**FADE IN:**

**EXT.** **(VERY SUNNY)**

**MUSIC (STEELEY DAN)**

**THE DREAM**

**EXT.** **Beautiful Mansion**

**INT.** Everything is white in the home. The furniture is immaculate.

**EXT.** Small family gets together outside by the pool. The barbeque pit smells of firewood and the aroma of food is delightful. The music is playing in the distance, summer has arrived. Chase (10) is playing in the pool with his best-friend Markus (11) (who would be described by many as “chases twin”). Mary Jane (26) and Dillian(28) are being very flirtatious towards each other, relaxing on comfortable pool chairs outside the pool. Dillian has a “buzz”. Mary Jane is drinking champagne with strawberries, and Dillian is drinking hard liquor (crown on the rocks). Mary Jane is wearing a really sexy white two-piece bathing suit, and Dillian is comfortable in a white silk shirt and white khakis. He picks up his drink and moves gracefully inside.

**INT.** Dillian places his drink on the bar and proceeds to the front room; he walks with a calm stride because he knows what awaits him. **(1)** He enters the room, opens a drawer and sits on the bed. Dillian takes out everything he needs to get high (on heroin) and neatly places it on the side table. Lighter (Zippo) (given to him by his alcoholic/drug-addicted father) Silver spoon, cotton balls, bag of heroin. He begins to cook it no rush, no worries. He’s never been an anxious addict; he has everything he needs. Dillian loves this ritual, the whole set-up. He begins to boil the heroin on the spoon and places the cotton ball on the spoon. He finds a vein in his arm and ties his belt around it. He slowly puts the needle in his arm and waits for the blood to fill the syringe. Dillian pushes the syringe down (Warm, sweet serenity). This is his heaven, the only peace he knows. He leans back and closes his eyes; the warm rush engulfs his soul.

**INT.MARY JANE ENTERS ROOM**

Mary Jane straddles him and proceeds to kiss him and sexually show him affection. Dillian smells her hair and his hands gently caress her silky body, he loves her deeply. She is his peace, his reason to live and breathe. He looks at her with complete abandonment and the deepest of love. His baby blue eyes captivate her soul and reach deep down into her broken spirit(being a victim of sexual abuse from the age of 6 to 12 by her step-father, Mary Jane has never felt any love, until Dillian). His soul has let go completely, his heaven is complete. She is his world. Everything has disappeared and its jus the two of them kissing passionately. She grabs his face to gently dominate, but he always loved this. It made him feel loved and wanted. She picks up his arm (and its bleeding from the shot of heroin) she proceeds to provocatively lick it from the forearm to the vein, keeping her eyes locked into his. He closes his eyes.

**BACK TO REALITY**

**INT. (Dillian and Mary Janes real home)**

**(DILLIAN AND MARYJANES ROOM)**

Dillian begins to wake up from a deep sleep (noises in the distance and an alarm clock beeping bring him back to reality).

**MARY JANE**

Baby, Baby... Wake up (soft voice)

Dillians dog Max (a German Sheppard) is licking his hand as it hangs over the bed. Dillian awakes (to complete chaos) head pounding, already annoyed thinking about getting high (he’s wearing boxers with no shirt). Their room is very poor but they’ve made the best of it. An old brown dresser **(2)** sits in front of their bed with a giant mirror attached to it. A side table is on both sides of bed. There are clothes scattered everywhere on the floor. Mary Jane is already rushing to get her morning started. Dillian slowly gets up (his hair is a sandy mess) he sits on the edge of the bed with a dazed look in his eyes, having a stare down with Max.

**DILLIAN**

(Snaps his fingers at Max)

Get out of here! (Groggy-stern voice)

Max takes off running. Mary Jane is running around looking for her uniform (she’s enrolled in a medical program that consumes her days, and works nights as a waitress) (Mary Jane has overcome her heroin addiction and has been clean for 2 years). She’s frantically getting her clothes on and tying up her hair.

**MARY JANE** (at Dillion)

What are your plans today? You gonna look for a job?

I don’t want you hanging out with your loser friends all day!

Dillian finds a pair of black khakis on the floor with a belt already attached to them, and manages to sluggishly put them on. He says nothing back; it’s too early for interrogation and words. Mary Jane leaves it alone and rushes out to wake up her son Chase.

**INT. RESTROOM IN ROOM**

Dillian closes the sliding door and pulls out a heroin kit that he has stashed on a top of a cabinet. He sits on the toilet and neatly lays everything out just like in his dream. He notices he barely has any heroin in his bag, and wonders how he is going to survive the rest of the day. (Dillian has no money, no job and an addiction that will make his body physically sick if he goes hours without it).

**DILLIAN**

(Looking at the baggy)

Fuck!

Shaking his head in disappointment, he begins the ritual of shooting up. As he is tying off his arm, Mary Jane opens the door. Dillian is holding a rubber, homemade tie off in his teeth, he looks up at her.

