

SCENE I

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Bastion sits near a window reading a NEWSPAPER. He notices a single, red, helium balloon floating in the sky. He circles "No. 4 Down" on his CROSSWORD PUZZLE and shifts his attention to a "Very Difficult" SUDOKU PUZZLE. He sips his COFFEE.

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...

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)
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. HOSPICE ROOM - DAY

The room is dark. The CURTAINS are drawn. Grandma lays in bed. Bastion walks in.

BASTION
(mutters to himself)
Why's it so dark in here?

Bastion opens the curtains. SUNSHINE fills the room. Bastion admires the view. He looks over to the SMALL, CERAMIC FLOWER POT he brought to her. Nothing is growing in it.

BASTION
You always told me to face my fears. I feel like I've been hiding from them. It's time to change, cause in the end everyone has to face themselves in the mirror.

A PILL BOTTLE sits next to the bed.

BASTION
People who never take chances create their own prisons. I did everything I could to bring you back.

Bastion BREATHES into his hands.

BASTION
I have something for you.

Bastion places Staci's MUSIC BOX next to her. He winds it up. It takes about six full turns before he's done. The song "You Are My Sunshine" PLAYS.

BASTION
(singing)
You are my sunshine. My only sunshine. You make me happy when skies are grey.

Grandma starts SINGING! Her voice is ever so soft and somewhat indiscernible. Bastion moves in closer.

BASTION/GRANDMA
You'll never know dear, how much I love you. Please don't take my sunshine away.

Bastion's eyes well up.

BASTION

That's right. That's it.

He holds her head with both hands.

BASTION

You're in there. I know you're in there. My sunshine. My inspiration. My everything. You always knew how to brighten my day.

Bastion looks over to the UN-BLOOMED FLOWER POT and smiles.

BASTION

(choked up)

The seed... It was never meant to grow. All you ever wanted... was to see me smiling.