

INT. SLEAZY BAR - DAY

Calhoun and Alf sit at the bar with android Barflies, Bartender, in fifties suits, hats.

ALF

What the hell is there to wrestle over? I say disable all three safeguards. Or at least two.

CALHOUN

Even two they'll notice right away.

ALF

So what? The deed'll be done.

CALHOUN

The bosses, they got it all figured out. In case our boy don't take the bait tonight.

ALF

Oh, he'll take it, all right. He's the Minister of the Arts. He likes that Greek mythology shit. Likes the boys just as much, if you catch my meaning. Even if the boy is a droid.

IN THE BACK ROOM'

ARCH 209 comes in, closes door. Calhoun, Alf step toward him. Arch waits. Calhoun smiles, displays a gloved left hand.

CALHOUN

Good. An unassigned droid doesn't talk first. Computer, mute sound. Delete record. F-I-three-seven-two-six-one-J-83.

(to Arch)

Present interface.

Arch smiles innocently, holds out left hand, grasps Calhoun's gloved hand. Gloves glow with digital transfer. Arch blinks with surprise, then lapses into a devious expression.

CALHOUN

(before letting go)

You know who the Minister of the Arts is, don't you?

ARCH  
(callous)  
I certainly do. My creator.

CALHOUN  
Your creator. How about that. Well,  
it's time for you to get to know your  
creator. Real well.