

THE 2ND LIFE OF RILEY

"Here Comes the Flood"

written by

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Draft 07/16/2010

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

It's a Man's World.

Water flows out of a faucet. Hands reach down, fill with water.

Splash. A man scrubs his face.

A white towel, rubs the face dry.

The towel is thrown to the side. The man reaches for a white dress shirt.

Slips it on, buttons it up.

Touches the fabric, smooths it out.

He reaches, grabs, and pulls on a sharp grey suit coat.

He looks in the mirror. RILEY, 40, a hard face,, a thin line for a mouth. It's been a long time since he's seen himself in anything but State issued. He's in need of a shave.

He walks past the stalls, out of the bathroom.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Riley's POLISHED SHOES click on the floor as he walks down the hallway.

Behind him, a few guards, with scuffed, cheap shoes.

INT. PRISON DOOR - CONTINUOUS

They reach THE DOOR. A YOUNG GUARD, late 20s, nods to another GUARD, 50s, who sits behind bullet proof glass. He drops the magazine he's reading and pushes a button.

Buzz. The Young Guard pushes the door open. Bright SUNLIGHT pours in.

Riley takes a moment, this is it. A breath, then he steps through the door, into the light.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PRISON, JOLIET, IL - CONTINUOUS

COWBOY BOOTS. Beat-up, comfortable.

DAVEY SMITH, 45, owner of those cowboy boots, leans against his car, wearing sun glasses. He's a T-shirt and jeans kinda guy. Lanky, tall.

He turns, sees the door opening. Pulling off his sun glasses, he pushes away from his car. He moves towards the prison door.

Riley walks, he's in no hurry, the sunlight feels great.

They meet halfway. They look at each other for a moment. They hug. It's been a while.

RILEY

It's good to see you, Davey.

DAVEY

You, too. Come on.

They turn back to the car.

INT. THE CAR - EVENING

Davey drives as Riley looks out the window. If his face was designed for it, he just might smile.

DAVEY

I was worried you'd never get out.

RILEY

Good behavior. They had to.

(Beat)

Did you get the information about her?

DAVEY

She's not going to want to see you.

Riley looks at him.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

You did kill her brother.

Beat.

RILEY

(shaking his head)

I'm a changed man, Davey. Whether she knows it or not, she was a part of that.

Davey looks at Riley, judging what Riley said.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
I could use a drink. Take me to  
Cindy's.

DAVEY  
Cindy's? Really?

Riley looks at Davey.

RILEY  
Cindy's. On you. I'm a little  
cash short.

DAVEY  
And I'm not?

RILEY  
Consider it my just got out of jail  
present.

Davey smiles.

Riley settles in for the drive home.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The car zooms down the highway, heading towards Chicago.

EXT. CINDY'S, A DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The neighborhood corner bar. Brown, fluorescent beer signs  
light the window. Busy.

INT. CINDY'S, A DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Riley and Davey step into the bar.

Riley looks around. He missed this place. The jukebox is  
playing some rock song. Tables and chairs. Opposite the  
bar, booths. In the back, pool tables, currently occupied.

RILEY  
Grab us a seat. A booth.

Riley heads to the bar, as Davey heads to an empty booth.

INT. CINDY'S, THE POOL TABLE - CONTINUOUS

NICKY, 22, untucked dress shirt, slicked back hair, gold  
watch sees Davey go to a booth.

He taps on the shoulder of a pool player, BRUCE, 35, the leader, better dressed. He takes a moment, NODS to Nicky and goes back to the game.

INT. THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Riley pushes himself between two regulars. One of them gives him a look. Riley looks back. The regular returns to his drink.

SARAH, 22, the bartender, piercings, heavy eye liner, punk blonde, steps up to Riley.

SARAH  
What can I get you?

RILEY  
What happened to Cindy?

SARAH  
Cindy?

RILEY  
It's her bar.

SARAH  
Mike owns the bar.

RILEY  
Who's Mike?

Sarah points.

