

THE BRIEFING

INT. PARAGON POLICE HQ BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A low murmur of conversation drifts through the room as various Paragon police officers await the weekly briefing.

CHIEF ROYCE

Alright, let's settle down. Pretend I might say something important.

The murmur calms as the attention shifts to the front of the room where the chief and deputy stand in front of a digital map of the city.

CHIEF ROYCE (CONT'D)

If you're wondering about the new faces, you're not hallucinating.

CHIEF ROYCE (CONT'D)

Apparently, someone upstairs finally read our reports.

CHIEF ROYCE (CONT'D)

Too little, too late. But hey, better than never, right?

Chief Royce glances at Deputy Song and gestures toward the podium.

CHIEF ROYCE (CONT'D)

Deputy Song's been knee-deep in this, so listen up.

DEPUTY SONG

The Agency has temporarily assigned several agents to our cause.

DEPUTY SONG (CONT'D)

With their help, we now have the means to reclaim our neighborhoods, starting with the northern districts.

Dimitri and Reika sit among the listening officers. Dimitri takes a sip from his coffee, wincing at the taste as the briefing continues in the background.

DIMITRI

Blegh. This coffee is awful.

DEPUTY SONG (O.S.)

For the new faces here, be sure to check out the weekly briefing memo. It contains all the details on the biggest threats in your assigned zones. We want to see progress but be careful not to kick a hornet's nest.

REIKA

You insult the coffee, you insult the badge.

Dimitri blinks in surprise, turning toward his intern.

DIMITRI

When do you graduate again?

DEPUTY SONG (O.S.)

Each unit gets one copy, so don't lose it. If you have any questions, just come up front at the end of the briefing.

REIKA

Next semester. Why?

DIMITRI

Good. We're adding one more credit to your transcript.

REIKA

Huh?

Dimitri takes Reika's cup of coffee from her.

DIMITRI

Time to learn the difference between coffee and whatever died in this brew.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)

I'll see if I can find us the real stuff.

Dimitri leaves as Reika is handed a stack of briefing memos. She takes one and passes the rest along.

CHIEF ROYCE

Right. The bottom line.

CHIEF ROYCE (CONT'D)

Now that we've got help, the brass upstairs will be expecting miracles.

CHIEF ROYCE (CONT'D)

So let's all try to at least look busy.

The Chief sips his coffee.

CHIEF ROYCE (CONT'D)

Mmm. Now *that's* a cup of coffee.