FLITTING DOWN THE AVENUE -- past all those people -- then --

RETURNING -- *WHAP!* -- TO BOYO'S HANDS. A beat. A beat.

Then all at once, with clockwork precision... EVERY SINGLE PERSON ON THE AVENUE CLEARS OFF. Turning a corner down a street -- stepping indoors. CLEARING THE STREETS COMPLETELY.

NOW BOYO COMES AFTER HER. A confident, cool jog.

Macy looks behind her, sees him coming -- RUNS FOR A WALL --

Boyo closes in. Waits for his moment -- WAVES TWO FINGERS --

MACY FALLS -- AS IF THROWN -- ABOUT TO HIT THAT WALL!

BOYO WAVES A PALM AND --

SPLASH!

MACY HITS THE WALL -- BUT THE WALL HAS TURNED LIQUID! A WALL OF WATER!

BOYO REACHES INTO THE WALL... PULLS HER OUT, as if rescuing her from a river. The water instantly reverting back to STONE.

CLOSE ON TRAVERS. WATCHING ALL THIS. BREATH FORGOTTEN.

WELCOME TO THE REAL NEW YORK.

WELCOME TO GOTHAM.

SMASH TO BLACK!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. CRAPASS BAR. NIGHT.

The kind of place you go when you really, really don't want to talk about it. Travers is at the bar. Drink in hand.

TRAVERS (V.O.)
It makes no sense. See it again.

FLASH CUTS: HER MORNING, JUST LIKE WE OPENED THE SHOW: COFFEE SPILLS -- PIGEON FLUTTERS -- CLOCKS TICK -- COINS FLY THROUGH THE AIR -- A WALL SPLASHES --

BACK ON: TRAVERS. Trying to fathom it. She can't.

ON THE BAR TV: MAYORAL ELECTION COVERAGE. THAT CANDIDATE AGAIN (from the posters, remember), MAGNETIC, PRESIDENTIAL, IDENTIFIED NOW AS: "GABRIEL RIGA, CEO, SALMAGUNDI".

GABRIEL RIGA (ON SCREEN)
*This city has forgotten how to dream.
I haven't. Of course that's easy for
me to say, I'm rich.*
(pauses for LAUGHTER)
*But I wasn't always. This city gave me
unimaginable opportunities -- as Mayor
I only want to remind people that in
Manhattan... anything is possible...*

Travers shakes her head. *You have no idea.* Just then --

A GLINT OF LIGHT FLITS THROUGH THE BAR, reflecting off her glass. Beat. Then suddenly, ALL AT ONCE... EVERYONE IN THE BAR STANDS UP... AND WALKS OUT. Only Travers remains. She doesn't even look up. She's seen this trick. And already knows whose FOOTSTEPS she hears COMING TOWARDS HER, as...

BOYO sits beside her. Sees her sipping definitely not her first drink. Boyo pauses. Finds patience.

BOYO
Finish that.

She knocks back the remainder of her scotch. Boyo steps behind the bar, helps himself to a nice bottle off the top shelf. Pours her another, one for himself, as --

BOYO (cont'd)
That's what I don't get about you common folk. Live in New York City your whole life, and you never stop to wonder why?
(MORE)

BOYO (cont'd)
 Why do people line up for a club that's
 empty inside? Or hand their life's
 savings to a charlatan? How'd your
 idiot boss get to be your boss? Why is
New York, of all cities, capital of the
 world?

Travers brings herself to say the insane word. Testing it.

TRAVERS

Magic.

BOYO

Not all that different than money. Runs
 in families. Some have more, some less,
 no one ever thinks they have enough...
 Most magic is right here in Manhattan.
 For as long as it's been a city. Look
 at your own morning. All plain and
 simple. But was it? A cab you lost...

FLASH CUT: THE STOLEN CAB -- WE SEE THE GUY WHO TOOK IT --
 A GLIMMER IN HIS EYE -- A SIGN OF THOSE WITH MAGIC --

BOYO (V.O.) (cont'd)

An accident maybe that wasn't...

FLASH CUT: THAT SAME GLIMMER IN THE EYE OF A PIGEON BEFORE
 IT FLIES INTO TRAVERS' FACE -- THE BUS BLARES BY --

FLASH CUT: A BUSY SIDEWALK -- HUNDREDS OF NORMAL PEOPLE
 WALKING UP AND DOWN THE STREET -- A WORKADAY DAY --

BOYO (V.O.) (cont'd)

All those people never suspecting...

WE NOTICE A TACIT NOD BETWEEN JUST TWO PEOPLE, THE GLIMMER --

BOYO (V.O.) (cont'd)

Magic is all around you.

(then)

We're taught magic from the moment
 we're born into it...

FLASH CUT: A SCHOOLBOY AT A DESK EMPTIES OUT A MATCHBOX --
 HOLDS UP A SINGLE MATCH -- CONCENTRATES ON IT, FOCUSED --

BOYO (V.O.) (cont'd)

Some use it for glamor...

FLASH CUT: RATTER IN HIS CLUB FAWNED ON BY GORGEOUS GIRLS --
 FROM THE GIRLS' POV THE PLACE IS ROCKING -- COME AROUND TO
 RATTER'S POV TO SEE IT'S ALL EMPTY AND GROSS INSIDE --

BOYO (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Most just use it to make life a little
 easier than you suffer. Even those poor
 in magic have it better than all you...

-- A TRINIDADIAN NANNY IN THE PARK CRADLES A FUSSY BABY -- A
 TWIDDLE OF HER THUMB AND THE CHILD FALLS INSTANTLY ASLEEP --

-- HOWARD (BODEGA OWNER) SPRAYS WATER ON HIS ROWS OF WILTED
 FLOWERS -- HE LOOKS TO SEE NO ONE IS WATCHING -- AND WHEN WE
 LOOK BACK -- THE FLOWERS ARE ALL VIBRANT AND FRESH AGAIN --

-- LEAD DETECTIVE (HER OLD BOSS) GLAD HANDS -- WE SEE THE
 GLIMMER IN HIS EYE -- SO THAT'S HOW HE GOT THE JOB --

-- FINALLY, BACK TO THE SCHOOLBOY, STILL CONCENTRATING ON
 THAT MATCH... CONCENTRATING... UNTIL... THE MATCH IGNITES!

BACK ON: TRAVERS. Shaken into silence.

BOYO (cont'd)
 Near misses. Rich bastards. Rent
 control. Without magic, this city
 doesn't make a gob of sense. But you
never ask why. Never got that.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR. NIGHT.

They emerge. Alderman leans on a railing reading a paper.

ALDERMAN
 How'd she take it?

Boyo shrugs. *Meh.*

Alderman and Travers walk. Boyo keeps a deferential two
 steps behind Alderman, like a Japanese wife.

*As they walk we sense a new numinous layer atop the familiar
 world. SMOKE seems to follow them. And those shadows...
 always playing tricks. New York in gaslight colors.*

ALDERMAN (cont'd)
 It's not so very strange, is it?
 Magic. It's not broomsticks or wands.
 It's just... an advantage. Every day
 clever, clever man suffers a thousand
 petty indignities. The fundamental
 turnings of life, the flip of toast to
 bring butter side down to sticky floor,
 are ineluctably wired to humiliate and
 inconvenience clever, clever man. We
 like to avoid that.

TRAVERS

I've never owned a car, never not been in debt... Every school I got into, every job has been a fight. And you just wave a magic wand and it's yours.

ALDERMAN

Not wands but...

(leaves that alone)

It's why we stay hidden. Concealments, clandestines, though discretion is always less expensive. Check your history, it never goes well when the common folk get a glimpse over the Divide --

TRAVERS

"Common folk" --

ALDERMAN

You until two hours ago.

(off the COINS)

I can give you these, tell you the words to say. But in your hands they'll never be anything more than trinkets. It's not fair. It's just... the nature of the unnatural. We few are born into it. You're not. Something in the blood.

TRAVERS

Blood... The badge, you pricked me -- that let me see.

(he nods)

Why show me all this?

ALDERMAN

Because -- we need help. For the most part we live our lives and get along comfortably. But. Every so often someone gets of a mind to abuse the limits -- or take too much advantage of the common folk. When they do, we come in. He comes in. My constable.

(off Boyo)

For a long time we were enough.

TRAVERS

(beginning to understand)

You're not enough anymore. Something's changed.

She's right. Boyo bristles -- this explains the attitude.

ALDERMAN

We don't kill. It's the old rule. For every crime we have our castigations. But if you kill... you are stripped of your magic and sent... where you do not want to go.

(then)

This is our first murder in 300 years. We don't know who did it. We don't know how, or why. This is more than we are equipped to resolve. We need someone who understands crime the way your world does. The way you do. Before one murder becomes two. Or more.

TRAVERS

Why me?

