

SECOND CHANCE

Written by

Paul Cantea

EXT. DARK ALLEY

The sound of running footsteps echoes through the dark.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
About a year ago I started having
these dreams...I'm running and
someone is chasing me.

A man is chasing the narrator. We cannot see their faces but
se hear their panting breath, their footsteps slapping
against the pavement.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
I don't know why he's chasing me,
but I keep running. It's getting
harder to breathe...

The narrator knocks over a pile of trash, trips, and falls to
the ground. He tries to get back up quickly but chasing man
catches up.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He finally catches me and...

The man pulls out a gun, slowly points it at the narrator.

CHASING MAN
(very quiet, almost
whispering)
You're dead.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The narrator wakes up with a start. He is a man in his early
20s and looks very unkept. His 5 o'clock shadow has gotten
long and his hair needs a makeover. He is panting and sweat
is dripping from his forehead. The morning light is starting
to filter through the blinds. The narrator checks his clock.

NARRATOR
Fuck me. Get a fucking grip Mike.
Fuck.

Mike gets up and walks to the bathroom. He checks his
reflection in the mirror with a worried look on his face. He
looks down at his hand. It is shaking.

MIKE
(under his breath)
Where the fuck did I put that shit.
God damn it.

Mike starts to look through the bathroom drawers, becoming more panicked as he closes each one. He cannot find what he is looking for. He exits the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Mike is heading towards the door. He checks his coat pockets, for his phone and dials a number.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - (CONTINUOUS)

While walking to the elevator Mike is trying to reach someone on the phone. It rings a couple of times and goes to voicemail.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
Hey, you've reached the cellphone
of James. Sorry I can't come to the
phone right now, but leave a
voicemail and I'll get back to you.
Eventually. (laughter)

MIKE
Fucking prick. Thanks for
answering.

Mike enters the elevator and the doors close behind him.

EXT. HOUSE - DAYTIME

Mike pulls his car in the driveway of a house. He exits the car and looks around the neighbor. There is no one on the street except for a man a couple of houses down smoking a cigarette. He is looking at Mike. When Mike catches the man's eye, the man looks away.

MIKE
(under his breath)
What the fuck's your problem.

Mike heads for the front door. He pulls out a screwdriver and a bobby pin from his pockets. He attempts to pick the lock. After a couple of seconds the door finally gives way.

INT. HOUSE

Mike walks opens the door quietly and peers inside. It looks very cozy and lived-in. Mike walks in and heads towards the bedroom. It seems he has been here before

MIKE

You better not be home you fucker.
If I get caught I'm dead.

Mike walks towards the closet and slides open the door. He starts rifling through the clothes.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I know you fucking have it here.
Where do you keep it damn it.

Mike chances upon a small bag on the floor of the closet. It contains a white powder, most likely heroin. Mike heads out of the house very quickly and enters his car. He drives away. The man observing Mike earlier is still standing in the same spot. He looks at Mike as he drives by.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Mike parks his car in the lot. He walks inside the store, and goes up to the cashier.

MIKE

Pack of Turkish Royals please.

CASHIER

Got your I.D. on you?

MIKE

(while fumbling for his
wallet)

Yea yea. Here

The cashier takes the I.D. and looks at the picture. He shifts his gaze upon Mike. Mike is starting to feel uncomfortable. The cashier hands Mike the I.D.

CASHIER

That'll be \$5.69 please.

MIKE

Serious? Fucking rip-off man.

He pulls out 6 dollars from his wallet and slams it on the counter. He picks up his pack of smokes. His hand is shaking worse.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Thanks a lot.

Mike checks his watch. It is 9 in the morning. Out of the corner of his eye he sees the man from earlier standing on the corner of the store, still smoking his cigarette. Mike looks in his direction but the man is gone. He shakes his head and enters his car.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Fuck Mike, just get a grip and get
this shit over with.

He reaches for his keys and sticks them in the ignition. His hand is shaking.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - DAY

Mike is going through the drive-thru of a fast food restaurant. The clocks in the car shows 12pm.

FAST FOOD WORKER
(through intercom)
Hi, welcome to Jack in the Box, may
I take your order?

