

SCENE I

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A COUNSELOR, 39, opens up a database on her desktop computer.

COUNSELOR  
Have a seat.

BASTION  
Thanks.

COUNSELOR  
What's your ID number?

BASTION  
Um...

Bastion looks down at his STUDENT ID CARD. A six-digit number is barely legible: "135268."

BASTION  
One three five. Two six eight.

The Counselor searches her computer.

COUNSELOR  
Hmmm, I don't see anything. Wait, did you say one three five?

BASTION  
Yeah, one three five. Two six eight.

COUNSELOR  
Oh, I'm sorry. You'll have to visit the Registrar's office for your records.

BASTION  
What do you mean?

COUNSELOR  
We only take students here. We don't have access to faculty records.

BASTION  
Oh, my mistake. I thought... I don't know what I was thinking.

COUNSELOR  
It's okay. Are you new here? I can show you where to go.

BASTION

Sure...

The Counselor pulls out a CAMPUS MAP and begins writing on it. Bastion stares at the map, then at his worn-out ID card.