

INT. DOUG'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

DOUG (27), an average looking, slightly out of shape man, sits alone at his dining room table in his largely undecorated and plain dining room.

He stares into the wall across the room, and breathes a dejected sigh, the light above him flickering occasionally. In front of Doug is a single-serving television dinner.

He shifts himself slightly and tucks his fork into the microwaved dinner.

INT. DOUG'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Doug sits alone on the couch in a living room lit only by the light from the television.

He raises up the tv remote and changes the channel, making a face as he flips through various boring shows.

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Doug sits in bed reading a book. He pinches his eyes and looks over at the clock on his nightstand before he sets down the book and flips off his lamp, the single light in the room.

EXT. DOUG'S FRONT YARD - MORNING

Doug pushes a mower through his yard, struggling slightly. From down the sidewalk a woman with groceries comes walking. LIZZY is the same age as Doug (27), and has curly blonde hair.

LIZZY

Hey, Doug!

DOUG

Oh, hi, Lizzy. Long time no see... How are you?

Doug turns off the mower and leans on it, out of breath.

LIZZY

I've been doing great. How about you?  
You look... swell.

DOUG

Honestly, not the best. I just don't  
feel very connected with anything at

the moment.

Lizzy readjusts some of her groceries to keep them from falling.

LIZZY

That's really a shame to hear, Doug. I have to get home with these groceries, but why don't you come by for lunch later, and we can talk about it?

DOUG

Alright, that sounds nice. What are we having?

LIZZY

Sandwiches.

DOUG

I like sandwiches.

Lizzy smiles and nods, then walks away. Doug stares after her for a moment and starts the mower back up.

INT. LIZZY'S DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Lizzy's dining room has brightly painted walls and is heavily decorated, and large windows fill the room with warm sunlight.

Lizzy approaches the table with two plates, each with a sandwich on top. She sets them down on the table, takes a seat across from Doug, and takes one of the sandwiches.

LIZZY

So, what's got you so down, Doug?

DOUG

It's difficult to really put my finger on why exactly.

Lizzy and Doug stare at each other for a moment, Lizzy just chews her sandwich while she waits.

DOUG

It's just that I feel like I'm not accomplishing anything with my life. I'm going through the motions everyday and putting in the bare minimum. Just maintaining the status quo without ever moving towards a goal. I know I'm

not special, and that there's no real reason that my life should lead up to some great achievement, but I'd just like to look back and remember ever having done something interesting.

Lizzy sets down her sandwich, sits back in her chair and closes her hands together.

LIZZY

Doug, we both know that there's more to life than just a constant, unchanging daily routine. What you don't seem to get is that that 'something' doesn't have to be incredible. You don't have to be some kind of superhero for your life to have meaning. Sometimes all it takes is having good people in your life. Goals are important, and so are achievements, but they can't help you if you can't find happiness in the little things.

Doug watches Lizzy quietly, and finally slide his plate in front of him. He takes a big bite from his sandwich and sets it back down. Doug brushes some crumbs out of his lap and stands up.

DOUG

Deep down, I really think you're right, Lizzy. But just because you're right doesn't mean it's easy living without anything to live for. See you later.

INT. DOUG'S WORKPLACE CUBICLE - THE NEXT DAY

Doug sits in his tiny cubicle facing a computer. His workspace has papers and other office supplies sloppily laid out. His coworker, JERRY, a balding 35 year old man, enters the cubicle. Doug keeps facing his computer.

JERRY

Hey-ho, Doug. Hard at work or can I steal a moment of your time?

DOUG

What is it, Jerry?

JERRY

Well, the printer is jammed up. Jammed up bad, Doug.

DOUG

Okay, and?

JERRY

Oh, well, we all just figured that you could maybe take a minute to mess with it. You're so good with printers, you know...

DOUG

I am a little busy with... filing, actually.

JERRY

Okay, I'll be honest, Doug, I'm not asking you because you're the most qualified. You're the only person that's used the printer today, and some people - I won't say who - some people are saying that you were using it wrong. Everyone thinks that you should really just step up to fix it, just between you and me.

Doug finally turns his chair to face Jerry.

DOUG

I really don't think that I jammed the printer. I mean, it worked fine when I used it earlier.

JERRY

Just fix the damn printer, Doug.

Jerry quickly turns and leaves the cubicle without giving Doug time to get in another word.

INT. SHORE SIDE RESTAURANT - THAT EVENING

Doug goes out on a date at a nice restaurant. He enters the scene as he returns from the bathroom. Doug sits back down at the table with his date AIZA (24), a very thin woman that dresses much nicer than Doug. She is often looking at her phone.

DOUG

Sorry about that. Did I miss anything?

AIZA

The waiter came by. I went ahead and asked him to bring us some wine.

DOUG

Oh, good, good. What do you think you'll order?

AIZA continues silently gazing at her phone for a moment. She then runs her finger down the menu.

AIZA

I think I'll have the... caviar salad to start, then the shrimp sampler and a steak, with truffle cheesecake for desert.

DOUG

Ah. I'm going to order the salmon.

Aiza nods and looks back at her phone. The WAITER comes up to the table with a cart. He sets out two large swordfish shaped novelty glasses and fills them. Doug looks confused by this.

DOUG

What's this?

WAITER

Your drinks, sir.

DOUG

Why are you serving them out of plastic fish?

WAITER

Sir, you ordered the Swordfish Special Sippy Sangria. The cup is yours to keep when you're done.

Doug looks dumbfounded. The waiter gives Doug and Aiza each a crazy straw. He then digs around in the cart for a moment before revealing two sparklers. Aiza perks up.

