

LITTLE MAN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - DAY

Ducks glide on the pond. Strollers and joggers go by. Puppy training, tai chi. Kids toss a football. A peaceful Sunday.

Thrash metal **BLASTS** in the distance. It gets louder.

Ducks scatter. Babies cry. Puppies howl, leashes tangle. The tai chi master loses his flow. Total chaos.

DOUG EVANS (30, White) rocks out in a beat-up car. Megadeth shirt, Dodgers hat, 3-day beard. Could clean-up well--if he cared. He flicks a cigarette out the window, checks phone.

Text from "Ethan": "Trash day tomorrow. Please don't knock over the bins again."

BAM! A football bounces right in front of Doug's car.

DOUG

SHIT!

He pulls over, gets out. Grabs the rogue football. Three **KIDS** (8-9) shout and wave to him.

KIDS

Here! Over here!

Doug grins, motions for the kids to back up for a long pass. They do. He raises the football and

hops in the car and **DRIVES OFF** with it. The kids shout and bolt after the car. The chase is on.

IN REARVIEW MIRROR - The kids run like crazy.

Doug *almost* feels bad. Brake lights go bright. The car stops. Bumper sticker: "My dog is smarter than your honor student".

Doug holds the football out the window with one hand. The kids catch up, almost there...

Doug **HITS** the gas. The car surges. The kids scream. The chase continues. **OOOF**. One kid eats it. Doug cackles. He speeds away, leaving the pissed off kids panting in the street.

IN CAR

Doug tosses the football into the backseat, onto a pile of soccer balls, baseballs, basketballs... He's done this before.

EXT. CENTER POINTE MALL - DAY

Suburban retail paradise. Cineplex, Olive Garden. Doug's car swerves into the parking lot, takes up two spaces.

INT. BURRITO BOSS - MALL FOOD COURT - DAY

Mexican fast food. Doug cuts to the front of the line where **ROBBIE** (17, Latinx) bright, friendly, takes orders.

ROBBIE

Welcome to Burrito Boss--

DOUG

Numero six-o, amigo.

ROBBIE

I'd be happy to get that for you.

(points to nametag)

And it's "Robbie".

DOUG

You speak English. Whew.

Robbie ignores the insult, smiles, keeps it professional.

ROBBIE

Number six Bacon Burrito Combo with
bacon guac and pico de bacon.

DOUG

Your English is like, really good.

Beat.

ROBBIE

Darn, we're outta bacon. But you'll
love the new Grande Burrito Del
Tonto--not on the menu yet. *Free.*

DOUG

You da man, Roberto!

KITCHEN

Three TEEN WORKERS (16-18) keep the orders moving.

ROBBIE (V.O.)

(over order mic)

Burrito. Del. Tonto.

The teens freeze. With precision, they form an assembly line. TEEN 1 plops beans on a tortilla. TEEN 2 adds guac, cheese...

TEEN 3 sticks a hand down his pants to his crotch.

LATER - FOOD COURT

Doug beats an AMPUTEE (60) on crutches to the last seat. He devours his burrito, every bit. Mmmm. Licks his fingers.

LATER - ELEVATOR

Packed. Doug eyes a cute WOMAN (19). He flirts, mouths "Hi," a pubic hair in his teeth. She scoots further away.

A FART squeaks. Passengers wince. The woman covers her nose, glares at Doug who points to an OLD LADY (85) next to him.

PING. Doors open. Passengers can't exit fast enough. Alone, Doug lifts a leg, thunderous farts. Relief.

INT. FONE KING - DAY

ON PURPLE BANNER - "Low Prices Big Fone King Deals"

Odd mash-up of T-Mobile and Medieval Times. Frazzled **SALES REPS** (20-30) in purple shirts can't keep up with throngs of excited SHOPPERS. Two reps hustle to restock a display.

SALES REP 1

This is wack. What's the deal?

SALES REP 2

I dunno. But check *that* out.

Shoppers swarm for selfies with a creepy-looking mannequin in medieval wear. Cedric, Fone King mascot. He has a big sword.

SALES REP 1 (O.S.)

Where's Doug?

EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM

Couches, lockers. Doug rummages in the fridge. On the bulletin board "Manager of the Month: Tyler Fogel, Store 38."

Behold the rising star's photo. Big smile, fuzzstache, HUGE BOOBS graffitied in black marker on his oxford. Not some lame middle schooler doodles. These have shading and perspective.

TYLER (V.O.)

(over P.A. system)

Doug, report to the sales floor.

Doug slurps Chinese takeout (not his), fingers covered in black marker.

SALES FLOOR

TYLER (25) unlocks a display case. He's got the style, swagger, and sensible footwear of retail management.

Doug mock kneels at his feet.

DOUG
(Darth Vader voice)
What is thy bidding, my master?

TYLER
You're thirty-seven minutes late.

DOUG
I changed a tire for an old lady--

TYLER
Corporate called. My office, now!

He weaves through the crowd and around shoppers posing for Cedric selfies. Doug takes in the chaos, smirks.

LATER - TYLER'S OFFICE

A Fone King shrine. There's a portrait of a BUSINESSMAN (70s) in a huge crown. On the brass plate, "Dave Wang, Founder".

At his desk, Tyler steeples fingers. Doug lounges in a chair, plays it cool.

TYLER
Last night. Your Instagram post.

Holds up his phone. It's a selfie of Doug and Cedric holding his big sword... AT HIS CROTCH. Like a giant phallus.

TYLER
Apparently, #BigFoneKingDeal is blowing up on social media.

DOUG
Engagement shitstorm. Sweet.

TYLER
Mr. Wang is impressed by the out-of-the-box rogue marketing stunt.

Doug leans forward. This is his moment.

DOUG
It's getting shoppers back in the store. Check out all the memes.

ON DOUG'S PHONE - Scroll memes of people having fun with gripping big objects at crotch level--just like Cedric's big sword. Bats, lightsabers, pool noodles. #BigFoneKingDeal.

Doug grins with pride.

TYLER

A very risky move. One that could have backfired badly.

DOUG

(oblivious)

Totally, right? I got a lot more amazing ideas. Hey, my raise gonna be on this paycheck or the next--?

TYLER

Doug, you're a loose cannon. I have to let you go.

Doug's face falls. He stands. Disappointed, angry.

DOUG

Screw this bullshit.

INT. DOUG'S ROOM - ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Doug's "cave." A pigsty. Video game console, beer cans. Posters of thrash metal bands and bikini girls.

Doug dozes on a mattress. Beside him, a pile of fast food containers. RUSTLING in the pile. GLIMPSE of a ratty tail..

A tiny DOG pops out. Patchy hair, rat-like tail, pizza in his mouth. It's **FUGLY**. He truly lives up to his name. Doug wakes.

DOUG

Hey... don't eat that.

He pries away the stale slice and eats it. Fugly barks protest, hops on Doug's belly. They share.

DOUG

Fug, your old man fucked up again.

He scratches the dog's head, heavy sigh. A side of Doug he doesn't like to show. **Vulnerability**.

DOUG

But you still love me, huh?

Fugly licks his face. Doug cracks a sad smile. Fugly leaps down, barks and paws at messy shelves by the mattress.

Doug ignores him. Fugly persists. Doug groans, reaches for a BOX under some Hustlers. Fugly sniffs it, wags his tail.

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A Volvo pulls into the driveway of a Craftsman bungalow. Curbside, there's a knocked-over trash bin by Doug's car.

INT. DOUG'S ROOM - DAY

Box opened, contents on floor. Pencils, markers, tabbed books, dozens of old sketchpads. Doug flips through one.

Reveal pages of ax-wielding warriors, badass Amazons with heaving bosoms, biomechanical reptilian beasts, aliens, and Fugly in a Dodgers hat. All rendered with skill and artistry.

Sound of a door SHUTTING. Doug shoves his stuff in the box. GLIMPSE of a book title: *Make Creativity Make Money*.

Box goes back on the shelf where there's an OLD PHOTO of two BOYS (8) at Dodger Stadium. A chubby-cheeked slob and a nerd in glasses. A GIRL (11) photobombs bunny ears behind them.

ETHAN (O.S.)

Doug?

LATER - KITCHEN

Tidy, stylish. At the table, **ETHAN REYES** (30, Filipino-American) types on a laptop. Clean-cut, handsome in glasses. Ralph Lauren meets Charles Schwab. He sips a hard seltzer.

Doug grabs Cheetos on top of the fridge, pours some into Fugly's bowl. The dog munches.

DOUG

Fucking twat-waffle Tyler... he doesn't get it--we're outta mayo.

Pops a beer, chugs. Ethan pauses typing.

ETHAN

Tell me you didn't get fired.

DOUG

Nah... let go.

DING DONG. Doorbell. Fugly barks crazy.

DOUG/ETHAN

FUGLY, CAVE!

The dog hushes, darts down the hall and into Doug's room.

FOYER

It's **PRIYA PATEL** (30, Indian-American). Smart, stunning. She smiles, holds up a foil-wrapped tray.

PRIYA
Look what Nani made.

Ethan kisses her.

ETHAN
Yum. Can't wait... and Doug's home.

KITCHEN

Doug chomps Cheetos. Ethan and Priya enter.

PRIYA
Hello, Doug. How are you?

DOUG
(burps)
Awe-some.

PRIYA
Greeaat... would you like a samosa?

She lifts the foil. Doug winces at the fried dumplings.

DOUG
Uh... they smell--

ETHAN
SO good! Priya's grandma made them.

Priya plates two for Doug. He shoves one in his mouth.

ETHAN
Good, right? Try it with chutney.

Priya opens a container of pulpy green sauce.

DOUG
That's gonna give me the shits--

PRIYA
Nice to see you. Gotta go!

She grabs Ethan's hand, beelines to the door.

Doug watches them wistfully... and farts. He pokes at the samosas, sticks Cheetos inside of one.

Sound of a door SHUTTING. Muffled ARGUING. Ethan returns.

ETHAN

Doug... we need to talk. There's something I've been wanting to--

DOUG

I know you're gay. It's cool.

ETHAN

I'm not--would you just *listen* for a minute?! Ever think about working on your social skills? Be nicer?

DOUG

Why?

It's a real question. Ethan's frustration grows.

ETHAN

No one likes you.

DOUG

(unphased)

Lotsa people like me.

ETHAN

Okay. Name one person. *One*.

DOUG

Diamond, Coco, Asia, Bambi, Sugar--

ETHAN

Strippers get paid to like you.

DOUG

Ricky.

ETHAN

The bouncer? Who you tip?

Doug tosses a Cheeto-stuffed samosa to Fugly.

DOUG

Fine... Prius.

ETHAN

Priya's only nice to you because I told you're a little... special.

DOUG

Special? As in...?

Ethan fiddles with his seltzer. Guilty.

DOUG

You told her I'm retar--

ETHAN

"On the spectrum"! It's the only way she'd put up with you. Look, we've been friends a long time. I'm your *only* friend. Ever wonder why?

DOUG

Seeing as how I'm *special*, nope.

ETHAN

For a good-looking guy, you can't keep a girl more than one date--

DOUG

I'm cool you're gay. Seriously.

ETHAN

You don't finish what you start-- like night school.

DOUG

Homework sucks.

ETHAN

You've been "let go" from ten jobs-- now eleven--in five years.

DOUG

You're point is...?

ETHAN

(the dam bursts)

You act like a thoughtless, irresponsible prick! Common courtesy? What's that? You lie and cheat. You still hit people!

DOUG

Your beyotch sister had it coming.

ETHAN

In twenty-two years, I've never heard you say "I'm sorry."

DOUG

Prius put you up to this.

ETHAN

You're a perpetual child. GROW UP!

That stings. Doug stomps out.

FOYER

ETHAN

Doug, come on.

DOUG

The prick has left the building.

ETHAN

You don't *have* to be a prick. I'm trying to help. I'm your friend.

