

Ethan Ramsey - Episode 00

Across the room, smoke curled and flicked towards the ceiling out of the darkness. Ethan Ramsey took a deep breath.

"So who is this 'Scar'?"

Ethan stared into the darkness, and watched the man sitting behind a desk lean back. Another wheel of smoke curled away from the shadow.

"He is being difficult for us." The man's arm pulled his cigarette up to his mouth again. Ethan couldn't see his face, as the only light source was behind the dramatically oversized chair, casting a deep darkness over the man. Ethan had never seen his face, and he didn't intend to. Working here presented restrictions, Ethan stuck to them.

"And what's stopping him from being caught?" Ethan leaned forwards. "He isn't another one of your 'Op 3' people, is he?"

"No We have not noticed anything particularly strange supernatural or untoward about him." The Boss leaned back into his chair, and released another toiling smoke-creature into the air. "He is simply a very gifted individual."

"And what has he done wrong?"

There was a moment of silence. "He was He used to be" Ethan heard the Boss shift his weight in the seat. "It means nothing to you. You are merely the hand of the company; you do not need to know what he has done."

Ethan stared at the darkness. He nodded.

"Then I will be off."

"Next time I see you, he will be dead."

"Yes."

Ethan sat in his car outside a bar. The wooden sign above the door read "The Frayed Tether." Ethan knew this as the bar for criminals. There had never been a crime committed there, so there were no arrests, but no-one that drank there was innocent. It was a safe-house for thieves, kidnappers and murderers.

But tonight, Ethan was waiting outside. He couldn't arrest Scar inside, but he could arrest him outside.

A man stepped outside and leaned against a lamp post. He pulled out a cigarette and lighter. Ethan opened his car door. The man pushed himself off the lamp post and stumbled down the street, trying to light his cigarette. He looked up, and

noticed Ethan. Spitting out his cigarette, Scar broke into a run, and disappeared around a corner.

Ethan pushed out a fast breath and sprinted for the corner, reaching down to pull out his pistol.

When Ethan reached the corner, Scar was facing away from him, and was loudly throwing up against a wall.

"Bad drink will do that to you."

Scar coughed. He turned slowly around. His face was white, and his long straight black hair reached his knees. "Blrbl!" Scar tried to shout, and quickly turned away again.

"They said you were a gifted individual." Ethan started walking slowly towards Scar. "You don't seem very gifted."

After spitting out a small amount of ex-bourbon, Scar turned completely towards Ethan. "You haven't seen me yet."

"But you're—" Ethan felt himself rise, and his feet left the ground. "How are you?"

"Gifted? They told you nothing."

"They said you weren't Op 3."

"I'm not. I left."

Ethan cursed the broken link in the chain of communication. His face was overheating, as he was being held up by his jacket, which was pushing against his neck. Ethan decided to buy time.

"Is that your only 'gift'?" Ethan slowly reached behind him, "Levitation? I've seen men who could move themselves across entire fields in an instant."

"There is more."

"How much more? Obviously holding down drinks isn't your gift." Ethan felt Scar's telekinetic grip shake with anger.

"I know you're reaching for your gun. I know that they didn't tell you what I did wrong."

Ethan panicked. He pulled out his pistol and shot. Scar raised his left hand quickly, and the bullet stopped, but only a small distance in front of his face. He stared at his left hand, and the new hole through the middle.

Ethan dropped to the ground, and pulled up his pistol again. Scar jumped behind a car, evading a second and third bullet.

There was silence.

"Is hiding a gift of yours, Scar?"

Another car down the road rose slowly into the air and shot towards Ethan. Ethan ducked and closed his eyes.

When he opened them again, Scar was standing over him. The car was several meters away, burning. But something was strange. Ethan was in a different place. He looked closer at Scar, and realised that they were both sitting behind a car.

"I'm not the only gifted one then" whispered Scar.

Ethan jumped up and pointed his pistol at Scar, who punched him in the face. Ethan shouted and brought the handle of his pistol down hard on Scar's head. He lifted a hand to his face as Scar dropped to the ground.

"Don't you want to know what I did wrong?"

There was a moment of silence. "I know what you did. You left."

Ethan lifted the phone to his ear.

"Boss?"

"Ethan. Is Scar dead?"

"Can he withstand bullets to the head?"

"Good."

Ethan turned to face the burning car.

"You never told me he was Op 3."

There was a small silence, and Ethan could hear the Boss blowing out smoke.

"Well, Ethan You never told me you were."