MIKE
Yea, I'll take a cheeseburger no
onions and medium coke.

FAST FOOD WORKER
Would you like some fries with that
sir?

MIKE
No thanks.

FAST FOOD WORKER
Ok, that'll be \$8.40 at the next
window please.

Mike pulls up to the next window. He pays the cashier and picks up his food. His hand is rock steady. He starts driving away from the restaurant when he sees the same man from earlier standing in the parking lot. Mike slams on his brakes.

MIKE
What the fuck!

Mike leaves his car and chases after the man. He runs through the cars towards a building at the end of the parking lot. The mysterious man is clearly faster than Mike.

The man runs around a corner. He is hiding waiting for Mike to turn the corner. When he does, the man extends his arm and catches Mike in the neck. Mike is knocked unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Mike has a hood over his head. His mouth is duct tapes and his hands and feet are tied. He is in the trunk of a car. On the stereo he can hear Johnny Cash's "God is gonna cut you down". The car stops moving. We hear a door slamming and the trunk opening. Mike is pulled out of the trunk and tossed on the ground. The hood from his head is removed and the light blinds him. After a couple of seconds his eyes adjust and he can see the face of the mysterious man. He is a well groomed man in his 30s.

EXT. DESERT - DAYTIME

MYSTERIOUS MAN

(very calmly)

You blew it Mike. I tried to save you but you blew it.

Mike tries to talk but he is muffled by the duct tape over his mouth.

MYSTERIOUS MAN (CONT'D)

Everyone gets a second chance. No matter what you get a second chance. Only one.

Mikes tries even harder to speak. His voice is muffled.

MYSTERIOUS MAN (CONT'D)

What I would like to know is why? Why did you do it?

The mysterious man rips the duct tape off Mike's mouth.

MIKE

(shouting violently)

Who the fuck are you? What the fuck do you want from me?

MYSTERIOUS MAN

(calmly)

Mike, calm down or I'm going to have to quiet you again. Please.

MIKE

(attempting to calm down)
What the fuck you want from me? Is this about Ethan's money? I told him I'm good for it.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

No Mike, this is about you.

MIKE

Me? I didn't do shit.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

(starting to sound more annoyed)
Yes you did Mike. You screwed up.

MIKE

Man fuck you. What you gonna kill me?

MYSTERIOUS MAN

No.

MIKE

Then what the fuck do you want from me? You fucking stalk me then kidnap me and I'm the one who screwed up? Look at you man!

MYSTERIOUS MAN

(angry)
Me? I gave you a second chance Mike. I tried to save you! I was like you but I got a second chance too. And saving you was me repaying that second chance. But you fucked it up!

MYSTERIOUS MAN (CONT'D)

I know about your dream Mike. The man chasing you down, catching you. That's your guilt.

MIKE

Guilt for what? I didn't do shit!

MYSTERIOUS MAN

Really Mike? Remember when you stole your mother's money to get high?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Mike's mother is yelling at him. The argument gets really heated and Mike slaps his mother.

MYSTERIOUS MAN (V.O.)
Remember what you did to her that day?

MIKE
(muffled)
I just fucking need \$40. You fucking whore I need that money.

Mike walks out of his mother's apartment and slams the door behind him.

MYSTERIOUS MAN (V.O.)
Remember what you made her do?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Mike's mother is lying on the bed, her eyes fixed on the ceiling in a cold blank stare. Next to her is a bottle of painkillers.

MYSTERIOUS MAN (V.O.)
She tried to kill the pain that day. But she couldn't kill you, so she ended the pain another way.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. DESERT - DAYTIME

Mike's expression has changed. He has a sad, regretful look on his face. The mysterious man lights a cigarette. Mike's sadness fades away

MIKE
(looking up)
What the fuck do you know about that? If she just gave me the fucking \$40 nothing woulda happened.

MYSTERIOUS MAN
You fucking little prick.

The mysterious man pulls out a gun and points it at Mike.

MIKE

Whoa man, fuck. I thought you
weren't gonna kill me

MYSTERIOUS MAN

I'm not killing you Mike. You're
already dead.
(gunshot)

CUT TO: BLACK