

"E I 8 H T Y - E I 8 H T"

"E I 8 H T Y - E I 8 H T"

FADE IN:

Whiteness. As white as it gets.

TITLE CARD: In 2005, Major League Baseball team owner Arte Moreno changed his club's name from Anaheim Angels to the Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim.

Famed broadcasting VOICE of sports announcer JOE BUCK filters through as he takes on the 2005 American League Championship.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
(filtered)
Escobar, another strikeout.
Pierzynski is going down to first?
The home plate umpire has not made
a call and safe.

TITLE CARD: In 2005, Doug ***** made a bad call...

MUSIC begins. A bee-boppin' tune to make your foot tap.
Instrumental swing band stuff based off of that hit song,
"Rocket 88" from back in the day.

TITLE CARD: < COMPANY TITLE > presents

JOE BUCK (CONT'D)
(filtered)
And the Angels are already off the
field! The home plate umpire said
that ball hit into the ground...

TITLE CARD: "EI8HTY-EI8HT"

JOE BUCK (CONT'D)
(filtered)
...and that the tag needed to be
made, or a throw down to first, or
now is he gonna bring Pierzynski
back to the plate? He's not.
Pierzynski is gonna go down to
first and Mike Scioscia wants to
know what the heck just happened.
Doug ***** is the home plate
umpire and the Angels were walkin'
off the field!

TITLE CARD: a film by < DIRECTOR >

CUT TO:

BEGIN OPEN CREDIT SEQUENCE.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - DAY ROOM - AFTERNOON

DOUG MAGUIRE, a dash of Southern California "cool" vibe and three cups of craziness. Doug looks to be in his early 30s, long blonde hair, a scruffy beard to boot. A laid-back dude with uptight demons.

Doug leans away from the jigsaw puzzle in front of him. He reacts to the FOX Sports broadcast as if these VOICES come from a television in the mental institution day room. Most likely, these are VOICES and MUSIC Doug hears in his head.

Joe Buck continues the American League Championship Series, ninth inning analysis with color commentator TIM MCCARVER.

TIM MCCARVER (O.S.)

(filtered)

Well, if Josh Paul made the catch... which he did... then it's a strikeout. Pierzynski's thinking, "Hey! Why not!? The home plate umpire couldn't make the call."

Opening credits continue to roll... cast, crew and other production members fill the screen as Tim McCarver's filtered VOICE CRACKLES throughout the ward.

TIM MCCARVER (CONT'D)

(filtered)

And this might be the best thing for instant replay in baseball that's happened and occurred this Post Season, because clearly, he caught the ball and the catcher knows whether it's a short-hop or you catch it cleanly. Whether there's leather between the dirt and the ball. He caught that ball cleanly. That's a third out!

The chair Doug leans into provides him with a little bit of back support. Doug remains still in the seat, only his eyes shift back and forth over puzzle pieces, lost in thought. Now Doug appears expressionless while the mental circus tumblers go around and around in his mind.

A slow motion zoom into Doug's shook face. A tilt down to reveal the bright red T-shirt Doug rocks with white letters across his chest...

www.FireDoug.com

"SWEET LOU" PINIELLA, a former baseball great and second color commentator, joins the discussion with Joe Buck and Tim McCarver.

"SWEET LOU" PINIELLA (O.S.)
(filtered)
He called him out. First of all --

TIM MCCARVER
(filtered)
Well, he called him out because it was a strikeout. But then Pierzynski ran to first base thinking that he would get the call with the ball in the dirt and it wasn't in the dirt! Seems to be... and we talked about it earlier, that the third base umpire would have the best view. That's Ed Rapuano.

"SWEET LOU" PINIELLA
(filtered)
I agree with that. And basically, they should ask the third base umpire to see it --

TIM MCCARVER
(filtered)
I think so.

"SWEET LOU" PINIELLA
(filtered)
-- so they can get the play right.

TIM MCCARVER
(filtered)
Yeah.

JOE BUCK
(filtered)
Jerry Crawford is explaining, you could see Scioscia say, "He put his hand up to call him out. My guys are comin' off the field. The ball didn't hit the dirt." *****, the home plate umpire, thought it did. And Pierzynski... give him credit. He at least went down to first base.

TIM MCCARVER
(filtered)
Sure!

JOE BUCK

(filtered)

And like you said, Tim: thought,
 "What the heck? I'll give it a
 shot. Try to get down there..." and
 ***** let him go and the ninth
 inning continues.

