

INT. PARKING LOT, ALLEY - DAY

As the car squeals to a stop, Fox and Phoebe jump out.

FOX

Alright. Let's see what you've got.  
(off her look)  
I promise. It'll be okay. Light it  
up.

Phoebe gleams as her eyes shoot out FLAMES lighting up the trash around the alley way.

PHOEBE

Did you see that? Fox, did you see?

FOX

Yeah, I saw kiddo. You're talented.

PHOEBE

I've never seen the flames get this  
big before. It's so beautiful.

FOX

It's beautiful because it came from  
you. You're special.

PHOEBE

... I don't feel special. Always  
having to hide. Never being able to  
get mad or sad or anything. If this  
is special, it sucks.

FOX

Hey--- Don't say that. People would  
kill for your talent. You can be a  
superhero when you grow up.

PHOEBE

You think?

FOX

Yeah. They'll write comics about  
us. The adventures of Fox and  
Phoebe---

PHOEBE

Phoebe and Fox.  
(off his look)  
I'm the one with the super powers.  
It's only right.

Fox nods as she turns back towards more trash, lighting it up  
with her eyes.