Clash Champions
Season 2 - Episode 4 - Part 2
The Orphanage

Scene: The Death Box

Eric, Eleanor, and Jill sat together in the training arena with a holographic display sitting on the floor between them, and Eric and Eleanor's baby Lewis sitting in Eleanor's lap. Jill had spent over an hour showing them the machine's features, much of which was spent watching cartoons and a TV show. The newcomers were understandably fascinated by a device whose abnormality exceeded what magic could produce. They also passed the time by discussing what the tournament was like from Jill's experience, and Eric mentioned the mischief that Princess Natasha Romanov had gotten into after her return to her homeland, and his suspicion that the King was glad to send her off again.

"Hey, Eric!" Mick called down from the unseen control center to his -- actually, Horace's -- new recruit. "Sorry to interrupt whatever you're talking about, but it's time for you to show me some of your magic."

"What sort of magic would you prefer to see?" Eric asked as he stood up.

"Whatever you use to hurt people," Mick answered before remembering that Eric was a Hero. "Uh, to hurt bad guys. Throw all your power into it so that the arena will know how to fix it so it doesn't actually hurt anyone."

Eric turned and stepped away from the others. He held up a hand, formed a fireball, and threw it. The fireball extinguished itself before it had gone ten yards.

Scene: Mick's base, third floor, control center

"Yeah! That's good. Just keep doing that." Mick released the speaker button, waved Horace forward, and pointed to a display that he wanted his financier to see. "So what this is showing you is the excess energy produced by the flow of magic through his body. We can see how much he radiates and how much he converts to an attack, and

these two values can give the computer an idea of how much energy is going through him."

Scene: The Death Box

Mick called down to Eric again. "Now show us a few moves with your sword." Eric complied, drawing his sword and demonstrating a few swings and thrusts. "Now the fun part. Try cutting yourself with your own sword. You won't be able to. I dare you." Eric considered this a harmless experiment, as his magic could heal any cut to his hand. He drew his sword across his hand and was unharmed. He used more force on a second attempt.

"There you go! See? That's how it works."

Scene: Mick's base, first floor

Mick talked to Horace as the two of them walked down the stairs to the first floor. "So Eric's story is, everyone in his village was trained to fight but not well enough to fight an army of demons. After he left he met a traveling soldier who taught him a few things, made him a lot better, and after walking around the world and fixing all its problems they they finally found the demon that attacked his village and kicked its butt."

Eric had entered the hallway from the front doors and had heard all of that. "Are you sure that I am the same Eric that you are thinking of?"

Mick knew that he would have to account for some differences. "Well, you're gonna be different. Things are a little different in every dimension."

Eric cleared up some mistaken assumptions about his history. "My training has been with the Romanov royal guard. Our old wizard has been trying to turn me into an archmage to replace him when he passes on, but I do not think that I have quite the natural talent for magic that he does. And while I was traveling, I do not recall meeting any one soldier who stands out against the others."

Scene: Mick's base, third floor, observation room

Mick and Horace sat at the kidney-shaped table in the large windowed room that was the northeast section of the third floor. When Mick was absent during the last year, Celestia had found it to be a good place to hold meetings with the fighters and make plans. Mick and Horace now found it to be a well-lit, quiet place to get away from the fighters and make plans without them knowing.

Mick accepted that he may have made a mistake in his selection. "So Eric may not be as well trained in swordsmanship as I'd thought. If that's going to be his main thing, it's going to effect everything else in his fights."

Horace politely teased Mick. "You are a trainer and you have a training arena."

"Yeah, but he needs someone to fight against, and it would have been Celestia." Mick's expression of sarcastic exasperation turned into a playful smirk. "Buuut!"

Horace grinned, wondering what Mick was planning. "You have someone else in mind."

"I have someone else in mind," Mick confirmed. "One of this guy's splits was in Crash a hundred seasons ago. I was looking through the histories and was wondering, who is this guy I never heard of who was in the playoffs but was only in for one year? I looked into it and he's a sword user. They say he's a very good one and good-natured. His story is, he comes from a tribe of swordsmen where they all kill each other to see who is the strongest and he wanted nothing to do with that, so he ran away and they keep sending people after him to kill him and he keeps killing them all first."

Horace saw a mutual opportunity. "We could offer him sanctuary."

"Yep!" Mick smiled. "And if he's better than Eric, we could put him in the tournament instead."

