**[The TV isn’t on yet]**

Player: (No message from the kid yet.)

Player: (Maybe if you’re stealthy, you could sneak past without being subjected to another one of his-)

**[pasue as the TV TURNS ON and cautionne appears]**

Cautionne: *Snooping as usual,* I see?

Player: (...You spoke too soon.)

Cautionne: Yeah, you’re right in your element, huh?

Cautionne: Not that you’d know it from looking at your face, but I’ve got a good eye for this kind of thing!

Cautionne: I bet you’ve got that bubbly feeling buzzing under your skin… Like sweet, sparkling Limonata in your veins?

Player: (What a colorful turn of phrase.)

Cautionne: I’d give my right arm to feel as excited as you do now, lab rat!

Cautionne: You must be *salivating* at the mountain of evidence beneath your fingertips.

Cautionne: Weapons, corkboards, secret evil notes… All the classics are here, and *we both know* you know you want to rub your grubby paws all over them.

Cautionne: Even if you copied half of one blueprint onto a bar napkin and threw it through the washing machine, you’d still have enough evidence to net you a promotion from HQ.

Cautionne: So, go ahead! Take as much as you like! I won’t touch a hair on your head.

Cautionne: After all, The Great Cautionne, Emperor of MalViolence, knows that you only care about the truth. He shall let you indulge.

**[pause]**

Cautionne: …

Cautionne: Hey lab rat. Can I ask you something?

Cautionne: You *are* just getting evidence, right?

Cautionne: I’ve watched you with my drones… Tailored these puzzles to your specific, sub-par problem-solving skills… Carried out quasi-legal research…

Cautionne: So, I know what you are. You’re an agent for STOP… nothing more, nothing less.

Cautionne: ...Am I right?

**[pause]**

Cautionne: *Again* with the silent treatment. I’ve met vending machines with better social skills than you, you know that?

Cautionne: ...Fine.

[Cautionne slams on the front of the camera]

extend: *FINE!*

Cautionne: The next time you escape, I won’t talk either! See how YOU like it!!

Cautionne: Now, MOVE! Or you’ll be *fatally* late for your next staring contest.