MIKE, 30, thick, baseball hat on backwards, pouring a drink, laughing at his own joke with a couple of customers at the bar.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
(to Sarah, disappointed)  
A couple of vodka tonics.

SARAH  
Right up.

She goes.

Riley turns and looks around the bar. He realizes, it's changed, this wasn't the place he remembers. The crowd is young, dressed alike. He shakes his head.

INT. THE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Davey in the booth, looking around.

Riley HANDS Davey his drink.

RILEY  
Freedom tastes like cheap vodka.

Laughter.

Riley SITS, drinks again.

DAVEY  
You know what we need to do: find  
you a woman. First thing I did  
when I got out. Borrowed some  
money, hired a hooker. It'll set  
you right.

RILEY  
I'll pass.

Davey shrugs.

DAVEY  
Oh, listen, I did you a favor.  
I've set you up with something.

RILEY  
With what?

DAVEY  
A job. Nothing great. Working  
with me at the loading dock.

RILEY  
Really.

DAVEY  
Don't look down on it. A man with  
your job skills ain't exactly  
marketable.

Riley takes a drink. Nods. A brand new world.

RILEY  
You're right.

Nicky, with a YOUNG GOON, a mini me of Nicky, at the table.

NICKY  
Davey. What are you doing here?  
You were told not to come back here  
until you had the money.

DAVEY

Nicky. Hey.

NICKY

You know the rules.

The goon SLIDES into the booth, next to Davey.

Riley watches carefully, he's charged.

DAVEY

This is Riley. He's a good friend of mine. Just got out of prison. He wanted to come here. What should I say?

NICKY

You say, fuck you prison boy, let's go to Denny's.

Riley looks up at Nicky.

RILEY

We'll go when we're finished.

Davey LOOKS at the goon next to him, the goon SMILES, he's going to enjoy beating the shit out of Davey.

RILEY (CONT'D)

We don't want any trouble.

NICKY

Fuck what you want.

Riley doesn't say anything. Nicky steps closer.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Just got out a prison, huh? Got any fight in ya? Or did you take it in that ass? Do you wanna suck my dick?

RILEY

We're just here for a drink.

NICKY

(poking Riley in the chest)

Come on, Riley. Show me there's still a man in there.

Riley stands, he's a little taller than Nicky.

Beat. Riley doesn't move.

Nicky GRINS.

NICKY (CONT'D)  
What, is that it?

Riley turns to Davey.

RILEY  
Let's go.

Nicky GRABS Riley by the shoulder.

NICKY  
I'm talking to you!

Riley takes a SWING at Nicky, Nicky steps back, the FIST FLOWS by.

Nicky PUNCHES Riley in the STOMACH and then across to the face. Riley goes DOWN.

DAVEY  
Riley!

Nicky let's a WHOOP. The bar stares at him.

NICKY  
Look at that! He went down like a  
bit--

BLAM, Riley DELIVERS a punch to Nicky's jaw. As Nicky sags, Riley hauls him back up and PUNCHES him in the face, again, and again. It's brutal. BLOOD PULSES from Nicky's face.

The goon in the booth REACHES for Davey, there's a tussle. It's tight, neither can throw a hard punch, not enough room.

A HAND reaches and turns Riley around.

Riley's EYES burn bright.

Riley drops Nicky.

He GRABS THE FINGERS of the man and twists.

OPEN PALM punch up to the elbow of the straight arm. CRUNCH. The man SCREAMS. Falls to his knees.

Riley turns back to Davey.

The goon reaches for a GUN.

Riley PULLS him up, out of the booth, across the small table and BAM, HEAD BUTTS him.

The goon SAGS.

Riley lets go of him, STAGGERS back a little. He's dazed. He looks at Davey, whose nose is bleeding.

DAVEY  
(looking at the wreckage)  
Holy shit.

Riley turns. The bar is silent, except for the groans.

Davey GRABS him.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Come on! COME ON.

Riley snaps out of it.

Davey pulls Riley out of the bar.

