

INT. DINER - DAY

AUGUST:

I don't think that hot chocolate's gonna drink itself. You're upset about your teacher, aren't you?

HENRY:

She didn't do it. Why can't anyone see that?

AUGUST:

'Cause most people just see what's right in front of them. I don't think you're gonna find the answers you want at the bottom of that mug.

HENRY:

Then where?

AUGUST:

That a book in your bag? You know I'm a writer, so I'm partial to finding my answers in a literary form.

HENRY:

It's just a book.

AUGUST:

Is it?

HENRY:

Yeah.

AUGUST:

I think we both know that that's not the case.

[to waitress] Can I get a water, please?

HENRY:

What do you know about it?

AUGUST:

I know it's a book of stories.

HENRY:
Aren't all books?

AUGUST:
Stories that really happened.

HENRY:
You think my book is real?

AUGUST:
As real as I am.

HENRY:
How do you know?

AUGUST:
Let's just say that, uh, I'm a believer.
And I want to help others see the light.
That, my friend, is why I'm here.

HENRY:
But I already believe.

AUGUST:
Well, I'm not here for you, buddy. I'm
here for Emma.

HENRY:
So you want to get her to believe? Why
don't you just tell her?

AUGUST:
Well, there are some people, like you and
me, we can go on faith. But others, like
Emma, they need proof.

HENRY:
Last time I tried to find proof, I got
trapped in a sinkhole.

AUGUST:
There *are* less dangerous places to look.