DOUG

Are you, Ethan? Or am I just your retarded charity case? Fuck. You.

PORCH

Doug bursts out the door. Then Ethan bursts out the door.

ETHAN

Come back! Let's talk about this. I only said those things because I care. Dammit, Doug! Don't do this!

Doug keeps on walking. Ethan retreats, slams the door.

The old neighbors, **THE LEWISES** (80s), observe from their porch swing. Mrs. Lewis turns to her hubby, nods knowingly.

EXT. BOOBY TRAP CLUB - DAY

Pitched roof of a former IHOP, painted black with pink trim.

INT. BOOBY TRAP CLUB - DAY

Dark, skeezy. Music thumps. Doug enters, takes in the scene. Home. Safe. **RICKY** (30s), the burly bouncer, fist-bumps Doug.

RICKY

(deep voice, sings)
Who let the Doug out?

DOUG

Who, who, who, who, who?

RICKY

Yo, Boss. Howda biz, King of Fones?

DOUG

Fan-fuckin-tastic!

They do a boxing move. Doug slides him a bill, gets escorted to a VIP table. **SUGAR** (20s) sashays over in a skimpy outfit.

SUGAR
Off work early, Dougie?

DOUG
I'm... celebrating. My promotion.

Waves a credit card. Sugar shimmies. Three more STRIPPERS (20s) run over to the join the fun.

DOUG
Let's get this party started!

Club music cranks louder.

EXT. BOOBY TRAP CLUB - DAY

SUPER: 3 hours later.

The door swings outward. Doug exits, fist-bumps Ricky. He shuffles off, singing and gyrating.

DOUG
*Pour some sugar on me / In the name
of love / Pour some sugar on me...*

RICKY
(shakes head)
Late-uh, play-uh.

LATER - ALLEY

Still singing, Doug stumbles along. He slows to a trudge, quiets, and stops. Anger flashes across his face. He kicks a beer can, falls on his ass. Doesn't get up.

DOUG
I'm the fuckin' King of Fones.

Hangs his head.

The faint CHIMES of an ICE CREAM TRUCK tinkle in the distance. *Pop Goes the Weasel*. Doug lifts his head.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

KIDS (4-10) swarm an old ice cream truck emblazoned with the MR. CHILLY logo, a happy walrus in a hat and bowtie.

Doug wades through the kids. A **GIRL** (8) steps up to order.

CARL (O.S.)
What can I get for you, Miss?

DOUG
(cuts in front)
Polar Peach popsicle.

GIRL
Hey! What's your problem, Mister?

Doug ignores the girl. The kids glare daggers.

In the truck window is **CARL** (70s, Black). If Morgan Freeman were an ice cream man. Good-natured, wise. Twinkle in his eye. He sports an old-school ice cream man's uniform.

CARL
There's a line, young man.

DOUG
It's for my kid. He's sick.

Carl looks to the girl for the O.K. She nods. Carl digs in the freezer case, but he's no fool.

CARL
All out of Polar Peach.

DOUG
Damn. It's my--*my kid's*--favorite.

CARL
Language, young man.

DOUG
Then I'll take a... shit... a...

He scans the treat menu. Kids sigh "Hurry up" "Todaay" etc.

DOUG
Super-lemon Snowball.

CARL
Sold the last one.

DOUG
Okay... Blackberry Blizzard.

CARL
Back-ordered.

DOUG
Cloudburst Cream.

CARL
Recalled. Listeria.

DOUG
Glacier Goo.

CARL
No can do.

DOUG
Vanilla Ice-Ice.

CARL
Maybe.

Carl digs in the freezer case again. Doug bounces hopeful. The crowd has dwindled to nothing. Carl comes up empty.

DOUG
You don't have shit on a shingle
(reads name tag)
"Carl".

Beat.

CARL
I have just the thing for you.

He digs and surfaces with a sparkling **SWIRLY BLUE POPSICLE**.

Doug is mesmerized. The plastic wrapper twinkles in the light. Printed on the wrapper is an image of a little boy under an umbrella. Rain bounces off of it.

CARL
El Niño. A limited edition classic.
Guaranteed to take ya back.

DOUG
What flavor is it?

CARL
Blue.

DOUG
Not a flavor. It's a color.

CARL
Like orange?

Doug's got nothing. Carl chuckles then looks Doug in the eye.

CARL
Guess ya still got a lot to learn.

DOUG
Okay, boomer, how much?

CARL
On the house. For your little boy.

MOMENTS LATER

ON TRUCK REAR - "Bringing Out The Child In You Since 1972."

The truck drives off. Tinkling music fades. Doug sits on the curb devouring the blue popsicle. He winces. Brain freeze.

DOUG'S POV - Sparkly double vision.

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lips stained blue, Doug stares at Ethan's empty parking spot.

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM - DAY

Doug snores. Still in his clothes from the night before.

INT. ETHAN'S ROOM - DAY

Crate and Barrel to Doug's frat house. On the desk is a framed OLD PHOTO just like Doug's. Doug peeks in, no Ethan. *He didn't come home.*

EXT. BIG TOP BURGER - DAY

The old circus-themed burger joint has seen better days. Burnt-out neon letters read, "BIG T P URGE".

DRIVE-THRU/DOUG'S CAR

A sad CLOWN (30s) works the order window. Doug checks his phone. No texts. No voicemail. He flings it onto the seat.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET/DOUG'S CAR - DAY

Traffic jam. Doug leans out the window. Orange cones ahead.

IN DOUG'S CAR

Thrash metal blasts. Burger in one hand, steering wheel in other, Doug flips a U-turn, detours onto a tree-lined street.

ON YELLOW SIGN - "Slow School Zone"

Doug fumbles the burger. It lands on the floor, he reaches...
BLAM! A soccer ball bounces off his hood. Doug brakes. Fast
food flies everywhere.

DOUG
SON OF A BITCH!

He pulls over, gets out. Seethes at the dents (old dents).

KID 1 (O.S.)
Hey Mister, can you get our ball?
Under that car.

TWO **KIDS** (7-8) stand behind a chain link school fence.

DOUG
You little twat-waffles dented my
hood! This car's a classic!

KID 2
It's an old piece of poop.

A third kid appears. **WYATT** (7), small, sweet. Bully prey.

WYATT
Can you get our ball? Please?

Innocent eyes on Doug. Ethan's words echo in Doug's head.

ETHAN (V.O.)
You don't *have* to be a prick...

Doug groans, gives in. He crawls under a car, reaches. He
emerges with the soccer ball. The kids cheer.

He raises the ball to toss it over the fence and freezes.
Looks at the ball in his hand. He's never returned one.

ETHAN (V.O.)
You don't *have* to be a prick...

Doug thinks. And thinks.

ETHAN (V.O.)
Give 'em the ball already!

DOUG
(mutters)
Do-gooder-mother-fucker.

Doug tosses the ball over. OOF. It hits Kid 1 in the face.

WYATT
Thanks, Mister.

The kids scamper off. Wyatt looks back, waves at Doug. Doug waves too, goofy smile. He shrugs, turns to his car. **GONE**.

DOUG
What the--?

SCREECH. Down the block, Doug's car turns the corner.

DOUG
Shit-stain-cornhole-cocksucker!

Doug chases his stolen car. SPARKLY DOUBLE VISION returns.

CHIMES of an ice cream truck. Doug rounds the corner.

EYES WIDEN. FLASH of a Mr. Chilly truck.

Brakes SQUEAL. IMPACT.

Darkness... *Pop Goes the Weasel* warps, fades.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

DOUG'S POV - Eyes slowly open, regain consciousness.

A fuzzy image comes into focus... it's a WOMAN. Long wild hair, come-hither eyes. She wears the armor corset of a **BADASS AMAZON WARRIOR PRINCESS**. Wielding a mighty spear, she winks.

Doug's hallucination vanishes and is replaced by the angelic face of **JULIA JONES** (27, multiracial). She's adorable in a sweater and pearls. She smiles then runs to the door.

DOUG (O.S.)
Come back...

His voice sounds *high*.

JULIA
(out the door)
He's awake!

DOUG'S POV - Bed railings, monitors. A hospital room.

A nurse enters. Pink stethoscope, crayon-patterned scrubs. **NURSE CORA** (45, Filipina) is in charge. All five feet of her.

NURSE CORA
Our patient's finally up.

She takes his pulse.

DOUG'S POV - His arm is wiry, skinny.

DOUG (O.S.)
 (squeaky kid voice)
 What the fuck--?

NURSE CORA
 Mouth, young man. What's your name?

THROAT-CLEARING sound.

DOUG (O.S.)
 (still squeaky)
 Doug.

JULIA
 Doug, I'm Julia. We want to help.

A big ORDERLY enters with a tray. It's Ricky from Booby Trap.

RICKY
 Ready for some grub, Boss?

DOUG (O.S.)
 Ricky?!
 (sings)
Who let the Doug out? Who, who!

Ricky does a double-take.

LOUD SPEAKER (V.O.)
 Cora Reyes 2-11. Cora Reyes 2-11.

NURSE CORA
 We'll be back.

She leaves with Julia. Ricky sets the food on a table.

DOUG (O.S.)
 You work here?

RICKY
 Sure do. Let's see what we got.

He lifts the plate cover. Reveal tater tots, carrots, and brown nuggety things.

RICKY
 Mmmm. Dino nuggets. Dang, I forgot
 the jello. I'm on it, Boss.

DOUG (O.S.)
 No, it's okay. Stay here--

Ricky exits.

DOUG (O.S.)
Wait! I'm coming with you--

He pulls off the blanket and GASPS IN HORROR.

BATHROOM

DOUG'S POV - Mirror, sink--everything--is too high.

LITTLE FEET step onto an overturned waste basket.

IN THE MIRROR - **A little boy version of Doug** stares back!

DOUG
HOLY SHIT!

Messy hair, chubby cheeks--just like in the old photo. He opens his mouth. A big gap where two front teeth should be. He peers down, slowly OPENS HIS PAJAMA BOTTOMS.

NURSES' STATION

Cora on phone. Julia holds up a teddybear for her to see.

DOUG (O.S.)
NOOOOOOO...!

They dash down the hall toward the commotion.

DOUG'S HOSPITAL ROOM

DOUG
NOOOOOOO...!

QUICK CUTS -- exterior hospital -- exterior traffic-jammed freeway -- exterior city -- exterior earth from space.

Back in the room, Doug weeps on the floor, fetal position.

DOUG
My dick... my one true friend.

Sound of VOICES. Doug sits up.

Cora and Julia rush in. They see Doug asleep in his bed, food untouched. Julia tucks the teddybear under his arm.

JULIA
Poor thing didn't eat. He's scared.

NURSE CORA
He's alive because of you.

JULIA
What happens now?

Cora pulls the privacy curtain around the bed.

NURSE CORA (O.S.)
He'll be put into foster care...
By end of day.

Doug's eyes pop open.

LATER

Ricky returns with green jello and a bed pan, opens curtain.

RICKY
I'm back, Boss. Need to wee-wee--?

ELEVATORS

ON BLUE BALLOONS tied to the wheelchair of **MRS. JOHNSON** (38), dazed and exhausted. She holds a newborn in a blue blanket. **MR. JOHNSON** (40) pushes her. A smiley sweater vest church dad encircled by a tornado of eight loud BOYS (2-9), "Boy-nado."

The huge family squeezes into the elevator. Boy-nado fights to push buttons. Glimpse of CHOO-CHOO PAJAMAS. Doors close.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Baha Men's *Who Let the Dogs Out?* continuous.

In the loading zone, Mrs. Johnson and Boy-nado climb aboard a big passenger van, the size of an airport shuttle.

Ricky and a SECURITY GUARD (40s) burst out the doors.

INSIDE VAN

Boy-nado bedlam. Punching, teasing, crying. Toys fly over rows of seats. Hot Wheels are hurled to the back of the van.