Alderman pauses. Measures his words with conspicuous care.

ALDERMAN

Because you're very, very good. Because you care. Because you were raised by a broken system and instead of indulging in reasonable cynicism you chose to do better yourself. For some time I've suspected something... dark mounting in the world of magic. I think we need some of your light.

(as an afterthought)

And you seemed like you can handle it. Can you?

There is an honest answer to this question -- and there is the answer Travers gives:

TRAVERS

Where's the suspect?

BOYO

In the stockade --

INT. SUBWAY STATION. NIGHT.

An out of the way subway station, A FEW PEOPLE move through. PAN THE TURNSTILES, until we reach THE FULL HEIGHT REVOLVING ROTOGATE. If you ever had a fear of one of these JAMMING with you caught inside today you're proven prudent: MACY IS STUCK JUST SO. The bars of the revolving door LOCKED WITH HER INSIDE. Thus the rotogate becomes a benign Iron Maiden.

THIS IS THE STOCKADE. Macy calls to passing PEOPLE. FROM THEIR POV THE STOCKADE IS EMPTY, THEY CAN'T SEE OR HEAR HER.

MACY

Hello -- hello! I'm right here! --

BOYO (O.S.)

They can't hear you.

Macy sees Boyo and Travers. She stands, defiant. Manages to be smoldering sexy even when pinioned so.

MACY

I don't like being ignored.

Boyo walks to her. Travers stops him -- *I'm doing this.*

BOYO

You don't know what you're mucking with.

TRAVERS

And you do? Exactly how many murder suspects have you gotten a confession out of? She hops a broom to get away she's all yours.

Travers steps to the "stocks." Deliberately sets the box cutter just outside the bars, out of reach.

TRAVERS (cont'd)

This you don't get back. Why'd you kill Ratter?

MACY

I didn't -- I didn't. I loved him... a long time. Everyone else fell for his charm. I saw him as he was.

Sincerity from an insincere person. Travers weighs it.

TRAVERS

You're the only one who could have gotten in that room. You knew his apartment well enough to avoid the cameras. And you had plenty of reason to want him dead.

MACY

Me? Why? I'd never hurt him.

TRAVERS

He had a lot of girlfriends.

MACY

So did I.

(enjoys their reaction)

(MORE)

MACY (cont'd)

It was a game we played. I picked women for him. He picked for me. Anyone he wanted. You seem the kind of girl who eats alone in the same restaurant every night. This is a city with options... he and I liked to eat out together... somewhere new every night.

Travers looks to Boyo, who just stares -- *It's your party.*

TRAVERS

You fled the crime scene. I saw you.

MACY

I heard he was hurt, I needed to see him. I was at the club waiting for him. He never came. He was alone when he died. He must've been so scared...

She breaks off, heart aching at the thought. She loved him.

BOYO

I hope you're right. You don't seem the type to handle *Gehennea*.

Any bravado their suspect had instantly dissolves at hearing this threat -- that name -- *Gehennea*.

BOYO (cont'd)

We're holding you here for now. All Graces seized, all charms abated.

MACY

Please -- you can't! It wasn't me -- no -- you can't take my magic --

Boyo mutters UNDER HIS BREATH. THE TURNSTILE CLANKS. Immediately Macy begins to SCREAM... And to CHANGE... As the magic feeding her looks begins to FADE. *The gorgeous woman becomes sallow. Plump. Plain. OLD.*

Her CRIES ECHO as they walk off, leaving her to herself...

INT. TONY APARTMENT. NIGHT.

The crime scene. Body gone. Boyo walks the room, taking in every detail, his eye keen. He's hard to keep up with -- having a habit of turning a corner and being yards ahead.

BOYO

She could have cut into the wall from here, stood there, pulled the trigger.

Travers points her FLASHLIGHT to trace the angle, explaining.

TRIVERS

The bullet trajectory is all wrong. We have to match the angle to the point of entry on his chest. He was facing the other way grabbing for glory. Even in the room she didn't have a good angle to match the point of entry.

BOYO

(realizing, annoyed)

You believe the lezzy tramp.

Travers now uses her flashlight to recomb the room, leaving no crevice unexplored, as --

TRIVERS

She loves him, that much I believe. I believe she's afraid. You punish by extracting magic. She can't live as she is, she wouldn't risk that.

Travers flattens to the floor, searching under the couch.

BOYO

Is that how you common cops do it. Get on your knees. All that.

TRIVERS

It's called work.

BOYO

Not very dignified.

TRIVERS

You prefer I punch somebody?

BOYO

Tends to get the job done.

TRIVERS

Or we could focus on finding evidence.

BOYO

She's the only one who could get in -- your words, the murder expert --

TRIVERS

That's not enough to convict. You just throw people in wherever, *Gehennea*, on suspicion?

(MORE)

TRAVERS (cont'd)

The rules aren't the same as whatever small town sheriffing you're used to -- this is murder, we have to be sure.

Boyo eyes her, with a seriousness that stops her cold.

BOYO

Where you're from Homicide might be the big show. Trust me, Missy, murder isn't the worst thing that happens to people. Not by a long shot. Crawl on the floor all you want... you don't even know what to look for.

Proving his point, HE PEELS BACK THE WALLPAPER, REVEALING GLYPHS UNDERNEATH. Travers never would have found this.

BOYO (cont'd)

These walls are incanted. Strong protections, should've kept out anyone. He didn't just have locks and cameras, he had every inch around him sealed.

He OPENS the window. PIGEONS flutter away. Boyo sees the LEDGE covered in pigeon shit... He looks pleased.

TRAVERS

Pigeon shit. Your big clue is pigeon shit. Tell me it's magic pigeon shit.

He shoots a look to make her regret surviving birth.

BOYO

We need a good bakery.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. HUNTER'S GATE. NIGHT.

By the Hunter's Gate. Travers follows Boyo out of a CAB and into Central Park. He carries a BAKERY BAG full of BREAD. As they walk into the Park we notice a FEW PIGEONS.

TRAVERS

So how's this work? You get an idea, I baby duck after with no clue. I can't help if I don't know what we're doing.

BOYO

You can stay in the cab. Play with your flashlight.

MORE PIGEONS as they go deeper into the Park. TEN. TWENTY. *The EYES on one of them GLIMMER as we pass.*

TRAVERS

When I work with a partner we tell each other what the plan is --

BOYO

Didn't figure us for partners. And I don't need your help --

TRAVERS

Your boss thinks you do. What exactly is your problem with me?

BOYO

It's not you, Missy. It's your whole lot. I've never met someone from your side of the Divide who wasn't in the bottom of their hearts deathly afraid to do anything but just get by. Like a bunch of children at night, shutting their eyes to avoid the dark.

MOVEMENT overhead startles Travers, proving his point. She looks up to see: A SWIRL OF PIGEONS FLYING. HUNDREDS. LIKE A STARTLING STARLING'S MURMURATION. An intelligence to their movement. A *dance*.

UNTIL THEY LAND ALL TOGETHER... TO SURROUND A RUMPLED FORM: A HOMELESS WOMAN. DOTTIE, THE PIGEON LADY. Ageless but ages from young. Guardian or keeper or maybe just the central intelligence of EVERY PIGEON IN MANHATTAN. Avian and jumble-brained. And of course, covered in PIGEONS, fondling them constantly. She sees Boyo and lights up.

DOTTIE

Boyo! Bless the mark! Been so long -- used to visit us all the time, but a boy of a Boyo then. Long time back, before the grumps got his smile...

She pulls up the corners of Boyo's mouth to force a grin. LAUGHS a cracky-brained laugh. Boyo offers the bread.

BOYO

Brought you a something, Dottie. Know how you love a good black bread.

She takes a deep smell, delighted. Tears it up for her pigeons. She notices Travers now --

DOTTIE

Brought a friend too. We know you... had an eye on you a long time...

(MORE)

DOTTIE (cont'd)
Clumsy pup, so much pretty and nearly
get it all wrecked by a flying bus on
account of coffee. You're welcome.

A pigeon FLUTTERS at Travers. Like the one that saved her.

 TRAVERS
That was you?

 DOTTIE
 (kisses a bird)
Aldo actually. Lucky catch. 9 million
souls to watch over and only we pigeons
to watch 'em. And everyone always
grousing on us, "flying rats", pooped the
window, when we're only here to help --

A SUDDEN GLIMMER in Dottie's eye -- SHE IS SEEING SOMETHING.

FLASH CUT: A PIGEON SEES A TOURIST TAKING A PHOTO, SLOWLY
BACKING TOWARDS AN OPEN MANHOLE, THE PIGEON'S EYE GLIMMERS --

BACK TO: DOTTIE. She picks up a BIRD, WHISPERS to it. The
pigeon FLIES from her hands, off to fulfill its errand.

