

Life of Reilly

Episode 1

4/21/2013

Connolly/Noonan

Fade In

1. Exterior. A Bushwick street. Morning.

A quiet city street in the morning. Waaaaay off in the distance the movement of a person. The person comes into the frame from off left and turns onto the street we are on.

Cut to:

A close up of this person: Reilly. His face is determined. His eyes all business. His gait steadfast. Music: a rap song blasts in as the camera stays locked in front of Reilly as if the steadicam is mounted to him, so we see him basically from the chest up. He has a bag slung over his shoulder.

Cut to:

A tracking shot of the city houses he walks past.

Cut to:

Back to Reilly. He looks to his right and begins to turn right.

Cut to:

The shot of a house. The camera tracks up the walk towards the house.

Cut to:

Reilly as he approaches the front door.

Cut to:

The front door.

Cut to:

Reilly stops and readies himself. He licks his lips, blinks his eyes, inhales through his nose. Then he clears his throat.

Cut to:

Close up: Reilly's finger presses the doorbell.

Cut to:

Reilly. His face waits for an answer.

Cut to:

The door slowly opens.

Cut to:

Close up: a middle aged Black Woman with a big afro stands in the doorway with a dubious look on her face.

Cut to:

Close up: Reilly's face says: "Trust me, sweet lady. I'm the man. And I've got something for you."

Cut to:

Close up: The Woman's face is doubtful. She begins to close the door but Reilly sticks his foot into the doorway blocking it. The Woman is about to scream bloody murder but before she can, Reilly slowly unzips his jacket revealing a chef's coat underneath with his name "Reilly" stitched across the left chest. The Woman pauses, not sure what to make of this.

Cut to:

Reilly reaches into his bag and brings a small pink cardboard box up with his hands and into frame. His hands offer it towards the Woman.

Cut to:

The Woman is unsure what Reilly is up to.

Cut to:

Reilly's face says: "Prepare for awesomeness."

Cut to:

Close up: Reilly's hand flips open the top of the small pink box.

Cut to:

The Woman's face says: "Oh, my. I am impressed, white boy."

Cut to:

Reilly's face says: "I told you so, me-lady."

Cut to:

The Woman's hand moves towards the box but Reilly gently stops her. Reilly reaches into his pocket and produces a clean white plate that he puts in the Woman's hands. Then Reilly reaches into his box and pulls out an elaborate beige and pink cupcake that he plates perfectly. The top of the cupcake is decorated with a pink frosting face with one eye winking.

Cut to:

Reilly's face: "Oh, yeah."

Cut to:

The Woman picks up the beige and pink cupcake and brings it towards her face.

Cut to:

Close up: The Woman's mouth takes a bite of the cupcake.

Cut to:

Reilly's eyebrows say: "Oh, hell yeah."

Cut to:

The Woman
(the first line she speaks aloud, it's muffled thru the mouthful of cupcake)
Oh my sweet Jesus.

Cut to:

Reilly nods his head up and down in slow agreement.

Cut to:

The Woman finishes off the last bite of the cupcake. She really enjoyed it. Reilly has a cloth napkin draped over his forearm and he extends it to her. She accepts the napkin, wipes her mouth, and puts it back across his forearm.

Cut to:

She looks at him and smiles. Reilly looks at her and smiles.

Cut to:

Music out. Reilly looks at her. She looks at Reilly.

Reilly
You can have the other five for an even twenty.

Cut to:

The Woman's face turns from pleasant to an expressionless icy stare directed at Reilly for a good three seconds. Then she finally breaks out of it:

Woman
Get the hell off my porch!

Reilly pushes the box towards her.

Reilly
All right, two for five dollars.

She snatches the pink box out of his hands.

Woman
Get your Weird Cupcake-Sellin' Ass out of here before I call the Cops!

And she slams her front door. Leaving Reilly standing there with nothing in his hands.

Reilly

But...(He stops, waits and thinks, his hands still outstretched from where she grabbed the pink box) You...(he reaches a conclusion, drops his hands and shakes his head as he turns to go) Every time...

Cut to

2. Bike Ride – Credits

Shots of Reilly riding his ten-speed down the street. Music, the credits roll. Reilly labors on the bike. Reilly stops at a streetlight. Reilly sees something strange off in the distance and almost rides into a parked car. Reilly rides as the sun sets. Reilly stopped by the side of the road examining his back tire. Reilly pushing his bike home along the sidewalk. Reilly pushing the bike up to his apartment, it is nighttime.

