# SCRIPT – CONSPIRACY 365 CAL AND REPRO

***BASE***

***INT (EVENING)***

*Sirens wailing in the background.*

**Cal** *Banging on the central cabinet*… Repro! Repro! Let me in! It’s me! It’s Cal! *Banging harder…* Please Repro! Let me in. I’m in trouble – *Starts to say, then thinks better not to…* I have your money!

*The back of the filing cabinet snaps open and Cal tumbles through. Snaps shut and Repro grabs Cal’s arm to stop him falling on his face. Cal gasps and trips into a rickety chair, panting to catch his breath.*

**Repro** Well, give it up! *Almost dancing around him searching his pockets…* Come on, you didn’t wake me up for nothing, did ya?

**Cal** Oh, sorry.

**Repro** Get your breath, and I’ll get you a drink of water.

*Repro wanders over to the sink and comes back with a glass of water, which Cal gulps down gratefully and sits around a cluttered table, with Repro staring at him.*

**Repro** OK, down to business. Where’s the money?

**Cal** Repro, it’s like this. The situation I find myself in is something like your Singapore martial arts championship.

**Repro**  *Frowning…* But I didn’t win the martial arts championship.

**Cal** Exactly, you said you would have won it, if you’d gone to it.

**Repro** Meaning?

**Cal** Meaning I would have had the money for you, if I hadn’t already spent it.

**Repro** *Frown deepening, then face relaxing and burst out laughing…* You rascal! You cheeky rascal! Like my martial arts championship, eh? Something similar, eh? *Stops laughing and moves closer with sudden seriousness…* Do you have any money at all?

**Cal** *Lamely…* Not really, but I still have every intention of paying you back for helping me out. I just haven’t had much luck lately getting that organised. You saved my butt that day at Oriana’s. Last time I saw you, you were yelling at me to jump out the window while that skinny scrooge Kelvin was coming at you through the door. How did you end up getting out of there?

**Repro** He got a lucky hold of me and was about to knock my lights out when I suddenly kicked him and head butted him in the same movement. I call it my ‘double horse kick maneuver’; I learned it when I was in… Never mind where I learned it. Did that make him cranky! Het let go a little and that gave me time to spring out of his grasp and scramble out the window. *Demonstrates his moves dramatically, sending something towers stacked up toppling down*

*An outside noise makes Cal jump, and both Repro and Cal freeze and turn their*

*attention to the outside world*

**Cal** What was that?

*The noise is a thumping of a helicopter, getting closer, soon joined by sirens and*

*running feet, which then fade away to quiet again.*

**Cal** You said there was another way here, you said there was 2 tunnels?

**Repro** No, no, no. Way too dangerous. Way too dangerous.

**Cal** What’s the problem?

**Repro** Come see for yourself. *Repro pulls a bookcase away from the wall, revealing a tunnel about the size of a small fireplace, with nothing but blackness.*

**Cal***Peering in…*  I can’t see anything.

**Repro** *Pushes the bookcase back…* That’s because I think it’s blocked. Dangerous rock falls. I haven’t been game to use it for a very long time. So anyway, *changing the subject back to his escape,* it was sheer artistry on my part. Do you know the advice of Sun Tzu, the great general of ancient China? I’ve learned a lot from him, as well as from the street and my martial arts training. The general’s advice worked perfectly with that hot headed clown back at Oriana’s place! *Chuckles.* ‘If the enemy is hot tempered and irrational, enrage him’. And that’s why I mocked him and laughed at him from the window before I left! *Repro squats and pulls a ridiculous face, waving his fingers around his head, and Cal nods, understanding.* He cam at me, running, just about busting out of his clothes with rage, just dying to get his ugly paws on me. But I skipped sideways, out onto the tree, and he went sailing through the window! I was fine, clinging onto the branch beside the window, while he crashed straight down. Not quite straight down, actually. He went through the roof of the garden shed, which broke his fall and probably saved his neck. It was a very satisfying outcome… for me. So while he was wailing and carrying on down there, puling broken bits of pot plants out of his hair, I scrambled down the sensible way, using the tree and drain pipes, and was back here safe and sound with my collection, probably before he was even up and on his legs again.

**Cal** *Admiringly…* Awesome. I promise in time I’ll be able to pay you back for keeping Oriana’s thugs off my back.

**Repro** You must be onto something very big to have those sorts of heavies after you. Plus Vulkan Sligo. Must be worth a lot.

**Cal** I have to live long enough first. *Stands up and readies himself to leave.* Thanks for letting me in, especially after lying to you. You probably saved me from being arrested!

**Repro** Maybe you’ll be a rich man on day, Cal Ormond, just don’t forget me then.

*Repro grins in a cheesy way, his eyes shining with mischief as Cal slips through the cabinet.*