Horace liked this plan and thought it better to carry it out as soon as was convenient. "Shall we pick him up after our next supply run?"

Mick was glad to do so. "Sure. We'll have to keep an eye out for crazy swordsmen, but what's a guy with a sword gonna do against power armor and magic and whatever you have in your hand there?"

Horace looked down at the gemstone in his artificial hand, and he smiled along with Mick.

Scene: A suburban household

A rolling egg escaped its teenage chef and threatened to fall off the counter.

A woman's hand stopped the egg before it became a disaster, and returned it to the others. The cooking girl was concentrating on her recipe book and did not notice. Her preteen helper arrived with spice bottles and placed them on the counter.

The woman's other hand held a cell phone at her ear as she spoke to the office of a local school. "We have two ten-year-old girls that need to be placed in the fourth grade. We just need to get the paperwork handled, and we can't do that when the secretary is in Argentina. Is there anyone else we can talk to?"

"Give that back!" shouted a younger girl chasing another girl in the hallway. Beyond the hallway, in the lounge, the two ten-year-olds sat watching television. One of them was dressed as a goth and had the frown to match her outfit, while the other had more of a happy princess look going for her.

"No running in the house!" the woman shouted. She returned her attention to her contact on the phone. "I'm sorry." The doorbell rang, and she was distracted again. "Could someone get that?"

A bespectacled nine-year-old girl with short brown hair opened the door to see their visitor. Standing still on their porch was a sullen twelve-year-old boy with a stony expression who wore dark

sunglasses and an oversized black trenchcoat that spilled out onto the ground around his feet. His blond hair was slicked back and tied into a ponytail.

The girl guessed who he was and turned into the house to announce his arrival. "Laura! Your boyfriend's here!"

"He is?" An older teenage girl eagerly ran to the door. She wore sunglasses on top of her hair, earrings, and some makeup for her date, and she was surprised when she saw the boy. "That's not him."

The younger girl in glasses spoke to their visitor. "Who are you and what do you want?"

The boy spoke in a deep voice with a hint of a European accent. "I am looking for the orphanage." He had clearly practiced this accent, as it was not a natural voice for a twelve-year-old boy.

"Umm..." both girls hesitated before turning back to the house and calling over their foster mother. "Mom!"

The woman walked over to the doorway and pressed the hang-up button on her cellphone before she addressed the unexpected visitor. "Hello, there!"

The boy questioned her. "Would you be the lady of the house?"

The woman was not used to receiving this formal of a greeting. "Uh, yes. May I help you?"

The boy made a simple request. "I seek room and board for a fortnight."

The woman was also not used to receiving this type of request, and she was not sure how to handle it. "Ah, we are not a hotel. We are an orphanage."

"I am an orphan," the boy said. "My parents died..." He paused dramatically. "... a long time ago."

This story gained him the woman's sympathy. "I am so sorry to hear that. The orphanage is all girls right now, but we _could_ make room for you."

"That is acceptable," said the boy.

"What is your name?" asked the woman, as he had never introduced himself.

"My name is Abraham MacLeod..." the boy answered, then turned his head to the side as if he were speaking to someone who he could see out of the corner of his eye. "... of the clan MacLeod."

The two girls looked in that direction but saw no one there. "Who was he talking to?"

The woman welcomed him. "It's nice to meet you, Abraham. Come on in and introduce yourself."

As the boy stepped up to the doorway, the tip of a scabbard could be seen under his coat.

Across the street, two men in gray hooded robes observed the scene through binoculars. They lowered themselves behind the bushes of the yard that they were hiding in.

Scene: City Park

Two bored boys barely swung on the swings in a city park. The taller of the two boys wore a button-down shirt and blue jeans, while the shorter red-haired boy was in an orange-striped shirt and denim shorts. The taller boy spoke in an English accent. "So, do you have any idea of what we are going to do today?"

The red-haired boy responded in an American accent. "Nope! Not a clue! I don't have the slightest notion..."

He stopped speaking as a shadow passed over them. They looked up and were shocked to see an egg-shaped spaceship hovering overhead,

encircled by a golden ring like those of Saturn. The ship softly landed on the soccer field while the boys observed it with wide-eyed astonishment.

"WHOA!" both boys shouted.

The ship's side stairwell flipped outward, and down stepped a man whose entire body was covered in a full suit of silver power armor.

The ship's captain Horace Samson stepped down after the power-armored Mick. He had concerns about leaving the ship in a public place. "The local authorities may not be happy to see that we are are parked here."

