

SCENE I

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Bastion is partially debilitated as he gathers a few cleaning supplies; RUBBER GLOVES, BLEACH, and a MOP. He places them on the checkout counter. His shirt has a little BLOOD on it.

A greasy-haired, acne-faced CASHIER, 24, fidgets behind the counter. He wears super thick glasses and spotty facial hair.

CASHIER

Hi there! Would you like to try one of our famous, ninety nine cent hot dogs?

BASTION

Just these.

The Cashier checks out Bastion's cleaning supplies.

CASHIER

What do you plan on doing with just these?

BASTION

Someone owes me money.

The Cashier sniggers and eyeballs the blood on Bastion's shirt. Bastion looks down and feels one of the stains.

BASTION

It's just ketchup.

CASHIER

You should try our "killer" hotdogs.

BASTION

(mafia accent)  
Keep the change, ya filthy animal.

The Cashier sniggers again. Bastion exits the store. The handle of his GLOCK 19 sticks out of his pants. The Cashier's grin diminishes