Cut to

3. Interior. Reilly's Apartment. Morning.

Reilly's face passed out on his side on a pillow in bed. He wakes with a start, snorts, breathes heavily, opens his eyes a bunch of times groggily.

Cut to:

Reilly, half-asleep still, waddles into his kitchen. A paper airplane flies out of the next room and hits Reilly in the head. This wakes him up, but he doesn't get mad, it's as if this has happened before. He shakes his head, blinks his eyes a few times, and looks down and sees the paper airplane on the floor.

Cut to:

Reilly drinks coffee at the kitchen table. Reilly unfolds the paper airplane. On the paper it reads:

Today is the first day of the rest of your life.
Embrace it.
But remember: nothing is what it seems...

Your Pal,
Dana

Reilly nods his head up and down a few times as he yawns: "Okay." He's used to these words of wisdom every day.

Reilly pulls out a tray from his oven to prep to start baking muffins but then:

There's a Knock at Reilly's door. He casually walks over to the door and opens it without looking or asking who it is.

Into the room flies a guy, his Friend. He begins talking even before he enters. Reilly continues prepping to make his muffins.

Friend

(fast)

I know she's cheating on me. I just know she is. Went out last night and said she was with her girls, but I know something's up. I just know it! She said she was with Claire all night. But she met some people that she works with. And her roommate said that she had a work thing. On her Facebook status she put three things last night: first, I'm at Maguire's at 8:37. Then this picture (he shows Reilly: it's a cell phone picture of a real photograph taken at one of those photo booths which shows two girls and a guy in some weird position) from The Flying Monkey at 9:55. And finally The Boom Boom Room at 10:45. The Boom Boom Room! Who goes to the Boom Boom Room?! And then, after that: Nothing. Her foursquare says she checked in at Liquide at 1:05 and then finally Splash at 2:47. Something's up. I just know it. Furthermore, she texted me three times all night. I called her Five times and guess what? Voicemail every time. She didn't even pick up once. And then obviously she didn't come to my place last night. And I know for a fact she didn't go home. How, you ask, do I know for a fact? Well, I'll tell you: Tiffany. Tiffany spilled the beans this morning that Cindy wasn't around and didn't come home last night. I totally tricked her but she told me. Doesn't matter: something is up. Nothing is what it seems. Plus, there's this guy from work, Todd, that she keeps talking about. But she tells me that he's gay. But I'm not buying it. So what do I do? How do I handle this? Do I confront her? Do I wait and hold onto this information? What do you think? What do I do?

Reilly

(long pause, then Reilly slowly walks up to his Friend and gets right in his face until their noses are almost touching)
So how long have you been cheating on Cindy?

Friend

What? I'm not cheating on Cindy. She's cheating on me. Probably with this guy Todd.

Reilly just looks at him. The Friend looks back. Reilly continues to simply look at him and say nothing. The Friend goes from denial to thinking to acceptance.

Friend
How'd you know?

Reilly
A chef never reveals his recipe. The secret's in the sauce.

Friend
Oh, you're good. You're like Columbo. Or Magnum PI. Some Sherlock Holmes shit. Damn. How did you put that together?

Reilly
I've got muffins to make.

Reilly turns and walks away. The Friend follows him.

Friend
Yeah that smells delicious. When are you going to start baking again...professionally? (Reilly just stares at him and shakes his head/shrugs his shoulders/looks a bit annoyed) Well, don't tell Cindy on me, all right? You got me but please, just keep it between us.

Reilly
That depends.

Friend
On what?

Reilly
Fifty bucks.

Friend
What? Now you're blackmailing me?

Reilly
A hundred bucks.

Friend
Whoa. Wait, hold on.

Reilly

(thumbing thru his Iphone)
I have Cindy in here somewhere...

Friend
All right, all right! Here. (he hands him a bunch of bills) All I got on me is
eighty...four bucks. Are we cool?

Reilly holds the money in his hand, he milks it.

Reilly
Yeah, we're cool.

Friend
You sure?

Reilly
I will keep your secret.

Friend
Thank you.

Reilly
Now get lost, freak. I don't ever want to see your face again.

Friend
Uh, I thought we were having drinks tonight?

Reilly
Oh, right...You're buying.

