

Doug
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EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD DAY

WE SIT IN A CAR WITH:

DOUG, in his late thirties. Much of his face is covered by an unkempt beard. He keeps his eyes on something off screen.

He cracks the driver side window and lights a cigarette. He never takes his eyes off their mark. He sets his cigarette in the half filled ash tray, and exits the car.

THE CAMERA PANS DOWN ON THE CIGARETTE IN THE ASH TRAY AND THEN FINDS DOUG OUT THE WINDSHIELD.

Doug walks towards a house. A sign in the yard read "For Sale." He pulls out his key and places it in the lock. He hesitates, removes the key and rings the doorbell.

INT. HOUSE DAY

DOUG'S WIFE, also in her late thirties, sits motionless, wearing a bathrobe. A cup of steaming tea sits next to her. She has a direct view of Doug, and his car. The doorbell rings again. Her eyes are fixated on the floor in front of her.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD DAY

Doug slowly turns and walks back to the car. He enters the car.

He closes his eyes for a moment, takes a breath and starts the car. The engine, won't start at first and then after a few seconds starts. Clearly the car is in poor condition. He takes one last look at the house and pulls away.

INT. CAR ON HIGHWAY EVENING

Doug drives down the street. Sweats runs down his temples and his eyes are bloodshot, but he doesn't take his eyes off what is in front of him.

Doug stops at an intersection. He looks down to the passenger seat, then back to the road. A pan from Doug down to the passenger seat where the a gun sits. Immediately back to Doug.

INT. RESTAURANT NIGHT

Doug sits alone in a diner. No other customers appear to be around. He looks at the food, his last meal.

EXT. PARKING LOT NIGHT

Doug's car pulls into the back of the building. Doug sits for a moment and looks at the gun. Then without warning he grabs it and exits the car.

INT. OFFICE NIGHT

Doug enters the office, the office is abandoned. No papers, no computers, just desks, phones, and chairs. He walks to his cubicle, and sits down. He sets down the gun.

He leans back in his chair imitating the days he was employed here. The noises of days gone by surround him. He looks at the phone. He presses to get an outside line, nothing happens, the office noises suddenly disappear.

He opens the desk, there is paper. He pulls out a piece of paper and pen. He begins to write the note - a sound off camera. He peeks over the edge of the cubicle, a head moves along the edge of the cubicles. It belongs to an OLDER MAN, possibly in his 50s or 60s. Doug mirrors the head down the row of cubicles. Keeping his distance he follows the man as he enters an office marked "Supervisor."

DOUG

Son of a...

Doug moves back to his cubicle, he looks at the gun. Resolved he picks up the gun and walks back toward the office.

Doug pauses and cocks the gun outside the office. He peers into the office through the ajar door.

He watches the supervisor pouring a glass of scotch. The supervisor throws it back quickly and takes the bottle and glass to a place we can't see.

We hear the sound of a man weeping.

Doug's hand holding the gun drops to his side. He eases the door open.

The supervisor sits behind his desk. A gun and note sits in front of him.

The two men stare at each other.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. OFFICE MORNING

The two men sit next to each other sharing a drink.

FADE TO BLACK

END