The team's mage Siobhan Minh exited next. Prepared to fight if she needed to, she carried her store-bought magic staff and wore her soft blue magic-resistant robe over her Indian-inspired clothing. She did not see the cause for Horace's concern. "But is it not called a 'park'?"

Mick chuckled at Siobhan's innocent error. "She got you beat on that one," he told Horace.

"In any case," said Horace, "I would like my ship to be here when we return."

Mick understood. "So one of us is staying behind. I'll Rochambeau you for it." They both played a quick game of rock-paper-scissors. Mick threw scissors, and Horace threw rock. "Looks like I'm staying," Mick said.

Meanwhile, Siobhan spoke to Eric who had exited the ship after her. "There is magic here, but it is weak."

Eric snapped his fingers, and a small flame briefly appeared above his hand. "Ah. I see."

Harold walked by and led them onward. "Eric. Siobhan. Let's go." Eric followed along. Siobhan lingered for a moment to seek reassurance from Mick. He waved her goodbye, so she left with Horace.

Scene: Suburban house

Abraham MacLeod sat a table, staring straight ahead and not moving while a girl on his left brushed his long hair, and a girl on his right braided his hair on her side. The goth girl peeled My Little Pony stickers from a sheet and stuck them onto his black trenchcoat. One of the younger teenagers placed her makeup kit on the table, opened it, and withdrew her lipstick with the intent to see how it looked on him.

Abraham looked to his right as there was a strange _whoom_ sound that only he had heard. Seeing him move, the girls paused their activities and waited to see what the strange boy would say or do. "Run," he quietly said. The girls all hesitated. Abraham stood up and drew his wakizashi, a fitting sword for his size. "Run!" he shouted. The girls ran.

Scene: Suburban street, opposing yard

Two gray-cloaked men knelt behind bushes while they looked down the street. The older of them was using binoculars. He sighed and turned to the younger man. "It's the Scythian."

A motorcycle gang rode up and parked near the orphanage across the road. Most of the men carried machine guns.

The younger of the two cloaked men knelt and loaded a clip into his Uzi. The older, gray-haired man put his hand on his companion's arm, revealing the secret Watcher society tattoo on their wrists:

The older man reminded his companion of their mission. "We watch and observe. We do not interfere."

"Then why do we carry guns?" asked the younger man.

The older man looked over the hedge at the gang. "In case they try to interfere with us."

The gang's leader was a massive muscular man who wore a leather skirt, a huge broadsword strapped to his back, and a shark-tooth necklace. "The boy is here!" he shouted to his troops. "I can feel him! Shoot him full of holes, and I will finish him off!" He drew his broadsword.

The gang was also watched by another group of observers further down the street. Horace considered how to best approach this situation, and he gave strong consideration to not approaching it at all. He suspected that at least one of his companions was completely unprepared, so he gave him some quick advice. "Eric, stay back. They have guns. Guns are like arrows but they kill you deader and faster. You cannot dodge them and your armor will not stop them."

Eric was not comfortable feeling so helpless and unhelpful. "Then what should I do?"

Horace had only one piece of advice for Eric. "Stay out of their sight." He turned to the mage. "Siobhan, you might be our best option. Can you cast an area-affect spell on them?"

Siobhan was unwilling to tell him no, so she told a white lie. "Not from here. I need to be closer."

Horace looked forward and saw the gang members approach the door of a house. He took Siobhan by the arm. "Come with me. We have a boy to save."

Scene: Inside the house

The first gang member ran into the house and was immediately knocked unconscious by a bowling ball that fell off the door. The next gang member stepped on a skateboard that had been hidden under the rug in the entryway and fell face-first to the floor.

Another gang member ran into the kitchen and slid on the newly waxed floor until he bumped into the refrigerator. A precariously-positioned pot fell from the top of the refrigerator and knocked him out.

Another gangster opened the closet door and was punched out by a spring-loaded boxing glove that had a horseshoe taped to the front.

The last surviving gang member madly fired his submachine gun through the walls. "I know you're here somewhere, boy!" He was struck in the head by a heavy paint can on a string that swung from the second floor.

Scene: Suburban street

The Scythian saw Horace and Siobhan jogging toward them. He warned them off. "You are not like us. Stay out of this if you value your life."

Horace quickly told Siobhan to "get ready." She concentrated power in her staff, and the large gemstone at the top began to brighten. Horace walked forward to talk to the Scythian. "We came here for the boy named Abraham."