And they shake hands. Then, as quickly as he entered, Friend leaves. Reilly holds the money, looks at the money. Hold on Reilly's face as he figures out what he has to do. (Maybe there's the VO repeating of his Friend saying, "some Sherlock Holmes shit. Or Magnum PI") Reilly develops a sly grin.

Cut to

4. Interior. In the Bathroom. In front of the mirror. Reilly becomes Reilly.

He shaves. He fixes his hair. Brushes his teeth. He gets dressed. And finally, the last accent he adds: he puts on his chef's coat. His song builds: his rockin' theme (a Chris Cornell type wail) "Reillyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!" (whatever this song is will end up being the opening theme song also)

Life of Reilly

Episode 2

4/6/2013

Connolly/Noonan

Fade In

Opening Title Sequence:

Interior. In the Bathroom. In front of the mirror. Reilly becomes Reilly.

He shaves. He fixes his hair. Brushes his teeth. He gets dressed. And finally, the last accent he adds: his chef's coat. His song builds: his rockin' theme (a Chris Cornell type wail) "Reillyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!"

1. Interior. Morning.

Reilly smacks his alarm clock off and turns over.

Cut to:

Reilly groggily walks into the kitchen. A paper airplane flies at his head. Without even looking up he snatches it out of the sky. Reilly sits at the kitchen table and takes a long smell of his coffee. He unwraps the paper airplane.

A Woman needs a Man
Like a Bird needs a Submarine

Your Pal,
Dana

Reilly groggily nods his head up and down as if that makes sense to him.

Cut to:

Exterior. Morning.

Reilly walks his bike outside and notices that there are two bike locks still locked to a pole but no bike. That's strange. And Reilly also has a sense of déjà vu.

Cut to:

Exterior. The Streets.

He rides. He stops and tapes up a new flier he's created to a telephone pole. He rides. He stops and tapes up a flier to a wall. He rides. He stops and tapes up a flier over one of those "Dan Smith Will Teach You Guitar" fliers. Reilly feels pretty satisfied with himself about that one.

[A note: we need a flier that is up on the post that is about the lost French Bulldog, Frank, in episode 3]

He looks across the street and sees a Bakery that leads to a flashback. It should be more "Have I given up on my dreams just now by putting up this detective flier"? So he remembers what his real dream used to be:

Voiceover (Irish Mother): Why aren't you outside with your brother, Reilly?

Reilly (A kid): I made you a cupcake, Momma.

Voiceover (Irish Mother): A cupcake? Boys don't make cupcakes, boys make fists. And then you know what they do with those fists?

Reilly (A kid): What, Momma?

Voiceover (Irish Mother): Now make a fist...That's good. And then they punch themselves!

(The sound of Reilly's Mother holding his arms and making him punch himself)

Reilly (A kid): Ow! Momma! Ow! No more!

Voiceover (Irish Mother): (she lets him go) All right, now go outside and play in the street like a normal boy.

(The sound of a screen door slam)

Voiceover (Irish Mother): (to herself as she shakes her head) Cupcakes?

Mother: I told you I wanted tea and toast, dear. What is this?

Reilly: It's a blueberry scone, Momma.

Mother: A what?

Reilly: It has vanilla and undertones of cinnamon to complement the honey in your tea.

Mother: Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Enough of this Reilly! Boys don't make scones! Boys fight. No go outside, find your brother and punch him in the face.

Reilly: But Momma, just try it.

Mother: That's it. I'm getting the belt!

Reilly's face as he looks at the Bakery across the street. Then he gets back on his bike.

He rides back up to outside of his apartment. It is now midday. A Friend of his is standing there agitated and angry: it was his bike that was stolen.

Friend
Goddamn it! How do they keep doing this?

Reilly
What's that?

Friend
I changed locks. How do they get my bike and then leave the locks?

Reilly
How many bikes have you had stolen?

Friend
This is the fourth!

Reilly
That's weird.

Friend
No shit it's weird. Somebody's messing with me.

Reilly
Well, it's working.

The Friend turns and looks at Reilly. Reilly hands him one of the fliers and we see a close-up of it.

Reilly
I'm gonna find out who keeps stealing your bike.

Friend
Yeah?

Reilly
Absolutely. All it will cost you is a hundred bucks plus expenses.

Friend
I'm not doing that.