The reverse side of Doug's T-shirt resembles a baseball player's jersey, complete with last name and player digits. The word "*****" (BIG BLOCK CAPITAL LETTERS) runs from shoulder to shoulder and two number eights (88) in the center of his back, between the shoulder blades. White Anaheim Angels font with black outline on vivid red cotton.

The puzzle Doug pieces together has the edge borders complete. Inside the puzzle frame contains piles of unconnected and upside-down cardboard spelling out "DOUG."

Puzzle pieces fly across the room with one solid arm swipe.

JOE BUCK (CONT'D)

(filtered)

AND THAT'S INTO THE LEFT FIELD
 CORNER! This ball is... off the
 wall! The White Sox have won! And
 this only begins what will be an
 argument. Total frustration and
 disgust on the part of the Angels
 on that call which allowed the
 ninth inning to continue. Ozuna
 steals second and Crede wins it
 with a ball off the left field
 wall.

(beat)

Crede delivers. What a good at bat
 by Crede.

"SWEET LOU" PINIELLA

(filtered)

Oh, yeah!

The sports announcers continue their historic broadcast as doctors, nurses and orderlies drag Doug out of the day room.

JOE BUCK

(filtered)

He let Ozuna steal. He took two
 pitches, took two strikes against
 Escobar, who had struck out five in
 three innings... and then rockets a
 ball off the wall.

FADE OUT:

A NARRATOR with an ENGLISH ACCENT takes over once everything goes good and quiet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Okay, right. Did ya get all that, then? Baseball... mental wards.

(laughs and coughs)

Fuckin' Doug.

(clears throat)

You'll 'afta excuse the language, me lovelies. I understand this one 'ere be some type of limited release film and fuckin' Doug's audience must be limited as well, the daft 'ead case and all, but again... so's our time, limited, it is. Everything's limited, ain't it?

(long beat)

'ere we go, 'ere we go. Come on. Like double mastectomy surgery on a breast cancer patient, is what I'm saying. You know... chop-chop, already. Get on with it, man.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANAHEIM ANGELS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Doug speed walks through crowds alone. The baseball cap on his head reps the inside-out rally position. Doug weaves, dodges and moves past baseball fans on the way to their vehicles. The majority of this crowd wear home Angel colors, some greys. Mostly, Doug wades in a sea of red and white.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Now this 'ere story ain't got nuffin' to do wiff games. It is very real. Ain't got nuffin' to do wiff them institutions ya done seen earlier, neither. This 'ere story has got everything to do wiff Angels... real Angels. Real honest to goodness Angels and fuckin' Doug... who 'ad a big fuckin' mouf and couldn't keep it shut and whenever 'e'd open it... which was all the goddamn time -- excuse me language, dearies.

(clears throat)

Whenever fuckin' Doug would open 'is stupid fuckin' mouf, it took a legion of Angels to save 'is stupid fuckin' ass. Wiff out fuckin' fail.

TITLE: ANGELS STADIUM - Anaheim, California

Something is rotten in Southern California. The mood looks somber, heads down, not one person cheers.

TITLE: OCTOBER 14th, 2005 - GAMES - Los Angeles 1 / Chicago 2

Doug SCREAMS at the top of his lungs, like a broken record set on extreme high volume.

DOUG

WE SHOULD BE UP TWO GAMES TO ONE!!!
 WE SHOULD BE UP TWO GAMES TO ONE!!!
 This is goddamn BULLSHIT! FUCKING
 BULLSHIT!!! We should be up TWO
 fucking games to ONE! WE SHOULD BE
 UP TWO TO ONE!!!

(louder)

DOUG SUCKS!!! DOUG SUCKS!!! DOUG
 SUCKS!!! DOUG FUCKING SUCKS!!! WE
 SHOULD BE UP TWO GAMES TO ONE!!!

NARRATOR (O.S.)

'ey! Right 'ere, J. Geils! Freeze
 frame it, would ya?

FREEZE FRAME.

NARRATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What the fuckin' 'ell is 'e doin'
 'ere, eh? Screamin' like a bloody
 banshee on crack cocaine in the
 middle o' public and carryin' on
 like an upset woman?

(laughs and coughs)

Oh, fuck! That's fuckin' funny as
 shit! I 'ad no idea 'e behaved this
 way out the gate! Loony fuck coulda
 started a riot and got 'is 'ead
 taken clean off in the process!

(quick beat)

'kay, unfreeze please.

ACTION CONTINUES.

