

[Int. of an automotive mechanic's shop. A car on a lift, tools, tires, etc. Foreground, a wrecked car, some front-end damage, a busted headlight. Rachel Grey walks in from off-screen. She's wearing civilian clothes - bright green hightop sneakers, grey trousers with green suspenders to match the shoes, a Black Lives Matter t-shirt, and a grey, fitted, sportcoat.]

RG: Hi. [Rachel smiles at the camera.] I'm here to talk to you all about the dangers of texting and driving.

[She walks around the wrecked car, running her hand over it. Still smiling.]

RG: Every day, one thousand people in the United States are killed due to distracted driving. One thousand. That's way more people than I kill each day.

[Rachel looks off-camera for a moment as she steps in front of the car.]

RG: Do you want to fight me?

[The car levitates behind her, now smouldering.]

RG: I mean, you could try, I guess. See what happens.

[With a foomp noise, the car bursts into flames, levitating.]

RG: That's the risk you take when you text and drive.

[The burning car spins slowly in the air.]

RG: And don't say you don't text. I know you do. I know exactly which of you do it.

[Rachel's eye begins to glow with the Phoenix symbol.]

RG: Don't text and drive.

[Rachel smiles brightly, cheerfully, as the Phoenix-flare glows brightly enough to swamp the camera and the screen whites-out.]

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