

09 - A - INTERSTITIAL SCENE 1.

A TAPE RECORDER STARTS.

BUSY ATMOSPHERE, SOME WATER, DISTANT NEVER-
ENDING SIRENS...

WE HEAR YANCY SPEAK INTO THE RECORDER QUIETLY.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Okay, I'm here at the loading docks. It's pretty crowded...hunh.

HE WALKS INTO SOMEONE.

GROUCH: (WALKING AWAY) Watch it!

A BEAT.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: 6532. This is the place.

A BEAT.

MURRAY: (VERY CLOSE AND SUDDEN) Mr. Yancy!

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Murray?

MURRAY: One and only. Gimme your phone.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: No, this isn't my phone--this is the device I'm recording on. As per your instructions. It can't connect to the internet even if it was working.

MURRAY: Great. Gimme your phone.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Um--it's here--WAIT WHAT!

WE HEAR IT SMASH ON THE GROUND.

GROUCH 2: Hey--what the hell!

MURRAY: Sorry--they're all useless now aren't they?! I say we just get rid of the things!

GROUCH 2: Up yours!

CHRISTIAN YANCY: I needed that phone.

MURRAY: Please--it's one of the only working phones for miles. You think someone isn't tracking it?

CHRISTIAN YANCY: I don't--

MURRAY: So thanks for meeting me here. (ALMOST AMUSED BY THIS) We don't have much time before we should walk away and pretend like we never met.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Patel said you lived in the Dakotas.

MURRAY: I do and don't.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: How did you get here with the main infrastructures down?

MURRAY: Horse and buggy--doesn't matter--how'd you get here past the border blockades?

CHRISTIAN YANCY: I had to walk from outside the city limit--

MURRAY: Great. I don't care. Now ask me some pertinent questions.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: ...Why meet here?

MURRAY: Hunts Point?!

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Yeah.

MURRAY: It's a Flare Crisis Food Rationing Center. Tons of people. Way more than this place can hold. So we'd be hard to spot...Plus, too noisy for those far away microphones. And neither of us have been here before. So they wouldn't have had a chance to hide any wires or actors or--

CHRISTIAN YANCY: You sound a little paranoid--

MURRAY: I sure do! I worked on the legal side of things for NASC. Then CimmTech offered me a sweet position. The world was already turning from government funded spending to privatized space flight--wasn't hard to see the finger on the wall. So I jumped ship.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: And what did you find at CimmTech?

MURRAY: Oh--isn't that the question of the hour? Here's the thing. I'm not a scientist--so I can't tell you how they do what they do...all I can tell you is that they can do it.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Do what?

MURRAY: I started having trouble sleeping at night. Just thinking about the ramifications, you know? What if that--*thing*--actually works? What if they can really pull off this plan? And I thought--I don't want to be a part of that. I debated going back to NASC, but they had already negotiated a contract for cooperative research--a contract I helped write...air tight. So I just pulled the plug on my career and went off the grid. Of course, CimmTech says they fired me...but you know...a rose by any other name...

CHRISTIAN YANCY: ...What *is* CimmTech doing?

MURRAY: (CONSIDERING THE QUESTION) 'What is CimmTech doing?' That's the wrong question. You should be asking 'What has CimmTech done?' That's the thing about CimmTech. Everyone's sittin' there futzin' with checker pieces--but the whole time, CimmTech was playing chess...and they already have the king in checkmate.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: I don't understand.

MURRAY: We should be going soon.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: You haven't answered any questions!

MURRAY: That isn't what this little rendezvous is for, Yancy! Right now you think I'm a paranoid nut-job who couldn't hold a job to save his life. You think Patel sent you to me as wild goose chase. If I told you what I thought and what I know--you wouldn't believe a word of it. But now? Now you have a recording of me saying these things. So when we all find out what's going to happen after 'Launch 44'--you'll know I was telling the truth...and then--only then--will we talk again.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: What is 'launch 44?'

MURRAY: Hell if I know.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: None of this is even publishable.

MURRAY: Not my problem.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Why did Patel want me to talk to you?

MURRAY: Because he wanted to send up a flare to me. Patel's always thinking...a little too rash with his actions but--it worked. Flare seen. Unfortunately--he thought this flare would make *me* come to *him* and that's not gonna happen...instead, I'm sending the flare back up. You talk to him and tell him what we talked about.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: I'm not a messenger boy.

MURRAY: Go buy some fish. There's some in the barrels over there.

MURRAY WALKS AWAY.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Murray--wait--

MURRAY: (AT A DISTANCE) Don't follow me in the same direction, you idiot! And don't call my name! What a fucking asshole, huh?

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Just a few more minutes, please--

A LONG PAUSE.

...Crap...

END RECORDING.

END SCENE.