

We watch Dylan travel while he writes in his journal. First at a train stop in Pasadena, then on the above-ground train from Pasadena to Downtown L.A.

Then, we see him walking through union station and up to the street.

Then, on the bus, and finally, walking/skating in Venice beach.

DYLAN

Forgiveness is a journey.
Forgiveness is a journey.
Forgiveness is a fucking journey.
My counselors, well, the one I
trusted anyway, this chick named
Margaret, told me I should write a
letter to each person I'd ever
disappointed. That'd take my whole
lifetime. So I'm gonna start with
one:

INSERT: Dylan writes in his journal.

INSERT: TITLE CARD: LEANNE IS GONE

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Dear Leanne. I'm on my way to see
your place for the first time. How
you fuckin been, sis? Not too
great, I gather. You told me to
come stay with you and Sean after
rehab- the only offer I got. Come
see the Pacific Ocean. You said I'd
be inspired. Another one of your
fucking 'stay hopeful' texts,
probably. You didn't say you'd be
jumping off a bridge five days
before I showed up. You were the
fucking stable one, sis. Would've
liked you to see me, 90 days a new
man, and give you the chance to be
proud of your little bro, for once.
Sorry I didn't make the funeral.
Even if Mom and Dad had the decency
to give me some cash for a ticket,
I don't know if I could face them
yet. What would I say?

2 EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 2

Dylan walks up the stairs, in the window, he stares at his gaunt face, the dark circles under his eyes. Finally, he fixes his hair, and solemnly knocks on the door.

4 Knocks again, no response. 4

Dylan, who has given up, slowly descends the stairs. Suddenly, the door opens and Sean steps out; Dylan turns around.

Sean gives a look, then turns (did he motion Dylan to come in?), and heads back into the apartment.

Off Sean's look, Dylan takes a few steps forward.

3 INT. APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT 3

INSERT: A blanket is thrown onto the couch.

Dylan lays on it. Alone. Everything is in stillness. He looks around the room, sees:

INSERT: a knitted Beanie on the shelf, and a couple pictures of his sister. Some with the beanie, some with Sean.

Dylan notices some sound coming from the bedroom door, he listens closely, sits up a bit.

Suddenly, a loud BANG, sounds like a book flying across the room, and then the door swings open. Dylan quickly goes into sleeping position.

Sean stumbles out in his underwear, disheveled, like he hasn't been able to sleep; behind him an empty whiskey bottle spins on the floor. Sean is groaning, muffled words. In the dark, Sean goes to the kitchen cabinet and feels for another bottle of whiskey.

We see most of this from Dylan's POV while he pretends to be asleep.

He watches Sean walk past the shelf and grab the beanie, then slumps against the wall of the art room, staring at the opposite wall.

Dylan watches Sean pour more whiskey into a glass, and feel the hat's texture in his hands. Sean's expression looks angry, not really sad.

Sean throws the Beanie hat across the room (again, we only see this in glimpses because we're in Dylan's P.O.V.)

Eventually, Sean heads back to his room, gets on his knees and puts his head on the floor, in defeat. He's in a sort of fetal position.

Closer on Sean, we can only see the back of his head, until he calms, tilts his head up, and snarls directly at Dylan.

JUMP TO:

4 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 4

BANG! The bright sunlight jolts Dylan awake. He realizes the front door has just slammed shut.

Dylan sits up and looks out the window: He sees Sean running down the steps with a briefcase. (4B)

Jump to Dylan sauntering to the kitchen to get some water. On the table, there is a key and a note:

"EGGS"

An arrow points to the fridge.

5 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY 5

We jump to Dylan eating eggs and writing in his journal.

DYLAN (V.O.)

We never got it right to begin with. I was taught in treatment: it isn't about learning to cope with the pain of our childhoods. It's about knowing that no matter how fucked up it gets, there's someone out there struggling more than you. I just never guessed that person woulda been you.

6 EXT. VENICE STREET - DAY 6

Dylan wanders with his backpack on, while many strange people walk by, they seem to study Dylan like a foreigner.

DYLAN (V.O.)

This is fuckin' hard, sis. No heroin no meth no barbituates to flatten me out. Especially the heroin, which has been my only really good friend all these years. You didn't have a friend, sis?

(MORE)

DYLAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We used to be close - really close.
I can't help but think things
mighta been different if I had
answered more of your phone calls.
How the fuck am I supposed to stay
clean with this on my shoulders?

(a beat)

I guess I've started the anger
phase.

Dylan spots a homeless man resting in the sun. He's sitting on the sidewalk, back against the building, and slumped over with his eyes closed.

7 EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY 7

At twilight, Dylan buys some candles at the Venice Boardwalk.

Jump to the beach, Dylan is lighting the candle, and placing it on a paper boat.

At the water's edge, Dylan carefully floats the boat in the waves. A small wave tilts the boat and puts the candle out.

Dylan, frustrated, tries to light the candle again. He gives up trying to light it, and just tries to float it. Instead, it's tossed around in the shallow waves.

Finally, Dylan gets up, grabs the boat and candle, and chucks it as far as he can into the ocean.

8 EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 8

Dylan uses his single key to enter the apartment.

9 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 9

Dylan closes the door. He sees Sean sitting in the Art Room with a whiskey bottle and a glass, staring at the large painting of a man and a woman. A similar scene from the night before.

Dylan is fuming a bit; he walks to the couch and sees the beanie sitting on it, moves it to the coffee table, and grabs the blanket to make his 'bed'.

