# SCRIPT – CONSPIRACY 365 CAL AND BOGE 2

***OVER THE PHONE***

***INT (DAY)***

*On a phone call.*

**Boge** The cops took my mobile again. But it’s OK, they still don’t know about this one. And that guy’s been back too, you know, the one with the silver car?

**Cal** The on who’d been sitting outside your house? The big guy who wears the polo neck and suit jacket?

**Boge** That’s him. He’s been outside my place constantly lately – I see him on my way to school and on my way home again. I even spotted him outside the art studio in the middle of a class last week! That’s really why you haven’t seen me lately. If Winter Frey could follow me to your old squat, anyone would follow me to your new place. I don’t want to give them any extra help in finding you. I just can’t take the risk with him hanging around.

**Cal** *Hating that Boge is right, trying to change to subject…* Have you been keeping an eye on my blog? I have to say, I’ve hardly thought about it, but the crap the media keeps saying about me, painting me like a freaking monster, makes me want to get online and set the record straight again.

**Boge** Look, don’t worry too much about it, OK. We’ll jump on my laptop as soon as I can come round. Anyway, onto more important things: you have the Riddle! *Excited breathing*

**Cal** *Grinning…* Sure do!

**Boge** You’re serious, the actual Riddle from Oriana’s?

**Cal** That’s right! Here with me now, plus, I have some legal letters about the Ormond Singularity that I think you could help me with.

**Boge** Dude, I’ll be down on the river before you know it. Don’t keep me in suspense. Tell me the Riddle, read it out to me. What does it say?

**Cal** Hey, *laughing,* hang on.

*Cal grabs paper out of his bag out of his folder, and stumbles while reading a bit over unfamiliar words.*

**Cal** Eight are the Leaves on my Ladyes Grace, Fayre sits the Rounde of my Laydes Face, Thirteen Teares from Sunnes grate Doore, Make right to trade in Gules on the Floore, But adde One in for the Queenes fayre Sinne, Then alle shall be tolde and Tifte unfold.

**Boge** *Lets it sink in…* Dude, that is going to take some working out. As soon as it’s safe, I’ll be there with the laptop. We have to stay on the program. Remember what we’re in after this mess. Your dad’s secret. The DMO. We have to crack this. Cal, I’ve gotta get back to my study, before mum starts hounding me. Just wait til you see what I’m working on for you. *Taps something metallic.* It’s called Disappearing Dust.

**Cal** Disappearing Dust? What the hell is that?

**Boge** Wait and see dude. Wait and see.