Doug dodges them. GIGGLING from the carseat beside him. A toddler, **MALACHI** (2) holds out a goldfish cracker to Doug.

Doug looks out the window. The search party searches.

HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

The Johnson's van rolls out the exit.

In the window, Doug's face is pressed to the glass. Sneaky grin. A shower of goldfish crackers land on his head.

INT. VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Mr. Johnson drives, immune to the mayhem. His wife weeps silently. Doug scans the street signs, crackers in his hair.

MR. JOHNSON

Hey, kids! How about a Johnson family sing-a-long to welcome your new baby brother.

They sing the most annoying Sunday school song on Earth:

MR. JOHNSON/KIDS

(sing)

Father Abraham had many sons/ Many sons had Father Abraham/ I am one of them and so are you/ So let's all praise the Lord!/ Right arm!/ Father Abraham..

Hands on ears, Doug screams. He's drowned out by the singing. Projectile PUKE splatters his face. He gags. Malachi claps.

EXT. JOHNSON'S HOUSE - DAY

The van pulls into a 2-story colonial. *They're still singing.*

EXT. JOHNSON'S BACKYARD - DAY

War zone of toys and boys. Doug blends right in. He surveys the yard, spots BIKES by a locked gate.

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lights out. Quiet. Boy-nado sleeps.

Bunny slippers tiptoe. Doug steps on a squeaky toy by a crib. Malachi wakes. Doug makes a shhhh motion, gives him the toy.

DOUG

(whispers)

Adios, mother-puker.

EXT. JOHNSON'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Doug picks a lock with a fork, mounts a bike. He can't reach the pedals.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

Sound of RUMBLING. Bunny slippers power a BIG WHEEL.

Doug barrels down the sidewalk on the red plastic tricycle. He spots a police car, rolls behind a bus stop bench.

The police car passes. Doug rolls out.

INT. ETHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lights dimmed. Ethan sits in a chair, in just boxers and a necktie. Priya, in sexy lingerie, has a clipboard and pen.

PRIYA

These numbers don't add up, Mr. Cuddles. You've been very naughty.

ETHAN

Don't fire me, Boss. I'll do any--

BANGING on the front door interrupts the fun.

MOMENTS LATER - FOYER

Ethan trudges to the door.

DOUG (O.S.)

Open up! Ethan!

Ethan looks in the peephole. No one. He turns away. Louder BANGING. Looks again. Still no one.

DOUG'S ROOM

Fugly whines and scratches the closed door.

DOUG (O.S.)

Ethan! Open the damn door!

FOYER

Ethan opens the door. A BOY in choo-choo pajamas runs in, heads straight for the kitchen. Ethan stumbles after him.

ETHAN

Hey! Wait!

DOUG

You and your stupid advice!

The boy opens the fridge, cracks a beer. Ethan grabs it.

ETHAN
Kid, this isn't your--

DOUG
Ass-wipe, it's me! Doug.

PRIYA (O.S.)
Ethan? Who is it?

ETHAN
Uh... no one... Be right there, honey.

The boy cracks another beer. Ethan yanks him from the fridge.

ETHAN
You don't live here. Go home.

DOUG
It's me, dumbass! A kid me!

Doug nut-punches Ethan. Ethan GASPS, goes down. Agony.

DOUG
Hurts like hell, huh? But it's even worse for you and your *trio*...

Climbs a chair to reach the Cheetos.

DOUG
Little League, 5th grade. You had to get a custom-made cup for nut number three.

Plops on the floor by Ethan, digs into the Cheetos.

ETHAN
How...? You can't be...

DOUG
Oh, it's me, bitch--

PRIYA
Who's this?! Why are you on the floor?

Priya's stands there in a skimpy black silk robe. Doug's head snaps to take in the view. She ties her robe quickly.

ETHAN
... My sister's kid... we were wrestling. She needs a babysitter.

PRIYA
Babysitter?! Right now?!

DOUG
 (cutesy)
 I like hugs.

Doug runs to Priya, hugs her around the middle, plants his face right below her bosom. Awkward.

Ethan hobbles over, pries Doug off of her. An ORANGE CHEETO DUST imprint of Doug's face left on Priya's robe.

LATER

Priya stomps to the door, dressed, purse in hand. Ethan trails. Mayo-covered Doug shares a sandwich with Fugly.

ETHAN
 Let's not make this into a big deal. Don't be mad at Mr. Cuddles.

He makes puppy dog eyes, pulls Priya close. It works.

PRIYA
 We'll go over the numbers tomorrow...

PRIYA'S POV - Doug fondles his chest, makes obscene sucking motions with his mouth.

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Priya's car PEELS out. Ethan chases, gives up. Doug pops up next to him with an empty jar.

DOUG
 Outta mayo, Mr. Cuddles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ethan enters, boy slung on his shoulder. Fugly barks crazy.

DOUG
 Put me down!

PLOP. Ethan dumps him on the couch. Fugly keeps barking.

DOUG/ETHAN
 FUGLY, CAVE!

Fugly hushes, darts to Doug's room. Ethan does a double-take.

ETHAN
 Okay, kid, look--

DOUG
I'm Doug! Even Fugly knows it's me.

The boy digs in couch cushions, pulls out a pack of cigarettes. *Like he knew where to look.* Ethan grabs the pack.

ETHAN
No. This is just a dream--

DOUG
Nightmare! My salami's a cocktail weenie and it's all your fault!

Ethan stares. *He sounds just like Doug.* He shakes his head.

ETHAN
I'm calling the authorities.

He dials his phone. Doug grabs it, runs. Ethan chases.

DOUG
Explain how I know about your trio of testes?

ETHAN
Millions of men live normal lives with polyorchidism--gimme my phone!

Doug ducks under furniture. They wrestle for the phone.

DOUG
You started saving for retirement at nine... junior year, you almost died from a Reese's peanut butter--

ETHAN
My Facebook's public.

DOUG
You man-crush on Justin Timberlake.

ETHAN
Who doesn't?

The phone slides across the floor. They dive. Ethan grabs it and stands. Doug pounces on his back. Ethan shrugs him off. Doug falls hard on his ass and CRIES.

DOUG
YOU FUCKING TWAT-WAFFLE!

LATER

Ethan swigs a flask. Doug grabs at it. Ethan keeps it away.

DOUG
Man, that's just cruel.

In Ethan's other hand, the OLD PHOTO at Dodger Stadium, **when they were 8**. He holds it up to Doug's face. It's a match.

Ethan takes a BIGGER SWIG of whiskey. Doug swipes it and chugs. Ethan yanks it back, stares at the boy beside him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Man and boy slump at the table, hungover. Doug shares his cereal with Fugly and recounts his tale. Ethan just stares.

DOUG
I was helping some kids cuz of your "don't be a prick" advice and someone steals my car. I chase 'em and boom, wake up in pediatrics.

ETHAN
This is unreal.

DOUG
Know what's unreal? Fact I won't pop a boner for four more years.

Ethan's phone rings, he answers.

ETHAN
(on phone)
Hey, Cathy... I... won't be in today.
(looks at Doug)
Bad sushi... Thanks.

Ends the call. He paces, worry settles in.

ETHAN
What are we gonna do? Mrs. Lewis will see you and ask questions.

DOUG
Just say I'm visiting.

ETHAN
You're a *child*--you look like a child. You can't be home alone.

DOUG
I'll hang out at your office.

ETHAN
Not if I want to keep my job.

DOUG
I'm staying here and that old bat
can kiss my shiny hairless ass.

EXT. ETHAN'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

ON DOUG'S SHINY HAIRLESS ASS - A little butt-crack peeks out
from choo-choo pajama bottoms.

DOUG (O.S.)
Put me down, goddammit!

With Doug flung over a shoulder, Ethan opens the car door,
tosses him in, shuts it. Doug bangs on the glass.

INT. LEWIS LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Mrs. Lewis vacuums. She pauses, peeks out the window. Ethan's
Volvo backs out of the driveway. She resumes vacuuming.

INT. ETHAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Doug scowls in the back seat, tangled in the seat belt.

DOUG
Where are we going? I'm hungry.

ETHAN
I gotta run errands. You just ate.

DOUG
I'm a *growing boy*. I want a burger!
Hey! You passed Big Top.

Ethan grips the steering wheel tighter.

ETHAN
Doug, we need someone to watch you
and not ask any questions. Someone
with a flexible schedule...

CHA-CHUK. Doors lock. Doug panics. He tries to open the door.

DOUG
Hell no! Are you on crack? Evil has
a name: Franken-bitch. Freddie
Kruger ain't got shit on her!

BEGIN FLASHBACK

- **FRANCINE** (11), kiddie grunge, gives 8 y.o. Doug and Ethan a double super wedgie. They scream in pain. She cackles.
- Tied to a tree, the boys watch horrified as she smashes their *Alien* action figure with a baseball bat. They weep.
- Double headlock, Francine makes the boys hit themselves in their faces over and over.

LITTLE FRANCINE

Why are you hitting yourself? Stop hitting yourself.

She throws her head back, evil cackling echoes...

END FLASHBACK.

INT. FRANCINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Adult **FRANCINE** (33, Filipina-American), evil cackling. What grunge looks like when you can't let go. Dark eye make up, Doc Martens. She sits at a state-of-the-art computer station.

FRANCINE

Help Doug? Are you on crack? Why do you still put up with that cretin and his rat dog?

ETHAN

He rescued him from a dumpster-- Francine, *please*. We're in a bind.. Dougneedsababysitter.

FRANCINE

Doug has a kid?

ETHAN

Yes! *Doug* has a kid.

FRANCINE

But no woman alive would breed with him. OMG his babymama's a stripper!

ETHAN

Cut him some slack. You don't know him like I do.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. 2ND GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY (2002)

Math lesson in progress. Time Out corner, 8 y.o. Doug picks his nose and draws on his shoes. Aliens, dragons, boobs.

ETHAN (V.O.)
Yeah, he's a bit... quirky.

FRANCINE (V.O.)
Translation: demented.

Doug drops his pencil. It rolls to 8 y.o. Ethan. Super-nerd. Glasses, NSYNC t-shirt. He picks it up, goes to Doug.

LITTLE ETHAN
You dropped this.

Doug grabs it, keeps drawing.

ETHAN (V.O.)
Making friends can be hard...

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER (2002)

Two BULLIES (12) laugh at Ethan's NSYNC tee and shove him to the ground. His Sony Discman cracks. He grabs it and FLEES.

ETHAN (V.O.)
Even harder if you're... different.

Ethan dead-ends at a flood control channel. He panics, hides in a storm pipe. Nearby, Doug chucks bottles in the water.

FRANCINE (V.O.)
Or if you're a sociopath.

Bullies run past the pipe. Inside, Ethan is stuck. He sobs. Doug appears at the pipe opening. He holds up the Discman.

LITTLE DOUG
You dropped this.

ETHAN (V.O.)
Doug's a good guy. He's my friend.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK IN FRANCINE'S APARTMENT

FRANCINE
He saved your life, yada yada. He made you pay him ten bucks.

ETHAN
I offered.

FRANCINE
Find another grubsitter--

DOUG (O.S.)
 Can't shut your pie hole for ten
 seconds to let the man talk?

Francine turns. Boy Doug stands in the middle of the room.

FRANCINE
 Spawn of Doug?!

DOUG
 I am Doug, Franken-ho. No cure yet
 for your nasty-ass Jabba the Hut
 flesh-eating butt-face disease?
Walking Dead still needs extras.

FRANCINE
 (convinced)
 It's Doug.

LATER - FRANCINE'S LIVING ROOM

Ethan is on his phone in the BG. Doug scarfs pizza on the
 couch. Francine watches, repulsed and fascinated.

DOUG
 Like what you see, Frank?

FRANCINE
 Karma's a... freakin' goddess!

She cackles, pokes Doug's tummy. It jiggles. Pokes it again.

DOUG
 (over-the-top whiney)
 Ethan, the scary she-man keeps
 touching me in a bad way.

