

SCENE I

INT. BASTION'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bastion goes through the mail. His phone vibrates. He answers.

BASTION
(into cell)
Hey Karen.

KAREN (V.O.)
How's my little Sabino?

BASTION
I'm fine.

Bastion heads upstairs.

KAREN (V.O.)
I called to remind you. Grandma's
birthday is this Thursday.

BASTION
You know I'll be there.

INT. BASTION'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bastion lays down in bed and stares aimlessly at the ceiling.

KAREN (V.O.)
I'm supposed to visit Dr. Harmons
after dinner for my chiropractic.
My neck's been killing me, and then
there's Aunt Lydia... she needs
donations for Mary Lou's walkathon.
I'm not sure if I can make it, but
you know it's for a good cause.

Bastion paces over to the window to investigate a BUZZING sound. He hones in on a HOUSE FLY beating its wings.

BASTION
That's nice.

KAREN (V.O.)
Did I tell you what happened today?

BASTION
Did you call me earlier?

KAREN (V.O.)
No.

BASTION

I guess not then.

Bastion forms his hand into the shape of a SPIDER and uses it to crawl after the fly; as if his hand were hunting it.

KAREN (V.O.)

I went to get my license renewed,
and you wouldn't believe this lady.
She was so rude... let me tell you.
I was standing there holding the
door for her and she wouldn't walk
through. She just stood there.

The fly freezes. Bastion's hand freezes.

KAREN (V.O.)

As if I had nothing better to do.
Bastion, are you listening?

Bastion CRACKS open the window.

BASTION

That's right.

Bastion checks himself out in the MIRROR and then scorns himself in silence as Karen rambles on.

KAREN (V.O.)

We're having our annual, pot luck
fund-raiser at the Elk Lodge next
Saturday. Do you think you can make
it? I'm making my fabulous, rhubarb-
apple pie.

BASTION

I am not going to see her again. I
don't know why you keep trying.

KAREN (V.O.)

She's a nice girl.

BASTION

She doesn't even use her blinker-

KAREN (V.O.)

Well, I think she's a peach, and I
think she'd be good for you.

BASTION

I've gotta go.

KAREN (V.O.)

Just give it a chance.

BASTION

I've GOT TO GO. I'm in a meeting.
(into the mirror)
My boss is looking right at me.

KAREN (V.O.)

Okay. Well, tell your boss I
apologize. I'll see you Thursday.

BASTION

Okay, bye.

KAREN (V.O.)

Bye. Love you.

SCENE II

INT. HOSPICE ROOM - DAY

Bastion stands at the door. KAREN, 48, a considerate yet vibrant motormouth, is sitting in a chair next to Grandma. She doesn't know Bastion's watching.

BASTION

Hey Karen.

KAREN

Bastion!

Bastion goes to her. Karen stands up. He gives her a hug and kisses her cheek.

KAREN

How have you been?

BASTION

Good.

KAREN

I've missed you. It gets so congested in here. Even at home. Larry has that long coffee table and won't part with it. He's got the giant box television. He won't listen to anything I say.

BASTION

Maybe Larry had something to say?
(turns to hug Grandma)
Happy birthday!

KAREN

Maybe you can talk some sense into him and tell him some different ideas? But this is all the stuff that makes me want to move out of here. Plus that little house... I could afford it. On the river there. And it's up in the air. It won't get flooded. It's higher off the ground, like elevated shall we say? And four gardens-

BASTION

That's nice. I'm gonna get a snack real quick. You want anything?

KAREN
No thanks, but hurry back. I want
to sing "Happy Birthday".

INT. HOSPICE ROOM - DAY

Karen is seated next to Grandma holding a tub of ice cream.
Bastion returns.

BASTION
How's she doing?

KAREN
She's tired. They said it'd be okay
if we gave her some ice cream.

Bastion TEARS the top part of his CANDY WRAPPER.

KAREN
What's that? Is that a Snickers?

BASTION
(peels the wrapper)
Yeah.

KAREN
What are you doing?

BASTION
(bites down)
What are you talking about?

KAREN
You can't eat that.

BASTION
(starts chewing)
Why not?

KAREN
Stop! STOP!

Bastion swallows it with satisfaction.

KAREN
Why'd you do it!? What's wrong with
you? Spit it out!

Bastion rubs his throat and GROANS. He STRUGGLES TO BREATHE.

KAREN
Oh my God! Bastion!? Oh my God!
Help! Nurse! Help!