

**RILEY'S TRIP HOME**

1 INT. HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DUSK

A family consisting of a mother, father and early teen boy sits eating around a dinner table. The table is set very nice, they are in a wealthy home. The parents are having an intense argument. Uncomfortable, the kid tries to leave table causing more conflict.

DAD

Where do you think you're going?

The kid sits back down quickly.

DAD (CONT'D)

And why the fuck do you keep  
yelling at me?

(Turning towards the mom)

MOM

Oh come on Jason! Can't you take  
responsibility for anything?!

JASON

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

MOM

Oh, yeah right.  
(Standing up and walking  
into living room)

JASON

(Slams the dinner table,  
plates and silverware  
clink)

God dammit!

Jason stands up and chases her into the living room. The kid also stands up and uses this as his moment to escape. He leaves the kitchen and starts to walk up the stairs.

2 INT. HOUSE, STAIRWELL - DUSK

JASON

Just because you're mad at  
Brittany! Doesn't mean you can  
scream at me!

(From the living room)

The kid continues up the stairs and into his room.

3 INT. HOUSE, KIDS BEDROOM - DUSK

The kid turns on tv to drown out the yelling downstairs. He keeps increasing the volume to block out his parents screaming downstairs. Suddenly his father stops yelling at his mom and yells up to him.

JASON

Turn that tv down!

The kid turns the tv off and gets into his bed. He puts the pillow over his head to drown out the sound.

4 INT. HOUSE, KIDS BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's night now, we can see through the window, and the kid is now in pajamas. The kid lay awake in bed. A minute or so goes by. He hops out of bed and grabs flashlight from side desk drawer. he flicks it on, lighting up a good section of his room. he opens his closet, pulls out a backpack and his newest pair of tennis shoes. Then he scurries over to his chest of drawers taking only a couple shirts and a pair of pants out, before almost completely emptying his underwear drawer. He gets dressed and sits back down on his bed. He takes a deep breath, before getting down on his knees and pulling a cardboard shoes box out from under his bed. He opens the shoe box to see a wad of cash, about \$200, a lot for his age. He grabs all the money and shoves it in his Hershel wallet. He then throws his coat over his shoulders and creaks his door open.

5 INT. HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

He slides out through the tiniest of cracks, desperate not to wake his parents.

6 INT. HOUSE, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

He slithers down the staircase, careful to avoid the third to last step because of the loud creaking sound it makes when stepped on.

7 INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He goes to the front door and unlocks it, passing his snoring father on the couch. He pauses for a second before leaving. He slowly creeps over to the kitchen.

## 8 INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

He walks over to the pantry. He opens his cabinet of choice revealing an 80 pack of fruit snacks. He tears open the cardboard box and pours the fruit snacks into his empty backpack. He smiles, feeling ready.

## 9 INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He slips out the front door.

## 10 EXT. FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

As soon as he gets outside his whole demeanor switches. He stops moving like a serpent and starts moving more like an elephant. He marches down his front steps, free at last.

## 11 EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The kid walks about 10 blocks to the closest main road. As he walks through the middle of the night, he walks past a homeless person slipping a needle into their arm. A short time later he sees a man yelling at no one from across the street. He gets instantly uneasy, but the man passes him without a second thought. Next, a car slows down next to him and rolls down the window. Asking if he needs a ride.

MAN

Need a ride?

The kid ignores him and continues walking.

MAN (CONT'D)

Hey kid.

The kid peers over at the man driving next to him.

MAN (CONT'D)

Yeah you. Get in.

KID

No thanks.

The kid speeds up a bit, but so does the car.

MAN

Seriously it's no problem. Where you goin anyway?

The kid keeps walking.

MAN (CONT'D)

Hey!

KID

Leave me alone.

The man drives off annoyed. The kid finally arrives at the main road, with the intention to flag down a cab and request a ride to his friend's house a little bit outside of town. A cab pulls up next to the kid and the cab driver takes a look at him and shakes his head in confusion.

CAB DRIVER

Get in.

The kid opens the cab door and gets

12 INT. INSIDE CAB - NIGHT

The kid buckles his seatbelt, slightly unsure from his walk but still sticking to his plan. Before starting to drive, the driver requests the kid id.

CAB DRIVER

How old are you? Let me see your ID.

The kid slides his wallet out of his jean pocket and hands it to the driver. The driver takes a quick look at the kid's birthdate, but a longer look at his address and passes the wallet back.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you Riley, My name's Jim.

(Kindly)

RILEY

Nice to meet you too.