The Scythian did not negotiate. "The boy is mine." He spoke to the small number of his gang who did not go into the house. "Kill them."

The gang members raised their guns. Horace quickly zapped one of the gunmen with a blast of energy from the alien gemstone in his mechanical hand, then hit another before he could aim. Siobhan electrocuted the rest with bursts of lightning that erupted from the ground beneath their feet. She also threw one into the Scythian, but the electric shock only seemed to annoy him.

Hiding behind the bushes, the elder Watcher was shocked. "It's a witch! Witches have been extinct for eight hundred years!"

The Scythian calmly walked towards his two new opponents. He did not flinch as Horace struck him with multiple blasts. "I don't think this man is human!" Horace warned Siobhan.

Siobhan lowered her staff and launched a fireball which burst upon impacting with the Scythian's chest. He walked out of the fire

grinning with singed skin. "What glorious pain! Hahahaha!" The Scythian raised his sword at her. "I have not fought a witch in eight hundred years."

Eric rushed in and swung his sword at the Scythian. The Scythian easily blocked and countered with a swing that would have beheaded Eric had he not ducked under it. Eric backed off and fought defensively out of necessity. He could not risk taking his eyes off of the Scythian's sword while he warned his companions. "He is good! He is very good!"

"Can you hold him off while I go get the boy?" asked Horace.

"I might not last that long," Eric admitted.

The Scythian yelled as a lightning strike from Siobhan disrupted his nervous system. He still managed to block Eric's swing and kick the swordsman away. He took a step toward Siobhan. The mage tried to block his sword with her staff but he avoided her attempted defense and quickly stabbed her in the gut. Horace attempted to tackle the Scythian, but the Scythian barely moved at the impact. He pushed Horace off and slashed a gash across his torso.

Gunshots shouted out as the younger Watcher emptied his Uzi into the Scythian's back. The Scythian grinned, turned, and took off the Watcher's head with one swing of his great sword. The elder Watcher ran away, saying "this is why we don't interfere!"

Eric was now again on his feet to face the Scythian, but he quickly took stock of the situation and thought better of it. He knelt before the Scythian and attempted to surrender. "You have defeated my captain. I have no quarrel with you."

The Scythian laughed. "You need to get much better before you can take on one of us. Try practicing your swordfighting for five thousand years." He turned and walked toward the house.

Eric looked over to Horace who was holding the wound at his gut, but Horace waved him off. "Heal Siobhan! She is hurt worse than I am." Eric ran over to her.

Scene: Inside the house

The Scythian walked into the house to see his defeated men splayed across he floor and furniture. Abraham stood at the end of the hall, his sword ready. The Scythian acknowledged him. "There you are, boy."

"Scythian." Abraham acknowledged his hunter.

The Scythian saw that none of his men were moving. "It is only the two of us now."

Abraham understood. "And in the end, there can be only one."

Scene: Suburban street

Siobhan leaned on her staff for support as she stood in the middle of the street. "I still hurt," she informed her healer.

"You are not dying," Eric replied as he used his magic on Horace.

Siobhan was glad for that. "Yes. That is... I am grateful."

Eric accepted her thanks. "You are welcome."

Horace felt that he had been healed enough to stop the bleeding, and he could live with the pain. "Could you have another look at Siobhan?"

"Yes, sir." Eric stood and approached the young lady.

Horace sat up and considered their objective and their opposition. "That was unpleasant. I am wondering if we should abandon the mission."

Eric gave his perspective. "I believe that if we attack him again, he will kill us."

Siobhan suggested another option. "He is quite talented. Might we not-- ah!" she shouted as Eric's healing magic gave her a mild jolt of pain. "Might we not consider recruiting him instead of the boy?"

Horace disregarded that choice. "He is evil. And if we wait on the decision for much longer, the boy will not be an option."

Siobhan knew that they had an equally powerful ally. "We will require Mick and his armor to stand against that man."

Horace took a communications device from his pocket. He looked at the screen and saw that Mick was no longer positioned at the ship, so he shut it off and returned it to his pocket. "He is already on his way. I don't know if he will get here in time."

"Shall we fight that monster again?" Siobhan asked Horace to make a decision.

Horace gave it a moment's thought, but he suspected that failure was guaranteed the longer he about it. He decided. "With our technology, yes." He stood tall and extended his artificial fist. "Courage! We can do this."