Ethan ends his call. He's super-stressed.

ETHAN
 Francine, can you *please* do this?
 It's just temporary til--

FRANCINE
 His balls drop? No way. Enroll him
 in school.

Ethan and Doug freeze. Ethan's face: HOPE. Doug's: HORROR.

DOUG
 No! No, no, no! Bad idea. BAD!

ETHAN
 I'd need a birth certificate and--

FRANCINE
Easy-peasy.

Motions to her work station. Wheels turn in Ethan's head.

ETHAN
This could actually work.

Doug kicks pizza boxes, GROWLS. Tasmanian Devil tantrum mode.

FRANCE
He's gotta pass for a human kid.

DOUG
Fuck you, Frank!

ETHAN
(into phone)
Siri, Target store hours.

DOUG
NO WAY IN HELL I'M GOING TO SCHOOL!

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

ON MARQUIS - "Fairview Elementary - Where Children Shine"

A thriving neighborhood public school. Kids, parents, SUVs.

MAIN ENTRANCE

Kids scurry in. Ethan waits as a cranky Doug trudges forward. Dressed like a mini Ethan, hair combed neatly, big backpack.

ETHAN
Just fly low. Blend in.

DOUG
Dressed like a vagina?

ETHAN
Shhh. You need to make it work until this... wears off. Would you rather spend ten hours a day with *Francine*?

DOUG
This is blackmail.

ETHAN
Leverage. And no funny business.

DOUG
 (angelic)
 I won't cause any shit, *Dad*.

ETHAN
Uncle. Francine will pick you up. I
 gotta go. Okie-doke...

All around them, parents hug and kiss their kids goodbye.

DOUG
 Don't even *think* about it--

Ethan bearhugs him. And deftly confiscates a pack of cigs.

DOUG
 That's my last pack!

He watches Ethan leave. Doug smirks, unzips his BACKPACK.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Loud. Bustling. **CHILDREN** (5-11) everywhere. Cheerful murals of books, rainbows, and butterflies.

ON BANNER - "Cookies For Caring--Helping Kids Worldwide"

A huddle of **5TH GRADE GIRLS** suddenly hush. **3RD GRADE BOYS** pause an R2-D2/BB-8 debate. SOMETHING'S got their attention.

Coolio's *Gangsta's Paradise* continuous.

All the kids turn to see

the COOLEST KID *ever*

in a backwards Dodgers cap and a Star Wars t-shirt of Chewbacca in cool shades, "Party Animal."

IT'S DOUG. Mini-Ethan clothes gone. He struts down the hall, puts on COOL SHADES that match Chewbacca's.

The kids OOH and AHH. He passes the fifth grade girls, nods.

DOUG
 S'up, ladies?

Doug slips on something. He goes down. On his ass.

All the kids LAUGH. Doug gets to his feet, plays it off.

DOUG
 I'm good. All good. Show's over.

JAKE (O.S.)
Eeeeww. He's got poop on his butt.

ON DOUG'S BACKSIDE - Brown gooey stain. Chocolate pudding.
Annoying 5th graders **JAKE** and **ASHFORD** (11-12) point to Doug.

JAKE
Chewbacca pooped his pants!

ASHFORD
Poo-bacca!

ALL THE KIDS
(chant)
POO-BACCA! POO-BACCA! POO-BACCA!

Furious, Doug RUSHES Ashford, tackles him. Doug SITS on Ashford's face, grinds in the chocolate pudding.

DOUG
Howya like my poop now, shitface?

BRRING. The bell drowns Ashford's cries. Kids scurry off.

JULIA (O.S.)
STOP THIS RIGHT NOW!

A woman's hands yank Doug off the sobbing 5th grader. It's JULIA, the woman from the hospital.

JULIA
Doug?!

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Twenty-four **SECOND GRADERS** settle in. Julia writes on the whiteboard: "Independent Work Time."

She gives Doug a concerned look, steps into the hallway.

Doug sits beside the teacher's desk, towel under his butt. Miserable. Students glance at the "new kid." A boy approaches. It's WYATT from the ball incident.

WYATT
You're new.

DOUG
You're annoying.

WYATT
I'm Wyatt. I'm almost eight.

DOUG
Great. Go feed the hamster.

WYATT
Miss Jones says we can't have a hamster cuz kids are allergic. Did you have a accident? I have lots, so I keep extra towels in my cubby. I get a sticker every day I don't have a accident. Wanna see?

He scampers to his desk. Doug's face, *da fuck?*

IN THE HALL

PRINCIPAL GARCIA (63, she's counting the days til retirement) talks with Julia.

PRINCIPAL GARCIA
"Zero tolerance." No exceptions.

JULIA
But it's his first day at a new school. He's just scared...

IN THE CLASSROOM

Doug laughs hysterically.

JULIA (V.O.)
He's probably a great kid.

ON 3x5 CARD - Happy face emoji with speech bubble "If you *feel* something *say* something," and five lonely stickers.

DOUG
Five? For the whole month?

He can't stop laughing. Feelings hurt, Wyatt walks away.

HALL

JULIA
Fifth graders know better. And this child's been through enough...

CLASSROOM

Doug gobbles candy from a big jar on Julia's desk.

JULIA (V.O.)
He's intimidated by new people.

RACHEL (8), clone of the Olsen twins, approaches.

RACHEL
 (snotty)
 You can't touch those. I'm telling.

DOUG
 Yo, snitch. Gonna call the po-po?

HALL

JULIA
 He's all alone...

CLASSROOM

Doug stands on the chair with the candy jar.

JULIA (V.O.)
 Hasn't made any friends yet.

DOUG
 Hey! Who wants some candy?

SQUEALS of joy from the kids. They surround Doug.

HALL

PRINCIPAL GARCIA
 All right. I'm sure you'll handle
 this appropriately, Miss Jones.

She hands Julia a plastic bag with a pink bundle inside.

CLASSROOM

MAYHEM. Doug tosses candy. Kids dive like a piñata burst.
 Julia enters.

JULIA
 DOUG!

LATER

Order restored. Kids read quietly. On the board, "SILENT
 READING." Julia takes a big gulp from a water bottle. Rough
 day. And it's only 8:30.

Doug sits in the Thinking Corner. There's a poster of three
 happy bees, "How Can You Bee Safe, Bee Respectful, and Bee
 Responsible?" He glowers, pissed off in PINK LEGGINGS.

Rachel, the narc, waves her raised hand frantically.

JULIA
 Yes, Rachel?

RACHEL

I told Doug he wasn't allowed.

She smirks at Doug.

JULIA

I'm sure you did. But Doug is new.
He doesn't know all the rules yet.

Julie doesn't see Doug give Rachel the finger.

LATER

Students busy at work. Julia and Doug sit at a table to the side. Doug slumps, head on arms. He gazes at her pretty face.

JULIA

Do you remember me, Doug?

Doug sighs. You can almost see the hearts in his eyes.

JULIA

I found you unconscious in the street. I called the paramedics...
What happened at the hospital? You just disappeared.

Doug snaps out of love-sick puppy mode, thinks fast.

DOUG

Uncle Ethan got me--he takes care of me. I don't live with my parents.

Puts on the best SAD KID face and fake-sobs.

DOUG

We had to go cuz he works a lot.

More fake sobs. Julia's face softens.

JULIA

We were just so worried about you.

DOUG

I miss my mommy! WAAAAH!

She comforts him with a hug. Doug snuggles in.

JULIA

I'm glad you're part of our class, Doug. You'll like it here.

Doug nods, nestled in her embrace.

INT./EXT. - SCHOOL - DAY

Black Eyed Peas' *Let's Get It Started* continuous.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - DOUG'S FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

AT DODGEBALL - Rachel wails, a big red mark on her face.

DOUG

But she didn't *dodge* the ball.

JULIA

Thinking Corner. Now.

IN CAFETERIA - Doug eats four burritos, swipes kids' lunches.

IN SCIENCE - The lab is set up for an experiment.

SCIENCE TEACHER

Any questions?

DOUG

Where do babies come from?

LATER - CLASSROOM

Doug yawns. The Math lesson creeps by.

ON CLOCK - Time lapse. Hands go around from 1:00 to 1:20.

Doug, bored out of his gourd, glances around. A sneaky grin spreads across his face.

A HUGE FART erupts. Kids EEEW, GIGGLE. Doug feigns innocent.

Someone else farts, then another. A fart chain reaction. Most real, some fake. The smell is awful. Class out of control.

JULIA

All right, everyone out!

Doug smirks. Math lesson over. Mission accomplished.

LATER

2:30 on the clock. Kids line up with backpacks. Doug pushes to the front.

JULIA

Doug, please move your pin to red and go to the end of the line.

Doug huffs to the **Behavior Chart**, a continuum of colors. Clothespins with each student's name clipped to the chart.

All pins except Doug's are on GREEN: Good Job. He moves his pin from YELLOW: Warning, to RED: Need to Improve. He scowls.

JULIA

Before we leave, remember, "Be positive and try your best. Tomorrow's a new start *and...*"

ENTIRE CLASS

"We're all a work-in-pro-gress."

DOUG

Meh.

EXT. SCHOOL PICK-UP AREA - DAY

Kids climb into cars. Doug waits, still in pink leggings.

From a minivan, **STEVEN** (5) sticks his tongue out at Doug. Doug responds with a BLOW JOB gesture. Steven freezes, intrigued. Then mimics Doug. The van door shuts.

MOM (O.S.)

All buckled in?

(beat)

STEVEN! NO!

SMACK of a hand. Sound of Steven CRYING. Minivan pulls away.

Doug snickers. He looks around. He's the only kid left. He sits on the curb.

DOUG

Thanks a lot, Franken-twat.

The faint CHIMES of *Pop Goes the Weasel* grow louder. Doug's head snaps in its direction.

The MR. CHILLY TRUCK rolls down the street. Doug blinks.

BEGIN QUICK FLASHES OF DOUG'S MEMORY

- Grown-up Doug chases the stolen car.
- Grill of the Mr. Chilly truck just before impact.

END FLASHES.

Back on Doug. He jumps up, chases the truck.

DOUG

Hey! Stop! Stop!

The truck pulls over. Carl steps out.

CARL
Hello there, Doug. How ya been?

DOUG
You! You hit me with your truck!

CARL
Sorry about that. El Niño was
taking too long to kick in.

Doug's brow knits. Confusion. More memories are triggered.

BEGIN QUICK FLASHES

- Carl offers Doug the swirly blue El Niño popsicle.
- ON WRAPPER - A boy holding an umbrella.

END FLASHES.

Back on Doug.

DOUG
You did this to me! Why?

CARL
Don't remember me? Guess it's been
a while. Put on a few pounds, a
little snow on the roof now.

Doug squints, imagines old Carl as a young, slim version.

DOUG
Holy shit! Ice Cream Joe?

CARL
That's what you kids called me.
Name's Carl.

DOUG
Carl--Joe--whoever you are. It's
been a real fun trip down memory
lane. Now change me back and we
call it a day. This being-a-kid-
again-thing sucks ass.

CARL
Language, young man.

DOUG
Don't be a douche. Change me back!

CARL
Afraid I can't.

DOUG
Why the hell not?

CARL
Son, I've been in this business for fifty years. Sold ice cream to thousands of kids. Seen 'em grow up, mature. All of 'em. Except you.

DOUG
You're boring me. How much?

Carl's brow furrows.

DOUG
Money. To change me back.

CARL
It's not that simple.

DOUG
I see where this is going. How long do I gotta suck your "popsicle"--?

CARL
Doug, you're getting a do-over.

DOUG
Do-over? This isn't kickball! This is my life!

CARL
You need to learn how to be a decent human being. Kind, helpful, respectful. It all starts when you're a child. If you can do this, you get to be a grown-up again. If not, you stay a child.

DOUG
This blows, Carl!

CARL
I retire at the end of the month. Ya got til then. And we'll be watching...

