

EXT. RUINED CITY STREET - EVENING

Rubble covers the pavement. First responders mill around a fleet of emergency vehicles, their FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING the debris. Helicopter ROTORS THRUM by overhead. A TV reporter is on the scene. Somewhere offscreen, a CHILD CRIES.

In the middle of it all, the PLAGIARIST stands lost in thought, back to the camera. His long coat and cowl mask are caked in concrete dust. He watches as armored federal agents load Gray Ogre's stasis pod into a truck, bound for prison.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
What the hell just happened?

Plagiarist stiffens, then turns clockwise to face the speaker, the DIRECTOR. His boss.

TWO SHOT - PLAGIARIST AND DIRECTOR

The Director's face is expressionless under her sunglasses, her clean business suit and earpiece out of place alongside the debris and emergency equipment. She crosses her arms.

PLAGIARIST
I think we need to find out, ma'am.
Morrigan's powers just...turned
off. That's the sec-

DIRECTOR
That's not why I'm here. Protocol
says to call a containment team for
a Class 2 threat like Gray Ogre.
Why didn't you?

Her expression changes to a scowl. Plagiarist is the one crossing his arms now.

PLAGIARIST
He was going to get away, and
Morrigan was nearby. Would it be
better if he had escaped?

DIRECTOR
(gestures around)
Why don't you ask someone who lives
here? You're lucky no one died!

WIDE - RUINED CITY STREET

Multiple buildings on the block have been leveled, and PAN down the street to firefighters working tirelessly to put out CRACKLING FLAMES in one building with ROARING HOSES.

CAMERA PANS again to EMTs loading a person into the back of an ambulance nearby, then SLAMMING DOORS shut.

CLOSE - PLAGIARIST

Plagiarist glances around before looking at the rubble beneath his feet. His hands drop to his sides.

PLAGIARIST

I just—No, you're right, ma'am. I overstepped. It won't happen again.

TWO SHOT - PLAGIARIST AND DIRECTOR

The director crosses her arms again, her face returning to its familiar blank slate. Plagiarist looks up again.

DIRECTOR

Good. If it does, you're suspended.

PLAGIARIST

(quietly, nodding)
Understood, ma'am.

The Director glances away, finger on her earpiece. Then back.

DIRECTOR

As you were saying, Morrigan is the second depowering in a short time. The Board will want a full report.

PLAGIARIST

With any luck, it's just a tragic coincidence. If more heroes are out of commission, who'll stop the next powered nutjob to rob a bank?

He relaxes, absentmindedly brushing dust off his sleeve.

DIRECTOR

Actually, fewer people who level buildings would make my job easier.

CLOSE - DIRECTOR

She turns to leave but touches her earpiece again. After listening for a moment, she looks back at Plagiarist.

DIRECTOR

Morrigan is stable at headquarters. Be there when she comes to so we can get her side of this.

With that final message, she disappears into the crowd.