

Writing Sample: Overwatch – Cold Homecoming

This scene is set 6 months after the events of the “Venice Incident”, in which Gabriel Reyes (Reaper) disregarded Overwatch protocols and murdered a Talon crime lord without jurisdiction. This led to the public acknowledgment and condemnation of Blackwatch, Overwatch’s black-ops division led by Reyes.

Reyes’ presence sucked the oxygen out of every room.

As he made his way through the halls of the Overwatch headquarters, an unending sea of eyes glanced his direction and quickly flitted away. Conversations withered to hushed tones or ceased entirely. He felt his patience wearing dangerously thin as the dark weight pursued him through every room.

It had been six months since Rialto, when he chose to end a despicable life in order to save hundreds of agents. But of course, the top brass didn’t see it that way. He had answered their questions. He stood by his actions. The world was better without Antonio Bartalotti.

As he rounded the corner, he spotted Morrison walking the opposite direction, absorbed in a datapad. The strike commander glanced up and saw Reyes, his icy gaze holding just long enough to sting before he quickly turned to enter the situation room. Reyes fists tightened. He refused to let this exile continue without a fight.

As Reyes followed Morrison into the situation room, he heard Captain Ana Amari idly finishing a thought. “More tabloid chatter from New York, Jack. Evidently we’re human traffickers now.” Amari wearily rubbed her temple as she stared up at the wall of screens that held every headline mentioning Overwatch from the past few weeks. She turned to Morrison. “At this rate we may need-”

Her glance spotted Reyes casually leaning against the doorframe, his arms crossed over his chest. Only his fiery eyes betrayed his nonchalant posture. Morrison ignored him and continued to walk towards Amari, directing his full attention towards the screens. Amari sighed heavily and turned back to her work.

Reyes snorted at the gesture. He unfolded his arms and casually sauntered through the tense air to stand behind them, but his two of his oldest friends continued to dismiss his presence. His gaze fell on the displays and he quickly spotted a headline: *Blackwatch: Overwatch's Dirty Little Secret?*

Reyes scoffed. "Good to know we're just a *little* secret."

Morrison's shoulders tensed at the touch panel display, his head barely turned to Reyes. "This isn't a joke. We need to control how Blackwatch will be seen moving forward." He glanced over his shoulder, adding darkly, "We need to tie up loose ends."

Reyes leaned in. "Really? Because I thought that was my job. To sweep away what you didn't want the world to see."

Morrison finally turned to face Reyes. "We wouldn't be in this position if you had chosen Overwatch over your pride."

Reyes replied defiantly, "I did exactly what needed to be done. I removed the threat to our people."

"By murdering an unarmed man with no due process. That is not how Overwatch operates, Gabe!"

"Of course not, because you'd rather Blackwatch do it for you. And when things go sideways, you can pretend you don't have the same blood on your hands. You care more about keeping your precious statue clean than-

"THAT. IS. ENOUGH." Amari slammed her hands down and stood to face Reyes, silencing the two men. "You're both acting like children. We are all to blame here, we shouldn't have kept these operations in the dark. Our attempt to shield the world from the hard truths has failed."

A strained silence filled the space between them. After an eternal moment, Amari turned to Reyes. "It's true, Gabriel, Blackwatch was created to make Overwatch's decisions easier. But what you've done... you may have jeopardized Overwatch from taking any action at all. We have no strength if the people of the world don't trust us. If we're not careful, your mistake will *end* Overwatch."

Reyes' jaw tightened as he glared at both of them. Morrison stiffened but said nothing, his glowering stare falling to the floor. Reyes looked up at the headlines full of anger, fear, and betrayal. He finally muttered through gritted teeth, "Maybe it's best we let the lie end."

As Reyes turned heel to leave, an urgent call appeared over the tabloids on screen. Reyes looked

back to see Gérard Lacroix, looking uncharacteristically haggard with panic in his eyes. “Overwatch, please. Gabe... Jack. I’m sorry to impose on the emergency channel.”

Reyes turned back and pushed past Morrison. “It’s alright Gérard. What’s wrong.”

Gerard’s composure began to crack. “Talon, they... Gabe, they took her. They kidnapped Amélie.”

Reyes’ eyes went wide.