HONK! Doug turns. It's Francine's car. He turns back to Carl.

DOUG
Who's watching--? CARL?!

Carl and the Mr. Chilly truck are gone.

INT./EXT. - FRANCINE'S CAR - DAY

Grunge rock blares. Francine smokes. Doug opens the door.

FRANCINE
Hot pink's good on you.

DOUG
You're late, Frank. Got pulled over
again for Driving While Ugly?

FRANCINE
That time of the month? Get in.

Doug climbs in, shuts the door. He savors the smoke.

DOUG
Gimme one.

FRANCINE
Jones-ing, huh? Buckle up.

He crosses his arms. She punches him in the crotch.

DOUG
SON OF A NUTCRACKER!

FRANCINE
Listen up, dung beetle. I don't
like this babysitting shit either.
I'm only doing this for my brother,
so here's how it's gonna play out.
You do what I say, you keep your
rat-dog away from me...

Takes another drag, blows it in his face.

FRANCINE
And you get smokes. You in or out?

Doug writhes in pain, he seethes. And buckles up.

EXT. ETHAN'S STREET - DAY

Francine parks the car three houses down from Ethan's.

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Crouched behind her car, Francine scans the area, nods to Doug. They dash to the door. Almost there...

MRS. LEWIS (O.S.)
Yoo-hoo! Frances!

They freeze. Mrs. Lewis appears out of thin air.

FRANCINE
Hi, Mrs. Lewis. Hey, Mr. Lewis.

Waves to Mr. Lewis on his porch, newly decorated in LGBTQ rainbow flags. He wears a rainbow "Love Is Love" t-shirt.

MRS. LEWIS
This young man your son?

She pinches Doug's cheek. He winces.

FRANCINE
Nephew. Our *other* sister's kid. Say hello... *Bob*.

DOUG
"Hello Bob."

FRANCINE
Bob, go get your homework started.

She squeezes his arm. He squirms free, runs inside.

FRANCINE
He's staying with Ethan for a while. I'm babysitting.

MRS. LEWIS
Wonderful! We just adore Ethan and his girlfriend and his boyfriend. Gay, bisexual, gender fluid, polyamorous, however he identifies, we're allies. A "throuple" is much more inclusive and free. We could use a lil' more love in this world.

Francine suppresses her smirk.

FRANCINE
Absolutely.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Doug and Ethan open bags of food from Big Top Burger.

DOUG
A fucking do-over. And I only got til the end of the month.

ETHAN

Ten days?

DOUG

And he said I'm being "watched."

ETHAN

By who?

DOUG

Hell if I--

He sees what's in the bag.

DOUG

A kids meal. Really?

ETHAN

Kinda made sense. There's a toy.

Tears pool in Doug's eyes, roll down his cheeks. He slumps, defeated. Fugly jumps onto the table, licks Doug's face. Then sniffs the bag and crawls in.

Ethan pats Doug's arm. Unsure of what to do. Awkward.

ETHAN

Hey... it's not that bad. It's only your first day.

DOUG

Of torture. I can't do this!

ETHAN

You *have* to--what I mean is, *sure* you can. Come on. You've got this.

Doug looks up, hopeful.

ETHAN

You already know how to read and write, do math. The rest is just listening to the teacher, following rules, being nice to--

Gravity sinks in. No one says a word. The only sound is Fugly munching from inside the bag.

DOUG

I'm fucked.

To be continued...

***** BREAK *****

Little Man, Part 2

When 30 year-old douche canoe, Doug, got a free popsicle from a mysterious ice cream man, he never thought it would come with a "do-over" as an 8 year-old. With the help of his best friend, Ethan, Doug must change his douche ways if he wants to become a grown-up again. Karma's a bitch.

When we left this hot mess, Ethan's sister, Francine refused to babysit Doug (she and Doug hate each other). The solution was to enroll him in school. Sounded good to Ethan. Not to Doug. After a hellish first day of school, Doug got a bomb dropped on him. Carl, the ice cream man, told him the only way he'd become a grown-up again is if he could learn to be a good person. But with only 10 days, Doug realized he's screwed. And he's being watched. But, by who?

INT. SCHOOL HALL - DAY**Super: Day 2**

Bustling with kids. Doug and Ethan speak in low voices.

ETHAN

Stick to the plan.

DOUG

Your genius plan. "What would a pussy--I mean *Ethan*--do?"

ETHAN

You have to stay out of trouble. Be good. Just do what Carl said.

DOUG

Carl can suck my--

ETHAN

You gotta try. Nine days left.

Doug looks down, kicks the floor. Ethan crouches to Doug's eye level, takes something from his blazer pocket. An apple.

ETHAN

Give this to your teacher.

Doug tosses it behind him. BONK. A woman screams. They turn. JULIA is on the ground, surrounded by papers. Looking really cute in her sweater and pearls.

DOUG

Dammit! That's her!

In a flash, Ethan is there, helping like a Boy Scout.

ETHAN
Need a hand?

Fussing with papers, Julia doesn't look up yet.

JULIA
Thank you. I should've seen that
ball coming. Kids! Think I'd be
used to this by--

She looks up to see Ethan's handsome, smiling face.

ETHAN
You okay?

JULIA
(flustered)
Fine, fine. You're fine--I mean *I'm*
fine! Everything's fine.

Ethan helps her up. Doug's eyes narrow. *What the hell, Ethan?*
He runs between them, covertly kicks away the apple.

JULIA
Oh, Doug. Hello there.

Ethan rests his hands on Doug's shoulders.

JULIA
You must be Doug's uncle! I'm Miss
Jones. Julia. Doug's teacher.

She extends a hand, almost drops the papers again. They
connect in an awkward handshake.

ETHAN
Doug's told me so much about you.
He's excited to be at school.

DOUG
Thrilled.

JULIA
I'm just relieved Doug's okay.

ETHAN
As am I. He scared the daylights
out of me, wandering off like that,
so excited to explore his new
neighborhood. Thank you for
everything you did.

Kids scramble into groups. Julia nudges snoozing Doug.

JULIA
Come on, sleepy head. Find a group.

He groans. **NATALIE** (8 going on 35, over-achiever) approaches.

NATALIE
Miss Jones, I don't wanna be in a group. I wanna do this by myself.

JULIA
Natalie, this is about learning to work as a team.

Rachel runs over.

RACHEL
(whines)
No one wants me in their group.

DOUG
Ugh. It's cuz you're a such a--

JULIA
All of you can form a group.

Doug, Natalie, and Rachel look at each other. Not happening.

NATALIE
There's only three of us.

JULIA
Wyatt makes four.

ON WYATT - He's cranked the glue all the way out of a glue stick. He sniffs it.

JULIA
You'll have to cooperate, share the work, be flexible..

Doug scowls. Natalie crosses arms. Rachel shakes her head.

JULIA
And help each other focus.

Wyatt bites off a chunk of glue, chews.

LATER

Chatter of kids working in groups.

JULIA
Two more minutes.

The dysfunctional four sit around a blank paper. Glue all over his mouth, Wyatt watches an ant crawl across floor.

NATALIE
Cinderella? Yuck.

RACHEL
She has cool shoes.

NATALIE
I wanna do *The Little Mermaid*.

RACHEL
She doesn't even have feet.

DOUG
BOR-ing. Gimme that.

Doug snatches the paper, scribbles with a crayon.

NATALIE
(reads)
The... Ex-or-cist?

DOUG
It's awesome. There's this girl--

NATALIE
Is she magic?

DOUG
She does magic-ish stuff.

RACHEL
Is there a fairy godmother or an evil stepmother?

DOUG
This girl is so evil.

Julia approaches.

JULIA
Let's see what you chose.

Takes their paper.

WYATT
(glued mouth)
Muh-mex-mor-fist.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Francine runs out as Ethan enters.

FRANCINE
Tag. You're it.

DOUG'S ROOM

Loud X-box blares from Doug's cave. Ethan peeks in.

Doug sits in a game rocker, a can of beer on his crotch. Fugly sleeps on the mattress. Doug hits the controller hard.

DOUG
Before you ask, SUCKED SO HARD!

ETHAN
What happened?

Ethan enters, lowers the volume.

DOUG
Why today sucked so hard, reason number one. Goldilocks and the Dumbass Bears.

Ethan sits in the other game rocker.

ETHAN
They're responsible?

DOUG
Stupid fairy tale group project lame class play.

ETHAN
Group projects can be fun.

DOUG
Dumped with the freak, the bitch, and the over-achiever? Not fun. And before you say I didn't try, I totally did. I was a team player. I said we should do *The Exorcist*.

ETHAN
The Exorcist?!

DOUG
Yes, pay attention. It woulda been amazing but Julia got all--

ETHAN

It's inappropriate for kids!

DOUG

It's an American classic. But now I'm stuck in the loser group and Julia's making us do Goldisucks.

ETHAN

It's an opportunity. Like what Carl said, a chance to be a "decent human being."

Eye roll from Doug. Ethan sees the can of beer in his lap.

ETHAN

Why is there a beer on your crotch?

DOUG

You mean my microscopic dick? Interesting you should ask. Which brings us to "why today sucked so hard, reason number two."

Adjusts the beer can.

DOUG

As we know, fate's a cruel bitch. My teacher is like, so amazeballs hot and I can't even yankee my wankee. I rubbed this cocktail weenie down to a nub. Wait, there's more. My best friend hits on my hot teacher. Don't deny it, I saw.

ETHAN

I was not hitting on your teacher. And what if I were? It's not like I'm married or engaged. Besides, Priya and I are "taking a break." Thanks for that, by the way.

Ethan exits to the kitchen. Doug follows, beer on crotch.

KITCHEN

DOUG

Prius dumped you?!

ETHAN

We. Are. Taking. A. Break.

DOUG

She dumped you.

Ethan loads the dishwasher.

ETHAN

Things just aren't lining up. She wants to take things to the next level and I dunno if I'm... So when's your play?

Doug climbs on a stool to get to the Cheetos.

DOUG

Chicks. Ugh. It's not like you've been going out that long.

ETHAN

Exactly. It's only been four years. And why are we talking about this? We need to focus on your--

DOUG

Do you wanna "make her breakfast?"

Ethan opens the fridge.

ETHAN

Out of mayo. Again.

DOUG

Does she "complete you"? The Leia to your Han? The Sid to your Nancy?

Ethan joins him at the table.

ETHAN

Now you're a relationship expert?

DOUG

Yes or no?

ETHAN

I guess. Maybe... probably.

DOUG

You say *I* haven't changed? You've *always* played it safe. Even when we were kids. What nine year-old opens an IRA? Always have Plan B--and C--in case Plan A goes to shit.

ETHAN

That's what *responsible* people do.

DOUG

When you have Plan B, you don't put your all into Plan A. So duh, it goes to shit. It's a self-filling prophecy thing.

Ethan listens, chomps a handful of Cheetos.

DOUG

Doomed from the start cuz you never gave Plan A a full chance.

Ethan shakes his head. Doug sighs.

DOUG

Here's the bean counter translation, it's like diversifying your portfolio. You spread out your money cuz it's less risky. The thing is, the payout's not all it *could've* been. But if you'd put it all into *one* investment--

ETHAN

You could lose everything.

DOUG

Or hit the jackpot.

Doug is covered in Cheeto dust. Ethan exhales. Doug pops the beer and chugs. Ethan doesn't take it away.

ETHAN

How's your...?

DOUG

Numb. That was the last beer.

BELCH.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Super: Day 3

ON DOUG'S FACE - Asleep. Curled up with Fugly.

ETHAN (O.S.)

Rise and shine! Let's get going.

Ethan opens the curtains. Sunlight hits Doug's face. He groans, pulls a blanket over his head. Ethan yanks it off.

DOUG
Saturday. Sleeping in.

INT. ETHAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Ethan drives a cranky Doug.

DOUG
Need coffee. What are we doing?

ETHAN
Carl said you gotta learn to be a decent human being, right?