 DOTTIE (cont'd)
Give them a warning. Tourists. Always
a half step from getting killed.

 BOYO
You're an angel, I ever tell you that?

 DOTTIE
Not in 19 years.

 BOYO
Listen, Dottie --

 DOTTIE
Right yes, middle of a visit -- sorry,
our thoughts run scatterblast time to
time, all these eyes you see --
 (taking in Travers)
But they opened yours, meany Morrill...
and so lovely... we were beautiful
once, a dancer, tits to stop the el.
Man got shot over us, jealous husband.
Died in jail for it, he was sweet --

 BOYO
Dottie. I need to know if you saw
anything last night. Did you have any
eyes on Christopher Street?

Beat. Dottie understands now. Slows her thoughts.

DOTTIE

Aye. We saw... Murder one. Ratters
in tatters. Chunky puck used to kick
Bedevere just for being in the way.
Nasty bugger. Not glad about the hole
in chest -- still, hard to cry.

BOYO

Stay with me. You saw him get shot?

DOTTIE

Aye. We did. Davey --

A pigeon flutters to her hand. She cuddles it. Cooing --
connecting -- UNTIL BOTH THEIR EYES GLIMMER AND --

WE SEE IT AS SHE DOES: A LITERAL BIRD'S-EYE FROM THE WINDOW
-- LOOKING IN AS: RATTER EATS, STARING OUT THE WINDOW -- WE
TURN, SEE A POLE DANCING CLASS ACROSS THE STREET -- HE OPENS
HIS ROBE -- A PHONE RINGS, INTERRUPTS JOY -- HE ANSWERS --
SHOUTS INTO IT -- HANGS UP -- WE HEAR A DISTANT BANG --

DOTTIE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Home to supper... robe open for all the
world to sight his business... lookee
out the window... the phone, angry
thing, BANG, bullet lets his soul out --

-- RATTER FALLS TO THE FLOOR -- DEAD -- ALONE --

BACK WITH: DOTTIE. CLOSE ON HER TIMEWORN FACE.

BOYO

Who's there with him? Who did it?

DOTTIE

No one's there. Tatters dies alone.

TRAVERS

Could you hear who he was arguing with?

DOTTIE

That's all we saw and all we know.
(beat, ominous)
Want anything more you have to ask him.

ON BOYO'S FACE. Whatever she's suggesting, even he dreads.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST. MOMENTS LATER

Travers and Boyo exit the Park for CPW, Boyo's mind occupied.

TRAVERS

Half my career was spent banging on doors to find a witness. You know how much time I would've saved if I could just ask a fucking pigeon?

BOYO

If Ratter was alone, the girlfriend was telling the truth. She wasn't there. We need to find out what that call was.

TRAVERS

I already checked the phone records, they're blank.

BOYO

Dammit, she's right. Have to ask him.

TRAVERS

What does that mean, "ask him"? The dead guy? Hello?

He's ignoring her of course. Steps to the curb where A CAB ROLLS RIGHT UP TO HIM LIKE IT ALWAYS DOES.

TRAVERS (cont'd)

That part I can get used to.

INT. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY. DAY.

Down in the deep dank bowels of death. Hell is lined with linoleum to wash away the blood. They reach A COUNTER --

THE CORONERS' OFFICE. Travers finds MOTT (CORONER from crime scene) manning the station, watching an old TV. Mott sees Travers, clearly surprised she's here. With Boyo.

BOYO

We're here to see the Coroner.

MOTT

"We"? She can't see him, Boyo.

TRAVERS

Wait -- Mott? You're in on this?

BOYO

(ignoring Travers)
I'm not asking.

MOTT

She shouldn't be here.

TRAVERS

C'mon, Mott. It's me. I've been to the morgue plenty of times.

MOTT

You bring in a common stray -- because of what, one murder? There are rules --

Boyo SWINGS TWO FINGERS -- CRUSHING MOTT'S TV at a distance with an unseen force -- GRABS Mott by the throat --

BOYO

And I enforce them. The Coroner.

CORONER (O.S.)

Quit shouting, Boy, I'm right here.

TRAVERS' POV: AS THE WALL BEHIND MOTT SEEMS TO SHIFT. WHAT LOOKS LIKE A SEAM SPLITS AS SHE MOVES HER HEAD, REVEALING A NEW PASSAGEWAY. *A trick of geometry? Or was that not there a minute ago?* Boyo drops Mott. He and Travers move into...

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

A DARK ROOM. Where we find A GRISLY OLD MAN in an apron caked in the spatter of a thousand autopsies. He finishes sewing a YOUNG FEMALE CORPSE. *This despite the fact that he is obviously completely BLIND.* This is THE CORONER. And he is a deeply unsettling man.

CORONER

Just finishing up this unfortunate. Lungs full of soap 'n water, slipped in the shower. Lucky thing. Tumor like a plum on her kidney she didn't know about would've made it all much worse in a year. Now. What's this about me?

The Coroner rises. Lets his finger run the length of her body as he slowly steps toward them.

BOYO

Ratter came through here.

(beat)

We need to hear it.

Coroner smiles a mouth full of grey teeth.

CORONER

And why would I do that? You've got nothing to offer. I already had you. Haven't I, Boy?

Coroner begins to walk back to his body, when --

TRAVERS
Forget it, let's go.

Coroner STOPS. Hearing her. Sensing her. Sucks his teeth.

CORONER
Oh. She's new. Yes, please.

Coroner makes himself comfortable. Expectant. Travers looks to Boyo, not sure what she's gotten herself into.

BOYO
Just... try to hold still.

Beat. She steps up to the Coroner. He takes off a GLOVE.

LIKE A HUNGRY MAN TUCKING INTO A STEAK, HE TOUCHES HER FACE. INTIMATELY. STROKING. FONDLING. A BLIND MAN ABLE TO "SEE" THROUGH HIS FINGERS... PROBING... DISTURBING... INVASIVE...

CORONER
Clever little pout--cheekbones to hang a whole bloodline--too damn pretty--never paid for a drink your whole life--but you do like a drink--stopped that though --scared yourself--good girl--
(finds something he likes)
Little girl all alone on the Circle Line over and over--promising Liberty to make it better--poor thing doesn't even have a jacket--and it's cold on the Narrows--

Travers lets out a breath -- terrified -- violated --

BOYO
That's enough.

CORONER
(greedy, stroking)
More--see on back--see where those cheekbones came from--Mama? Where'd Mama go?... Oh--oh -- Oh --

He pulls his hand away suddenly. *Like from a fire. Pain.*

CORONER (cont'd)
A firewall. What is she?

BOYO
Common. There's no firewall. Enough stalling, you had enough. Let's hear it.

INT. MORGUE. MOMENTS LATER.

A wall of STEEL DRAWERS and covered GURNEYS. Coroner ROLLS OUT RATTER'S BODY. The telltale zippers of an autopsy. Travers notices something on the body's SHOULDER.

TRAVERS

There's a cut here. That wasn't in the initial report.

Boyo gestures -- *stand back*. Coroner comes close to the body... then -- CLASPS RATTER'S FACE OVER THE EYES.

TRAVERS (cont'd)

What's he doing?

BOYO

Digging it out. The last conversation Ratter had before he died.

TRAVERS

Wait, we're actually asking the victim?

A CONNECTION FORMS. AS CORONER BEGINS TO SPEAK, SO DOES RATTER'S CORPSE -- HIS VOICE A WET, THROATY, UNNATURAL THING -- THEIR MOUTHS MOVING IN SYNC. A RUN OF WORDS --

CORONER / RATTER

hello yes what no we had this conversation already I told you --

FLASH CUT/INTERCUT: RATTER ON THE PHONE IN HIS APARTMENT -- HAVING THIS SAME CONVERSATION BEFORE HIS MURDER --

RATTER / CORONER

-- I told you it's not about the money, I can't sell. I need it, it's all I've got. Hey, take it easy... Are you threatening me? Try it --

BACK ON: CORONER, FINISHING HIS RUN OF WORDS.

CORONER / RATTER

-- *try it I dare you fuck you* --

The connection breaks. Coroner snaps back to himself. Wipes his hand on that nasty apron. His own voice again.

CORONER

If you'll excuse me... I have that young lady to finish.

(to Travers, intimate)

Nice meeting you.

A gross grin like he just saw Travers naked, and he shuffles out of the room. They are alone in the cold, drippy morgue. His FOOTSTEPS ECHO as Boyo and Travers process --

BOYO

You okay?

TRIVERS

(a lie)

Always. Sounds like someone was trying to buy something off Ratter. He refused. Maybe the club?

BOYO

It's all he had.

As they talk... BEHIND THEM... ONE OF THE BODY DRAWERS SLOOOOOWLY SLIDES OPEN. NEITHER OF THEM SEES --

A DEAD BODY RISING OUT OF THE DRAWER!