EXT. ANAHEIM ANGELS PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Doug carries on.

DOUG

WE SHOULD BE UP TWO GAMES TO ONE!!!

Three Orange County dudes tailgate on the rear end of a minivan. ERIK, TODD and KIRK smile as Doug makes a spectacle out of himself.

DOUG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We should be up TWO fucking games to ONE fucking game, people! This is an INJUSTICE! I am CALLING for the use of INSTANT REPLAY in professional baseball, OKAY? We NEED instant replay TODAY! WE SHOULD BE UP TWO GAMES TO ONE!!!

Erik flicks away his cigarette.

ERIK
Hey! Hey, rally monkey!
(louder)
Yo, bro! FUCK DOUG!

Doug turns. The look on his face says it all: the Anaheim Angels should be up two fucking games to one fucking game.

DOUG
We should be up two games to one, guys.

ERIK
Fuckin' A.

TODD
Fuckin' Angels.

ERIK
Fuckin' Angels? Bro, don't worry. We got this. The best thing about tonight was the bitch Doug ***** got what he deserved. The boo-ing he received tonight from us was epic and the boos he will hear for the rest of his retarded career?

The three friends fist bump.

ERIK (CONT'D)
It's coming. In a big way. Hey, you feel like going to some games with us the rest of the Post Season? We got Doug *****'s schedule and where he'll be umpiring from.

DOUG
You guys are fuckin' AWESOME!!!

KIRK

Nope. We are fuckin' drunk, son!

ERIK

Yeah, hey! What's your name, hot head?

Doug laughs like he's the Joker, then suddenly acts out a scene in mime. It appears like Doug digs holes in the pavement with a mime shovel.

ERIK (CONT'D)

C'mon, really? Is your name Doug?

Doug points to his nose.

They all laugh. All four slackers GIGGLE and SNICKER to ease the tension of Anaheim's loss coupled with Doug's name.

KIRK

Doug! Man of the hour. I'm Kirk, he's Todd.

ERIK

Erik.

DOUG

Guys, the Angels should be up two games to one.

ERIK

Baseball gods.

Doug looks up to the Heavens.

DOUG

Fuck... YOU, Baseball Gods!
(back to slackers)
Can I get an "A-men"?

Doug gets hit in the face with a red T-shirt. He pulls the tee off as if the cotton was a wet towel.

ERIK

You sure can! Ay, man. Put it on, Doug. I made about two thousand only. Sellin' 'em all on eBay.

Doug studies the front, the back and the front again. He never takes his eyes off the shirt.

TODD

Dude, that's a collector's item.

DOUG

Yes.

KIRK

Yeah, boss. Limited edition.

DOUG

Yes, yes, yes! I was just fired by my boss from my job.

Doug removes his hat, shirt and Elvis sunglasses.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Fire Doug dot com on the chest like Superman. So fitting.

ERIK

Fits like a glove, Orange County Doug. You ever been called that, OCD?

Doug models the front of his FireDoug.com T-shirt. The tee fits perfectly.

DOUG

I'm not from The OC.

Doug shows the backside: last name ***** with the number 88, all decked out in large white font.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I'm actually from The Eight One Eight, bitches.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLEN CAPRI MOTEL - AFTERNOON

Cars whip by a tiny motel on the busy four-lane San Fernando Boulevard in Glendale, California.

TITLE CARD: San Fernando Valley, California (The 8-1-8)

The sign for Glen Capri Motel stands tall and proud in this Valley neighborhood of car mechanics, donut shops and fast food restaurants.

Doug opens the door to room 110. He wears the red T-shirt like a champ and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Doug lights one up, then leans against the wall to exhale smoke.

The next door neighbor's door opens directly to the left of Doug's room, number 111.

88, a thin pasty character covered in tattoos, pops a blunt into his mouth and fires up the joint with his Zippo lighter. On the head of 88 is a Superman beanie cap with flames.

88

Sorry 'bout the noise last night,
we were just partying.

DOUG

No, that's fine. Barely heard ya.
Hey! Cool hat! I love Superman!

88

Do ya?

They both nod their heads, obviously each guy is looking for some type of common ground. One looks like a preppy white boy and the other looks like a rat from the gutter.

DOUG

Man of Steel. Speaking of which, I gotta give my last twenty bucks to this damn place. Friggan thieves. I lost my cell a few days ago... kinda nice not having it, but they make you pay a twenty deposit here if you wanna use the land line phone in your room. How dumb?