DOUG
You have to be so perky?

ETHAN
This is a crash course.

EXT. SENIOR CENTER/ETHAN'S CAR - DAY

Doug's on a bench by the entrance. Ethan watches in his car.

An Access Van pulls up. **SENIOR CITIZENS** (70-90) de-board. Doug glances at Ethan. He gives Doug a thumbs-up.

Doug runs up to an **OLD LADY** (93), takes her by the elbow.

DOUG
(overly polite)
Right this way, Ma'am.

The old lady WHACKS Doug on the head with her purse.

OLD LADY
Thief! Thief! Security!

She whacks him again. Doug covers his head. She winces, hand on her chest, short of breath--is she having a HEART ATTACK?

Ethan's eyes go big. Nurses run to the old lady's aid. Doug runs to Ethan's car.

EXT. HEAL THE BAY BEACH CLEANUP - DAY

VOLUNTEERS of all ages pick up trash along the beach.

Doug chucks his full trash bag onto a mountain of trash bags. He flops on the sand exhausted, tears open a bag of Cheetos.

Ethan chats with Heal the Bay volunteers. A seagull lands near Doug, eyes his snack.

DOUG
Fuck you, bird.

He kicks sand at it. Seagull SQUAWKS, launches at Doug. He flails. Seagull rips the Cheetos from his grip. They scatter all over the sand. Another seagull lands. And another...

Ethan hears SCREAMING. Turns.

HUNDREDS OF SEAGULLS have descended upon Doug. Ethan shoos them away.

Reveal Doug, covered in seagull poop, the mountain of trash bags in SHREDS. Trash scattered, blowing all over the beach.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Picnic area filled with happy FAMILIES.

ON BANNER - "Support the Firefighters' Fund - All-You-Can-Eat BBQ."

FIREFIGHTERS (20s-40s) in aprons serve up coleslaw, chili, burgers, and hotdogs to a huge line of people.

Ethan eats a hotdog, keeps an eye on Doug standing in the food line. Doug has ketchup all over his face and his too-big Heal the Bay t-shirt. It hangs like a dress.

Doug gives Ethan a thumbs-up, excited to do his part to support firefighters. Ethan gives him a thumbs-up in return. *Doug's in his element. He's got his.*

FIREFIGHTER BILL (45) works the grill. Next in line, Doug steps up.

FIREFIGHTER BILL
(chuckles)
Back again, buddy. You've had six.
Maybe you should slow down a bit.

DOUG
It's all-you-can-eat.

FIREFIGHTER BILL
Next!

Doug fumes.

MOMENTS LATER

ON GRILL - Hotdogs sizzle. A chubby little hand snags one.

Doug runs off with a hotdog. He trips on his too-long t-shirt, goes down hard.

The hotdog flies from his hand... SMACK. Hits a TEENAGER (16) in the eye. The teen stumbles into the

BUFFET TABLE. It buckles on one side, catapults coleslaw and chili into the air... and onto families and firefighters.

Firefighter Bill slips on chili, he knocks over

THE GRILL. Paper tablecloths catch on fire.

SCREAMS. MAYHEM. Firefighters scramble for extinguishers.

Ethan turns at the commotion, eyes widen in horror.

Adagio for Strings continuous over

SLOW-MOTION - Like a scene from a war movie, Doug runs, face twisted with fear. Behind Doug, FLAMES, SMOKE, DESTRUCTION.

DOUG
GO! GO! GO!

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Super: Day 4

ON DOUG'S FACE - Asleep. Curled up with Fugly.

ETHAN (O.S.)
Rise and shine! Let's get going.

Ethan opens the curtains. Sunlight hits Doug's face. He groans, pulls a blanket over his head. Ethan yanks it off.

DOUG
Freakin' Ground Hog Day-ja-vu.

ETHAN
You need help from a higher power.

INT. ST. MONICA'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Snap's *I've Got the Power* continuous.

Packed church. CHURCH GOERS receive communion.

Doug stands in the communion line. He wears one of Ethan's ties, prayer hands, cherubic. He glances at Ethan in a pew. Ethan gives him a thumbs-up.

The line moves at a snail's pace. Doug's leans out to see up ahead. A PRIEST (40) passes out tiny white wafers.

A few feet away, an **OLD PRIEST** (70) holds a CHALICE OF WINE.

On Doug's next step, he veers off, bypasses the wafers, heads straight to the wine. Ethan watches anxious.

The old priest holds up the chalice.

OLD PRIEST
The Blood of Christ, my son.

DOUG
Cheers.

The old priest chuckles at the boy's odd remark, hands him the wine. Doug takes a sip then CHUGS.

The old priest wrestles it from Doug's small but strong hands. Doug BURPS. Ethan sinks in the pew.

EXT. MORMON TEMPLE - DAY

Ethan and Doug approach the entrance. Ethan stops to adjust Doug's tie. Wine stains on Doug's shirt.

ETHAN
No funny business this time.

DOUG
I was thirsty.

SINGING. Doug freezes. The singing gets louder. It's an all too familiar rendition of *Father Abraham*. He turns.

It's the Johnsons. Heading toward Doug.

Doug darts the opposite way through the parking lot. SUVs and minivans crash. Car alarms blare. ELDERS (20s) on bikes collide.

EXT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

Tranquil. Orange-robed MONKS (30-60) tend to the incense. Offerings are placed before the statue of Buddha. Flowers, candles, food.

Doug and Ethan sit cross-legged on the floor. Eyes closed in meditation. Doug's tummy GROWLS.

He side-glances at Ethan, deep in peaceful meditation. Then he spots an offering set before Buddha. A big bowl of RICE.

INT. ETHAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Silence. Ethan drives. Zen gone. Doug has grains of rice stuck on his face and shirt.

DOUG

Like the statue was gonna eat it.

Ethan doesn't reply, grips the steering wheel tighter. Doug winces, rubs his arm.

DOUG

Those monks work out.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Super: Day 5

Butterfly life cycle lesson. Doug draws on his desk.

JULIA

What happens to the caterpillar inside the chrysalis? Doug?

DOUG

It shrivels up and dies a slow, painful death.

BING. BING. BING. The P.A. system tones interrupt. Julia hushes the class, gives Doug a warning look.

PRINCIPAL GARCIA (V.O.)

(over P.A. system)

Good afternoon, Fairview Elementary. Cookies for Caring money is due tomorrow. Every penny goes to the World Child Fund. For more cookies, take your request forms to the auditorium after school. The winning class will be announced at the assembly tomorrow.

Kids shriek excited.

RACHEL

But the fifth grade always wins.

JULIA

Don't give up. There's still time.
Who's selling more cookies today?

All hands go up, except Doug's.

JULIA

That's the spirit! Teamwork.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Students wait in a long cookie line.

A pack of FIFTH GRADERS (10-12), arms full of cookie boxes, struts by Doug's classmates in line. Natalie, Rachel, Wyatt.

Ashford and Jake lead the pack.

ASHFORD

(teases)

Teeny weeny Ewoks think they can win. How cute.

JAKE

Heh-heh, how cute.

ASHFORD

Fifth grade's gonna win like always. We won the recycling contest and the jog-a-thon.

Natalie does some quick mental math.

NATALIE

Actually, there's only a sixteen percent chance--

ASHFORD

Ooh, big brain on little girl.

JAKE

Heh-heh, big brain.

ASHFORD

(tight under breath)

Shut up, Jake.

(loud)

Fifth graders rule. Second graders drool. Game over, losers!

The older kids snicker and saunter off, leaving the little kids scared, confused, and pissed off.

A FEW YARDS AWAY

Doug watches.

DOUG
(to self)
Game *on*, cocksuckers.

LATER - COOKIE TABLE

PARENT VOLUNTEERS (30s-40s) pass out boxes of cookies. Doug hands a paper to a volunteer.

VOLUNTEER
One hundred twenty boxes?

DOUG
My uncle signed it.

He points to the child-made blob on a form.

INT. FRANCINE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Crammed with cookie boxes. Francine drives while Doug has Ethan on speaker phone.

ETHAN (V.O.)
(stressed)
Six hundred dollars? For what?

DOUG
Cookies. Money's due tomorrow.

ETHAN (V.O.)
I am busy. My boss is on my case.

DOUG
But it's for a good cause, dammit!
I need to sell--

ETHAN (V.O.)
Francine can help you.

Call ends.

EXT. LESS IS MORE FOOD STORE ENTRANCE - DAY

Doug stands with two suitcases of cookies. He's not having any luck.

DOUG
Cookies. Five dollars a box.

An **OBESE MAN** (40s) waddles up. Doug brightens. Easy sale.

OBESE MAN
I'll take a dozen boxes.

DOUG
I've got chocolate chip, peanut
butter, oatmeal raisin...

OBESE MAN
Reduced fat.

Doug bursts into giggles. The irony is too much. Can't stop giggling. Offended, the obese man leaves in a huff.

TIME LAPSE - Day fades into night.

INT. FRANCINE'S CAR - NIGHT

Francine scrolls on her phone. PING. Text message from Ethan, "Working late. Feed Doug. Thx 4 cookie help."

EXT. LESS IS MORE FOOD STORE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Doug lies on a suitcase, covered in crumbs, eating cookies. He's given up. Francine approaches.

FRANCINE
How many did you sell?

DOUG
Seven.

FRANCINE
Don't count the ones you ate.

DOUG
I look like a freakin' Girl Scout
to you?

FRANCINE
How many?

DOUG
Two. I'm done.

FRANCINE
That's your dinner. Ethan's working
late.

She kicks him to move over, sits. Opens a box, munches.

FRANCINE

These aren't that bad.

DOUG

You owe me five bucks.

FRANCINE

Five? Store sells the same thing for three. You need to lower your price. Or reduce your competition.

Doug sits up. The gears turning in his head.

DOUG

Or find a new location.

INT. BETA FRATERNITY HOUSE - GLENDON UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Raging frat party. Kegs, beer pong. Doug and Francine maneuver the crowds, suitcases in tow.

LATER - PATIO

Francine enters. Thick smoke, couches. Joints roll, bongos go round. Stoner heaven. She grins.

MAIN PARTY AREA

Music blares. Red Solo cup in hand, Doug dances with **SORORITY GIRLS** (20). He's eye-level with ample bosoms.

SORORITY GIRL 1

OMG! Adorbs. I can't even!

SORORITY GIRL 2

Those cheeks. Must squeeze!

She bends over for a squeeze. Doug gets a view of cleavage.

DOUG

Must squeeze--

Francine yanks him away.

MINUTES LATER - PATIO

DOUG

Cookies! Five bucks a box. Or two for twelve!

STONED STUDENT 1

Two for twelve? Score! Deal me in.

Stoned Student 1 waves cash. Doug takes it, gives him the cookies.

STONED STUDENT 1
Sweet! Here you go, Keebler Elf.

He hands Doug *more* cash. He's so wasted, he paid twice. More stoned students swarm Doug. Money and cookie boxes fly.

LATER

Doug, Francine, and STONED STUDENTS (18-20) sit on couches.

ON DOUG'S SUITCASES - Empty.

Francine takes a hit off a joint. Doug blows huge smoke rings.

STONED STUDENT 2
Whoahh. He's like a tiny Gandalf.

STONED STUDENT 3
Nahh, bruh, Bilbo Baggins.

INT. FRANCINE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

GIGGLING. Francine drives. Doug wears a huge Beta sweatshirt. Francine's phone PINGS and PINGS. They don't hear it.

DOUG
That was crazy!

FRANCINE
Any left? I'm sooo hungry.

DOUG
Sold 'em all--and made a profit.

He fans a wad of cash. She ruffles his hair. More giggles.

FRANCINE
Well-played, little hobbit.

DOUG
Keebler Elf. Hey, lemme drive.

FRANCINE
You can't reach the pedals.

DOUG
Come on, I can steer.