AIZA

Ah! Here's my favorite part!

The waiter lights the sparklers and sets one in each cup. By this point, Doug looks contemptuous.

WAITER

Alrighty, you folks ready to order?

EXT. DOUG'S FRONT YARD - LATER

Doug and Aiza have finished their date, and Aiza is dropping Doug off. The street is dark, lit only by the moon. She pulls up and parks in front of Doug's house.

DOUG

Thanks for the ride. I enjoyed this evening.

AIZA

Yeah, it was nice.

DOUG

So, do you wanna come inside for a bit?

AIZA

Don't take this the wrong way, because you seem like an alright guy, but I'm really super not interested in coming inside your house.

DOUG

Oh, I see. Well, maybe we could go out again soon?

AIZA

No, Doug. I'm sorry, but please get out of my car.

DOUG

Alright. I get it, I'm going.

Doug steps out of the car and takes a couple steps before turning around and waving goodbye. Aiza does not wave back, instead flooring it and driving away. Doug stands for moment before turning and heading inside.

INT. DOUG'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Doug again sits alone at his dining room table. He is having a tall glass of water and he is on the phone. In the middle of his call, the phone dies. He checks his watch.

INT. DOUG'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Doug again sits on the couch alone. His expressionless face is lit by the television. He goes to change the channel, but the remote doesn't work. He shakes it and slaps it a couple times, but it's completely dead. Doug continues watching the same boring show. He checks his watch.

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Doug again sits in bed reading a book. He yawns and sets it down. He does not bother checking the clock before he turns off his lamp to go to sleep.

INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

Doug goes to a bar to kill some time, and maybe even meet some new people. The bar is dark and smoky. Doug hails the BARTENDER.

DOUG

Hello, I'd like a beer, please. And keep them coming.

BARTENDER

What kind of beer?

DOUG

Any kind of beer, just keep them coming.

BARTENDER

I can do that.

The bartender leaves. Doug starts looking around to see if anyone looks approachable. He doesn't see anyone that looks willing to chat. The bartender comes back.

BARTENDER

Here's round one, don't be shy if you run dry.

DOUG

Thanks, I won't be.

Doug begins to drink. As he does, he gradually begins to find the people around him more sociable.

INT. SEEDY BAR - TWO HOURS LATER

Doug is sitting at a table full of people that he just met,

BAR PATRON A, BAR PATRON B, and BAR PATRON C. They are all in their early twenties and dressed fashionably, and are getting along fine with Doug, who is well drunk at this point in the night.

BAR PATRON A

So, there I was, in my dorm room,  
wasted. I go to lie down in my bed-

BAR PATRON B

You won't believe this part!

BAR PATRON C

He won't if you never let him hear it.

BAR PATRON B

Right, sorry, go ahead.

BAR PATRON A

You done? Okay, anyway, I go to lie  
down and immediately need to yurk,  
bad. So, I shoot up out of bed, but I  
can't keep it in. I vomit everywhere,  
including all over my running box fan.  
Huge mess, my roommate wakes up, it  
smells like black cherry and death,  
you get the picture.

DOUG

Wow. That's really special. Do you  
throw up on running box fans a lot?

BAR PATRON A

What? No, just the once.

DOUG

Say, can I bum a smoke?

BAR PATRON A

I don't smoke.

DOUG

Neither do I. Either of you two got a  
cigarette I can have?

BAR PATRON B

No, dude. Smoking is, like, terrible  
for you.

BAR PATRON C

Yeah, that stuff will kill you, man.



Want to try hitting my vape?

DOUG

What'd you say about killing me, you punk?

BAR PATRON C

I said, do you wanna hit my vape?

DOUG

Do I wanna hit you? I feel obligated if you're trying to kill me.

BAR PATRON B

He doesn't wanna kill you, man, he just wants you to try hitting his vape.

DOUG

Alright, I'll give it a try...

Doug stands up from the table and throws a lopsided punch at Bar Patron C. It grazes his shoulder and Doug falls over. Bar Patron A gets the attention of a bouncer, BRODERICK (30's), a very large, very muscular, and very bald man. Broderick grabs Doug and pushes him towards the exit.

BRODERICK

Seems like you've had enough for tonight, pal. You're headed out.

DOUG

Hey, lemme go, man.

Doug struggles against Broderick, but he can't stop him from pulling him closer to the exit.

BRODERICK

Go home, nobody's allowed to cause trouble here tonight.

DOUG

Oh, maybe I should come back tomorrow!

The pair is nearly at the door when Broderick sees something nearby and stops pulling Doug.

DOUG

Are we there yet? Why'd we stop?

BRODERICK

Boss wants to see you.

Broderick releases Doug and points him to a booth a few feet away. Doug approaches the booth and sees SHANE (70's), a small elderly man.

SHANE

Sit down.

Doug sits down, cautiously watching Shane.

DOUG

Who are you?

SHANE

I'm Shane, a wrinkly old man with a short cane and a long revolver. Who are you?

DOUG

I'm Doug, I'm a...

Doug struggles to think of how to describe himself.

SHANE

You're nothing, huh? How's that treating you?

DOUG

Nothing... I guess that's right. It's treating me pretty rough.

SHANE

I've met plenty of people that were just nothing. A lot of them stayed that way forever.

DOUG

Why did you bring me over here?

SHANE

You sounded kind of funny, and I was curious about you.

Doug waited for a second and just shrugged.

SHANE

The reason I'm keeping you here is because I don't think you'll be nothing forever.