TRIVERS

Whoever it was threatened him -- then got to him somehow after he hung up. To retaliate... Or to take it.

STILL UNSEEN, A SECOND DRAWER SLOWLY SLIDES OPEN --

A COLD, DEAD CLAY-GREY FOOT TOUCHES THE LINOLEUM FLOOR.

BOYO

Whoever it was it wasn't Ratter's girlfriend. I'll let the Alderman know to let her out of the stocks.

Boyo dials his CELL as --

TWO REANIMATED CORPSES SILENTLY COME FOR THEM --

AS ONE OF THEM PICKS UP A SCALPEL --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. MORGUE. NIGHT. RESUME.

Travers and Boyo have no goddamn idea as...

CORPSES! Grey and monstrous with autopsy stitches holding their organs in place, SLITHER and PAD closer... closer...

That SCALPEL GRIPPED in hand GLEAMS -- catching Boyo's eye -- *too late* --

THE CORPSE SLICES BOYO, CUTS HIM DEEP ACROSS THE BACK --

THE SECOND FLIES AT TRAVERS -- she has HER GUN --

FIRES! HITS IT IN THE SHOULDER -- THE BULLET RIPS THROUGH SKIN -- *but does NOTHING to stop the corpse from coming* --

TRAVERS

Right. Already dead. Boyo? --

BOYO

The drawers.

Boyo ignores the pain -- pulls himself up -- DISARMS THE CORPSE -- SNAPPING ITS ARM -- POWERFUL -- AND -- KICKS IT BACK INTO A DRAWER -- AS --

THE SECOND CORPSE GRABS A SAW -- ABOUT TO SWING IT AT BOYO'S HEAD -- TRAVERS FIRES HER GUN -- *HITS ITS ARM* -- THE CORPSE DROPS BOYO -- COMING AT HER NOW! TRAVERS GRABS A GURNEY --

WHAM! SHE RAMS IT -- BACK INTO ANOTHER DRAWER!

Boyo SLASHES with TWO FINGERS -- BOTH DRAWERS SLAM SHUT! HE PUSHES HIS PALM FORWARD IN FRONT OF HIM AND -- THE ENTIRE WALL OF STEEL DRAWERS WARPS WITH HEAT -- BURSTS INTO FLAMES!

Travers can hear the CORPSES WRITHING INSIDE -- CLAWING. She is speechless. Breathless. Grateful --

TRAVERS

How many... spells... do you have?

In answer, Boyo COLLAPSES.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOSPITAL. MOMENTS LATER.

She helps Boyo out of the hospital. He's fading fast --

TRAVERS

It's not safe here. Where's your place?

BOYO

Don't... have one--

He blacks out. Fuck. Travers RAISES his hand up. A CAB PULLS UP right away. She slides him in, and --

INT. TRAVERS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

As small and shitty as you'd think. AND COMPLETELY EMPTY. Mattress in a corner. Lamp on the floor. Nothing else. It looks like she moved in hours ago. Travers leads wounded Boyo in. The moment the door SHUTS --

HER PHONE RINGS. Ominously LOUD.

She sets Boyo down on the couch. Picks up -- INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LAWS' CLOCK SHOP. THAT MOMENT.

ALDERMAN

How is he?

TRAVERS

Pretty bad shape. He needs help.

ALDERMAN

He's fine. He won't die. He's not allowed.

Alderman sips wine, unconcerned. *Is he kidding?*

TRAVERS

He's bleeding on my floor -- can't you just magic him into one piece?

ALDERMAN

I won't waste good magic when a bandage will do. You have a first aid kit in the cupboard by the bad scotch. The bleeding's stopped, it's just pain now. Patch him up and get him back to work.

INT. TRAVERS' APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS.

TRAVERS

Patch him up-- We were just attacked by dead people! Someone with a lot of magic doesn't want us investigating --

But he's already HUNG UP. Travers, chafed, goes to her kitchen -- and does just what he suggested. Only with more SLAMMING cabinets. Pulls out a first aid kit. Peels off Boyo's coat. It's a nasty GASH.

TRAVERS (cont'd)

Hold still. This is going to suck.

She begins to clean and dress Boyo's wound. If it hurts like a mofo, and it does, Boyo hides it. Instead --

BOYO

Not as bad a shot as they said.

TRAVERS

I was aiming for its head.

BOYO

Anyway. Thanks. You saved me.

She smiles. A first moment of actual polite conversation.

Boyo takes in the empty apartment. ONLY ONE BIT OF DECOR IN THE WHOLE PLACE: A WORN, TORN 1926 CENTRAL SYSTEMS TRAINS POSTER OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY: "NEW YORK, THE WONDER CITY OF THE WORLD"

BOYO (cont'd)

Your place. Is terrible.

TRAVERS

(she laughs; he's right)

Don't know why I spring for the one bedroom. Guess part of me is still the foster kid. A foster coming through only gets a drawer. You learn to stay portable. Nothing you can't throw into a bag and carry on the subway to the next place... 9 families in 17 years. A lot of next places.

Boyo looks at Travers, starting to see her differently. Starting to see her.

BOYO

That can't have been good.

As she answers, INTERCUT WITH BURSTS OF FRAGRANT MEMORY: A YOUNG GIRL FOLLOWS AN ADULT'S LONG LEGS UP A STAIRCASE -- ENTERS A ROOM, A DRESSER WITH A SINGLE EMPTY DRAWER LEFT OPEN -- SHE SETTLES ON A BED, OPENS A BOOK BIGGER THAN HER --

TRAVERS (V.O.)

It wasn't. But it wasn't horrible either. Nine families and not a single one ever laid a hand on me. Not a single one hugged me either. Lonely as a rain cloud... but I was never cold.

(MORE)

TRAVERS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 I was never hungry. I was always
safe... Most of the kids I grew up
 with are dead, or worse. They all fell
 through the cracks.

BOYO
 The cracks held you up.

TRAVERS
 In a way... the city took care of me.
 The system can work. I believe that.

BOYO
 Got your idealism on the wall.

He points. Her poster of LADY LIBERTY. Her one possession.
 Travers shrugs. AGAIN, INTERCUT WITH:

YOUNG TRAVERS HUDDLED UP IN HER BED, RETREATED INTO HER BOOKS
-- SHE LOOKS UP AT HER POSTER OF LADY LIBERTY -- NOW RIDING
THE CIRCLE LINE, SHE STARES AT THE REAL STATUE OF LIBERTY
WITH AWE -- GRIPS THE RAILING -- (REMEMBER THAT FACE, THERE
ARE STORIES TO TELL OF A YOUNG TRAVERS IN LATER EPISODES) --

TRAVERS (V.O.)
 She was my one constant. Came with me
 everywhere. It's dumb but... when I was
 a kid I had the poem wrong. "Give me
 your tired, your poor... Your huddled
 masses yearning to breathe free" --

BOYO
 "Send these" --

TRAVERS
 In some strange room alone, huddled in
 a ball... I swear I thought she was
 talking about me. That she was
 promising to take care of me.

BOYO
 (charmed)
You were the "huddled mass."

She laughs at herself. A moment's embarrassment at the
 unintended intimacy. She finishes his bandage. *There* --

TRAVERS
 You'll be in massive pain, and that will
 absolutely scar... but you'll live.

But oddly -- heroically -- BOYO RISES. A painful process.

TRAVERS (cont'd)
Where are you going?

BOYO
To work. "Before one murder becomes two."

TRAVERS
You're in no shape. It's nearly morning, you need to sleep.

BOYO
I don't sleep.

TRAVERS
Right. You work 24 hours a day, keeping the peace.

His look says it: *That's exactly what he does.* He shows a TATTOO. A GLYPH OF A SUN AND MOON TOGETHER. She realizes:

TRAVERS (cont'd)
You don't sleep, you don't have a home.
You just patrol the streets, non-stop.
Forever. You love the job that much?

Beat. That new intimacy instantly fades; he just looks at her like she's a fucking idiot who will never understand.

BOYO
Get your rest. Keep the door locked.

And he takes his coat -- walks out the door. Off Travers...

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE. NIGHT.

The sun threatens to pink then pale into day. There is no time of day or night or in-between this city doesn't dazzle.

INT. TRAVERS' BEDROOM. NIGHT.

On the mattress on the floor, Travers turns. She can't sleep. A PIGEON COOS on her windowsill, staring at her.

TRAVERS
Leave me alone, Dottie. He can work without sleeping, but I can't.

The pigeon trills a COO. Stares. Judging her. Reminding her she can't let anything go. *Dammit.*

INT. TRAVERS' APARTMENT. MINUTES LATER.

Travers is dressed. Grabs her keys, opens her door to find --

WENDER. Just walking up to her door. Her surprise shows.

WENDER
Sorry if I scared you.