FRANCINE
 (mimics Ethan)
 Now, Doug, we wouldn't want to
 attract attention, get pulled over.

ON FRANCINE'S CAR - It CREEPS down the street.

Cars zoom by. GIGGLING continues.

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ethan and Fugly pace on the porch. Francine's car rolls up.
 Ethan approaches.

ETHAN
 Where have you been?

FRANCINE
 Selling cookies.

ETHAN
 It's one in the morning!

FRANCINE
 Sshh! Look at the little darling.

In the car, Doug is out cold, sleeping like an angel. Ethan
 opens the door, pulls Doug onto his shoulder.

ETHAN
 Ugh. You two reek.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Super: Day 6

Small hands drop envelopes into a box labeled "Cookie Money."

Doug slumps on his desk, head on a stuffed grocery bag. Next
 to him, Rachel wrinkles her nose.

RACHEL
 You smell like my brother's room.

DOUG
 You smell like your brother's butt.

JULIA
 (to the class)
 Anyone else?

Doug rises, takes his grocery bag, trudges to the box.

He pulls out two big ziploc bags bursting with MONEY.

OOH from his classmates. Julia's eyes pop.

DOUG

Teamwork.

He yawns, digs in his pocket. Pulls out one more crumpled bill, crams it in the box.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Crowded. The energy is electric. Teachers, students. All grades are present, Kindergarten through 5th. Principal Garcia addresses the school at the podium.

PRINCIPAL GARCIA

All the money raised through
Cookies for Caring benefits
children in third world countries.
I'm proud to announce we've
exceeded our goal by fifty percent!

Everyone CHEERS and CLAPS.

PRINCIPAL GARCIA

And now the moment you've all been
waiting for. I will announce the
winning class and recipient of the
Cookies for Caring trophy.

She motions to a huge golden trophy in the shape of a cookie.
The kids SQUEAL with excitement. Doug nods off.

PRINCIPAL GARCIA

This has been the closest race I've
seen in all my years at Fairview...

Doug is now asleep in his seat beside Wyatt.

PRINCIPAL GARCIA

The winning class, by a difference
of only one dollar...

Everyone holds their breath. Ashford, Jake, and the 5th graders look very confident.

PRINCIPAL GARCIA

SECOND GRADE!

SCREAMS OF JOY from Doug's class. He wakes.

ON FIFTH GRADERS - Shocked faces. Ashford fumes.

Classmates jump up and surround Doug, their hero. Wyatt high-fives him. Doug smiles for the first time since coming to school. Julia grins. *He needed this.*

Principal Garcia hands the big golden cookie trophy to Julia. She raises it high. CHEERING. APPLAUSE.

EXT. SCHOOL PICK-UP AREA - DAY

Doug is once again the last kid left.

DOUG
Screw this.

He walks off.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - DAY

Doug walks past the park. He spots the Mr. Chilly truck. He runs toward the truck.

WYATT (O.S.)
Stop it!

Doug halts. Across the park, Ashford and Jake harass Wyatt.

ASHFORD
Think you're so cool cuz of a
stupid cookie contest?

WYATT
Leave me alone!

Doug looks toward the Mr. Chilly truck, then back to Wyatt, torn between his need to talk to Carl, and his undeveloped sense of Right.

JAKE
Pissy-pants gonna cry? Diaper wet?

Ashford grabs Wyatt's soda. Jake pins Wyatt's arms behind his back. Ashford DUMPS the soda all over Wyatt's head.

ASHFORD
Haha! Pissy-pants peed on his head!

DOUG (O.S.)
That doesn't even make sense. How's
he gonna pee on his own head,
Assfart?

The older boys turn to see Doug.

JAKE

Poobacca's gonna rescue his girlfriend.

DOUG

Jake, your head's so far up Assfart's ass, you can tell what he had for dinner last night. Seriously, it's okay to just tell him you love him. You don't have to do some weird sadistic bonding shit with Wyatt, when what you really want is for Assfart to hold you.

The boys gape CONFUSED, try to comprehend Doug's words. They look at each other and POUNCE on Doug. BRAWL.

They dump him HEAD FIRST in a trashcan and run.

Muffled profanities from inside the trashcan. Wyatt pushes it over, Doug crawls out. The boys sit silent. Soaked, filthy.

WYATT

I'm used to them picking on me. You didn't have to do that.

DOUG

Sure I did. Those guys are dicks.

WYATT

Yeah. They're dicks.

CARL watches from afar. Nods impressed, returns to his truck.

Side by side, Doug and Wyatt leave the park. Doug mock punches Wyatt's arm. Wyatt does it back to Doug.

Beat.

WYATT

What's a dick?

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Super: Day 7

Julia reads the last page of *Charlotte's Web* to the class.

JULIA

"Wilbur never forgot Charlotte. Though he loved her children and grandchildren dearly, none of the new spiders ever quite took her place in his heart. She was in a class by herself. It's not often that someone comes along who is a true friend and a good writer. Charlotte was both." The end.

The kids clap and cheer. Some are a little weepy. Including Doug. But Doug doesn't like feeling weepy.

DOUG

That ending blows! The baby spiders just bailed and left Wilbur all alone? I hope Templeton eats 'em. That rat's da man.

A mixture of shock and giggles from the kids.

JULIA

Doug, that was inappropriate. Please move your pin to red.

Doug slogs to the Behavior Chart, moves his clothespin.

DOUG'S POV - Everyone's pins are on GREEN. Doug's pin is the sole inhabitant of the RED ZONE. Like always. Doug glowers.

JULIA

Are there any questions?

DOUG

What's the point of this thing?

Motions to the Behavior Chart.

JULIA

I meant about *Charlotte's Web*, but that's okay. Who would like to answer Doug's question?

Several hands go up. Julia calls on some classmates.

CLASSMATE 1

So we behave ourselves.

CLASSMATE 2

It tells us if we're doing good and if we're not, we try to be better.

DOUG

It doesn't do jack. Good kids stay on green. Bad kids stay on yellow and red. Same old, same old.

JULIA

It's supposed to motivate you.

DOUG

It's a reminder we suck.

Gasps from the class.

DOUG

Makes us feel like crap.

Bigger GASP. Julia remains calm.

JULIA

Doug, please...

DOUG

Welcome to Loserville. Population one.

Points to his pin on red. A spark ignites. He combusts.

DOUG

When it's in your face all the time that you can't do anything right, it's like WHATEVER. Screw it! Why try? Everyone's already made up their minds about you, no matter what you do, so you keep on doing bad things. It's an endless cycle.

Doug points to the butterfly life cycle poster, makes a circular motion with his finger. Julia is shell-shocked. She gulps from her water bottle.

DOUG

(shrugs)
Just sayin'.

JULIA

Time for recess!

Kids scramble out the door. A flustered Julia watches Doug through the window.

LATER

Kids work in pairs. Wyatt quizzes Doug on spelling words.

WYATT
Okay, next word, "butter".

DOUG
Butter. Butt-E-R.

The boys snicker.

JULIA
Okay, everyone, time to pack up.
Doug, can I talk to you for a sec?

Students pack up to go home. Doug plods over to Julia's desk.

DOUG
I know. Inappropriate. It's just
easier to remember butt plus E-R.

JULIA
It's what you said about the
Behavior Chart.

DOUG
I was just trying to--

JULIA
I appreciate your honesty. Thank
you.

DOUG
(surprised)
You're welcome?

JULIA
You sure you're eight?

DOUG
Age is just a number.

He leans all cool on her desk. Julia laughs, shoos him out.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Super: Day 8

Kids enter. Commotion, surprised chatter. Doug checks out the source. The Behavior Chart is GONE.

JULIA
Settle down. We're trying something
new. I put the Behavior Chart away.

Mixed reactions. Shock, frustration, relief, joy.

WYATT

We don't have to be good anymore?

JULIA

Of course you do. Just follow the rules and treat others how you want to be treated. Let's give it a try.

Nods and murmurs of agreement.

JULIA

I'll remind you if you need to get back on track.

She winks at Doug. He stands up a little straighter.

LATER

Math time. Julia notices Doug concentrating. His pencil moves across his paper. *He's doing his work!*

JULIA

I see you're working, Doug. Great job.

Before Doug can react, she takes his paper. Her eyes go BIG.

JULIA

Doug, what is this?

DOUG

Um, it's uh...

JULIA

Interesting. Self-expression?

DOUG

Yup. Just expressing myself.

She walks away with his paper. Doug groans. Wyatt pops up beside him.

WYATT

Can I express myself?

INT. CHARLES SCHWAB OFFICES - DAY

Sea of cubicles. Ethan sits in his, listens to voicemail.

JULIA (V.O.)

Hi, this is Miss Jones. I have some concerns about Doug. I hoped we could meet after school today...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Ethan takes a seat across from Julia.

JULIA

Thanks for coming on such short notice.

ETHAN

I know I haven't been around much-- work is really hectic.

JULIA

Doug mentioned that. It's great what you're doing for him. But it must be hard--on both of you.

ETHAN

We're getting by. Adjusting.

ETHAN'S POV - Through the window, behind Julia, Doug pokes around in the Learning Garden.

JULIA

Doug's an interesting child. He's... different.

ETHAN

A little rough around the edges.

JULIA

Inappropriate, impulsive.

ETHAN

We're working on that.

JULIA

But his drawings...

Ethan gulps. He knows Doug's drawings all too well.

Julia holds up Doug's paper. Ethan's eyes POP.

Among Doug's typical ax-wielding barbarians and Amazons with heaving bosoms there's something new. Swirling plant life, insectoid images of larvae, pupae, a butterfly with gossamer wings emerges from a chrysalis. Beautiful.

And not what Ethan expected.

JULIA

Doug's gifted.

ETHAN
You mean "special."

JULIA
Gifted. Artistically and
intellectually.

ETHAN
Intellectually?

JULIA
He has remarkable analytical
skills, makes keen observations for
a child his age. Frankly, there are
times I feel I'm talking to a peer.

ETHAN
He's an old soul.

JULIA
He's bright, creative. A leader.

ETHAN
Doug?

JULIA
He needs to believe in himself.
Needs encouragement. A cheerleader
in his corner. I just need your
authorization for gifted testing.

She hands Ethan a form and pen.

ETHAN'S POV - Doug has a hose with a BIG NOZZLE between his
legs. He wiggles it like a huge penis and "pees" on the
plants.

JULIA (O.S.)
This could open up opportunities
for Doug. He deserves this chance.

INT. ETHAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Ethan drives. Doug fidgets nervous.

DOUG
Was it my drawings?

Ethan shakes his head.

DOUG
Would you just tell what she said
already?

ETHAN

She thinks you're gifted.

DOUG

She said I'm "special"?

ETHAN

That's what I thought. But she said gifted.

DOUG

Like super smart?

ETHAN

"Remarkable analytical skills."

DOUG

Fuck yeah!

ETHAN

You're a talented artist and a leader, among other things.

DOUG

She thinks I'm a--
Son of a bitch!

ETHAN

She didn't say that.

DOUG

Julia is Charlotte!

Ethan still doesn't get it.

DOUG

Duh... the spider? From *Charlotte's Web*? Read a book once in awhile, neanderthal.

ETHAN

If she's Charlotte, then you're Wilbur. "Some pig."

DOUG

"Terrific, radiant, humble!"

Ethan laughs at "humble." Doug bounces in his seat, rolls down the window, yells.

DOUG

I'M GIFTED! WOOO-HOOO!

He fist-pumps a passing trucker. Trucker TOOTS his horn.

DOUG
GIFTED! EYE OF THE TIGER! WOO-HOOO!

ETHAN
Considering you're actually thirty--

DOUG
(sings)
*It's the eye of the tiger/ It's the
thrill of the fight/ Rising up to
the challenge of our rival...*

Ethan drops it. He's never seen Doug this happy.

