

SWEAT EVAN/CHRIS

EVAN – You okay? You need some air or something?

CHRIS – Nah. I...I ran into Jason. Wasn't expecting it.

EVAN – What was that like?

CHRIS – Weird...weird. He looked different.

EVAN – Yeah?

CHRIS – He had tats on his face. Big fucking tats. He looked ridiculous. I had to deal with that shit inside. You know? Aryan Brotherhood. But, Jason...that shit surprised me. He looked old, like a man. Like his dad useta, before he died. It kinda freaked me out.

EVAN – I bet.

CHRIS – I dunno. A couple minutes, and your whole life changes, that's it. It's gone. Every day I think about what if I hadn't, you know...I run it, and run it, a tape, over and over, in my head. I can't turn it off. Reverend Duckett said "Lean on God for forgiveness. Lean on God to find your way through the terrible storm" I'm leaning into the wind, I fucking leaning...And..and there's Jason. Crossing Penn, you know, and I'm just chilling, looking into the window of Sneaker Villa, not thinking about anything. He sees me. I see him. Neither of us could..um, move, for a second. We...it was...I've been thinking about what I would do in that moment. How would I react? What would I say. I mean...fuck it. What we did was unforgivable...

EVAN – So, what –

CHRIS – Next thing I know, I'm walking fast toward him, I don't know what I'm gonna do. But the emotions are right there in my chest. A fist pressing right there in my chest. And I'm expecting him to walk away, do something, but he just stands there, like he's been waiting for me all these years. And..we come face to face. Like right there. I can smell his breath, that's how close we are. I can see the fucking veins in his eyes. And, my fists clench. My fingernails dig into the palms of my hands and then, it just happens...weird...We're hugging. Hugging. I don't know why. And, for the first time in eight years, I feel like I could go home.