88

You homeless?

DOUG

Yep, my girlfriend broke up with me and she owned the house.

They laugh.

88

How long you been at this place?

DOUG

Yesterday afternoon, I got in.

88

What happened to your phone now?

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

As Doug tells his lost phone story, the action plays out with his voice over the flashback footage.

DOUG (V.O.)
I sold some weed last week and I
had the phone on my lap. When I
stood up, the thing hit the street.

A set of legs stands.

A flip-phone bounces a couple of times on the pavement before
it finds a new permanent home in the gutter.

DOUG (V.O.)
Boink-boink-plop...

CUT TO:

EXT. GLEN CAPRI MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Doug and 88 smoke.

DOUG
...and then it landed in the
gutter.

88
I got an idea. Let's do some drugs
now.

DOUG
Yeah?

88
Yeah. Meth? You like meth?

DOUG
Oh, no way, no. I meant, like, weed
or marijuana. Maybe mushrooms.

88
Where's your car at? You got a car?

DOUG
My car? Yeah, I have a car. I blew
the head gasket last week. The
mechanic's got it for a few days
anyway. Three or four days for a
head gasket on a Volkswagen.

88
Mmm... too bad. Me and my friends
are down from 'frisco. We got a
bunch. Gonna be here all week long.
You coulda done some running for
us. That's too bad.

DOUG
Yeah, too bad.

88
So then you want some?

DOUG
No! No-no-no-no, thanks. No, thank
you. Thank you, though, no. No way.
I can't.

88
Can't "what?"

DOUG
Seriously, no hard stuff. Natural
only. Weed... mushrooms...

88
Alright. Whatever, buddy.

The two guys take drags off their respective smokes.

DOUG
Shit, you know what? I really need
to put a deposit on that land line
phone in the room. Let me go add
twenty bucks on this thing so I can
call my guy.

Doug laughs and snaps the cigarette off as he walks away.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I'll be right back, Superman.

88 takes a big hit of his blunt, exhales like a bull. The
only thing he is missing is a nose ring and horns, this bull.
The fire in his eyes makes him appear as if he will charge at
any given second. 88 nods his head.

INT. GLEN CAPRI MOTEL - FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Doug pulls a door open, walks up to the counter and RINGS a
bell with the touch of a finger.

DOUG
Hello?

The MOTEL DESK CLERK steps out from a back room, looks very
uninterested in this motel management and obviously lacks
people skills to make his business flourish.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question first,
sir?

(beat)

Okay, why out of all the rooms
here, did you put those guys from
last night right next to my room.
They're noisy, they kept me up all
night long and now I just learned
that they're down from San
Francisco to deal methamphetamines.
You know what that is? Meth?

(beat)

I had a friend die from meth. First
he got bad skin, then he lost his
teeth, then he killed himself. It's
a terrible drug and they sell it.

MOTEL DESK CLERK

(broken English)

Who you calling?

DOUG

My friends to come pick me up.

MOTEL DESK CLERK

I don't want trouble.

DOUG

Me neither! Can I pay you for the
phone?

MOTEL DESK CLERK

No trouble from you!

The Motel Desk Clerk snatches the bill from Doug's hand.

EXT. GLEN CAPRI MOTEL - FRONT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Doug storms out of the office and into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Doug makes his way back to Room 110.

EXT. ROOM 110 - CONTINUOUS

88 opens the door to Room 111 and immediately pulls the
doorknob behind him, so as not to give a view inside his
hideout.

88

'sup?

DOUG

You know what I was just thinking about? Your Superman hat! I have a picture of me as a little kid wearing a Superman T-shirt. I love Superman! I was posing with this Superman shirt on, chest puffed out and my hands on my hips like this.

Doug poses for 88.

CUT TO:

A CHILD PICTURE OF DOUG IN A SUPERMAN T-SHIRT, CHEST PUFFED OUT AND HANDS ON HIPS.

CUT TO:

BACK TO THE ACTION.

EXT. GLEN CAPRI MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

88 smiles with his gnarly teeth and looks Doug up and down with his eyeballs.

88

Hey, what's your shirt mean? What is that? What's the eighty-eight mean on the back?

DOUG

You follow baseball? No? Probably not, right? Well, there's an idiot umpire on the loose with the same first name as me. Doug ***** cost the Angels a trip to the World Series. It's kinda too much to go into, but if you ever see the number eighty-eight, think "idiot."

Doug demonstrates with his hands how these two words are practically the same thing.

