

## The storefront where Dweezel's shop used to be.

*There is a sign saying CLOSED PERMANENTLY on the front door, which is locked. Cleo and Ryan are in front of the store,*

CLEO  
Closed.

RYAN  
I can read, Cleo. Dweezel said it wasn't going to be closed.

CLEO  
Maybe Dweezel was... mistaken?

RYAN  
He wasn't "mistaken". He was bloody wrong.

CLEO  
So now what?

RYAN  
Well, either he lied, or he was... misinformed.

CLEO  
He was "misinformed" but he wasn't "mistaken"?

RYAN  
Shut up, Cleo.

CLEO  
Everybody tells me to shut up, but only when I'm right.

RYAN  
Are you right?

CLEO  
The place **is** closed.

RYAN  
Right.  
*(Dweezel enters)*

RYAN  
Hey Dweezel... what's this?

DWEEZEL  
What's what?

RYAN  
Your store.

DWEEZEL  
*(finding the doors locked)*  
Closed? What the hell?

RYAN  
You tell me.

DWEEZEL  
I'd like to.

CLEO  
Does it by chance have anything to do with your llama?

RYAN  
Cleo, I'm not interested in his sexual –

CLEO  
Not his llama, his **llama**. The large language thing.

DWEEZEL  
Just for the record, I don't have a llama.

RYAN  
Of course you don't.

CLEO  
You said it came in the mail.

DWEEZEL  
I got a letter. Not a llama.

RYAN  
Yes, you showed it to me. You arranged for it to be sent. You told me it didn't matter. You told me the store wasn't being closed down.

DWEEZEL  
It wasn't.

CLEO  
It is.

DWEEZEL  
Yes... that's not supposed to happen.

RYAN  
Lots of things aren't supposed to happen, but here we are, and now you're out of a job.

CLEO  
But you have another job, don't you?

RYAN  
The head hoo-hah of this health thing.

DWEEZEL  
It's your health thing. I just did it that way so you guys could get it going.

RYAN  
It's going all right. I don't know **where** it's going, but it seems you are our boss. Convenient.

CLEO  
So Dweezel, what happens to your customers now?

RYAN  
What do we care?

CLEO  
No, really. Just closing down like that...

DWEEZEL  
I didn't do that.

CLEO  
Oh yes you did. You told me you got them to send out fake letters.

DWEEZEL  
Yes, **fake** letters. Not real ones.

RYAN  
What's the difference?

DWEEZEL  
Fake letters are fake. They don't come from the actual place that sends the letters.

RYAN  
Where did these letters come from?

DWEEZEL  
Well...

RYAN  
The same place that sends the real letters. Their computer thinks they're real. That **makes** them real.

DWEEZEL  
But when the people behind those letters see that they're not real, they will...

CLEO  
Blow the cover off it.

RYAN  
So... they have to be real. Even if they're supposed to be fake.

DWEEZEL  
**Somebody's** got to know.

CLEO  
Who?

RYAN  
And how? This is part of being a secret agent. They can't know. If things blow up, you can't say "oops, my bad!". You can't say anything.

CLEO  
It kinda connects you to the blowing-up part.

RYAN  
That's bad.

DWEEZEL  
So, now what?

RYAN  
Well, I don't know. You're the boss.

CLEO  
Well, not the **boss** boss, but the boss.

RYAN  
Shut up, Cleo.

DWEEZEL  
Well, we have another job, right? We do that job. And we get paid for that job. The paychecks keep coming. And Bob's your uncle.

CLEO  
You keep saying that.

RYAN  
Okay, what's the first step?

DWEEZEL  
First? We get my laptop which has all the login info so we can figure out what went wrong.

RYAN  
And that laptop is...  
*(all three of them look into the locked-up shop)*

DWEEZEL

Looks like we need a plan B.

RYAN

I said I underestimated you. But maybe you have underestimated Panopticon.

*(beat)*

CLEO

Tell me, would there be any health issues with your store?

DWEEZEL

What do you mean? None. It's an electronics shop.

CLEO

Yes, but maybe somebody found something that the health ministry needs to know about?

DWEEZEL

There's nothing unhealthy in that shop.

RYAN

Maybe a pizza? With the wrong amount of pepperoni? That might have been left out overnight?

CLEO

... and would require the Ministry of Health to investigate?

*(beat)*

RYAN

Dweezel, don't be thick!

DWEEZEL

*(catching on)*

Come to think of it, I do remember seeing somebody with a pizza. Could attract rats, right?

RYAN

I think it already did. According to the regulations, you'll need to submit form CF-238. In triplicate. Fortunately those forms are right upstairs in the Ministry office. Which is not locked.

*(They exit, and as they do, the customer who was watching while Ryan got the Mark 4 arrives with Angie, and sees the store is closed.)*

CUSTOMER

Closed. Very suspicious.

ANGIE

Why? Stores close all the time.

CUSTOMER

Sure, but it's odd that it closes just as we're closing in on them.

ANGIE

We're not closing in on them. Somebody bought a tech thing. Big deal.

CUSTOMER

What does "Six old men sat at a table" mean to you?

ANGIE

Nothing.

CUSTOMER

Exactly. So why did he say that?

ANGIE

Who?

CUSTOMER

The customer.

ANGIE

I have no idea.

CUSTOMER

The customer said that, the salesperson does this "look around" thing, and hands him something from under the counter. It's like double oh seven. Or maybe Get Smart. Dunno which.

ANGIE

So when you followed him, what did you find out?

CUSTOMER

Nothing. I started chickening out because what if they noticed me?

ANGIE

*(pensively)*

Prairie dogs.

CUSTOMER

What?

ANGIE

Nothing. It just made me think of something.

CUSTOMER

So, what do we do now?

ANGIE

What we? You're the one with the crazy theory.

CUSTOMER

I saw what I saw.

ANGIE

Look, I appreciate your concern, but I'm not even the one to talk to.  
I'm at the steakhouse. It's actually a pretty nice place – drop in  
some time.

CUSTOMER

I'm tellin' you – something's going down.

ANGIE

I tell you what. I'll make some... discreet inquiries. No promises.  
But if I come up with something interesting, I'll let you know.

CUSTOMER

That's all I can ask.

*(The customer exits, Angie remains, pondering. She looks  
again at the locked door and the CLOSED PERMANENTLY  
sign.)*

***(blackout)***