TRAVERS
Not sure I have any scare left in me.

WENDER
I was checking in -- I never heard from you after. How's the new assignment?

TRAVERS
This isn't a good time, Wender --

WENDER
What kind of bullshit they have you doing? Hidden camera repair? Cloning cell phones? Shoe bomber detail?

TRAVERS
I can't really talk about it.

She turns out her lights, walks out.

EXT. STREET. MORNING.

The sun is bright and mean. Travers has been up all night. Wender dogs after her, not taking demur for an answer --

WENDER
C'mon, Travers. This is me. What'd you get into? Hey, you can talk to me.

Beat. She wants so badly to tell him everything... magic, pigeons, cadavers, being afraid... *she needs to tell someone.*

TRAVERS
There's nothing to tell. It's a boring assignment. Bunch of crew cuts filing paperwork on wiretaps and surveillance. Same as our office, with better coffee.

Wender's deciding if he believes her, when, as if on cue...

AN OBNOXIOUSLY LUSH AND EXPENSIVE LIMO PULLS RIGHT UP TO THEM. A CRISP MAN in a crisp suit steps out. Politely opens a door. A telltale GLIMMER in his eye.

SUIT
Detective. If you would come with us, please. In regards to your case.

Strange, but in the day of strange she had, this is like a 4.

TRAVERS

Look, I gotta... We can talk later.

Wender just looks at her. Disappointed. *You could have just told me.* He goes. She's lost her partner. She hopes she hasn't lost her friend. As she gets in the car...

INT. LIMO. DAY.

Driving. Travers sandwiched between TWO LARGE SUITED MEN.

TRAVERS

Don't suppose we could stop for coffee.

I was gonna get some when you guys...

(of their silence)

Okay.

EXT. SALMAGUNDI BUILDING. DAY.

The Southern edge of Manhattan. Financial district. Wall Street. Where the flow of funds can make or cripple a nation, and you'll still never understand how. From the limo, TRAVERS looks up at...

THE SALMAGUNDI BUILDING. It towers above them all. Radiating worldly elegance, worldly power.

INT. LOBBY. SALMAGUNDI BUILDING. DAY.

Travers follows Suits straight past SECURITY. They do not even think to stop, headed for...

INT. 88TH FLOOR OFFICE. DAY.

An elevator opens directly onto a sumptuous FLOOR SIZED OFFICE. An unimpeded Southern view of Manhattan. A King's view. With a King's minimalist decor to keep from detracting. Travers steps out... takes it all in...

She is staring out the window, mesmerized, when she hears SOMEONE ENTER. Without taking her eyes off the view --

TRAVERS

You, sir, have a lot money.

REVEAL: GABRIEL RIGA. If you thought he was impressive on the NEWS earlier, in person he is an Egyptian god in a suit. A presence like the midday sun. A trace of an accent.

GABRIEL RIGA

More than some.

TRIVERS

More than some countries. I know you.
You keep saying inspiring things on TV.
You? You're one of... them too.

GABRIEL RIGA

Thank you for coming, Detective Travers.
I thought you might need some coffee.

A SILVER TRAY is already waiting for her. A PORCELAIN
COFFEE POT with a Chinese dragon coiled on the handle. *The
dragon UNCOILS ITSELF, breathing FIRE on the pot to warm it.*

TRIVERS

Hate to see what the milk jug does.

She helps herself. Looks out the window. We see now Riga's
office offers a perfect look at THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

TRIVERS (cont'd)

We have the same view.

GABRIEL RIGA

Word spread about your new assignment.
You seem to be holding up well.

TRIVERS

It's... an adjustment.

GABRIEL RIGA

You're terrified. To know so much power
surrounds you, and you're powerless.

A disarming level of insight which Travers does not deny.

GABRIEL RIGA (cont'd)

That's how I felt as a boy. Hungry on
the street. Poor in money. Poor in
magic. When all around me were giants.
I amassed wealth, magic, but only
because this city took me in.
Manhattan gave me opportunity, a
chance.

(looks at Liberty, moved)

"And her name, Mother of Exiles"...

(then)

That's why I hope to be Mayor. I would
give that same chance to any who need
it. And make it again what once was:
A city worth sailing to.

TRIVERS

Well you got my vote.

GABRIEL RIGA

Thank you.

TRIVERS

It's an expression. I don't really vote. I appreciate the breakfast and stump speech but... why am I here? Don't you have better things to do?

GABRIEL RIGA

You are the better thing. This murder is a symptom -- those gifted with magic no longer treat it as the privilege it is... but as an instrument of savage self-interest. They need to know there are consequences. I offer my help. Boyo won't accept it from me.

TRIVERS

Sounds familiar.

GABRIEL RIGA

Boyo. He's a good man. Not a nice man. But good. It's hard to blame him. He is after all possessed, here --

Riga takes something from the shelf: A BOX OF CIGARETTES.

GABRIEL RIGA (cont'd)

This might help you.

TRIVERS

Cigarettes? No, thanks. I don't smoke sober.

He presses them to her hand. *Take it.* Earnest --

GABRIEL RIGA

You don't have to be so powerless. Anything you need. Any information, any resources. You come to me.

Travers takes them, turns. Pausing --

TRIVERS

You said Boyo's possessed. Did you mean... as in, with a demon?

GABRIEL RIGA

Of course not. I meant he's owned.
(off her look)
Did they not tell you? Boyo is a slave.
(MORE)

GABRIEL RIGA (cont'd)
 Why do you think they call him "Boyo"?
 It's not a name. It's his job.

TRIVERS
 (sickened)
 You... keep slaves?

GABRIEL RIGA
 This country eventually emancipated its
 slaves. Under magic it was a slower
 fade. New sales were forbidden, but
 existing lines were never freed. His
 ancestors were slaves, so were any of
 their children... their children. They
 all died out in time. He's the last of
 the line. The last slave in America.

ON TRAVERS. Of all she's seen, this shocks her the most.

INT. TONY APARTMENT. DAY.

The crime scene. Travers walks to the LIVING ROOM to find --

BOYO. On the couch. Staring at the body outline. For some
 time. She sits beside him. Staring out with him. Finally:

TRIVERS
 A slave?

BOYO
 (then)
 Yeah.

TRIVERS
 That's sick.

Yeah.

TRIVERS (cont'd)
That's why you do all this. The
 constant constable. You have to. Run
 around forever protecting the people
 who own your freedom.

BOYO
 Slaves used to have to do much worse.

A thin salve and they both know it.

TRIVERS
 What would you do?... If you could do
 anything.

BOYO

Never thought about it. I've never
been outside New York. Maybe travel...
Might be fun to... cook.

TRIVERS

Cook?

He shrugs. She spares him a teasing.

TRIVERS (cont'd)

But as it stands...

BOYO

I can't stop until I solve this case.
And the next one and the next.

TRIVERS

How can you not be furious? I am.
It's not fair. If I had even a shred
of magic... life could have been a hell
of a lot easier growing up.

BOYO

Wish I knew you then, Missy. Could've
thrown a few spells your way... gotten
you a second drawer. Maybe helped.

TRIVERS

(smiles, beat)

Would you take my help now?

And she sets down the CIGARETTE BOX. Boyo glowers. Rises.

BOYO

You saw Riga. No --

TRIVERS

Would you quit it. Look, I'm no genius
at life, I get by. Because I know for
most people, for me, there's no magic,
it's just work, waking up and pushing
through. And always by yourself. If
by some miracle someone actually tries
to help you... don't be a dick.

She leaves it to him to figure if she means Riga or herself.
She picks up the BOX, about to open it, when... Boyo puts a
hand on hers... Stopping her... Apologetic.

BOYO

Those are very expensive. Make sure
you're in the right place. Here.

He moves to the window, draws a line from there to body. She's about to open the box. Stops -- a flash of insight.

FLASH CUT: THE WHITE PAINT CHIP IN AN EVIDENCE BAG --

BACK ON: TRAVERS. She crosses to A WHITE AIR VENT IN THE CEILING. It has A SMALL PAINT CHIP missing on a slat.

TRAVERS
(putting it together)
You said he had the walls protected...
he forgot the ceiling. There was a
paint chip that came from above. The
bullet hit here.

Boyo notches her insight. Impressed. *She's right.* Travers stands under the VENT. OPENS THE BOX... and out come...

FIVE MOTHS

Ordinary grey pantry MOTHS flutter about. They begin to flit toward... THE AIR VENT... One LANDS on it and briefly GLOWS with lovely warm LIGHT.

TRAVERS (cont'd)
What are they doing?

BOYO
The moths eat magic. They're following
the bullet's trail.

The moths pick up a scent... *AND FLY UP INTO THE VENT.*

Boyo and Travers follow under the line of AIR DUCTS as --

INT. VENTILATION SYSTEM. MOMENTS LATER.

