

Reviewed 12/26  
Lt. Ron George

curtis  
op. code: vigilante  
12/21/2000

Curtis: Great work. At last.  
I think we are now onto  
Something re: Tayton and  
Robbins. Lt. G.

Reviewed 12/28  
Comssr. Office

23.20 Suspects observed leaving their residence. I note that Tayton is this evening wearing the wired tuxedo jacket. I will detail any of the relevant verbal self-incriminations from either of the suspects. When I get the pleasure of booking these two, I will be sure to offer them my opinion that they should invest in a car (upon, that is, their release from some form of secure facility) because all good superheroes should not have to catch the bus (which these two do). To conjure fabricated images from the culture these two morons think they belong to, Batman had that snazzy black number and Wonder Woman went one step further by commuting in a plane. I really do digress. Must be the time I am spending with you know who. Don't they know that they are so easy to be followed on a bus? I mean, for God sake, it stops every other minute. This is so lame – there's no pursuit skill involved for me.

Relevance?

12.03 The suspects exit their super mobile in the meatpacking district. They are tracked to a warehouse. I fully expect them to begin looking for ways to break and enter. But alas, it's not to be. Tayton has a key. They go inside out of visual range. The following is an extract of a conversation between Tayton and Robbins inside the warehouse.

Robbins:

We can set up the living quarters up there on the second floor in those old offices.

Tayton:

That's all okay but what am I going to do. I know what you'll be going for over there but what about me?

Robbins:

I've told you. You will interview each and every applicant and see if they have the right stuff. You also need to check out whether they're marketing savvy because if we are going to set up franchises we want to make sure that they know how to promote them and us.

Tayton:

And what about when the training starts?

Robbins:

You'll be key to making sure they can control themselves once I have taught them. Just like you are teaching me the code words now. Instead of having just one sidekick, you'll have bunches. You know – lots, hordes, bunches, many.

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Tayton:  
And where will Tiny fit into all this? Have you thought about that?

Robbins:  
Yes. He will be our pitchman in advertising and stuff.

Tayton:  
Got it.

Robbins:  
This whole bottom floor will be the training ground. We will build walls for everyone to practice. It'll be great.

Tayton:  
Well, yeah', but if the mall promotions don't take off we won't have a dime to do anything.

Robbins:  
Have faith. You always told me that.

Tayton:  
What if we create a bunch of psychos and it all goes wrong.

Robbins:  
Relax. I can feel it getting stronger and stronger. I just need more control.

Tayton:  
~~Why didn't you halt those robbers at the dollar store?~~

Robbins:  
I didn't get time. You got shot and I was dazed."

They're just deluded. Can't  
You see that. Get with it.  
Okay?

The conversation meanders into a myriad of pathetic directions. I believe the suspects are planning to mobilize a gang from this location. They don't seem to know when this will be. The gang will no doubt perpetrate all manner of foul deeds – hindering police in catching violent criminals is bound to be one of them, judging by the track records of these two. But I can't help think that what they have planned is more sinister; like a place for juvenile delinquents where they are brainwashed into thinking they are all superheroes doing good deeds when really all they are doing is committing crimes. It could also be that these two are a front for some other criminal element, possibly even a public figure who has side

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rackets. I infer this from their ~~reference to some guy called Tiny~~. Sounds like some ~~meatax~~ football player.

12.49 A motorcycle carrying two people screeches to a halt outside the building. The male rider is shouting loudly at the female riding pillion. Obviously a domestic. He elbows her off the motorcycle and she falls to the pavement with a scream. The male gets off the bike and begins kicking her. I do not intervene straight away. I suspect some sort of ruse. Tayton and Robbins exit the warehouse and take in the action. I really don't know how to describe what happened next. I will try. Tayton yells at the male to back off. The male screams at him to mind his own business. Tayton steps forward yelling something about "rules and balance" and the psycho biker plugs his mouth with a fist. As Tayton staggers backward, Robbins steps forward and a bolt of (something) leaps out from his eyes. The wall and pavement, not to mention the biker, is shrouded in this arc of red – almost like a light. I swear to God the wall of the warehouse is shimmering. I can see it moving in the light coming from the suspect's face. The biker is screaming bloody murder. So is the female lying on the ground. In fact, she gets up and bolts off. The biker is staggering backwards. There is now almost a beam of light connecting his face with the face of Robbins. It just stops as suddenly as it began. Tayton and Robbins simply walk off. The biker is shouting as he lies writhing on the sidewalk. I wait until the suspects are out of sight and I cross over to take a closer look at the biker. He looks up at me and his eyes are glowing blue. He starts mumbling. I have to get closer to hear. What he is saying I will quote verbatim: "Banana peel won't make your best friend slip over if you throw it behind your shoulder". I don't know what has happened. I am writing this upon my return to my home after witnessing this "incident". I must rest.

**Now: this is interesting. The FBI thinks so, too. See my**  
**12/22/2000 ~~comments~~ Next page. We will go full tilt boogie on this.**  
**Lt. G.**

I could not sleep. I cannot eat. I am given to frustration, blinding wonder and even rage. What I witnessed must have surely been some sort of optical illusion. A trick. Some device built in to a set of spectacles that Robbins controls via remote control. But what about the wall – shaking. Like it was in an earthquake. And the biker's demeanor afterward? No, what I witnessed must have been some sort of staged prank. A hoax. It's quite possible that Tayton and Robbins know that I have been tracking them. Maybe this was their way of telling me. The answer does certainly not lie in the realm of this suspect having some sort of superpower. Not possible. Not scientifically feasible. Let's not forget to mention the fact that these two bumbling idiots could not stop the serial robbers at the Park View Dollar store robbery. They read pornography and scribble like children in folders. I was around the military long enough to realize that what I saw last

night amounts to some type of sophisticated device. The question that begs to be asked is this: Where did they get it? We may be talking about larceny on a grand scale. Christ – industrial espionage even. Theft of Federal Government property or theft from a highly secretive company in the private sector. One of the two. But how did this suspect devise the plan to steal it? His brain is surely the size of a pea. If he didn't steal it, who did? This case is getting complicated. I think it is time we brought in our scientific people and contacted the Federal Government. In the meantime, I will need to get inside that warehouse and see what's inside.

Curtis: I am going to convene a meeting with some "people" who will definitely be interested in what Tayton and Robbins seem to have stolen. When I return these surveillance notes to you – and you've had a chance to review - we will discuss how the CID should take the lead on this investigation, which will have to go joint. This will become your priority after your reinstatement. Even above the serial robbery gang (although you will also have to work on breaking these cats).

I was beginning to really believe you had lost your edge, judging by some of the crap I have read. I doubted whether this investigation was worthwhile. But, in a word: I agree (in principle) with your overall synopsis of Tayton and Robbins: I think they are dangerous and they have some type of extremely dangerous weapon. Now, where did they get it? Lt. G.