Reilly

What if I can get all four bikes back. Hun? That's only twenty-five bucks a bike. Plus expenses.

Friend

What are these expenses you keep talking about?

Reilly

You know, food, gas money, any payoffs I have to make, any surveillance equipment I have to buy, food...It's mostly food. (As Reilly says this line, the Friend is looking at the flier. There is a line about expenses with an asterisk and down at the bottom of the page the asterisk is explained and it is the exact same thing that Reilly is saying, so the Friend is reading it along with him)

Friend

(he starts to leave)

All right, knock yourself out. I'll tell you what, Reills, you get me all four of my bikes back, I'll give you two hundred bucks.

Reilly runs over to him and puts out his hand. They shake.

Reilly

\$200 plus...? (Reilly is not letting go of his Friend's hand)

Friend

(Long Sigh) Expenses.

The Friend walks into his apartment building. Reilly stands there thinking: motivated, excited about his new case. He scans his surroundings and his gaze pans back to a big cardboard box at the curb.

Reilly thinks a moment and then his face slowly reveals that he has a plan.

Cut to:

Ext. Nighttime.

Reilly begins his plan: he locks his own bike using his friend's two locks but then he also puts his own lock on too which the Thief won't have keys to.

Reilly's hands place 3 locks on the bike (2 from his Friend, 1 that is his own lock).

Cut to:

The bike stands locked up. The night is quiet. The camera pans left and right—we see the cardboard box—and then back to the bike center.

Fade to black.

Fade In:

Ext. Nighttime. Later in the night.

Close up on the bike. Suddenly hands appear and quickly unlock the first lock with a key, and then they unlock the second lock with another key. They try to unlock the third lock but it won't work. The hands are frustrated.

Cut to:

Suddenly, the cardboard box moves a little bit, and then 2 hands and arms poke out the top, and then Reilly's head pokes out. He immediately tries to hoist himself out of the box with great agility but he's been in there so long that his legs are cramped up and asleep and he quickly falls back into the box, leaving only his arms and head poking out the top.

Reilly
(casual)
Hey. How's it going?

Thief
(we see him for the first time)
(he's playing along)
Fine. How about you?

Reilly
I'm good. I'm kinda stuck here. But I'm good.

Thief
I can see that.

Reilly
So you're stealing Kevin's bike—

Thief
Whoa, whoa, whoa, I'm not—

Reilly
It's okay, hey, I know. It's fine. Kevin can be an asshole. I don't blame you. I get it. You're messing with him. When did you guys break up?

Thief
(after a pause)
Three months ago.

Reilly
And you've been getting his keys and making copies and stealing his bikes.

Thief
Pretty much. I made a copy of his apartment key but he doesn't know that. He thinks I gave it back to him.

Reilly
Genius! So you sneak in, take his keys, make copies, and then replace them.

Thief
Exactly.

Reilly
Well, let me just tell you, I love it.

Thief
Thanks.

Reilly
You're welcome. I'm Reilly. (He extends his hand and Charles walks over and shakes and then helps Reilly stand up)

Thief (Charles)
Charles.

Reilly
Nice to meet you, Charles. You're very easy to talk to.

Charles
Thanks.

Reilly
You wanna get a cup of coffee? (Reilly pulls a thermos out of his pocket and holds it up)

Charles
(thinks a moment, then shrugs)
Okay.

Cut to:

Int. Top of Williamsburg Bridge, they are leaning on the railing looking toward Manhattan. Night.

We pick up on them mid-conversation. They are really laughing, enjoying each other's company. And sharing one coffee cup from Reilly's thermos.

Reilly
(drying his eye from laughing so much)
You are something else, Chuckles.

Charles
So what's up with you? Why are you out hiding in boxes in the middle of the night? 'Cause no offense, you don't look like no private eye I've ever seen.

Reilly
Well, Chuck, you know, I'm a baker by trade. I had myself a little cupcake shop but...

Reilly gets lost in the memory, staring off into space. He's frozen. At first Charles looks off in the direction Reilly is looking to see what he's looking at but then realizes that Reilly's lost in a memory. Charles' face and eyes stay with Reilly and wait for something to happen. Then Reilly mimics like he is about to throw up. As if the memory is making him gag.

Charles
Reilly? Reilly! Reilly!!

