

SCENE I

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

PSYCHIATRIST, 45, confident and direct, sits on a stiff couch facing Bastion. Despite her aged appearance and conservative attire, she is ridiculously attractive. A PEN and NOTE PAD sit on her lap. Bastion relaxes into a sofa chair.

BASTION

If you were allergic to something,
you would know about it, right?

She nods her head and crosses her long legs.

BASTION

Like if you were allergic to bees,
you would know to stay away from
them, and this is something you
would have known your whole life.

PSYCHIATRIST

Of course.

BASTION

That's what I mean. Something's not
right. Something's missing.

PSYCHIATRIST

How long's this been going on?

BASTION

It could be months or even years.
Who knows? I remember things, but
recently... something seems out of
place.

PSYCHIATRIST

How so?

BASTION

I'm not sure when it started, or
what caused it, but I do know...
ever since I took this class, I've
been aware of it.

PSYCHIATRIST

Has it helped you?

BASTION

No. Well, maybe. Actually, yes...
He's the one who's been making me
think lately. Professor Ian Harvey.

The Psychiatrist writes his name down.

PSYCHIATRIST

What have you been thinking about?

She fixes her shirt; slight cleavage.

BASTION

Everything. But that's just it. I don't know what to think anymore.

PSYCHIATRIST

What makes you say that?

BASTION

How could anyone ever get into an Ivy League school and not have the ability or capacity to study?

SCENE II

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Bastion studies the CLOCK. The Psychiatrist walks in.

PSYCHIATRIST
Hello Bastion.

BASTION
Hi, how are you doing?

PSYCHIATRIST
I'm doing well, thank you. Did you get a chance to speak with your professor? I know you felt things were out of place.

BASTION
Actually, I did, but he couldn't answer all of my questions.

PSYCHIATRIST
Why not? I thought he was helping you.

BASTION
He was. He gave me back my memory. That was the piece I was missing.

PSYCHIATRIST
I'm afraid I don't understand. You lost your memory?

BASTION
Isn't that a silly question? If you lost your memory, how can you confidently say it's been fully restored? I'm not a hundred percent sure how it all happened. I was the test subject of a brain experiment; placed under the guise of a student. It was part of the plan.

PSYCHIATRIST
You willingly subjected yourself to brain experiments? What did you think was going to happen?

BASTION
I feel stupid. How could I possibly account for every single outcome?

Bastion tries to get comfortable in the sofa chair.

BASTION

My grandmother suffers from Alzheimer's. That's why I became a neuroscientist. I had to be the experimentee. How else are you supposed to test memory retention?

PSYCHIATRIST

You placed your very existence into someone else's hands. Didn't you find that dangerous?

BASTION

Professor Ian is dead. I'm pretty sure that qualifies as dangerous. He was stabbed to death.

PSYCHIATRIST

Oh my God. I'm so sorry. I-

BASTION

There's still something I'm not seeing, or worse... remembering.

PSYCHIATRIST

Maybe re-tracing your steps is the best way to move forward? Follow your instincts.

SCENE III

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Bastion BARGES IN. The Psychiatrist is sitting at her desk. She is reviewing a MANILA FOLDER.

PSYCHIATRIST
Bastion, what are you doing here?

She puts down what she was doing.

BASTION
I need someone I can trust.

PSYCHIATRIST
Okay? Now's not a good time.

BASTION
I told you about my memory and the experiments I was going through. I took your advice. I re-traced my steps, and guess what I found?
THIS.

Bastion places a single, WHITE PILL on her desk.

PSYCHIATRIST
What's that?

BASTION
Diazepam. Side effects include memory loss.

PSYCHIATRIST
That's what I've been prescribing you for your anxiety.

BASTION
What are you taking about?

The Psychiatrist stands up and RAISES HER VOICE. RADIO FREQUENCY NOISES RESOUND. The Psychiatrist's landline RINGS quietly. Bastion's hands start SHAKING.

PSYCHIATRIST
You have an anxiety disorder. That's why you visit me. You worry too much, you have trouble sleeping, irrational fears, muscle tension... Bastion, I think you have a serious mental disorder, and the INABILITY to recognize what is real. I'm concerned about you.

The RADIO FREQUENCY BUILDS. The phone RINGS a little louder.

BASTION

Follow your instincts. Isn't that what you said?

PSYCHIATRIST

Don't be ridiculous.

BASTION

Ridiculous? Let me tell you something. You can't trust your heart, it will always lie to you. And you can't trust your mind either, it will always play tricks on you. But your gut... your gut can never lie to you.

The RADIO FREQUENCY MOUNTS. The phone RINGS again.

PSYCHIATRIST

I think you need to leave. Now.

BASTION

I need to stick to my instincts.

The phone RINGS again. Bastion looks at it.

PSYCHIATRIST

Don't answer it. PLEASE.

SCENE IV

INT. MANSION - CELLAR - DAY

Bastion climbs down into cellar full of MASON JARS, CRATES, and POTTED PLANTS. In the center of the room is the Psychiatrist. She's watering a BONSAI TREE growing from a SMALL, CERAMIC FLOWER POT. A SINGLE RAY OF LIGHT causes the tree to GLOW.

PSYCHIATRIST

You shouldn't be here. It isn't safe.

BASTION

This is exactly where I need to be.

PSYCHIATRIST

You know he's here. Waiting for you.

BASTION

The Dean? He's up for an early retirement.

Bastion reveals his GLOCK 19.

PSYCHIATRIST

I was referring to the one who runs things around here.

BASTION

Turn around.

She turns around and places her hands against the wall. She bends her ass slightly. Bastion frisks her.

PSYCHIATRIST

I'm not armed. Can't you tell? I don't want to see you get hurt. You should listen to your conscience when she's speaking to you.

The Psychiatrist turns around and opens her mouth seductively. Her breasts bulge. She embraces him. Bastion kisses her.

PSYCHIATRIST

Before it's too late...