DOUG (CONT'D)

It's very easy to remember this: Eighty-eight... idiot. Idiot... eighty-eight. They even sound the same!

88 peels the Superman beanie cap from his skull.

88

I have an eighty-eight tat on the
back of my head.

Every muscle in Doug's face falls limp.

88 twists his neck to reveal a gigantic green-ish/blue-ish
tattoo of an "88" on the back of his stubbly skinhead.

DOUG

Whoa... are you a magician? How'd
you do that?

88 places the hat back on his dome and adjusts the fit.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Were you born in 1988?

88 laughs.

88

Yeah, I wish. Why don't you come
inside and we can talk about it? I
got good meth, Doug.

Doug thinks about the situation, nods his head.

DOUG

I'm sorry, what's your name again?

88

Never told you. Not gonna tell you.
(beat)
But uh... call me...

He takes a drag of the blunt.

88 (CONT'D)

(long beat)
Call me 88, just don't call me no
idiot, right?
(beat)
Eighty-eight... idiot. Idiot...

DOUG

Eighty-eight.

88 smiles to show his gangsta grille of a grin.

Doug lights himself a fresh cigarette.

88

Yo, did you tell that motel desk clerk me and my friends were down from 'frisco dealing meth?

Doug squints, pulls a long drag and thinks. The wheels turn and grind to a halt.

DOUG

I told them you were doing meth, not dealing it.

(quick beat)

Nah, I'm fuckin' with ya.

88

You sure you wanna do that, Doug?

DOUG

I do what I want, Superman.

Doug plays it cool. And now the two cool cats stand against the wall and finish their smokes.

CUT TO:

INT. GLEN CAPRI MOTEL - ROOM 110 - LATER

Doug closes the door behind him, clicks a dead bolt and locks himself in further with a chain.

DOUG

(to himself)

Jesus Christ.

Doug checks the peephole on the door, licks his dry lips and tries to make sense of the situation. He walks over to the adjoining wall.

Doug places his ear to the wall, closes his eyes and listens.

Muffled NOISES from the wall, words and laughter.

88 (O.S.)

(muffled)

Fuckin' faggot told. He told. Oh my God he fuckin' told.

(beat)

Did you hear him call me an idiot?

(laughter)

I'll knock his damn teeth out.

(laughter)

Did you fuckin' hear that?

DOUG
 (to himself)
 Oh, no. Fuck me. Oh, fuck me.

Doug looks around. He runs back and forth like a chicken with its head cut off.

He finds a pen, locates a scrap of paper and heads to the telephone.

Doug lifts the phone, presses three numbers and waits.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 Operator? I need a non-emergency
 telephone number for the...
 Glendale Police Department.
 (beat)
 Non-emergency, please.
 (beat)
 Thank you.

He writes. He breathes. He listens to muffled laughter.

Doug punches numbers into the phone and takes a deep breath. He speaks in a half-whisper, so as not to be heard through the walls.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 Hi. Hey, can you do me a favor?
 (beat)
 Great. Do you know where the Glen
 Capri Motel is?
 (beat)
 Okay, perfect. See, I'm in room
 number one-ten and I'm only going
 to be here another day, or two days
 at the most, okay?
 (beat)
 Okay. There's a guy selling meth in
 room number one eleven, the room
 right next door to the one I'm in.
 Like, a lot of meth.
 (long beat)
 Well? My name is Doug and I want to
 make the right call.

FADE OUT:

Black. Doug continues to talk to the Glendale Police.

DOUG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'm calling these guys out.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

A red light begins to flash repeatedly.

The VOICE of extras casting company owner RICH KING from Rich King Casting, muddied and recorded, from an answering machine.

RICH KING (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Hello and thank you for calling
 Rich King Casting. We are either on
 a call or out of the offi--

Keypad number NOISES press into a telephone: 101

CUT TO:

INT. GLEN CAPRI MOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Doug hunches over, phone to his ear, seated on the carpet.

DOUG
 Rich. It's Doug again, Rich.
 (beat)
 Rich, this is about the thirtieth
 time I've called and... I'm at the
 Motel Glen Capri. Glen Capri Motel,
 in Glendale.
 (beat)
 I know it's asking a lot, Rich. I
 need someone to come and pick me
 up. I've got nobody else to call,
 Rich. So, uh...
 (beat)
 And you're all caught up with the
 baseball stuff from October and
 also the scary-ass neighbor here
 whose tattoo I insulted. But there
 was one more thing... what was it?
 (quick beat)
 I mean, I hear them, Rich. This
 isn't in my head, like they said.
 I'm under a mega, major, monster
 spiritual attack, bud. Please help.