*WE FLY WITH THE MOTHS THROUGH THE LUMEN OF THE AIR VENTS...
NIBBLING AS THEY GO... GLOWING... FLOATING THROUGH THE
MAZE... UP AND OVER... AROUND AND THROUGH... A BALLET
THROUGH INFRASTRUCTURE... JUST AHEAD... LIGHT...*

EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE. MOMENTS LATER.

Outside the building. What would be an alley if New York had alleys. Boyo and Travers race out to see...

THE MOTHS FLY OUT OF THE HVAC COMPRESSOR... UP AND AROUND...
OVER TRASH BINS... TO LAND ON...

A DUMPSTER. ITS LID COMPLETELY MELTED SHUT.

Undeterred, Boyo BASHES AWAY at the welded top until... IT CREAAAAAAAKS OPEN. He props the lid up with a WINE BOTTLE. Reaches in. Digging through the shit and worse than shit... until he finds something... that makes him LAUGH, elated...

AN ANTIQUE GUN

BOYO

You. You aren't supposed to exist.

TRAVERS

Why?

BOYO

I destroyed it a long time ago. Least I thought I did. The Runcible Gun.

(shows it to her)

That's how they did it -- no one got in.
The killer fired from right here.

Travers holds it. Doesn't get it. Just a simple gun.

TRAVERS

Here? How is this our murder weapon?

In answer, he gestures with the gun half-heartedly at something behind Travers... then...

Points the gun out at the BUSY STREET FULL OF PEOPLE AND --

FIRES! THE BULLET MOVES TOWARDS THE STREET -- ABOUT TO HIT A BUSINESSWOMAN -- WHEN --

IT VEERS! LOOPING BACK! WINDY, TWISTY AROUND AND --

POP! THE WINE BOTTLE HOLDING UP THE DUMPSTER SHATTERS!

THE LID COMES CRASHING DOWN RIGHT BEHIND TRAVERS.

Travers JOLTS. Boyo grins.

BOYO

That's how.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. CAB. DRIVING. NIGHT.

In a cab. Boyo holds the GUN, pleased. They have a trail.

BOYO

The Runcible Gun. More people have been perforated by this than any weapon ever forged. Once it's sited, it will peg its target no matter what's in the way. Our killer fired from the street, the bullet travelled up through the unprotected ceiling -- end of Ratter.

TRAVERS

That's how they did it, we still don't know who.

BOYO

Whoever our who is has to have enough magic to get this gun and set vivified corpses on us. Pricey stuff.

TRAVERS

If this was the real world we'd run serial numbers. Don't suppose magic town is big on gun records --

BOYO

We record everything.

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. NIGHT.

They stand before the GREAT STEPS of the Library. Where the famous LIONS sit sentry. Patience and Fortitude. Boyo walks up to one. Brushes some TRASH away.

BOYO

Evening, Patience. Gah, tourists. Leave pretzels all over you.

Boyo leans in... *AND WHISPERS INTO THE LION'S EAR.*

A beat. *And the Lion's head slowly turns towards him. Then turns to Travers. As if assessing her.*

BOYO (cont'd)

She's with me.

The Lion's head resumes its customary stance. Travers hears THE SOUND OF STONE SLIDING AGAINST STONE, AS --

THE GREAT LIBRARY STEPS BEGIN TO RECONFIGURE. GEOMETRICALLY REALIGNING... OPENING UP. TO REVEAL:

A PASSAGEWAY DOWN. UNDERNEATH THE LIBRARY.

TRAVERS

Come on! Are you kidding me?

Boyo enters the passage. Sees Travers by the Lion, gaping.

BOYO

You coming or not?

FRAME TRAVERS ON THE STEPS: THE FAMOUS BUILDING ABOVE... THE SECRET STEPS IN FRONT OF HER. A MOMENT'S CHOICE...

THEN SHE FOLLOWS THE STEPS DOWN. INTO THE UNKNOWN. SHE DISAPPEARS BELOW THE SURFACE. THE STAIRS CLOSE BEHIND HER.

INT. HALLWAY. MOMENTS LATER.

A LONG HALLWAY, ancient MARBLE, leading to...

ANOTHER HALLWAY... AND ANOTHER...

They reach a GIANT DOOR. It SWINGS OPEN HEAVILY onto...

INT. THE RECORDS ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

A GIANT LIBRARY FULL OF BOOKS AND FILES AND PAPERS AND RECORDS GOING ON FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE MILES AND PROBABLY IS. MAPS AND MODELS OF MANHATTAN FROM EVERY ERA.

BOYO

All the city records... Stay here.
Look out for the Bookkeepers.

Boyo disappears into the endless STACKS.

INT. STACKS. THE RECORDS ROOM. MINUTES LATER.

WITH TRAVERS. Wandering through the long and many stacks. Oppressively endless. Old books and new. She eyes a THICK BOOK. Touches the frayed binding, when --

VOICE (O.S.)

You're pretty.

She turns -- sees LINKUM. Short pants. Social turnip. A kind but shrill sort of nerdling, giving him the overall effect of a rubber band pulled taut and aimed at the eyes.

LINKUM

We don't get a lot of common folk girls
down here. Don't get a lot of girls.
I'm Linkum. Hi.

(she waves; awkward pause)

Wanna see a trick? Pick a book --

Uncomfortable, her eyes flick to one. He takes it down,
hands her a PUSH PIN.

LINKUM (cont'd)

Poke. Anywhere.

(she does; then, quickly:)

*"Soldiers, whereunto, motion, meat,
upon, horses, given, number" --*

He opens the book, shows her. He's just said every word the
pin touched, going straight down every page. Memorized.

LINKUM (cont'd)

"Horses" again on the last. That's how
I got to be second Bookkeeper. I do a
book a day, up to the B's. Fidelius is
the real brain, way past Z. You lose
Boyo in the stacks?

TRAVERS

I was looking for an encyclopedia, or
something.

(a thought)

All those books, I bet you know a lot.
About magic. History?

LINKUM

I am pretty awesome.

TRAVERS

What's a firewall?

LINKUM

(showing off)

It's a spell. "For the hiding of things
sacred, unusual, or items otherwise
dear." Pricey. It acts like a block.
To protect from prying eyes. Or theft.

TRAVERS

Why would I have one in my head?

INT. RECORDS ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Travers follows Linkum through, as he beelines for a shelf.

LINKUM

Never heard of a firewall being used like that, but I suppose one could be applied to a thought. Or memories. You were a minor, and common, so that would end up in your file.

TRAVERS

I have a file?

LINKUM

Everyone has a file. Yours is... right... over...

He steps to a shelf. But there's a GAP in there where a FILE should be. Confusing.

LINKUM (cont'd)

There should be a file here -- it's gone. Why would anyone take yours--
(thinking, beat)
You say you're born common?

TRAVERS

Plain Jane.

LINKUM

Indulge a thought, Jane.

INT. MAIN DESK. RECORDS ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

ON A MATCHBOX. Linkum takes out A SINGLE MATCH.

LINKUM

We start kids like this, practice, practice. "Go play with your matches."

FLASH CUTS: (AS IN ACT 2) A SCHOOLBOY DUMPS MATCHES ON HIS DESK -- PICKS ONE -- CONCENTRATES ON IT -- CONCENTRATES --

LINKUM (V.O.) (cont'd)

First one feels impossible. You learn to tune out the world... just see the fire in your head... And let it out.

-- CONCENTRATES -- THE MATCH LIGHTS! -- HE'S THRILLED.

MATCH CUT TO: LINKUM. Holding his MATCH. Like the Boy's it IGNITES. He blows it out, gives one to Travers.

LINKUM (cont'd)

Try it.

TRAVERS

Light a match. How? I'm not from
the... magicky side of town.

LINKUM

Just try. Block out everything except
the color of the flame you want to see.

She breathes... *then tries. Staring, focusing.* PUSH IN ON
THE MATCH -- ON TRAVERS -- AS --

LINKUM (O.S.) (cont'd)

Get angry... find something inside and
grab it... the more you feel, the
hotter you burn...

*TIGHTER ON THE MATCH -- ON TRAVERS' EYES -- HER PUPILS WIDEN
with the effort -- TIGHTER STILL -- UNTIL WE'RE SURE THAT
MATCH IS GONNA IGNITE... ANY... SECOND... AND...*

But nothing. Travers drops it, sharing our disappointment.

TRAVERS

Entirely common.

LINKUM

Sorry, Jane. Keep it.

He gives her the matchbox. At which --

Boyo returns. With him is FIDELIUS, the FIRST BOOKKEEPER.
A genius in a LINEBACKER'S body. Crushingly shy. Fidelius
sees Travers and actually SQUEAKS with surprise.

FIDELIUS

Girl.

LINKUM

Easy.