Eric matched the motion. "Courage."

Siobhan hesitantly joined in. "Yes. Courage." She would need some of that.

Scene: Inside the house

The Scythian cleaved couches and tables with great swings of his broadsword. Abraham could barely get out of the way and could not get close enough to attack without being kicked back.

Horace walked in through the entryway and moved a few steps ahead so that his companions could come in behind him. He powered up a shot and blasted the Scythian in the side. The Scythian turned to see the opponents that he mistakenly let live before. Horace confidently spoke to him. "The boy is ours."

The Scythian turned his attention back to the boy, the greatest of the four threats. Horace announced loudly, so Abraham could hear, "you only need to wait him out. Help is on the way."

Abraham did not believe him and continued to try to win the fight, but he lacked the power to do so. The fighters quickly settled into a routine where Abraham and Eric would take turns occupying the Scythian's attention while Horace and Siobhan attacked him from range. Eric was forced to withdraw from the fight when the Scythian knocked his sword from his hands.

The power-armored Mick stumbled in through the front door, wheezing and barely standing. "I got here as fast as I could as soon as I heard gunfire." He stumbled up to the Scythian. Breathing heavily, he bent forward with his hands on his legs for support, then raised a finger to the villain. "Hey, you. Big guy. Knock it off." The Scythian's sword bounced off him. Mick coughed because he was too winded to laugh. "That's not gonna work." The Scythian kicked him and knocked him onto his back. Mick did not get up. "You mind if I lie here and catch my breath for a minute?"

Siobhan ran to Mick, knelt down, and retrieved the lightsaber from his waist. The prone Mick said "yeah, you can borrow that, no need to ask." Siobhan turned it on and approached the Scythian with the eight-inch blade. The Scythian, not recognizing the weapon but recognizing it as a weapon, assumed a defensive posture as Siobhan slashed downward at him. The weapon sliced through the Scythian's blade and an inch of his chest. The Scythian lunged out and slashed into Siobhan's neck with the stubby remainder of his weapon, sending her tumbling.

Horace yelled "Healer!" at Eric, who jumped over debris to get to her.

Abraham attacked the Scythian and had a much easier time of it now that the Scythian was without most of his sword, but the Scythian still fought him off with superior skill and power. Horace broke a wooden chair over the Scythian's head, to no effect.

The Scythian kicked Abraham across the room. He stopped to pick up Eric's sword and turned back to face the boy swordsman.

With Siobhan's condition stabilized, Eric stood up to confront the Scythian. "Stop. That is my sword."

The Scythian smiled. "And now you have no sword. What are you going to do?"

Eric raised his hands and cast a spell. A ball of flame engulfed the Scythian's head. The Scythian walked toward Eric, head ablaze, tauntingly swinging Eric's own sword toward him. "What are you going to do?"

Attacking from behind, a teenaged girl slammed the Scythian in the side of his flaming head with a frying pan. That had no effect, so she smacked him again. Without looking, the Scythian grabbed her with his free hand. He turned to see what this annoyance was. The fire from Eric's spell went out, revealing the Scythian's horrifyingly charred face to the girl. Flakes of his blackened skin fell from his face as his flesh healed underneath.

The Scythian drew back Eric's sword to stab her, but a glove grabbed his wrist.

"Hey," Mick said. "That's his sword."

Abraham leaped toward the immobilized Scythian. Looking though a doorway, the older girls covered the eyes of the younger girls as Abraham took off the Scythian's head with one strike.

With the Scythian defeated, Abraham yelled to the others who would have no idea what was coming. "Everyone needs to leave the house! When his power is released, it will destroy everything in here!" Lightning bolts began to flash across the Scythian's body.

The girls ran out from their hiding spot. Seeing them, Horace stood out of the way and yelled to his team. "Women and children first!" After the girls had left through the front door, Eric retrieved his sword, helped Siobhan to her feet, and guided her out. With the others out, Horace turned to see Mick standing and watching over the Scythian's body. "Mick, let's go."

Mick was staying. "I wanna see this. My armor can probably take it."

Horace wanted better assurance than 'probably'. "What about your sensors? We want to be able to track Abraham if he escapes."

"Oh, alright. Darn it." Mick turned and followed Horace out the front door.

Scene: Suburban street

The heroes walked outside into a line of police cars. Apparently, having a gunfight, a swordfight, and a lightning storm in the middle of the street had caused the neighbors to be concerned enough to call for the authorities.