A sharp KNOCK on the door has Doug just about jump out of his own skin.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 Yeah?

Doug runs to the door and leaves the telephone on the floor.

CLOSE UP OF TELEPHONE AS DOUG AND POLICE TALK OFF CAMERA.

DOUG (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Glendale Police Department OFFICER #1 (off camera) identifies himself for Doug from behind the door.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.C.)

(muffled, through door)

Is there a Doug Maguire in there?

DOUG (O.C.)

Yeah?

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.C.)

(muffled, through door)

You reported multiple persons here at this motel as having meth and distributing illegal drugs, yes?

DOUG (O.C.)

WHAT!?!?!?

NOISES of Doug unlocking BOLTS and CHAINS. The doorknob TWISTS and the hinges SQUEAK open. We still cannot see Doug, but the act is quite obvious. Doug lies like the rug he was lying on.

DOUG (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Officer? What are you talking about? I didn't call anyone for that! What are you talking about?

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.C.)

You didn't call us an hour ago?

DOUG (O.C.)

No!

POLICE OFFICER #2 chimes in from off camera.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (O.C.)

May I ask you why your phone is off the hook, Mister Maguire?

DOUG (O.C.)

(whispers)

Now you've said my first name AND my last name. Thanks a lot, guys.

Doug drops the telephone on its receiver.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

A bad SIGNAL TONE of a telephone followed by an OPERATOR'S recorded VOICE MESSAGE.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
We're sorry. This mailbox is
currently full and cannot accept
any new messages at this --

CLICK. Numbers press hard into the telephone base. CLICKS and TONES, 10 punches.

CUT TO:

INT. GLEN CAPRI MOTEL - ROOM 110 - CONTINUOUS

Doug taps the telephone base and gets no response. He looks at the phone in his hand.

DOUG
(to himself)
Crap.

He runs to the door without making a sound, like a freaked out feline on catnip: no grace, but some type of skill.

Doug puts an eye up to the peephole.

Nothing, only quiet.

FIVE KNOCKS on the door breaks the silence to make Doug flinch - KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK... KNOCK-KNOCK.

Doug takes a small step back, thinks over this bizarre situation, pulls at the skin on his face, then nods. He reaches for the door locks.

CLOSE UP OF DOUG'S RATTY CONVERSE SNEAKERS.

The door slowly opens...

RACK FOCUS FROM CONVERSE SNEAKERS TO A TINY WOODEN PIG.

A tiny wooden pig stands on Room 110's doorstep. Doug's hand reaches down to grab the wooden animal.

Doug looks at the pig, squeezes the wood in his clenched fist, closes and locks the door like he just saw a ghost. Doug's actions are very careful and extremely robotic.

The wooden pig is placed next to the telephone. The telephone is lifted from the base. The number zero is pressed.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (into telephone)
 I'm in room one ten and just curious... did the twenty dollars get all used up on local calls? Cuz those were local calls to Hollywood.
 (beat)
 Yes, you don't want trouble. Me neither. Did you tell them I told you they were selling meth?
 (beat)
 Yes, I called the cops.

CLICK.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 Huh?

Doug hangs up the telephone. He holds the receiver again, presses zero.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (into telephone)
 It's me... from room one ten again.

CLICK.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Oh my God, dude.

He tries one last time.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (into telephone)
 Hey! Are you in on it???
 (beat)
 I heard you, yes. You don't want trouble. So then why are you protecting these guys? Why didn't the Police take me seriously?
 (beat)
 You wanna know what I think? I think you're all working together, yeah! Fuckin' meth ring kingpins.
 (beat)
 I don't want any trouble either. And you tell that guy, your friend, to back off and stop leaving wooden pigs on my doorstep.

CLICK.

Doug looks at the telephone in his hand.

DOUG (CONT'D)
What the fuck, dude?

Doug creeps over to the adjoining wall. MUFFLED LAUGHTER and VOICES and SNORTS are there, but FAINT.

A closer listen: a LOUD WHACK of a THUD against the wall. Doug jumps back.

LAUGHTER, SNORTS and DEATH THREATS.

88
(barely audible and
muffled)
Kill that mother fucking snitch,
Doug. He told the guy at the desk
and then called the cops on me.
(beat)
No, shit. I'll kill him.