EXT. THE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Bruised and battered, Riley picks up his pace. Davey behind, wiping blood from his nose.

DAVEY  
(pinching his nose)  
Holy fuck! Three guys! Holy shit,  
what did you do?

Riley grabs Davey and pushes him against a shuttered store.

Riley isn't playing.

RILEY  
Shut up. Just shut up.

Riley lets go and walks on.

Davey runs after Riley.

EXT. THE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Riley at the car. Pacing. Davey catches up, a bloody newspaper at his nose.

RILEY  
What hell was that about?

Riley wipes the blood from his lip.

DAVEY

Nothing.

RILEY

I just beat three guys over  
nothing? Do you owe some guy  
money?

Davey says nothing.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Jesus. Davey. What the fuck  
happened?

Silence. Finally.

DAVEY

You've been gone a long time.  
Alright? But, I'm handling it.  
Can we go now? I would prefer to  
bleed in the comfort of my own  
home.

Davey looks at Riley. Riley knows he's right.

Davey BEEPS the car open. They get in.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Davey's car is parked out front of a small house, that hasn't been kept up, the lawn needs to be mowed, the house needs some paint. It fits in with the rest of the neighborhood.

DAVEY (O.S.)  
Ow! Jesus.

RILEY (O.S.)  
Shut up.

INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Straight out of twenty years ago, ugly colors, stove has pizza boxes stacked on it.

Davey sits on a counter top. Beer in one hand, the other holding the ice pack on his face.

DAVEY  
It's cold.

RILEY  
How much?

DAVEY  
20k.

Riley shakes his head, looks away.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
That's nothing.

Riley wets a towel, wrings it out, dabs at his face. He sees himself in the kitchen window. Bruised, he still needs a shave.

Riley goes to the fridge and grabs a beer.

RILEY  
I thought you were done with this shit. You TOLD me you were done with this shit.

Davey shrugs.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
What were you thinking?

DAVEY

I was thinking that fucking horse  
was going to pay off, that's what I  
was fucking thinking.

RILEY

You don't go making bets with these  
guys--

DAVEY

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

RILEY

You're going to pay these guys off.

DAVEY

Yeah, I should. Can you hand me my  
check book?

He laughs, throws the ice pack into the sink.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I got it under control, alright?

Riley shakes his head.

Beat.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Tonight was Vintage Riley.

RILEY

It was a mistake.

DAVEY

Lucky for us.

RILEY

I spent twelve years thinking about  
the guy I killed.

DAVEY

He was an asshole.

RILEY

Doesn't mean he had to die. Davey,  
I don't want to be the guy I was  
before.

Beat.

DAVEY

None of this woulda happened if we  
got you the hooker.

Off Riley's reaction, as he starts to laugh.

INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE, THE LIVING ROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

Riley's suit is laid out carefully on a Lazy Z Boy.

Shoes to the side.

Riley lays on the couch, covered by a thin blanket. He  
stares up at the ceiling. The gears in his head turn. He  
can't make them stop. He flops onto his side, shutting his  
eyes.

INT. EL TRAIN, CROWDED - MORNING

Riley and Davey ride the El Train, both of their faces  
BRUISED. Davey sleeps as Riley, unsure what to do with his  
hands, open close, open close. He looks around at the  
people.

A KID with an iPod, big headsets WATCHING A MOVIE.

A WOMAN on the PHONE.

BUSINESS PEOPLE with headsets. Music. Movies. Games.

EBOOKS.

A WEATHERED OLD MAN, sitting, doing nothing catches Riley's  
eye, smiles.

Riley turns away, tucks his hands into his arm pits.

EXT. LOADING DOCK, HOME DEPOT - MORNING

A Semi up against the loading dock of Home Depot . A few men  
unload the truck, tools, garden supplies, etc. into the  
store.

INT. LOADING DOCK, HOME DEPOT - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Riley, watches the men work. All of them in uniform  
work clothes. Just like it was in prison.

