

SCENE I

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

SEAN, 27, relaxed yet alert, sits down across from Bastion and blatantly places a VALENTINES CARD directly on top of Bastion's newspaper. Bastion opens it then puts it away.

SEAN  
Nick got knocked out.

BASTION  
What!?

SEAN  
First round.  
(slower)  
Seven. Seconds. Flat.

Bastion and Sean laugh.

SEAN  
He's been going to the gym, like  
non-stop, for two years now. TWO.  
YEARS.

BASTION  
(disbelief)  
No...

SEAN  
How can you lose?

BASTION  
A true "miolley"-

SEAN  
No, think about this. I'm certain  
of it. Nick's gotta be a communist.

BASTION  
Come on...

SEAN  
Dude, think about it. He doesn't  
work, he's well off, and he keeps  
LOSING. He's throwing those fights,  
yo. I swear to God... this is his  
third straight loss. I'm telling  
you. He's a communist.

BASTION  
It's for the good of "the people".

SEAN

You know what's good for "the people"? Whatever "the party" says.

BASTION

Ya know who my favorite communist was? Fred Flintstone.

SEAN

Fred Flintstone!? How the hell is he even remotely a communist? He's from the stone age.

BASTION

It had to start somewhere. He was a Water Buffalo. Remember? A "Loyal Order" of the Water Buffalo.

SEAN

What are you doing this weekend?

BASTION

I've gotta study.

SEAN

I thought you were done with school?

BASTION

I wish. There's always one more class. One more thing to learn.

SEAN

Sucks to be you. I'm playing "Magic", sealed deck tournament, over at Battlegrounds.

BASTION

Isn't that for twelve-year-olds?

SEAN

Here, check this out.

Sean holds out a "Magic: the Gathering" card: "Spore Frog."

SEAN

Spore Frog. It cancels out all combat damage. You can't lose with this little fella.

BASTION

Does he last longer than seven seconds?

SEAN

Funny. "Magic" is the real deal. No hocus pocus. Sure, it's flooded with geeks and "tricklettes", but I blend in. I'm the true "miolley".

BASTION

I'm sure you do, you witch.

SEAN

Let's go get something to eat?

BASTION

Trotsky, we're in a diner. This is "the place" where "the people" eat.

SEAN

I can't eat this crap. Powdered potatoes and Ovaltine. I need FOOD. Some delicious.

BASTION

I'm good. You go ahead. Say hello to your lil "tricklettes" for me.

SEAN

We're still on for tonight, right?

BASTION

Of course.

Sean gives Bastion a farewell, homie handshake.

SEAN

Alright, I'll catch ya later.

BASTION

Alright man. Later.

SCENE II

INT. HOOKAH BAR - NIGHT

Sean sits on a red, velvet couch dead ahead. He's smoking a sizeable, HOOKAH PIPE positioned on a table in front of him.

BASTION  
Hey, Sean. What's up?

Sean gets up to greet Bastion.

SEAN  
Bastion! What took you so long?

BASTION  
I got here as fast as I could.

SEAN  
Here. Try this.

They both sit down next to each other. Sean INHALES from the hose of the hookah pipe and hands it to Bastion.

BASTION  
No thanks.

Sean deliberately EXHALES smoke into Bastion's face.

BASTION  
What is it? Pumpkin spice?

SEAN  
Pretty good, eh? It's sour apple.  
Hey, I've got something to show you.

Sean shares his cell phone with Bastion.

BASTION  
What's that?

SEAN  
That's Nick's face.

BASTION  
Are you serious?

SEAN  
Yo, check this out.

Sean shows Bastion a picture of a SCRAWNY-LOOKING DUDE.

BASTION  
Who's that?

SEAN  
That's the guy that kicked his ass.

They break out LAUGHING.

BASTION  
He lost his charm.

KATE and BROOKLYN return from the bar with their drinks.

SEAN  
You know what I think. Nothing is  
what it seems.

KATE  
Who shall say where the one ends,  
and where the other begins?

SEAN  
No, seriously. What are we all made  
of?

BASTION  
Carbon. Water.

SEAN  
If you were to cut your finger, how  
would you get it to stop bleeding?  
You can't heal yourself. People say  
seeing is believing, but what about  
the stuff you can't see?

Sean holds up his hands.

SEAN  
Look at your hands. We're made up  
of billions of cells and bacteria.  
It's the creatures within us that  
heal us.