JIM

Where to?  
(Inquisitively)

RILEY

1972 Lincoln Street.

JIM

Where's that at?  
(Confused)

RILEY

A little bit outside of town.

NEW ANGLE - CAB CAR SIDE VIEW, DRIVING THROUGH THE NIGHT

NEW ANGLE - BACK INSIDE THE CAB

Riley and Jim start to talk about life a bit.

JIM

So... what's a kid like you doing  
takin' a cab in the middle of the  
night?

(Confused, but also at the  
same time as if nothing  
surprises him anymore)

RILEY

I'm running away from home.  
(Bravely)

Jim can't help but laugh a bit.

RILEY (CONT'D)

It's not funny!

JIM

I'm sorry. My bad kid.  
(Starting to hold back his  
laughter)  
Now why would you want to do that?

RILEY

I hate it there! My parents are  
always fighting. They yell each  
other all day, everyday.  
(Slumping down in his  
seat)

About 30 seconds of silence pass.

JIM

When I was just nine, my momma  
packed up her bags and left without  
so much as a word. Not even a  
thought to take me with her... My  
father used to beat my momma so bad  
and so often, that every time I saw  
her, she looked different.  
(A beat)  
To this day I have no solid memory  
of what her face actually looks  
like.

RILEY

What happened to you after that?

JIM

Well, he took his anger out on me of course! Nine years I lived alone with that son of a bitch. When I was I 16 or so, I met the love of my life. She made every little thing so much better. I stayed with her most of the time rather than my father. Her parents weren't perfect, but they loved each other, and they loved me. It was nice to be in a house where I felt loved. But you know what they say, what's good never lasts.

RILEY

What do you mean? Why didn't it last?

JIM

(Shaking his head)

I got drafted into the army. I was mad, but also glad. As long as Maria and I could make it through, it seemed perfect. I would get to travel, I'd no longer have to see my father, and Maria and I would be set up nice when I came home.

(Lets out a big sigh)

Of course, little did I know Vietnam was the worst hell any man can go through. Ten months of trucking through mud and sludge, worried the smallest of twigs could be a trap. When you hear a noise in the jungle, your whole life flashes before your eyes.

RILEY

Woah.

(Enthralled by the story)

JIM

Every night sitting in a hole in the rain, filled with dead rats and maggots. Those were just the conditions, don't get me started on what I saw. War brings out a side of people they never knew existed. American soldiers so angry they take it out on the local women. I've seen some fucked up shit Riley. The shit they only talk about in the movies.

Riley looks uncomfortable and begins to question his decision to run away.

JIM (CONT'D)

Once I came back to America, Maria had left me, my father had died, and I couldn't find a job to save my life.

RILEY

That sucks.

JIM

Tell me about it.

Riley continues to look uncomfortable.

JIM (CONT'D)

Anyway, so now I'm just a cab driver.

(A beat)

You okay kid?

RILEY

Uh... Yeah. I'm good.

(A beat)

Do you like being a cab driver?

JIM

I can honestly say, more than anything else ever I've ever done. At least in my car, I don't have to answer to anyone but myself.

(Smiling)

Plus, I get to meet all sorts of people with all sorts of stories. There's something about picking up someone in cab that makes them share their whole life with you. I've heard a lot of rough stories.

Riley nods but still looks uncomfortable. A moment goes by before he speaks.

RILEY

I want to go home.

(Slight whimper)

JIM

What was that?

RILEY  
I want to go back home.  
(Tear comes down his  
cheek)

JIM  
I know kid, I know. We're a few  
blocks away.

Riley starts to look out the window to gain familiarity.

RILEY  
To my house?

JIM  
You're not ready for real life kid.  
You got a family that loves you and  
needs you. There's no reason to  
grow up too fast, trust me. I  
didn't have all this time to make  
my decisions. But don't you think  
it would have helped me if I did?  
You've been given a good life son,  
now do me a favor and take  
advantage of it.

The car pulls up to Riley's house.

JIM (CONT'D)  
We're here.

RILEY  
Thanks Jim.

Riley opens the door.

JIM  
You're welcome Riley.

Riley smiles and closes the door before opening it one more  
time.

RILEY  
How'd you know where I lived?

JIM  
You're ID kid.

Riley laughs and closes the door.



NEW ANGLE - THROUGH BOTH CAR WINDOWS, SO OUTSIDE CAR, BEHIND IT. SEE JIM LOOKING AT RILEY AND RILEY SNEAK INTO HOUSE. ONCE RILEY IS INSIDE JIM DRIVES AWAY REVEALING US LOOKING AT RILEY'S NICE HOUSE.