HAND ON HIS SHOULDER.

Riley jumps, turns.

JEFF, the Foreman, clip board held in stubby fingers, cheap glasses. Hands up in surrender.

Davey, with Jeff, steps forward.

DAVEY  
Slow down there, cowboy.

JEFF  
Is he always this jumpy?

DAVEY  
Just in the morning.

This seems to calm Jeff, he nods.

JEFF  
Davey here vouches for you. Says  
you're a hard worker.

RILEY  
That's right.

JEFF  
I don't mind hiring ex-cons, just  
so you know, it doesn't bother me.

RILEY  
Really?

JEFF  
They got strong backs and they are  
used to taking orders. But don't  
fuck with me, I will throw your ass  
out on the street. Plenty more ex-  
cons. Davey will get you a  
uniform.

Jeff makes a note, turns.

RILEY  
I got to go early today.

Jeff looks back, lips together, annoyed.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
I got to meet my parole officer.  
If you don't mind.

Jeff doesn't have time for this, he turns and walks away.

JEFF  
Just remember to punch out.

Davey pulls Riley towards the Semi.

DAVEY

Don't piss off Jeff. He holds grudges.

RILEY

Have you ever wanted to shank Jeff?

DAVEY

I thought you were a new man.

RILEY

Old habits.

They move towards the locker room.

EXT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Corner diner, it's seen better days.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

TWO WAITRESSES talk at the coffee maker. KATIE FREY, 35, tough, focused, POURS several mugs of coffee as CLAUDIA, beehive, a fixture of the diner, talks.

CLAUDIA

Katie, these knees can't handle double shifts anymore.

KATIE

Do me this favor.

CLAUDIA

I'm too old to spend all the favors I already got coming to me.

KATIE

I have to pick up my son after school.

CLAUDIA

And what about his father?

Katie picks up the mugs, and looks at Claudia. Claudia can see the answer on her face.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Ok. Alright. Just this once.

Katie mouths 'thanks' as she DROPS off the mugs of coffee to waiting customers.

She sees A MAN in a CORNER booth, next to the windows.

Katie grabs silverware, menu and a glass of water.

INT. DINER, BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Katie steps up to the booth.

KATIE

Do you know what you'd like?

She glances outside.

RILEY. Looking at her.

Katie drops the glass, it bounces on the table and then off.

Shatters.

MAN IN BOOTH

Jesus!

Katie looks down.

She PLUCKS at the glass, careful not to cut herself.

She LOOKS again.

Riley's gone.

Claudia comes up with some towels, broom.

CLAUDIA

You ok, honey?

KATIE

Just thought I saw. It was nothing.

She looks again. Yeah. It was nothing.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

A state office building, downtown.

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Riley jogs down a hallway, looking for...

...the right door. A pebbled glass. PAROLE OFFICER.

He goes in.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

AN ASSISTANT, DELIA, young, awkward, stands by a file cabinet. She's startled by Riley's entrance.

DELIA  
Woah. Hi. You scared me. Do you  
have an appointment?

RILEY  
Riley. 3 o'clock.

Delia looks down at the appointment book.

DELIA  
Oh. You're late.

She looks at him, a sort of gosh, I don't know what to do for you.

The door of the side office opens up.

MAGGIE CROPPER, 32, smartly dressed, moves like a laser beam.

MAGGIE  
Late is late, Mr. Riley. Excuse or  
not.

Maggie hands Delia a stack of folders, who turns away, taking ONE LAST LOOK of Riley, before filing.

Maggie PICKS up a file off Delia's desk.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
What happened to your face?

RILEY  
Fell down some stairs.

MAGGIE  
Hate to see what happened to the  
stairs.

RILEY  
Listen, I got out of work late, and  
the trains--

MAGGIE  
Mr. Riley, you may not take my job  
seriously, but I do.  
(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I am here to make sure those that have served their time adjust and integrate back into society so they don't commit crimes that will send them back to jail. So, forgive me if I'm not that interested in your excuses. Do you understand me?