Doug returns to the peephole.

Now the telephone.

DOUG
(into telephone)
Hi, room one ten. Listen...
(beat)
Hello?
(beat)
Please don't hang up. Those people
in room one eleven, they're outside
waiting for me to leave.
(beat)
I can't leave! I have a bag of
clothes, a bag of laundry and my
bass guitar. I won't get very far.
There's no way a camel can outrun a
pack of wolves.
(beat)
Can you just please... please! Can
you please activate the phone I'm
on again so I can call my friend so
he can pick me up? You can put it
on the credit card I paid for the
room with, okay? You have my
permission to charge me fifty extra
dollars for five minutes of phone
time, okay? Please. I'm begging
you, sir. Please.

CLICK.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (to telephone)
 Are you serious???

Doug presses zero... HARD.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (into telephone)
 Sir? Hey! It's me again from one
 ten, Doug! The guy who told you
 about the illegal drugs and the guy
 who called the cops. The snitch.
 (quick beat)
 Listen... I'm going to set off the
 smoke detector and the fire
 department will be here soon, just
 warning ya.
 (beat)
 I don't want any trouble either.

This time, Doug hangs up the telephone.

CLICK.

INT. ROOM 110 - MOMENTS LATER

Doug climbs on top of a chair and holds a burning piece of
 paper to the ceiling, close to a round smoke detector.

DOUG
 (to the smoke detector)
 Come on...

Fire continues to burn the piece of paper, close to Doug's
 fingertips. He drops the paper to the floor.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 AH!

Doug shakes off the hotness.

QUICK SHOTS OF THE SMOKE DETECTOR: TWIST, PULL, POP, LID FLIP
 9Volt battery missing!

DOUG (CONT'D)
 Dirty mother fuckers...

Doug quickly picks up the telephone and freezes, just as he
 is about to hit number zero.

CLOSEUP: DOUG'S FINGER HOLDS STEADY OVER THE NUMBER "0"

Doug squints his eyes.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: FINGER TOUCHES BUTTONS "9," "1" AND "1."

CUT TO:

BLACK.

A 911 OPERATOR fields the emergency telephone call.

911 OPERATOR
(filtered)
Nine-one-one, what's your
emergency?

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 110 - CONTINUOUS

Doug sits in a chair, calm and cool, legs crosses, enjoying a cigarette in the non-smoking room. He has one hand holding the telephone while the other plays with a non-functional smoke detector.

DOUG
(into telephone)
I'm at the Motel Glen Capri. The
Glen Capri Motel in Glendale. And I
removed the smoke detector from the
ceiling in room one ten... where
I'm staying... and guess what? No
batteries. I coulda died.
(beat)
Or I coulda lived! I was trying to
light a fire in my room.
(beat)
Can you believe that shit? I bet
none of the rooms have smoke
detectors.

911 OPERATOR
(filtered)
Sir, what's your emergency?

DOUG
That's the problem. I told you
already. Malfunctioning smoke
detectors.

911 OPERATOR
(filtered)
Sir, we need to keep this line free
for emergencies only.

DOUG
Isn't that a fire hazard?

911 OPERATOR
(filtered)
You're probably going to want to
file something with the Fire
Marshall or building inspector.
Okay?
(long beat)
Hello, sir?

Doug shakes his head in disagreement.

DOUG
Well, here's the thing though: I
took the smoke detector apart, then
I re-wired the thing and then I
strapped twenty cigarette lighters
to it.

911 OPERATOR
(filtered)
Okay... sir?

DOUG
I made me a bomb.

911 OPERATOR
(filtered)
Excuse me?
(beat)
Can you say that again, please?

DOUG
Oh, now you're listening. Yeah, you
heard me. I made a bomb with an old
smoke detector and twenty cigarette
lighters. I'm staying in room
number one ten.
(quick beat)
Now whatcha gonna do about it?

911 OPERATOR
(filtered)
Hello?
(beat)
I'm sorry, did you say you made a
bomb out of a smoke detector?

DOUG

Yeah. I did. Yes, I did. And fuck
the sloppy Officers of Glendale
Police Department.

He SLAMS the telephone, hard enough to make it DING!

EXT. ROOM 110 - MOMENTS LATER

Doug pulls wire coat hangers from their closet post.

Hands bend and brake coat hangers into ten inch metal
sticks... a pile of them now.

Doug pulls T-shirts from their bag.

Hands rip the T-shirts into long shreds of cloth... another
pile.