Reilly turns his head and looks at Charles: Reilly's eyes are welled up. Then Reilly snaps out of the memory and bursts into tears. He immediately puts his head on Charles' shoulder and hugs/snatches fists full of the back of Charles' jacket.

Charles
(comforting)
Reilly! Hey, hey, it's okay. Hey, it's all right. Come on now.

Reilly sobs in a way that is genuine but also ridiculously over-the-top.

Charles
(holds him)

Hey there. It's okay. You're all right. It's gonna be fine. You're allllll good.
Come on. No more tears. (he hands Reilly a tissue)

Reilly takes it.

Reilly
You're a good man.

Charles
So are you.

Reilly looks at Charles as if to say, "I love you, man." Then Reilly vociferously blows his nose.

Cut to:

Int. The next morning. Kevin's Apartment.

Kevin unlocks the front door and walks inside the somewhat dark apartment. His arms are full, he is carrying two bags of groceries. Before he can get to a light switch, a floor lamp clicks on across the room. It startles Kevin. And then he sees someone seated in an armchair.

Kevin
Jesus, Reilly, you almost gave me a heart attack.

Reilly
That's good. I have your attention.

Kevin puts down his parcels.

Kevin
How the hell did you get in here?

Reilly
I found your bikes.

Kevin
All of them?

Reilly
All four.

Kevin
How did you do that?

From the kitchen or bathroom, Charles enters the living room.
He and Kevin stare at each other a moment.

Kevin
Real mature.

Charles
Look who's talking.

Kevin
You cheated on Me. Remember?

A shot of Reilly's surprised face.

Charles
Yes. But you know why.

Kevin
Nothing happened with Trevor.

Charles
Just admit it.

Kevin
Nothing happened!

Charles just looks at Kevin. Kevin looks at Charles. Reilly's eyes look to Charles and then to Kevin.

Kevin
I'm sorry.

They all take in Kevin's apology for a moment.

Charles
Thank you.

Reilly (stands)
I'm glad that's sorted. Now, there's just the small issue of my fee—

Charles
I hate you so much.

Kevin
How much do you hate me?

Charles
I want to punch you in the stomach.

Kevin
What else?

Kevin and Charles start to slowly walk towards each other. Reilly is not sure what to do.

Charles
I'd like to slap you in the face.

Kevin
Then what?

Charles
Then I'm going to slowly choke you.

Kevin
Until I pass out?

Charles
No. (a shot of Reilly's face, he's caught in no man's land) I won't let you off that easy. You deserve to suffer.

Kevin
So what'll you do?

Kevin and Charles stand right in front of each other.

Reilly
You know, if I can just get my two hundred bucks, plus expenses, I can go anywhere else that's not here—

Charles
Pay the man.

Charles and Kevin are staring at each other. Without breaking their locked eyes, Kevin pulls out his wallet, slides out all the cash he has in there and, without counting it or looking at it, hands the bills to Reilly.

Reilly takes the bills and counts them.

Reilly
This is one forty one. My expenses comes out to—

Charles
Reilly,

Reilly
Yes, Charles?

Charles
Leave.

Kevin and Charles start going at it, making out hardcore. Reilly moves across the room to leave and talks to cover the awkwardness.

Reilly
Okay, sure, yep, good idea. You know, you can just send me a check or paypal or something to make up the difference. Not really concerned, you know, I know where you live and all (he laughs), it's just...(he has to think to figure this out)

Kevin and Charles are seriously making out and running their hands all over each other. They quickly disappear into the bedroom.

Reilly
--like seventy-nine bucks you owe me, but no rush, whenever is fine. (Reilly sees something on a shelf and he quickly snatches it as collateral and stuffs it in his pocket/jacket) (then he says fast) Okay, have a nice day. Be safe. (and he shuts the door behind him)

Off in the distance we hear two voices cry out (we can't tell if it's Pleasure, Pain or Discomfort) at pretty much the same time.

Cut to:

Kevin and Charles (down to their underwear) slowly pulling themselves up off of a bed that is full of four bikes on top of it.

Blackout.

Life of Reilly

Episode 3
4/4/2013

Connolly/Noonan

Fade In

Opening Title Sequence:

Interior. In the Bathroom. In front of the mirror. Reilly becomes Reilly.

He shaves. He fixes his hair. Brushes his teeth. He gets dressed. And finally, the last accent he adds: his chef's coat. His song builds: his rockin' theme (a Chris Cornell type wail) "Reillyaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!"

