

SCENE I

INT. MANSION - DARK PASSAGE - DAY

The BLINDING LIGHT from the WHITE ROOM is the only visible light in the dark passage ahead. The light illuminates a SILHOUETTE mopping the floor. Bastion squints.

JANITOR

I didn't think I'd see you down here. Let me guess... you nubbed the perky gnome didn't you?

BASTION

What are you doing here?

JANITOR

I work here.

BASTION

I can see that.

JANITOR

Can you? Can you really see in all this darkness?

The Janitor points towards the light.

JANITOR

Not too many people come out of the white room.

BASTION

Where am I?

JANITOR

Your guess is as good as mine sunshine. Some of the rooms in this mansion are older than time itself, whereas some rooms... like the one at the end of this hall, change like the wind.

BASTION

How so?

JANITOR

Why is this place so secure? Ever wonder that? What do they got hiding down here that's so damned important? Ask yourself this one question, time or space?

BASTION

Choice. There is no grand plan or
master of the universe. That's
nonsense. You can't escape reality.
I make my own decisions.

The Janitor disappears into the black void.

JANITOR

Good luck. You're going to need it.

SCENE II

INT. MANSION - CELLAR - DAY

The Janitor rolls in pushing his trash cart.

JANITOR

You still down here? Making choices?

BASTION

Time. The answer is time.

JANITOR

Why?

BASTION

In space... the possibilities are endless. Curiosity can never be satisfied. But time... time is the indicator. There's only one direction we can travel. One destination. It's the constant reminder of how important life is.

JANITOR

We are forever enamored by the blessings of freedom, no more than we are forever enslaved to the laws of the universe.