Doug flips furniture: the chairs, the dining set, the end
tables... the mattress!

Any furniture with legs has a coat hanger spike wrapped with
shreds of T-shirt to secure it in place.

Doug rolls a motel towel into a whip.

INT. ROOM 110 - MOMENTS LATER

The telephone RINGS.

Doug takes the motel towel whip and lines up his target.

The telephone continues to RING.

Doug takes a deep breath and WHIPS the towel with a CRACK.

The telephone flies off the handle - a perfect shot! Doug
walks over to the phone and holds it to his ear.

DOUG

Yellow?

(beat)

Yeah...

(beat)

Sir? I called nine-one-one on you
cuz it's the only number I could
dial out. Nine-one-one and zero for
you. Cash only to use the phone?
Give me a break.

(beat)

Mm-hm. You got it, buddy.

Doug smiles.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 You got a whole lotta trouble now,
 busta!

Doug hangs up the telephone.

He looks around, admires his "last stand" creation of a battle fort, complete with stabbing metal spikes.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (large and in charge)
 Now what!?
 (beat)
 NOW WHAT!?
 (long beat)
 NEOW WHUT!?!?!?

CUT TO:

INT. BURBANK POLICE CRUISER - PARKED - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Doug slips inside the back of a Burbank Police cruiser. His face appears slightly obscured from the metal mesh separating front from back. The perpetrator back door of the vehicle closes, the driver's side front door opens and shuts.

DOUG
 Hmm...
 (long beat)
 Now what?

They drive away from one AMAZING (off camera) crime scene.

INT. BURBANK POLICE CRUISER - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

The BURBANK POLICE OFFICER lays it out for handcuffed Doug.

BURBANK POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)
 Well, like the nine-one-one operator explained, we're going to fifty-one fifty you. It's not exactly going to be a seventy-two hour hold though, Doug. This is a two week stay in a mental hospital. Just keep your head down and do your time, you'll be out before you know it. And I told them at the motel to hold your things, so when you're out in two weeks, swing by the place. No hard feelings.

DOUG

Hey! Speaking of numbers, Officer?
I said something really bad
earlier. I told that meth dealer
how eighty-eight meant idiot and he
took off his Superman beanie cap
and showed me a huge friggan tattoo
of the number eighty-eight on the
back of his head.

BURBANK POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)

It's a white supremacist's code for
Heil Hitler. "H" is the eighth
letter of the alphabet. Two eights
are "HH" - Heil Hitler.

DOUG

I told the eighty-eight guy that
eighty-eight meant idiot.
(laughs)
Fuckin' bull's eye. Super idiot.

The Burbank Police Officer checks on Doug from the cruiser's
rearview mirror.

BURBANK POLICE OFFICER

Two weeks, Doug. Take your meds,
paint pictures, join in on a couple
of the groups... have you been in a
psychiatric hospital ever before?

DOUG (O.C.)

Nope.

BURBANK POLICE OFFICER

To be honest here, you're very
lucky you're not going to County,
Doug. You made a bomb threat.

(beat)

You do know that, right? You made a
bomb threat?

(long beat)

You'll be alright, Doug. Wanna hear
some music?

Doug stares out the window and watches life go by.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And there it is, people. Now, 'e
'as just a wee bit more added to
the tale. So stick around after
those credits, loves. Fuckin' Doug.

CUT TO:

BEGIN END CREDIT SEQUENCE:

INT. GLEN CAPRI MOTEL - OFFICE - MORNING

The Motel Desk Clerk reads his newspaper, flips pages. Doug walks inside and looks very healthy since his stay in the ward - clean shaven, fresh haircut and sharp clothes.

Doug smiles.

The Motel Desk Clerk acknowledges Doug and heads toward the back room. He returns with three pieces of property: Doug's backpack, his bag of clothing, a bass guitar and one baseball glove.

MOTEL DESK CLERK

Okay. No problems anymore. Thank you, friend.

They hug it out. Doug quietly gathers his belongings, turns and heads toward the door.

The Motel Desk Clerk looks below his counter.

MOTEL DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy! Hey!

Doug spins around to face the Motel Desk Clerk.

The Motel Desk Clerk whips a soft Frizbee-like object in Doug's direction.

Doug catches the spinning discus with his baseball glove. He twists his wrist to see...

The Superman beanie with flames.

Doug looks at the Motel Desk Clerk for a moment.

CUT TO:

Redness. As red as The Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim.

FADE OUT:

The End