Boyo sets down a LEATHER BOUND BOOK, opens it.

BOYO

Found it. This has everyone who's ever
had possession of the Runcible Gun.
Made 1829, incanted 1846.

INSIDE is a LONG LIST OF NAMES written in lovely, even
CALLIGRAPHY. Some familiar: WILLIAM CODY... JOHN
DILLINGER... Travers flips to the last page. A new page.
BOYO'S NAME IS THE LAST ENTRY. "BOYO." No last name.

TRAVERS

You're in here. You just got it.

LINKUM

Everything up to date. See --

Boyo hands the GUN to Travers. We watch as "A. ANNE TRAVERS" is instantly *LETTERED* into the book. Fidelius reads the name like it was a magic word, in love:

FIDELIUS

Annie...

TRAVERS

So whoever had it last is our killer.

Boyo flips the page back. We read THE LAST NAME THERE "BENEDICT BEACHUM."

BOYO

Benedict Beachum. Beach --

FLASH CUT: ON THE CLUB'S BOUNCER, "BEACH" --

TRAVERS

The bouncer. He hated Ratter. He wanted the club for himself. And he tried to throw the trail onto Macy.

BOYO

Looks like he has more magic than we thought.

Off Boyo and Travers, THEY HAVE THEIR KILLER -- SMASH TO:

INT. NOCTURNE. NIGHT.

MUSIC LOUD, PULSING. A crush of sexy young things press together and call it dance. The club is FULL. Rocking. In the center of it all is...

BEACH. Living it up. Dancing, drinking, licking the sweat off a girl he plans to bed. Until he sees...

BOYO AND TRAVERS COMING.

BEACH BOLTS for the back door. PUSHING through the crowd --

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DOOR. CONTINUOUS.

Beach bursts out the door -- PRESSES HIS PALM -- THE DOOR WARPS -- MELTING WITH INTENSE HEAT, same as the dumpster --

INT. NOCTURNE. THAT MOMENT.

Boyo reaches the heat-sealed door. We see BOYO'S HAND BEGIN TO LIGHT -- A SPELL BREWING -- QUARTER MOONS OF LIGHT BUILDING OFF HIS HAND -- and --

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BACK DOOR. THAT MOMENT.

Quiet beat. THEN THE DOOR EXPLODES WITH CONCUSSIVE FORCE.

Boyo steps out. SEES BEACH RUNNING INTO A NEARBY BUILDING.

INT. STAIRWELL. WALKUP APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS.

Beach pounds up the stairs --

Boyo and Travers in pursuit. They reach a LANDING --

NARROWLY DUCKING A WAVE OF HEAT FIRED AT THEM! It hits a wall, STARTING A FIRE. Beach's HANDS GLOW, threatening more.

BEACH

You should've left it alone. Ratter was a prick -- he deserved to die --

HE PITCHES ANOTHER BLAST OF HEAT -- IT HITS BOYO -- SEARING HIM -- RADIATING OUT BEHIND HIM -- SPREADING FIRE.

FIRE catches along the hall -- towards APARTMENTS!

PEOPLE come out of their homes, see the fire, frightened.

Boyo shakes off the pain, sees Beach running away upstairs.

BOYO

Get everyone out of here.

He takes off. And we BEGIN INTERCUT: TRAVERS HELPS PEOPLE ESCAPE THE FIRE AS -- A FLIGHT ABOVE --

BOYO TACKLES BEACH. A FIGHT -- backed by magic -- cut with SMOKE -- every PUNCH landing like an oncoming TRUCK -- WALL SMASHING FORCE --

Beach BASHES Boyo's head into a railing -- THROUGH A RAILING -- HE LIGHTS HIS HAND UP WITH HEAT -- ABOUT TO FRY BOYO'S FACE -- HIS SEARING HAND COMING CLOSER --

BOYO WAVES TWO FINGERS LIKE A WHIP -- SNAPPING BEACH'S LEG -- A NASTY BREAK. PUNCHES HIM IN THE NECK.

Helpless, Beach sees a FAMILY escaping the spreading fire. He GRABS AN 8 YEAR OLD BOY. Separating him from his MOTHER.

TRIVERS COMES UP -- sees Beach hiding behind the KID -- his HAND LIT, THREATENING -- trying to limp away.

BEACH
Just let me go.

Boyo's eyes narrow. He is done fucking around.

BOYO
Oh no. You don't get to go.
(to Travers)
Get the kid.

TRIVERS
Where are you --

She doesn't get to finish the sentence before --

BOYO RUSHES BEACH, DIVING AT HIM -- GOING OVER THE RAILING --
FALLING OVER THE STAIRS -- TO --

SLAM! ON THE HARD FLOOR TWO STORIES DOWN.

Beach not moving. Clearly dead. Boyo landed atop him. Not moving. Smoke all around him -- as --

INT. HALLWAY UPSTAIRS. THAT MOMENT.

Travers helps the Kid Boyo saved -- leads him away from THE FIRE ALL AROUND THEM. Running out of safe directions.

She KICKS in a door to find cover in --

INT. APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS.

Travers moves them away from the door. SMOKE AND FIRE LICKING UP FROM UNDERNEATH THE DOOR.

The fire is spreading. Travers surveys her options.

She has none.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEINT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

THE APARTMENT AFLAME! The fire has completely consumed the door -- breaching the apartment.

Travers is trapped. Holding on to the Kid.

She looks out the window. THEY ARE FOUR STORIES UP.

Travers breathes. Knows what she has to do. Leans to the Kid, voice even, calming, as she wraps him up in a blanket.

TRIVERS

Okay. Listen, you don't have to be scared. You're gonna be okay. We're just going to go on a quick trip.

She holds Kid to her chest -- WRAPS A BELT around their waists to hold the kid in place in front of her --

ALL WHILE OPENING THE WINDOW -- STEPPING UP INTO IT --

TRIVERS (cont'd)

Just close your eyes. We're going to fall for a second. Then you're going to bounce on top of me. It'll be fun. I've got you. Just don't let go of me, okay... even when I let go of you.

Her voice cracks as she says it. Because she knows she is about to JUMP OUT THE WINDOW HOLDING THE KID. AND SHE IS ABOUT TO DIE. But not before she cushions the blow and saves him. You wish you were this brave.

She climbs onto the window. FLAMES creeping up behind her.

She looks down. A death drop.

A tear escapes. She clutches the Kid. ALL SOUND DROPS OUT.

She finds her courage. AND SHE JUMPS.

WE FALL WITH HER. IN SILENCE. TIME SLOWED.

THE GROUND COMING. DEATH COMING.

Kid's mouth open in silent scream.

Her eyes closed tight.

THE IMPACT COMES...

WITH A SPLASH!

THE STREET HAS TURNED TO WATER! A PLUME SPRAYS. As if she high dived into a pool.

She breaches the surface -- GASPING air -- holding the Kid --

A HAND

Reaches in -- CLASPS hers. BOYO helps her up out of the "water." Which turns back to CONCRETE. Solid underfoot.

Shaking, Travers unfastens the Kid. He CRIES. The empty street fills with PEOPLE running up. The Kid's MOTHER rushes to him, takes him from Travers. A tearful reunion.

The building burns behind them. SIRENS come. Travers looks to Boyo. Opens her mouth to speak. Can't find the words.

Boyo nods. Understanding anyway.

A THICK KIT OF PIGEONS FLIES BY, AND WE --

INT. LAWS' CLOCK SHOP. NIGHT.

PUSH through the many, many CLOCKS... through the DOOR to...

INT. ALDERMAN'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

Travers, Boyo, Alderman -- who pours from a WINE BOTTLE that as it happens never empties. Offers shaken Travers a glass.

ALDERMAN

No one would fault you for drinking too much right now.

TRAVERS

I almost died.

ALDERMAN

That will happen. Can you handle it?

(off her look)

There's always more crime coming. And always worse.

Beat. No easy answer. Theirs is a frightening world.

ALDERMAN (cont'd)

You've never had a place in life. Maybe this is it. Between two worlds. Make a difference in both... Plus I'm fairly sure I can make your apartment considerably bigger.

She considers the question without answering. To help her --

ALDERMAN (cont'd)
 Boyo, don't you agree? Aren't we so
 very grateful to our new friend?

BOYO
 (begrudging)
 She was not altogether unhelpful.

Travers takes that as the largest compliment she's likely to get. She drinks, considering. A relaxed moment that for all the world feels like the proper epilogue she so badly needs.

TRAVERS
 Not just me. Riga --

BOYO
 -- Don't push it.

TRAVERS
 If Riga hadn't stepped in we wouldn't
 have tracked the gun.

BOYO
 That was... appreciable.

TRAVERS
 The guy is pretty amazing.

She gives a dreamy, wistful smile as she says it. Like she was thinking of a lover. Boyo doesn't argue the point.

