

CHASE

written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY MUSEUM - NIGHT

A back alley: dumpsters, steel doors, alley cats. Perched on the shallow sill of a window, a huddled silhouette.

The glass shudders silently.

The silhouette rouses from sleep; it's CHASE (17). He looks homeless, shrouded in layers of old clothes. He eyes the window: a light plays across it from inside.

He lays a hand on the brick wall, closes his eyes. His lids jump like REM. His teeth GRIND.

CHASE

Crap.

KAWHOOM! The wall EXPLODES, taking the window and Chase with it. A bloom of dust and smoke fill the alley.

Out of the gaping hole steps a dump truck of a man, BRICKHOUSE. An easy eight feet tall, muscles on muscles. Skin like tanned leather drawn over unnaturally angular features that frame small darting black eyes.

In one hand, a five foot staff: gleaming silver and gold, obscure engraving, mechanical and organic all at once. It looks tiny in his massive grip.

Somewhere a CAR ALARM whoops. There's an almost imperceptible WHIR as he turns his head, scanning the alley.

The alarm stops. It's QUIET. He shifts to move, then:

The CLATTER of tumbling bricks. He freezes.

CHASE (CONT'D - O.S.)

About time.

Brickhouse heaves about. Chase stands on a pile of loose masonry, dusting off his tattered sleeves.

BRICKHOUSE

You?

Chase looks up from under a knotted brow.

BRICKHOUSE (CONT'D)

You died with your father.

CHASE

You missed.

BRICKHOUSE

Not this time.

He LEAPS, way too high for a guy his size, staff poised to skewer Chase like raw meat. The alley SHUDDERS with his landing. Chase is gone.

Brickhouse ROARS, SLAMS the building with a fist.

BRICKHOUSE (CONT'D)

Die like your father, boy!

CHASE (O.S.)

I'm nothing like my father.

BRICKHOUSE snaps his head up. Chase is overhead, flowing up the fire escape like a Gibbon.

BRICKHOUSE jams the staff into his belt, lunges onto the bottom landing. The platform sags: bolts fail under his weight, steel SCREAMS with fatigue. He grips the staircase above, yanks it from the wall, shakes it like a rattle.

CHASE struggles to hang on as the staircase SLAMS against one wall, then the other, debris raining down. On the third slam he leaps to the opposite wall, grabs a downspout, clambers toward the roof.

BRICKHOUSE ROARS, leaps to the far wall, PUNCHES his fists through the bricks, pulls himself up, following Chase. SMASH, PULL, SMASH, PULL. SIRENS wail their approach in the distance.

He pulls himself up over the edge, stands. KRASH! A huge HVAC unit hits him square, sends him reeling as it caroms off the edge and into the street. Traffic SQUEALS to a stop below as he grabs a bundle of power cords to stop himself. Sparks cascade down the front of the building. Lights go out.

He rises to his feet. Spotlights wash over him. He looks up at the THWUP THWUP THWUP of a police chopper, then down again.

CHASE stands, arms outstretched, face twisted with effort. A huge ventilator unit hangs in the air over his head. He throws his arms at Brickhouse - the unit follows, hurtling through the air.

BRICKHOUSE catches the steel box in both arms, stumbles back, bent under the weight. He recovers, glances at the chopper, catapults the steel mass right at it.

THE PILOT dips to avoid, but too late - the cube shears the rotor off. The blades machete through the air leaving the chassis spinning toward the

STREET; cops leap behind their cars, the gathering crowd SCREAMS and scatters.

CHASE is on one knee, drained. He forces himself up, reaches out at the spinning chopper. Knuckles go white, fingers curl into shaking hooks.

BELOW, the whirling aircraft slows, stops, hangs over the heads of the scattering throng. The crew leaps to the roofs of cars, scrambles to the ground.

CHASE grimaces, drips sweat.

WHUMP! BRICKHOUSE tackles him from behind and they arc off the precipice, carving through the still air.

THE CHOPPER drops to the ground, crushing the cars.

BRICKHOUSE and CHASE SMASH into the glass facade of the opposite building, shards exploding as they tumble down its face, SLAMMING onto a window washer's platform.

Brickhouse over Chase, raises a fist the size of a basketball, then pauses, listening. The platform GROANS.

SNAP! The cables fail, SNICKERING into the night as the scaffold DROPS.

They tumble through space, CRASH onto the smoking fuselage, folding it in half.

Brickhouse raises his bulk upright, lurches to the boy, GRABS him with both huge paws, lifts him close.

Chase raises his hands against the giant's chest, but he's spent.

BRICKHOUSE
Your magic fails you, boy.

CHASE
There is no magic.

Brickhouse slowly opens his fist, reaches behind, pulls out the staff, holds it high.

BRICKHOUSE
Then what is this?

CHASE
Like you and me. Not magic. Just science out of time.

BRICKHOUSE
Here, it's magic all the same.

THE SWAT TEAM surrounds the pair, arsenal poised.

SWAT COMMANDER
Drop your weapon!

Brickhouse SNAPS his wrist. The staff COCKS like a shotgun.
An electric WHINE keens through the air.

BAM BAM BAM BAM! The cops UNLOAD their clips, a hundred
rounds or more.

The bullets STOP - suspended in a shimmering sphere around
Brickhouse and Chase like flecks in a snow globe.

The slugs drift, gaining speed in a spinning whorl, drawn to
the head of the staff. Papers swirl from the street,
pirouette around them.

Brickhouse folds, origami drawn into a singularity, bending
in on himself as the sphere contracts.

Chase BELLOWS, pushes something against the air with one
final gut wrenching effort.

Brickhouse LAUNCHES into the air, his black eyes gleaming
over a jagged grin as they disappear in the pleats of his
face, the sphere rippling and collapsing and folding into
nothing with a KRAK and a FLASH like LIGHTNING!

Silence. The papers drift to the ground.

The SWAT team is stunned; then with a CLATTER of weaponry,
they retrain their sights on Chase.

SWAT COMMANDER
Where is he? Where'd he go?

Chase stands, palms out in apparent surrender.

CHASE
Forward.

SWAT COMMANDER
What's that mean?

CHASE
Home.

Palms still up, his fingers curl like rigor. Knuckles go
white.

CHASE (CONT'D)
To get more magic.

FADE OUT