

SCENE I

INT. JARED'S BEDROOM - DAY

A stark black room slowly gives way to reveal a PSYCHOTIC SMILE.

DEAN WHITAKER (V.O.)
Will you walk into my parlor, said
the spider to the fly. Tis the
prettiest little parlor that ever
you did spy.

JARED, 26, with a crazed look, stares at himself in the MIRROR. His shaved head and large, GLARING EYES penetrate through the darkness. He remains fixated on his REFLECTION for an unusually long period of time.

DEAN WHITAKER (V.O.)
The way into my parlor is up a
winding stair. And I've a many
curious things to show to you when
you are there.

POLITICAL PARAPHERNALIA is spread out over a neatly made bed. A CUSTOM-SEWN FLAG is pinned up on the wall. It resembles the American flag, but with inverse colors; fifty black stars on a yellow field with green and black stripes.

Jared fastens a MILITARY, DUFFLE BAG together before proceeding downstairs.

DEAN WHITAKER (V.O.)
Oh no, no, said the little fly, to
ask me is in vain. For who goes up
your winding stair can ne'er come
down again.

SCENE II

INT. BASTION'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bastion rounds the corner.

DEAN WHITAKER
Hello Bastion.

Dean Whitaker is sitting on the couch with his legs crossed.

BASTION
Dean Whitaker?

DEAN WHITAKER
You look a little tired. Have a
seat.

Bastion holds onto the wall for support.

BASTION
How did you get into my apartment?

DEAN WHITAKER
Mind if I smoke?

Dean Whitaker pulls out a CIGARETTE.

BASTION
How did you get into my apartment?

Dean Whitaker coolly lights his cigarette.

DEAN WHITAKER
You called me. Remember?

Bastion CLINCHES his stomach in pain and wipes his mouth.

BASTION
Aaugh!

DEAN WHITAKER
Please.

Dean Whitaker gestures Bastion to sit.

DEAN WHITAKER
You've been injected with your own
neurotoxin. The one you and Ian
created.

Bastion doesn't budge.

DEAN WHITAKER

For what does a man profit, if he
should gain the whole world, and
lose his own soul?

Bastion falters to the couch and COLLAPSES on it. Dean
Whitaker picks up a FULLY-LOADED SYRINGE that was already
sitting on the coffee table. Bastion GROANS IN AGONY.

DEAN WHITAKER

Consciousness. Perception.
Thinking. Judgement. Memory.
Controllable only by it's owner,
until now.

Bastion CONVULSES on the couch. He SQUIRMS and WHEEZES.

DEAN WHITAKER

Change is inevitable and power is
absolute, but control has the
absolute power to change the
inevitable. You do realize what
will come of this, don't you?
(gloats)
Influence.

Bastion BREATHES HEAVILY. Dean Whitaker watches Bastion
struggle. He smokes his cigarette.

DEAN WHITAKER

There once was a traveler wrapped
in a cloak. He wandered the path,
but followed the road. The sun; the
wind. They wagered a bet. On who
could remove the cloak from his
grasp.

Dean Whitaker moves in super close to Bastion's face. Bastion
GAGS. He is in extreme pain.

DEAN WHITAKER

The wind. First. Stirred with a
force. Darkened the sky. Howled a
storm. But try as he may, with all
of his might... the traveler held
on, and ever so tight.

Dean Whitaker taps his ASHES onto the floor.

DEAN WHITAKER

The sun. Next. And with a sly grin.
Did nothing at all to impress the
wind.

(MORE)

DEAN WHITAKER (CONT'D)

And so the wind laughed at his
failed attempt, but the traveler
did stop... and off his cloak went.

(smokes and exhales)

Do you know what the moral of the
story is Bastion?

Bastion is GASPING FOR AIR; WRITHING IN PAIN. Dean Whitaker
holds his RED HOT CIGARETTE close to Bastion's face.

DEAN WHITAKER

Let me make this as clear as I can
for you. You were supposed to take
the RED MARBLE, but you didn't.

Dean Whitaker puts his cigarette out on the floor.

DEAN WHITAKER

Perhaps you were holding onto your
cloak too tight.

DEAN WHITAKER

No matter. We control the
transmission now.

(winds his wrist watch)

It's almost morning. The sun is
about to shine.

Dean Whitaker FLICKS the syringe. The Dean's WRIST WATCH
looks identical to Professor Ian's.

DEAN WHITAKER

Tomorrow's going to be a big day
for you.

Dean Whitaker VICIOUSLY INJECTS Bastion in the NECK with a
CLEAR RED SOLUTION. Bastion is powerless to defend himself.

BASTION

Ughhhn!

DEAN WHITAKER

You'd better get some rest.