RILEY

Yeah.

Maggie frowns.

MAGGIE

All that and all you got to say is yeah? That was my best stuff.

RILEY

Are you going to meet with me or not?

Maggie looks at Delia, Delia looks away, back to work. Then:

MAGGIE

The State of Illinois pays me to do a job, I might as well do it. Maggie Cropper, you can call me Maggie. I'm your parole officer.

INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE, NEAT - CONTINUOUS

A small office with a well organized desk. Matching the well organized wall, DEGREES, AWARDS.

Maggie, reading the file, flops into her chair.

Riley stands.

Maggie looks up.

MAGGIE

Why are you standing?

Riley sits. Getting comfortable.

Maggie reads the file. Finishing, she closes the file and laces her fingers together.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

So... Twelve years in prison. Second degree murder. Did you do it?

Riley sizes her up.

RILEY

I did.

Off Maggie.

MAGGIE

Huh. Most men sit in that chair  
and tell me they didn't do it.  
Miscarriage of justice.

RILEY

Those happen.

MAGGIE

Sure they do.

Riley smiles.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Mr. Riley, it is my hope, and the  
State of Illinois' hope that you  
have mended your ways. That you  
have learned from your crimes. And  
that you will be a valuable part of  
this community.

RILEY

I spent twelve years thinking about  
where I went wrong. It's time I  
tried living right for a change.

Maggie takes this in. It's not something she hears often.

MAGGIE

You got a job?

RILEY

Yeah.

MAGGIE

You have a place to stay?

RILEY

Yeah.

MAGGIE

Alright. One bit of advice. Meet  
new people. The old ones ain't  
nothing but trouble.

Riley says nothing.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

We're done.

Riley stands, grabs the door.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

One more thing, you are more than likely to commit a crime, a good chance the same one that took you to Joliet. I hope that what you said is the truth and that you really do want to walk the walk.

Riley nods.

Maggie, back to her files.

He goes.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Riley walks down the steps of the building.

He SLOWS, stops. Shit. Him.

RILEY

Garrison.

At the bottom of the steps: GARRISON, 40s, thick, a sharp suit, POLISHED shoes, sunglasses, eating CHIPS. He SEES Riley, SMILES, chucks the bag.

GARRISON

RILEY!

Garrison moves to give Riley a hug. Riley steps BACK.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

Come on, man. What is this? This is a moment! You're ruining the reunion!

RILEY

There's no reunion.

Riley starts walking away.

Garrison follows.

GARRISON

I want to get the band back together.

Laughter.

RILEY  
I'm not interested.

GARRISON  
You should hear me out.

From inside his coat, Garrison pulls a HANDGUN. Big. The sort of GUN that might bring down an elephant. If you saw one on the streets of Chicago.

Riley moves, pushing the gun and in between him and Garrison.

RILEY  
Jesus, Garrison, don't you know  
where we are?

Riley looks around. Cops, lawyers, all sorts making their way in and out of the building.

Garrison just laughs. Waves.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Stop that.

GARRISON  
Listen. I'm serious. I got a job.

RILEY  
How did you know I was out? How  
did you know I was here?

GARRISON  
Sources. A bar fight isn't the  
quietest way to start out on  
parole. I figured you had to show  
up here sooner or later. Shit, do  
I have to pee.

Riley, done, steps close to Garrison. Face to face.

RILEY  
I'm out of the game. For good.

GARRISON  
Straight and narrow?

RILEY  
Yeah So stay the fuck away from  
me. Or I just might change my  
mind.

GARRISON  
I'm the one with the gun.

Riley makes his choice.

RILEY  
Go ahead. Shoot me.

Riley TURNS, and walks away.

Stashing the gun, Garrison SMILES. He shouts after Riley.

GARRISON  
Right there! That's why I like  
you! GUTS! Call me! No, no, I'll  
call you! What's your number?

Garrison LAUGHS.

Riley TURNS a corner.

SMASH TO BLACK

END ACT ONE