

SCENE I

INT. SCIENCE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Professor Ian leads Bastion down the hallway.

PROFESSOR IAN  
Did you get a good night's sleep?

BASTION  
Did you enjoy reading my  
Valentine's card?

PROFESSOR IAN  
I don't know what kind of a game  
you think you're playing here, but  
you're going to fail this course.

BASTION  
Maybe we're just not on the same  
wavelength professor?

Professor Ian stops Bastion.

PROFESSOR IAN  
No. We're not. I need you to be ON-  
TIME, AWAKE, and FOCUSED.

BASTION  
FINE. Anything else?

PROFESSOR IAN  
As a matter of fact there is. The  
only way you're going to succeed in  
this life is to remove the  
distractions and filter out the  
noise. Pass the final.

BASTION  
"Withers."

PROFESSOR IAN  
What do you mean "withers"?

BASTION  
You asked me for a seven letter  
word that means "hands of a horse".  
"Withers" was the answer to your  
crossword puzzle. I'm aware of my  
situation.

SCENE II

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Bastion, groggy, slowly comes to. A HEART MONITOR BEEPS. VENTILATOR BREATHING gradually becomes audible. Professor Ian is monitoring Bastion's vitals.

PROFESSOR IAN  
(smiles in anticipation)  
Do you know who Michael Cimino is?

BASTION  
Wasn't he a cock fighter?

Professor Ian LAUGHS then hugs Bastion.

PROFESSOR IAN  
Bastion my boy, we did it! Do you know what this means?

BASTION  
It proves everything. Manipulating brain waves using tumors... it was only a matter of time.

Professor Ian places a thermometer in his mouth.

PROFESSOR IAN  
I'll never forget when you first introduced me to your hypothesis on redirecting neuro traffic. I knew then that my time was best spent helping you prove it.

BASTION  
WE... proved it.

PROFESSOR IAN  
You should get some rest. We'll keep you here for the next couple of hours just in case.

Professor Ian fixes Bastion's blanket.

PROFESSOR IAN  
I wasn't sure if you were coming back or not, so we had to put you in diapers.

Bastion takes a peek for confirmation.

BASTION  
It was a risk we had to take.

PROFESSOR IAN  
This isn't about Alzheimer's  
anymore.

Bastion massages his temple with his left hand.

PROFESSOR IAN  
The micro-tumors in your brain...  
they can relapse at any moment.  
Your mind. Your memory. Your motor  
skills. We have no idea what to  
expect.

Dean Whitaker stands in the hallway. Professor Ian looks at  
his phone and leaves Bastion's CAR KEYS on the counter.

PROFESSOR IAN  
There's so much we've got to go  
over. Wait til you see these  
results. I've got to take this. I  
parked your car out front.

Professor Ian pauses at the door.

PROFESSOR IAN  
It's good to have you back.