

INT. STORY BOARD - DAY

Phoebe stares at the monitor in frustration. Behind her, Orion, back in uniform, enters the booth with Belinda, in a sexy dress, and Alf in uniform. Phoebe clicks off Arch. Orion stares at the Sierra scene on big screen.

DAUGHTER (ON TV)

Brutus used to be so kind and gentle.  
Now I fear he is going to join with my  
father's enemies.

ORION

Sorry to barge in like this, Miss  
Myrtle, but you've got to let me enter  
your story.

PHOEBE

As who?

ORION

Uh, Marc Antony?

DAUGHTER (ON TV)

You must stop him, Marc Antony!

ORION

A Centurian, then. I'll do my best not  
to interfere with the story.

ALF

Orion already has the rest of his team  
in the story, ma'am. The belly dancer,  
the eunuch, even Cleopatra.

PHOEBE

(furious, to Orion)  
You're telling me you sent your club-  
footed droid inspectors in to play  
major parts in my story!

BELINDA

Have to admit they're doing pretty  
well.

PHOEBE

That's not the point. No more droid  
inspectors. That's final. Out. Out!

Orion glares at her, gives Alf a dirty look, goes. Belinda follows, then Alf. Phoebe clicks Arch back on. Still silent.