The police aimed their pistols at the four adventurers from behind their cars. "Stop and put your hands in the air!"

Horace commanded his team to surrender. "Do as they say."

Siobhan dropped her staff and they raised their hands. Lightning and blue flames burst out of the windows of the house behind them.

Horace glanced to the power-armored man next to him. "Mick..."

Mick turned his hands around and raised the rest of his fingers. "I was technically following their directions."

Several minutes later, a team of firemen made their best attempt to put out the flames that consumed the orphanage. It was a losing battle.

The police had spoken to the girls and their foster mother and had found them a hotel that would allow them to stay for a few nights until they found another place to live. Now it was time to speak to the others.

"What is your name and occupation?" asked a policeman.

Horace answered politely and honestly. "My name is Horace Samson, and I captain the Farseeker, the ship that brought my crew to your world."

"What is your name and occupation?" the police asked a second subject.

Siobhan was just as honest and straightforward. "I am Siobhan Minh, Princess of Ardor, and I am employed as a wizard for hire."

It was time for a third interview. "What is your name and occupation?"

"My name is Eric," he answered, "and I am a knight in the service of King Romanov."

"Do you have a last name, Eric?" asked the policeman.

"No, I do not."

The fourth subject also needed to be interviewed. "What is your name and occupation?" they asked the suit of armor.

"What are your procedures for dealing with a guy in power armor?" Mick sarcastically replied.

"Are you a robot?" asked one fascinated policeman.

Mick laughed. "AM. I. A. RO. BOT? Hahahaha! Hahahaha!" After recovering his breath, he walked away toward Horace. "You know what? We're gonna take the kid and go home. Where is he, anyway?"

"You were supposed to keep an eye on him," Horace reminded Mick.

"Well, I got distracted. This was fun."

One of the firemen shouted. "There's someone alive in here!" Everyone turned to look.

The flames had greatly died down as there was nothing left for them

to feed on but the burning skeleton of the building. Abraham walked through the missing front door, completely unharmed. He stepped forward to the four adventurers who had saved him from the Scythian.

Siobhan was first to speak. "Might I ask how your clothing survived the fire?"

Abraham pointed his thumb back over his shoulder. "There is a backyard."

Mick pointed a gloved finger at Abraham. "Hey, I found him. Now let's go. You're coming with us."

Abraham had never agreed to anything. "Who are you?"

"We're the guys who just saved your life," Mick answered. "A little gratitude would be nice."

Horace attempted to be more diplomatic. "Let me explain. We are looking for capable fighters to join a tournament. You can fight for entertainment, for fun, where nobody gets hurt and you will not have to worry about anyone like that man coming around and trying to kill you. And if you do not like it, we can always take you back."

Abraham glanced back at the burned-out house. "I do need a place to stay."

"Room and board is free," Mick happily offered.

"Nothing is free," Abraham knew. "What will it cost me?"

Horace explained what he knew. "You will have to qualify. The tournament has its rules about who is allowed to compete, and you will be competing against others for a limited number of positions."

"And?" Abraham asked.

Mick explained the business side of things. "And if you make it, we get most of the money. You get paid too, proportionally, a few percentage points. It doesn't look like much on the contract but you

don't have a ship and a business to maintain, and that gets expensive. Trust me, I've had to deal with that."

Abraham began to think that this might be a good deal. "And you said you would pay for my living expenses?"

"Yes," Horace promised.

Abraham was persuaded. "I see no downside to this, but I will hold you to your word." The group of them walked off down the street.

The police looked at each other and quietly let them go. Like Mick had said, they could not do anything about him and his power armor.

"Hey hey hey!" a newsman called out to the police and firemen. "What happened here? I'm Alan Jones from InfoWeirdz, and I heard there was a spaceship landing in a park and all sorts of paranormal stuff going on here! What can you tell me?"

The exhausted policemen looked at each other, and back to Alan. One of them spoke. "There was a gang fight and a fire. The orphanage burned down... That's about it."

Scene: City Park

"Hey, you kids! Get out of here!" The two toolbox-carrying boys and their friends and their pet platypus ran across the grass as Mick shooed them away from the ship. "And take your stupid-looking beaver with you!" Mick looked in the open maintenance hatch for few seconds, then closed it and reported to Horace who was lowering the stairs. "It doesn't look like they did anything. We should be good to go."

Mick then turned to Abraham. "Welcome to the team."