

SCENE I

I/E. GMC CARGO VAN - DAY - MOVING

Bastion looks down at his arm. A URL WEBSITE written in BLACK MARKER stains his skin. Bastion's DR. PEPPER is half empty.

TAXMAN

I prefer Moonshine. Straight up from the mason jar. Stirred in the Ole Smokies of Tennessee. You ever been there? Nothing like wasting away under the night sky over Fontana Lake. I swear it's the only place in the world where you can stare into the eye of God and have him look back at you.

Bastion takes a sip of his drink.

TAXMAN

When you look up at the stars, did you know that you're staring into the past? Every single star you see was created millions of years ago. Most of em have all since died out before reaching us. Ghosts from the past. Vanquished. Leaving behind only a faint glimmer of their existence. People like to think we're in control. We're just a small speck of dust in an endless universe. Powerless and insignificant.

SCENE II

INT. KITCHEN/HUNTING LODGE - DAY

Taxman closes a KITCHEN DRAWER when Bastion strolls in.

TAXMAN

He's up! Hallelujah!

(laughs)

Man, you've been asleep ALL DAY.
Hope you don't mind. I left you in
the van. Didn't want to wake you.

BASTION

(drowsy)

Where are we?

TAXMAN

Take a look outside. We're in God's
country. A million miles from
nowhere. This is it my friend. One
of the few places left on Earth
where progress doesn't exist. It's
all woods and farmland as far as
the eye can see. Heck, the nearest
gas station is some fifty clicks
away...

(Bastion checks his phone)

...and you can forget about getting
a signal. We're completely off the
grid.

Taxman pours TWO GLASSES OF GRAPEFRUIT JUICE.

BASTION

(puts his phone away)

Why is my safety so important to
you?

Bastion takes a BIG GULP of his drink.

TAXMAN

Ian hired me to anonymously deliver
your samples to Bio-Neuronix for
testwork. He used me as a buffer to
keep you and this project safe.

BASTION

To wake up in the back of your
luxury van on a road trip to God's
country.

TAXMAN

As soon as I found out about Ian, I knew you were in danger.

BASTION

I told him to keep the lab work in-house.

(takes a swig)

We have to retrieve those samples from the lab then. As soon as they realize that they possess the solution, it won't be long before they reverse engineer it and discover the micro-tumors.

TAXMAN

We should lay low for a little while.

BASTION

(sips his drink)

Don't you get it? Those samples are not just my DNA. They are the cure.

TAXMAN

(opens wallet; pulls out a key card)

I've got this key card that can get us in, but that's about it. It's only "Level 4" access. Shipping and receiving. I'm telling you though. Going in there is a bad idea. The place is super high tech. You'll never get past their security.

Bastion finishes his drink. A container of ANTI-FREEZE is sitting on the kitchen counter next to a SLICED GRAPEFRUIT. Taxman's drink is still untouched!

TAXMAN

You're here by no accident.