**MARY JANE**

Really?

**DILLIAN**

Don’t you knock? (Aggravated voice)

**MARY JANE**

Were leaving

Dillian begins to fill the syringe

**MARY JANE**

It would be nice if you ate breakfast with your son or spend time with him in the morning.

Dillian looks directly at Mary Jane

**DILLIAN**

(Yelling) Bye Buddy! (Directed towards chase) See you later.

**CHASE**

(In the distance) Bye.

**DILLIAN**

(Yelling) love you!

**CHASE**

(In the distance) love you

Mary Jane hands Dillian a twenty dollar bill

**MARY JANE**

Here**,** eat something

Dillian looks at her and proceeds to shoot up; shaking her head in disappointment she throws the money on the restroom sink and leaves. Dillian closes the door behind her (he was always cautious of his drug use, never letting Chase see any of it). Dillian can hear the shuffling outside the door of the two leaving and thinks... (Thank fuckin god!)(He loves Mary Jane with his whole heart, but the early morning chaos always left him frustrated). Dillian finishes up, puts his heroin pack back in its hiding spot, and pockets the money. He proceeds to brush his teeth, then a quick face wash. He runs his hands through his hair (his way of brushing it).

**INT. BEDROOM DRESSER**

Dillian grabs a long sleeve shirt from the drawer. **(3)** He looks at his reflection in the mirror. He begins to stare at himself, study himself. He analyses his chest, and his pale white skeleton figure. He notices his arms and all the tracks marks left behind from years of use. As he falls into a daze he sees a young boy staring back at him. Dillian tilts his head to the side, and the young boy looking back at him tilts his head as well (mimicking Dillian)-Dillian then makes a funny face at the boy, the boy does the same. Dillian makes an angry face at the boy, and the boy does the same. Dillian flexes his bicep muscles at the boy, and the boy does the same. Dillian smiles at the boy, but the boy doesn’t smile back, instead the boy drops his head and never looks back up. Dillian stares deeply into the mirror, he stares deeply at this broken soul. **(4)** He feels hurt for the boy, complete sadness. He wishes the boy would look up at him but he knows he won’t. He never does when Dillian smiles at him (The young boy is Dillian as a child, and he never smiles back because he never knew how to as a child. Dillian never knew anything but pain, hurt, neglect and anger).

**DILLIAN**

(Bowing his head) I’m sorry (directed towards the child) (sad voice)

Max has entered the room and begins licking Dillians hand, Dillian looks at Max, then immediately looks back into the mirror, and the boy is gone. Dillian puts his shirt on, and then sits on the bed. He begins to put on his shoes (an old pair of combat boots). Max is next to him, wanting his attention and his affection.

**DILLIAN**

(Grabbing Maxs face)(Sarcastically) What are YOUR plans today huh? You gonna look for a job?

Dillian puts his face directly onto Max’s, and looks into his eyes (they have a brief moment). He lets go of Max’s face and begins to grab his belongings from the side table (lighter, cigarettes, keys and phone). **(5)**He locks up the house and proceeds out the door.

**THE SEARCH**

**EXT. OUTSIDE-EARLY MORNING**

With a lit up cigarette in hand Dillian unlocks his bike that is sitting on the front porch, and begins his day.

**EXT. BIKE RIDE**

He rides around the neighborhood, its quiet right now. Dillian enjoys the fresh air on his face, for a moment all is well, things seem...ok. Dillian pedals gracefully, enjoying the scenery. His first stop is a mechanic shop where he used to work. **(6)** Its a self owned mechanic body shop and Dillian knows the owner (Kyle) well. Dillian grew up with this man and remained friends with him even after he was fired. The owner saw Dillion like a son, and was friends with with his father for many years. Kyle looked after Dillion for a while after his father passed away. Dillion ran away, and didn’t see Kyle for a few years. Kyle always tried to help Dillian as much as he could. Dillian loved the shop, he felt accepted there, and even though he was fired, Kyle never mentioned that incident again, it was forgotten. Dillian pulls up on his bike; Kyle is working on a car. He greets Dillian.

**KYLE**

(Pointing to the vehicle) Hop in there and give her a turn (Kyle is under the hood)

Dillian tries to turn the car over, but to no avail it won’t start.

**KYLE**

(Messing around under the hood) Try again

Dillian trys to start the car again, with no luck he steps out and begins small talk.

**DILLIAN**

How’s business?

**KYLE**

(Still under hood) Could be better, I have no complaints... puts food on the table. How’s Mary Jane?

**DILLIAN**

She’s good… always busting my chops, but I have no complaints. (Small laugh)

**KYLE**

She’s a good women (looking directly at Dillian) don’t fuck it up. (Goes back to working under the hood)- How’s Chase?

**DILLIAN**

He’s good; he gets taller by the second. Hes on summer break, stay up all night, and sleeps all day. Damn video games.