1. Interior. Morning.

Reilly sleeps. His cell phone rings: it is a ridiculous ringtone (perhaps it is Reilly's voice rapping or giving himself a pep talk). After a second Reilly stirs and then, with his eyes still closed, he feels around himself for the phone. After the fourth ring he finds the phone, presses the answer button, and puts the phone to his ear.

Reilly
(gibberish)
Hinunumunum

He listens for a second. And then whatever he hears snaps him awake, eyes wide open. He sits up.

Reilly

I'm very sorry...(excited/surprised) You saw my flier...Yes, of course I can help you.
This is what I do after all. I do. It's what I do...Okay...All right...See you soon.

Reilly hangs up and thinks.

Cut to:

Int. Kitchen.

Reilly pulls a tray of muffins out of the oven.

He sits at the kitchen table and eats the 6 muffins, one by one. A paper airplane sails in and lands on the table in front of him.

Never look a gift horse in the mouth.
But always look a gift monkey in the butt.

Your Pal,
Dana

Reilly
(to himself)
So wise...

Cut to:

Ext. Daytime.

Reilly biking.

Cut to:

Int. Apartment Door.

Reilly rings the door buzzer. The door opens: it is a Couple. They are somber, the Woman is very emotional and runs off crying. The Man just stands there and looks at Reilly.

Cut to:

Int. Living Room.

Reilly takes a sip of coffee. Reilly is nervous, he fidgets with his pockets, pulls things out he doesn't need and lines them up on the coffee table in front of him, touches the coffee table magazines for no reason, etc.

(This whole opening needs to build up to where you think it's something serious: ie a teenager ran away, somebody is sick and they can't pay the medical bills, a sheister stole their life savings, etc)

Husband

It was my fault. But I didn't do it on purpose.

Wife

(emotional)

You have to pay attention!

Husband

We were cooking and there was smoke and the alarm went off—

Reilly

What were you cooking?

Husband

Uh, it was a halibut.

Reilly

And that was in a pan? Why didn't you stick it in the broiler?

Husband

Uh—

Wife

What does it matter!?

Reilly

You're right. Continue. Please.

Husband

So I opened the door to get some air circulating, and to be honest we were kind of preoccupied with the smoke. And then it wasn't until a few minutes later that we realized—

Wife

He was gone (she bursts into tears).

Reilly

I understand. You don't happen to have a picture of him, do you?

The Wife hands Reilly a small picture frame from off a shelf. Reilly looks at the picture.

It is the happiest smiley French Bulldog you've ever seen.

Reilly
Frank is his name?

Wife
(still emotional)
Yes.

Husband
It was her Grandfather's name.

Reilly
Of course. And you checked with everybody in the building?

Husband
Yes—

Wife
We're not idiots! Yes, we asked everybody. Nobody has seen Frank.

Reilly
It's just strange. I mean where would he go?

Wife
(loud)
I Don't Know! Maybe he went to the Store! Maybe he went on a Walkabout! I have
No Idea! Can you help us or not?!

Reilly
Absolutely. I am on the case. As of right now. There's just the little issue of my fee,
and expenses.

The Husband and Wife look at him like he's crazy.

Cut to:

Int. Apartment Door.

In the doorway, Reilly stands in the hall.

Reilly
You won't be sorry. I'll find the little guy. I've got some promising leads.

Husband
How can you have leads? You just found out about him.

Wife gives out an emotional cry of hopelessness as she heads farther back into their apartment.

Reilly
Ok. I'll be in touch.

Reilly and the Husband shake hands. Husband closes the door.

Cut to:

Int. Apartment Building Lobby.

Reilly stops, looks around, and thinks. Then he holds up the framed photo of Frank in front of him.

Reilly
(to himself)
Where'd you go, Frank? What were you thinking?

A Tenant walks past Reilly and out the front door. They share an awkward look with each other. Reilly gets an idea.

Cut to:

Int. Reilly's Apartment. Kitchen.

Reilly is baking in a whirlwind. He's making cupcakes: a lot of cupcakes, tray after tray. They are piling up on a huge plate that he has.