Jumps: the couch is made; Dylan sits on the couch contemplating his next move.

Then he gets up and leans against the archway, looking at Sean.

Sean ignores Dylan and continues his routine. Pours, drinks.

A minute goes by.

Dylan still sits watching in silence.

Sean pours yet another drink...

DYLAN

Maybe you should cut that out.

Sean smiles.

SEAN

Maybe you should mind your own
fucking business.

DYLAN

This why she did it?

Sean thinks; Dylan kicks a bottle. Sean doesn't react.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You think I don't understand?

Dylan approaches and holds out his arm in the light, and we see all the scars from injecting heroin into his body.

SEAN

(genuine disgust)
That's disgusting.

Sean tries to drink, and Dylan squats to put his arm in Sean's face, which Sean quickly pushes out of the way. When Dylan tries to force it closer to Sean's face, a big push, and the drink spills a bit.

Dylan stumbles back, stands.

Sean stands too, pulls scissors off the art table, and aims it toward Dylan without hesitation.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I don't want a fucking junkie in my
house. Get out!

DYLAN

(he's heard this before)
And go where?

SEAN

Sleep on the fucking street like
the rest of you.

Dylan begins to gather his things in the living room. Sean sets the knife down and watches him. Dylan grabs the beanie hat from the coffee table; Suddenly, Sean appears from behind to stop him, and grabs the other end of the hat.

SEAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck you think you're doing?

DYLAN

I gave this to her.

SEAN

It's not yours.

Dylan pulls, Sean pulls back.

DYLAN

I made it dude.

SEAN

Will you fucking leave it!?

Riiip. Dylan stumbles back with half of the hat in his hands.

A moment of shock, then Sean runs to the table again and grabs the scissors, comes after Dylan, chasing him.

Dylan is forced to jump over the table, knocking down a lamp, and cowers near the couch.

Sean stands, threateningly holding the scissors over Dylan.

Dylan cowers. Sean stops, catching his breath.

Sean sees Dylan cowering, stops, throws the scissors down in front of him, and wanders to the kitchen, picking up his glass again. He mumbles:

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Dylan approaches Sean.

DYLAN

Somehow I think you've said that before.

Sean stops him abruptly.

SEAN

I never. Touched your sister. Not ever. Even though sometimes she was asking for it.

Sean begins to crack a little. Dylan grabs the whiskey glass from Sean a moment passes. Then Dylan downs the rest of it and sets the glass down. Sean grabs another glass and pours two whiskeys. They partake as they speak. Sean is very loosened up at this point.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(inaudibly)
She caught me.

DYLAN
What?

Sean indicates with his eyes toward the bedroom.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Doing what?

Sean, bigger motion to the bedroom.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
The bedroom. Wow. She caught you in bed with another woman.

SEAN
(['it was a guy']the words
are impossible)

DYLAN
She caught you in bed with a guy.

Sean acknowledges this, moves slowly to the art room wall.

SEAN
(slowly pantomimes)
And she just. Put her purse down
and. She just stood there; David
grabbed his clothes and ran out.

Dylan comes closer to listen.

SEAN (CONT'D)
And she couldn't even look at me.
The whole time - like she was
suddenly completely alone - like
she knew she'd been living with a
stranger. Or a ghost. And then she
turned and She.
(a gesture)
Left.

He sits against the wall.

DYLAN

You know what, I think she's a fuckin' idiot. She blamed you for ruining her life, and now she's just doing her best to ruin yours. But what about her family? Hunh? What did we do?

Sean thinks a moment, then nods in agreement.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

It's fucking selfish. And-

A beat. Dylan can't explain any further. He's upset and Sean tries to comfort him, eventually Dylan falls, leans into a hug with Sean, who grabs him softly. Sean begins to break.

SEAN

(words? feelings?)
...I didn't mean to...

Dylan leans in and kisses Sean. Sean begins to kiss back - ferociously; at some point, Sean stops himself, stares.

What's going through their heads? We hold on their faces. So close.

Then closer.

A long moment.

JUMP CUT TO:

10

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

10

Sean and Dylan are oddly placed, exhausted after some sort of intense sexual encounter. Sean is up, and putting his shirt on. Dylan is on the couch.

Sean picks up his empty whiskey glass, then promptly changes his mind, sets it down.

SEAN

I'm going for a walk.

DYLAN

Yeah.

SEAN

Need some air.

Sean heads for the exit.

DYLAN

Hey.

Sean stops, holds his breath.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(with an air of sarcasm)

You're not gonna kill yourself,
right?

A beat.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Okay that was - terrible, sorry.

Sean nods, release of breath.

SEAN

Get some sleep.

And he makes his uncomfortable exit.

Dylan waits a moment, then gets up and puts his shirt on and slips shoes on.

DYLAN (V.O.)

I've come along way from that selfish addict, Leanne. You'd be happy to see it. I wish you were here to help me - get through the pain like you did when we were kids, from getting gay-bashed at school, or beat the shit up by Dad. You were the only one who knew how to dress my wounds. Or tried.

11 EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

11

He goes out to the landing, sees Sean walking away. Sean stops in the middle of the street and faces Dylan. From a distance, we can see him wait a moment.

DYLAN (V.O.)

I'm learning new things every day now - there's no escaping it. Taking that long fuckin' journey.

Then Dylan decides to go with him.

CUT TO BLACK.