

INT. AL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Al is sitting on his bed holding one of Dude's toys.

Matt stands at the door way.

MATT

It sucks.

AL

Dude was always the first to greet me at the door when I'd come home. Mom's usually at work. When I'd get sick, he never left my side. He thought licking my face would make me feel better. And it kind of did.

Al chokes up as he tries to hold it back.

MATT

You know it's okay to be sad or mad or whatever you're feeling. Dude's part of your family. That's a hell of a loss and everyone handles it different.

AL

I guess.

MATT

You know he's still here. In this room, in your home, because he's in your heart. And he will be with you where ever you go. Death is a small part of life. Don't let this tragedy take over your thoughts. Dude brought you comfort when he was here. Let him do it now.

AL

Yeah.

MATT

It will get better son.

Al gives Matt a weak but hopeful smile. Matt nods and leaves the room.