

**The new Ministry of Health at the mall.
Upstage there is a island with what would
otherwise be a cashier's station.**

*There are banners and signs and swag, appropriate for
the grand opening for which people are gathering.
Ryan and Cleo find each other in the crowd.*

Ryan I can't believe it. Quinn got the mayor to come tonight!

Cleo Big whoop. Why is the mayor even interested?

Ryan Dunno. Maybe he and Quinn were friends back in school.

Cleo I didn't think the mayor even went to school.

Ryan What... you don't like the mayor?

Cleo I prefer mayors who don't treat the town as their own piggy bank.

Ryan Let's keep that to ourselves while he's here, okay?

Cleo Isn't it always that way...

Ryan If we want our jobs, yes.

Dweezel
(Dweezel arrives)
I hear Robert Nevasteele himself is coming. What's that about?

Cleo Quinn set it up.

Dweezel You do know the Ministry of Health is not an official ministry of health, right?

Ryan Yeah, but Quinn doesn't.

Dweezel Better hope he keeps his mouth shut. You can't mumble mumble if you blabber blabber.

Ryan It's Quinn. There's no telling.

Dweezel There'd better be no telling!

Cleo You know Dweezel, sometimes I think you know more than you know.

Ryan
(Ryan checks his watch.)
Five minutes. Isn't there supposed to be a band or something as a fanfare?

Cleo Fanfare? For what?

Ryan For the entry of the mayor.

Cleo Did you set one up?

Ryan I didn't set anything up. I got a letter.

Dweezel We all got letters. That's how it works.

Cleo Okay - did the band get a letter?

Dweezel Ask the band.

Ryan They're not here.

Cleo Maybe they got a different letter.

Quinn
(Quinn enters)

Quite a crowd you got here!

Ryan

It's the grand opening. How grand would it be without a crowd.

Quinn

My uncle will be very pleased.

Ryan

Who's your uncle?

Quinn

Rob's my uncle

Dweezel

No, it's "Bob's my uncle."

Quinn

He goes by "Rob" and he's not your uncle.

Cleo

I think he means the expression. You see, back in 1887 there was this prime minister...

Dweezel & Quinn

Shut up, Cleo

Cleo

(to Dweezel)

Et tu, Brutè.

Quinn

Rob Nevasteele - the mayor. He's my uncle.

Ryan

That explains a lot.

Cleo

That name - kind of on the nose, no?

Angie

(Angie enters)

Hey Cleo! I see you got a letter too.

Ryan

Everybody got a letter. Except maybe the mayor.

Angie

Quinn would have told him.

Quinn

Of course he got a letter. He'll be here when it counts.

Cleo

Angie, how do you know he knows the mayor?

Angie

You gotta know these things.

Dweezel

Mumble mumble. Blabber Blabber.

Ryan

(Ryan checks his watch again)

Three minutes.

Dweezel

I guess Rob's not coming tonight.

Ryan

How grand would it be without the mayor?

Cleo

Very. The mayor's a rat, and so are his cohorts.

Angie

I wouldn't let Quinn hear that.

(There is some rhythmic squeaking, which grows in intensity. It gradually attracts the attention of the guests and begins to even sound musical as they try to pinpoint the source. Shortly afterwards, a long line of rats and mice escape from the toekick under the upstage island counter. This results in great pandemonium, and then flying things start appearing too. Bees? Spiders? Who knows? In that moment, Rob Nevasteele, a man who carries himself with great self-importance, enters, looks around, and asks Quinn...)

Rob

Is this the Ministry of Health you keep talking about?

(blackout)