Reilly gets caught in another Flashback: as he turns the oven on to high, the Memory triggers:

It is another Audio flashback but more intense:

Voiceover: No, please—(Hurl!)
Voiceover: Everybody just remain—(Hurl!!)
Voiceover: There's no reason to—(Hurl, Hurl, Hurl!!!)
Voiceover: Oh, God! Oh, Jesus! (Hurl Hurl Hurl Hurl Hurl!!!!)
Reilly's terrified frozen face as he stares straight ahead.
Voiceover (Reilly's voice): The horror...The horror...

It ends with the sound coming back in and the fire alarm going off and the oven smoking from the cupcakes he has accidentally burned. Reilly snaps out of his remembrance: he quickly turns off the oven, runs over and opens his front door. He opens a window over by the oven. There is still a lot of smoke. He stands there and

has a realization: something that can help him solve the case. Reilly looks at his watch, unfortunately he's not wearing a watch. He pulls out his cell phone and looks at that.

Cut to:

The smoke starts to clear. Reilly looks at his cell phone. He nods his head up and down a few times. He closes the window. He closes the door. He looks at the huge plate of cupcakes he has made.

Cut to:

Int. Frank's Apartment Building. The Lobby.

With a card table and folding chair, Reilly sets up shop in the lobby. He has about sixty cupcakes laid out on the table in front of him. A tenant passes him and leaves the building before Reilly can say anything: Reilly opens his mouth but the person is already out the door. Nothing happens, Reilly waits. Then a Guy walks in the front door.

Reilly
Cupcake?

Guy
Well...(he's torn between stopping and just blowing by) They actually look really good.

Reilly
They are. Have one.

Guy
Ok. Thanks. (he picks one up and bites into it)

Reilly
A shame about Frank, that little Frenchie.

Guy
Wow. This is delicious.

Reilly
Thanks.

Guy
I know. I have a Maltese, Sergio, if anything ever happened to him...(the guy almost gets emotional)

Reilly
(snaps him back to normalcy)
Sergio?

Guy
Yes.

The Guy walks away.

Guy
Thanks again.

Reilly
No problem.

Reilly thinks.

Cut to:

Reilly sitting with his cupcakes. Another Tenant walks by, this time a Woman.

Reilly
Cupcake?

Woman
Oh, no. Thanks.

Reilly
It's a shame about Frank (Reilly points to one of the fliers hung up in the lobby).

Woman
(looks to the flier, remembers) Oh, the bulldog, right—

Reilly
French bulldog.

Woman
(she gives Reilly a look like he's crazy)
Right.

She leaves.

Cut to:

A third Tenant walks past, another Lady.

Reilly
Cupcake?

Lady
Oh, no, thank you, but they do look good.

Reilly
It's a shame about Frank.

Lady
(she looks at the flier)
So cute. I hope they find him.

Reilly
Me too.

Lady
Have a nice day.

Reilly
You too...

Lady leaves. Reilly scrunches up his face in consternation.

Cut to:

Reilly sits behind his table. Some of his cupcakes are gone. A Man enters the lobby from the front door (Marto).

Reilly
Would you like a cupcake?

The Man stops, turns, and slowly walks over to Reilly. He then slowly picks up a cupcake and examines it like he's looking at a rock from Mars.

Reilly
It's a shame about Frank, hun? (Reilly points to one of the fliers hung up)

The Man slowly looks up from the cupcake and looks directly at Reilly. The Man's face remains expressionless. Reilly is dumbfounded by this altercation and can't even speak. Then the Man turns to leave, quickly snatches one more cupcake, and then disappears into the apartment building. Reilly tries to recover from the strange interaction but he's been a bit spooked. So he eats one of his cupcakes.

Cut to:

Reilly sits behind his table, about half his cupcakes are gone. He looks his phone: the time reads: 7:30. He's been there for hours.

Cut to:

Reilly packing up his cupcakes into Tupperware and folding up his table and chair. He sees a Little Old Lady walk by. She has a really big purse with her.

Reilly
Would you like a cupcake?

Little Old Lady
Oh, no, thank you.

Reilly
Have you seen Frank?

Little Old Lady
(a little too quick with the response)
No, definitely not.

Reilly eyes her suspiciously. She makes for the front door to exit. Reilly can't remember ever seeing a little old lady with such a big purse. Usually they have small bags. Reilly's gut is intrigued. His gut also ate too many cupcakes, he's not feeling great.

Cut to:

Ext. Street.