A beat. Travers drinks. THEN STOPS -- REALIZING --

PUSH IN ON TRAVERS -- AS THE CONNECTIONS FORM --

LIGHTING FAST FLASH CUTS: *THE LINE OUTSIDE NOCTURNE* -- *GIRLS CALL RATTER "AMAZING"* -- *MACY SAYS "EVERYONE FELL FOR HIS CHARM"* -- *THE CUT ON HIS SHOULDER* -- *THE PHONE SLAMMED DOWN* --

BACK ON: TRAVERS. Rising. Mind, words churning fast --

TRAVERS (cont'd)
 I just said "*amazing*." I didn't just
 say it, I felt it. Like admiration.
 You did too. Beach didn't kill Ratter
 for his club, that was payment. Ratter
 had protections all over his apartment.
 Those weren't just to protect him -- but
 something on him.
 (working it out)
 (MORE)

TRAVERS (cont'd)

The guy was a slob, but everyone wanted to be around him. Magic isn't just spells but objects, right? Charms, Graces. Is there something he could have owned that would make everyone think he was --

BOYO

(getting it)

-- Amazing.

QUICK CUTS: Alderman pulls out a BOOK -- OPENS IT -- ON A PAGE: A GLYPH, LIKE A STAR. MOUNTED ON A RING.

ALDERMAN

The Amazing Grace. It makes the owner desirable, sex and wealth come to you. It's rare, only a few know. If Ratter had one... where is it?

ON TRAVERS. SHE KNOWS.

EXT. SALMAGUNDI BUILDING. NIGHT.

THE LIMO THAT PICKED UP TRAVERS PULLS AWAY.

EXT. BATTERY PARK. NIGHT.

By the water. The limo makes the loop at Bowling Green to get to West Street -- STOPPING SUDDENLY AT --

BOYO. In the middle of the road. Travers and Alderman behind him. Boyo extends a hand, QUARTER MOONS OF LIGHT --

AND THE ENTIRE FRONT END OF THE LIMO CRUSHES DOWN.

GABRIEL RIGA steps out of the car. Dressed well.

A full grand view of THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IN THE HARBOR BEHIND THEM as they confront the man behind it all.

ALDERMAN

Gabriel. You look good.

GABRIEL RIGA

It's a good day. I'm up in the polls.

TRAVERS

I bet. Ratter's charm got him laid like crazy, should get you enough votes to win an election. You didn't want him dead, he just wouldn't sell to you.

FLASH CUTS: RATTER ON THE PHONE BEFORE HE DIED, ARGUING -- REVEAL RIGA IN HIS OFFICE ON THE OTHER END OF THAT CALL --

TRAVERS (V.O.) (cont'd)
He was nothing without it. So you had
him killed, keeping your hands clean --

-- BEACH IN RIGA'S OFFICE -- TAKES THE RUNCIBLE GUN FROM A BOX -- RIGA NEVER TOUCHING IT -- BEACH'S NAME GETS INSCRIBED IN CALLIGRAPHY IN THE BOOK --

TRAVERS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Ratter was protective, he kept it with
him at all times -- under his skin --

-- IN THE MORGUE, ONE OF RIGA'S SUITS EXTRACTS THE CHARM OUT OF RATTER'S SHOULDER, FROM UNDER HIS SKIN, WIPES IT CLEAN --

TRAVERS (V.O.) (cont'd)
We got too close to your trail so you
tried to have us killed. When that
didn't work, you went the other way and
helped us find your shooter so we'd tie
the murder to him.

-- TRAVERS AND BOYO FIGHT OFF THE CADAVERS -- RIGA GIVES TRAVERS THE BOX WITH THE MOTHS -- THE MOTHS REVEAL THE GUN --

RESUME. Travers, Boyo and Riga. Riga looks unafraid.

BOYO
You're looking awfully amazing. Mind
if we search you?

GABRIEL RIGA
For what? This?

RIGA HOLDS UP RATTER'S CHARM. He has it.

GABRIEL RIGA (cont'd)
This Grace has been in my family for
centuries, and I resent the accus--

BLAM! A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT! AND BLOWS THE CHARM RIGHT OUT OF RIGA'S FINGERS! DESTROYING IT. All heads turn to...

TRAVERS. SHE JUST FIRED THE RUNCIBLE GUN. Holding it pointed to the ground. A crazy perfect BULLSEYE.

TRAVERS
Not so amazing now.
(to Alderman, loving the gun)
I'm keeping this.

Riga grins at Travers. Unadmitting. Unafraid.

GABRIEL RIGA

You think I need toys? I will still run. I will still win. This city needs a leader with real power.

TRAVERS

(understanding)

You don't want to govern. You want to rule.

GABRIEL RIGA

Oh. I want more than that.

Riga's face tells us this is a man with frightening, far reaching plans. He gives the slightest turn of his head and -- HIS CAR UNCRUMPLES. Perfect again. He moves for it.

TRAVERS

Put your hands on the car.

GABRIEL RIGA

Will you arrest me, Detective? Call your friends? And tell them what?

(a warning)

Get out now. You're a survivor, you should know when it's time to survive.

(at Alderman)

You have no grounds to detain me but the tale-spinning of a commoner.

He walks right past them. Boyo gets in his way --

BOYO

I'll see you in *Gehennea*.

GABRIEL RIGA

No. No you won't. Out of my way, slave.

Riga gets in his car. Alderman sees the LIGHT building off Boyo's hand. A spell brewing. He stays Boyo's hand.

And just like that... Gabriel Riga drives away.

TRAVERS

Wait, we can't just let him go.

ALDERMAN

We have no grounds. There will be another time.

TRAVERS

This is bullshit, you have magic, do something, stop him. You can't let him run for mayor, if he gets real power --

ALDERMAN

He already has.

And the unbreakable girl breaks, emotional. She pulls off her BADGE. THROWS it away, along with the GUN and the MATCHBOX Linkum gave her. *MATCHES SPILL OUT ON THE GROUND.*

TRAVERS

Fuck it. If this is how you do things you can count me out. I put up with pigeons, corpses -- I put up with him -- I jumped out of a goddamn window -- I thought it was for a reason --

As she freaks the fuck out... we notice (but she doesn't)...

ALL ON ITS OWN... ONE OF THE SPILLED MATCHES... SLOWLY BEGINS TO SMOLDER...

THEN IGNITE!

ALDERMAN

Detective, please, you have more reason than ever, you can see we need you --

TRAVERS

No -- I am not one of your slaves to command. I never asked for this -- you brought me in to help you, and I did --

THEN -- THE WHOLE BOOK OF MATCHES IGNITES! AS IF HER ANGER KINDLED THE MATCHES INSIDE -- THEY FLARE BRIGHT, HOT -- AS --

TRAVERS (cont'd)

I solved your case, and you're letting the killer go -- whatever you think you need from me, I am not your girl --

TRAVERS' BACK IS TO THE WATER AS -- RIGHT BEHIND HER, ON THE WATER'S EDGE --

TWO STREET LAMPS BURST INTO FLAMES! BURNING AT THE HEAD, LIKE GIANT MATCHES. ONE ON EACH SIDE OF HER.

Boyo and Alderman react, seeing it. Catching eyes.

BOYO

Travers.

TRAVERS

What's the point of magic if you don't
use it to make things right!

**ON THE WORD "RIGHT" -- GODDAMMIT IF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY'S
TORCH DOESN'T BURST INTO FLAME IN THE HARBOR BEHIND HER!**

**LIBERTY'S TORCH ABLAZE -- FLAMING LARGE AND BRIGHT AND
BEAUTIFUL ACROSS THE HARBOR FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE!**

TRAVERS DID THAT. Alderman and Boyo see it.

EVERYONE SEES IT. All across New York City.

ON WENDER: ON A STREET. HE SEES THE TORCH IN THE DISTANCE.

ON DOTTIE: SEEING FLAME THROUGH A PIGEON'S EYES. *OH MY.*

ON RIGA: IN HIS CAR. FIRELIGHT REFLECTING IN HIS EYES.

ON A CROWD: MESMERIZED. ENTRANCED. TAKING PICTURES.

ON ALDERMAN: STARING. THE SMALLEST CURL OF A SMILE.

ON BOYO: EYES FIXED ON TRAVERS. JUST PLAIN AMAZED.

FRAME TRAVERS: TIGHT ON HER FACE. CONFUSED BY THEIR LOOKS.
THE GLOW FROM TWO FLARING LAMP POSTS ON EITHER SIDE. THE
STATUE OF LIBERTY WITH HER TORCH AFIRE RIGHT BEHIND HER.

She is 4 seconds away from turning around, seeing Liberty's
torch, and having her life change forever.

TRAVERS (cont'd)

What?

SMASH TO BLACK.

END.