**KYLE**

Bring him by the shop, I have an old corvette that I’m fixing up, and could use an extra hand. (Winking at Dillian).

**DILLIAN**

Will do… So you think I could come back to work? I mean, I really could use the money (sincere voice)

**KYLE**

(Kyle stops what hes doing, and begins wiping his hands on a rag, looking at dillian) Look Dillian, I have no problem helping you with a job, with anything, ive always told you that but, I can’t help you if you’re not willing to help yourself. Now you come back here clean and I’ll put your ass to work, understand?

**DILLIAN**

(Deep breathe)(Exhales) yeah... I understand

**KYLE**

(Reaching into his wallet, he pulls out a 20 dollar bill and hands it to Dillian) Here

**DILLIAN**

(Hesitant to take the money) Are you sure?

**KYLE**

Is a dogs asshole brown?

**DILLIAN**

(Takes the money, shaking his head in amusement) Yea…I guess so

Kyle proceeds to close the hood of the car, and Dillian gets back on his bike

Dillian pauses for a moment as if he wants to say something to Kyle but instead he looks up and begins to pedal off. He rides off with determination. He rides up to a couple of fast food places and applies for a job. He walks into different restaurants asking if they are hiring, a lot of places tell him no, others tell him to leave an application. With no luck he sits outside the last restaurant (mentally exhausted) he lights up a cigarette. He receives a text from Mary Jane

**MARY JANE**

(Text message) Any luck?

**DILLIAN**

(Text message) No

**MARY JANE**

(Text message) Something will come up, I love you baby.

**DILLIAN**

(Text message) Love you to

Dillian notices a bar across the street, in the distance. He flicks his cigarette and gets on his bike

**DILLIAN**

Fuck it! (Under his breath)

Moving across traffic swiftly Dillian approaches a bar called “The Hollow Tip”. He notices a brand new Mercedes parked outside. It’s black with deep black tint on the windows, and custom chrome rims (everything about that vehicle screams “lots of money”). His criminal mind sets in as he looks into the car. On the front seat lies a laptop and on the floor a black bag.

**ILLUSION-(SLOW MOTION)** Dillian sees his reflection in the dark tint then punches the window, shattering the glass. The car alarm goes off and Dillian immediately grabs the laptop and the bag (he notices his hand is bleeding from the hit)

**CUSTOMER**

**(**Rushing out front door) Hey!

Dillian takes off running leaving his bike, he dodges cars, almost getting hit. Other concerned customers come out of the bar, only to look at broken glass, and a desperate man running away.

**BACK TO REALITY-(STARING AT HIS REFLECTION IN THE DARK TINT)**

**DILLIAN**

It’s too early for all that bullshit! (Under his breath)

**INT.INSIDE THE BAR**

Dillian walks into the bar and looks around, he quickly notices a man (the only man in the bar)and sits on the complete opposite side of him. **(7)** Dillian gets settled in then looks up at the man, he notices the man’s appearance(his expensive watch, his gold rings, his silk suit-black, white shirt, shiny black shoes and custom cufflinks) Dillian notices his drink on the bar(dark drink on the rocks) and money.

Bartender throws a napkin on the bar in front of Dillian

**BARTENDER**

What can I get you?

**DILLIAN**

Crown on the rocks

As Dillian waits for his drink, his posture shows defeat and stress. Bartender places his drink in front of him, and dillian hands him a twenty dollar bill. They exchange services but no conversation. Dillian chugs the drink and points at the bartender for another. He lights up and cigarette and sits there, thinking. Bartender places another drink in front of Dillian. He grabs some of his change from the bar and begins to pay bartender

**BLACK (MAN IN BAR)**

I got it! (waving money at the bartender)

**DILLIAN**

(Lifting up glass to salute) Thanks man

**BLACK**

(Walking over, sits next to Dillian) Just seemed like your having a rough day

**DILLIAN**

Well then thanks again (raising his glass again)

**BLACK**

(Reaching out his hand) I’m Black

**DILLIAN**

(Wiping his hand on his pants, he reaches out his hand) Im Dillian.

Black motions to the bartender for two more

**BLACK**

So what do you do Dillian?

**DILLIAN**

(Repeating what black asked) What do I do? Well… I’m a junky Black, that’s what I do, and (sarcastically) I’m very, very good at it.

Black removes his jacket, and places it on the back of the barstool and rolls up his sleeve

**BLACK**

(Showing track marks) Been there (Rolling his sleeve back down he stares off into the distance, as if he remembers something) It was a fucked up ride, with the devil himself driving… then I woke up one day and realized I wanted to drive so I kicked that mutherfucker out, I turned the car around and cruised off into the sunset. Well, it wasn’t a sunset at first. I had to pull over a couple of times from being sick and I cried like a baby other times when I was alone but… I never once thought about turning around