Reilly follows the Little Old Lady. She walks down the street, makes a turn, then another turn, then she walks a little farther. Reilly is exasperated, not from following her, but because of how slow she is. Reilly totes all of his crap: the table, chair, Tupperware. He keeps dropping his stuff. The Little Old Lady turns around, and Reilly hides behind a tree. Things like that happen. Reilly starts to believe this is a stupid hunch of his and that it's a wild goose chase and he should give up and go home. But just when's he's about to leave: he watches far across the street as the Little Old Lady go into a Pet store. Reilly thinks.

Cut to:

Ext. Pet Store.

The Little Old Lady walks out of the pet store with just her big purse but it appears full of something.

Reilly follows her back to her apartment building. She goes into her apartment.

Reilly stands outside thinking, not sure what he should do. Finally he decides, screw it, and goes with his gut and marches inside the building.

Cut to:

Int. Apartment Door.

Reilly knocks. He waits.

Little Old Lady
(thru the door)
Can I help you?

Reilly
Yes. Hi. Sorry. Do you remember me from earlier? I was giving away cupcakes in the lobby—

Little Old Lady
Oh, yes.

Reilly
Would you mind opening the door for a second? I just want to ask you a question.
Please. I promise, I'm a normal guy, it's nothing—

She opens her door about a foot.

Little Old Lady
Yes?

Reilly
I'm sorry to bother you. I couldn't help but notice your bag.

Little Old Lady
My what?

Reilly
Your bag. Your purse. It just seemed really large.

Little Old Lady
Okay?

Reilly
I was wondering. And this is gonna sound crazy and please don't get offended—

A dog barks from a room inside the apartment.

Reilly and the Little Old Lady look at each other. Reilly arches an eyebrow.

Cut to:

Int. Little Old Lady's living room.

Reilly sits on the couch. The Little Old Lady sits in her chair. There is a plate of cookies and 2 mugs of tea on the coffee table. Reilly looks to his right. On the couch sitting right next to him and looking directly at him and panting is Frank, the French Bulldog. Reilly pets him.

Little Old Lady

I shouldn't have taken him. It was just so impulsive and fun. Like I was getting away with something. Made me feel alive.

Reilly

I understand.

Little Old Lady

I will miss him, though. It's been good to have someone around to talk to. (she laughs, Reilly laughs). Do we have to tell them that I took him?

Reilly

Let me deal with that.

Frank licks his lips.

Cut to:

Int. Apartment Door.

The Husband and Wife open their door and find Reilly standing there holding Frank. The Wife just about explodes with joy. The Husband seems relieved, he's had to deal with her for the last few days.

Reilly hands Frank over.

After they calm down:

Wife

Oh, my God! Thank you! Where was he?

Reilly

He was driving a taxi in the Bronx.

The all share a laugh.

Reilly

No. He was picked up and at the Pound. But not out here. He somehow made it out to Coney Island. Very adventurous, Frank.

Wife

(baby talk)

Did you want a hotdog at Coney Island, Frankie?! Did you ride the Cyclone?! Didju? Didju?

Husband

(a huge weight lifted, shakes Reilly's hand with great force)
Thank you so much.

Reilly

You're welcome. And now there's just the matter of my fee, and expenses. This is a receipt for ingredients to make cupcakes, which doesn't seem like a necessary expense but I assure you it is.

Cut to:

Int. Apartment Door.

Reilly knocks. The Little Old Lady answers the door.

Reilly

Hello, Misses Hergenreder. May I introduce you to Penelope.

Reilly holds a one-eyed Pug.

Misses Hergenreder looks at Reilly and the Pug.

Reilly

I just rescued Penny here from the Pound today and I thought maybe you would like to give her a good home...

Reilly smiles closed-mouthed, he's genuinely being nice and feels good about what he's doing.

Misses Hergenreder

I don't want your pity. You and your one-eyed Pug can fuck off.

And she slams the door in Reilly's face.

Hold on Reilly's face. Then he looks down to the Pug. Back to Reilly's face.

Cut to:

Int. Reilly's Bedroom.

Reilly walks into his bedroom, stretches out and yawns. He's exhausted.

He goes to get into his bed and then notices Penelope fast asleep atop the covers dead center of his bed.

Reilly slowly and carefully perches himself on the edge of the bed so as not to disturb the Pug's slumber.

Reilly reaches for his bedside light and clicks it off.

In the darkness: a thud.

Reilly
Ow.