DOUG/ETHAN
*And the last known survivor/ Stalks
his prey in the night/ And he's
watching us all with the eye... of
the ti-ger.*

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Survivor's *Eye of the Tiger* continuous.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - DOUG'S NEW ATTITUDE

- Doug rounds up trash in his room, vacuums.
- He sorts through his dirty clothes, loads the washer.
- He tosses his Hustlers in a trashcan. Takes a couple out.

Ethan and Fugly watch with disbelief.

LATER

Ethan works on his laptop on the couch. Doug walks up, dish towel on shoulder, hard seltzer in hand. Offers it to Ethan.

ETHAN
Thank you. That was thoughtful.

Ethan smiles, takes a sip. Doug returns to the kitchen.

DOUG
I'm making dinner. Pasta. We should
invite Francine.

COUGHING. Ethan CHOKES on his seltzer.

AN HOUR LATER

Francine enters with a baguette and wine.

DOUG

Nice sweater. Blue's good on you.
This will make great bruschetta.

Doug takes the baguette and wine. Francine narrows her eyes, glances at Ethan. He shrugs.

FRANCINE

You're not Doug. You're an alien.
You killed him and took his place.

Doug pulls her chair out. She sits.

FRANCINE

Fine by me.

DOUG

You like pasta *al dente*, right?

She nods. Doug darts to the kitchen. Ethan smiles amused.

FRANCINE

What meds is he on?

ETHAN

Self-esteem.

LATER

Food and laughter. Ethan pours wine. Doug has sauce all over his face. Fugly sits on a chair beside Francine. She gives him a chunk of bread.

FRANCINE

Seventh grade. The used tampon.
Eeeww.

ETHAN

The worst Halloween costume ever.

DOUG

No one appreciates my creativity.

More laughter.

TIME LAPSE - Pasta and bread disappear, wine glasses empty.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Ethan and Doug watch Francine drive off. Doug waves Fugly's paw "bye."

ETHAN
That was really nice.

DOUG
Francine's not that bad.

Fugly barks in agreement. Ethan smiles at the boy and dog.

INT. DOUG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bedtime. Doug and Fugly settle onto the mattress.

ETHAN
Gonna be up for a while. G'night.

DOUG
Night.

Ethan turns off the light.

DOUG
Ethan?

ETHAN
Yeah?

DOUG
I'm sorry.

CLICK. Light goes back on.

DOUG
You heard me. I know, in twenty-two years I've never said I'm sorry for anything. I-I want to apologize for being such a pain-the-ass. I'm sorry for this whole situation--

ETHAN
Apology accepted. Go to bed, gifted child.

He turns off the light.

DOUG
And thank you.

CLICK. Light goes back on.

ETHAN
Okay, overload. Did you say--?

DOUG
You mind? I'm having a moment.

Ethan sits beside him. Fugly crawls onto Ethan's lap.

DOUG
I-I want to say thank you for everything. For taking care of me, way before the "do-over". You let me and Fugly live here for free. You bought all this kid stuff and you have to act like a dad and--

ETHAN
You're welcome.

Fugly licks Ethan's face.

ETHAN
You too, Fugly.

They laugh. Beat.

DOUG
We're not gonna hug now are we?

ETHAN
Nah.

He wraps Doug in a bear hug.

EXT. FAIRVIEW ELEMENTARY - DAY

Super: Day 9

Kids run over and say hi to Doug. He picks up trash on his way to class, pep in his step.

Katrina and the Waves' *Walking On Sunshine* continuous.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - DOUG'S AWESOME DAY AT SCHOOL

- Doug pays attention and participates.
- He actually **does** his math--and enjoys it.
- Group project. Doug cooperates. Rehearsal goes great!
- Doug high-fives Wyatt. He got a sticker on his chart.

DOUG/WYATT
Eye of the Tiger!

EXT. SCHOOL PICK-UP AREA - DAY

Doug waits. Rachel waves from a passing car.

RACHEL

Doug! Bye! See you tomorrow.

DOUG

Cool! Bye, Rachel.

INT. FRANCINE'S CAR - DAY

Francine is in a good mood. Holds out a package to Doug.

DOUG

What's this?

FRANCINE

Open it.

She rubs her hands, excited. Doug tears off the paper.

ON PACKAGE - It's a vintage *Alien* action figure with extendable jaws.

DOUG

No way! How'd you--?

FRANCINE

One of my clients is a collector. He was gonna sell it on Ebay.

DOUG

Only five hundred were made. It's awesome!

He shocks Francine with a HUG.

FRANCINE

It'll never replace the one I broke. I was jealous. Ethan was always the golden boy. Mom and Dad's favorite. Got straight A's, teacher's pet, had a cool best friend.

Doug blinks. *Cool best friend? Me?*

DOUG

So you terrorized *both* of us.

FRANCINE

Made sense to a stupid kid.

DOUG
You're not stupid. I never thought
that.

She gives him a "Gurl, pleeze" look.

DOUG
Sure, I said it everyday, but my
point is you're *not* stupid. Don't
say that about yourself. Ugly, yah.

FRANCINE
Because of my nasty-ass Jabba the
Hut flesh-eating butt-face disease?

DOUG
Where do you get such vile ideas?

They share a laugh.

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

On the porch steps, Doug admires the *Alien* action figure
still in the box. Fugly sniffs it, wags his tail.

A butterfly lands on Doug's arm. He grins. It flits away to
rest on a flower in the yard.

DOUG'S POV - Blue sky, flowers bloom, birds sing.

DOUG
Know what, Fug? This might not be
so bad after all.

Pop Goes the Weasel chimes in the distance. Doug jumps up.

DOUG
Stay, boy.

Fugly whimpers, sits. Doug dashes full speed down the block.

ON BUTTERFLY - Serene. A bird swoops in and eats it.

NEXT STREET OVER

Kids line up at the Mr. Chilly truck. Doug runs to the *end of
the line*. No shoving or pushing.

CARL
Doug! I am impressed, young man.
You're turning yourself around!

The last kid leaves. Carl hops out of the truck.

DOUG
Right? I'm totally killin' this
don't-be-a-douchebag thing.

CARL
Keep this up and by end of day
tomorrow you'll be shaving again,
heh-heh. Do-over officially over!

DOUG
Yeah, about that--

CARL
And I hang up the uniform.
I know El Niño might've seemed
harsh but ya needed a kick in the
pants. Knew you could do it! Yay!

DOUG
Yay. Uh, Carl, I've been thinking..

CARL
Thinking's a good habit.

DOUG
I'm okay like this, staying a kid.
Not changing back to a grown-up.

CARL
(shocked)
But all your hemming and hawing.

DOUG
Grown-up me's got nothing. No job,
no future. I'm a loser. This is my
second chance. To get it right. Be
the person I coulda been.

Carl squints at Doug. The boy's face is serious.

DOUG
I'm doing well in school, kids like
me. My teacher thinks I'm a genius.

Carl bushy brows arch.

DOUG
And Ethan's awesome at being a
"dad." Better than mine ever was...
before he bailed.

Doug looks down. His words hang in the air.

DOUG
It's nice having someone who's a
best friend but also like a dad--

CARL
Doug, son... I'm afraid there's been
a misunderstanding.

Carl sighs heavy.

CARL
When I said you'd stay a child till
ya learned some lessons, I meant--

DOUG
I wouldn't go back to being thirty
again. Got it. That I'd have to
grow up all over again. I'm telling
you I'm cool with it--

CARL
I meant you'd stay a child *forever*.
You will always be eight years old.
Won't grow or mature. No puberty.

DOUG
SMALL FOREVER?!

His hand unconsciously goes to his crotch. Carl nods.

DOUG
Are you fucking joking?

CARL
Language. Son, just get through
tomorrow--no hiccups--and move on
with the lessons ya learned. As an
adult. Sorry, that's how it works.

Carl puts a hand on Doug's shoulder. Doug shrugs him off.

DOUG
THIS IS SOOO NOT FAIR, CARL!

He tears off down the block. Carl sits on the bumper, tired.

CARL
Sometimes life isn't.

To be continued..

***** BREAK *****

Little Man, Part 3

When 30 year-old douche canoe, Doug, got a free popsicle from a mysterious ice cream man, he never thought it would come with a "do-over" as an 8 year-old. With the help of his best friend, Ethan, Doug must change his douche ways if he wants to become a grown-up again. Karma's a bitch.

When we left this hot mess, Doug realized the do-over wasn't so bad after all. Life as an 8 year-old had been going better for him than his life as an unemployed loser at 30. Doug made friends, stood up to bullies, and helped his class win the school-wide cookie contest. And Julia, Doug's teacher, told Ethan that Doug was gifted. With only one day in the do-over left, Carl gave Doug the good news. He'd go back to being a grown-up by the end of the next day. Doug confided in Carl that he didn't want the do-over to end. This was his second chance to finally get his life on track. Ethan had even become like the father he'd never had. But Carl dropped another bomb. When he told Doug he'd stay a child if he didn't change his ways, he meant 8 years-old FOREVER. No growing up all over again. Cocktail weenie for life. Doug was furious. This wasn't fair! Would he ever catch a break? Or have any happiness in his loser life?

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The Volvo is in the driveway. Doug runs up the porch steps.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Doug bursts in, blows past Francine.

FRANCINE

There you are--

DOUG

Ethan! Ethan! We gotta talk! Now!

Doug FREEZES. Ethan stands with his arm around PRIYA.

ETHAN

Hey, kiddo!

(to Priya)

Priya, you've met my nephew.

PRIYA

Oh, yes. I remember.

Doug and Priya eye each other. It's awkward.

PRIYA
 (to Francine)
 He looks just like you.

FRANCINE
 Not my kid! Our *other* sister's.

ETHAN
 (covers)
 She's not around much.

ETHAN
 Work-a-holic.

FRANCINE
 She's in prison.

FRANCINE
Bob, say hi to Uncle Ethan's
 girlfriend, Priya.

DOUG
 (bitter)
 Hi, Prius.

Priya's eyes go big. Ethan's too. Only ONE person calls her Prius.

ETHAN
 (covers)
 Bob's partially deaf.
 (loud in Doug's ear)
 It's PRIYA, NOT PRIUS!

PRIYA
 Actually, I'm not Ethan's
 "girlfriend" anymore.

Doug brightens for a second.

PRIYA
 I'm his fiancée!

Doug's jaw drops.

FRANCINE
 Oh my God! Congratulations!

She hugs the ecstatic couple. Doug scowls.

ETHAN
 And... **I'm gonna be a dad!**

FRANCINE/DOUG
 WHAT?!

ETHAN/PRIYA
We're pregnant!

ETHAN
I was going to propose eventually,
things just moved up a little.

Doug looks like he's about to cry.

FRANCINE
Oh my god! I'll be an aunt!

ETHAN
Again.

Ethan's phone rings. Incoming Facetime call from "Mom". He pulls Priya close, answers it.

ETHAN
Hey, Mom!

ETHAN'S PHONE - The face of **MRS. REYES** (60, Filipina) fills the screen. Joyful tears, she makes the Sign of the Cross.

MRS. REYES
(Filipino accent)
We are so happy! Our only son--our perfect child--is getting married! God's answered my prayers! Priya, I know you are going to take good care of my son. Do you have any single brothers for Francine? A doctor or a pharmacist?

FRANCINE (O.S.)
Um, I'm right here, Mom.

MRS. REYES
Ethan, now that you are getting married, you can finally kick out that freeloading loser friend--

ETHAN
Mom, can you get Dad?

MRS. REYES
(yells)
HOY! ERNESTO! Come talk to our son!

Crushed, Doug retreats to his cave, shuts the door.

LATER - KITCHEN

Priya and Francine create a baby registry on a laptop.

HALLWAY

Ethan stands outside Doug's closed door.

ETHAN
Bad day at school?

DOUG'S ROOM

Fugly munches from inside a Cheetos bag. Doug lies on his mattress, face buried in a pillow.

DOUG
Fan-fucking-tastic.

ETHAN (O.S.)
I'm picking up Chinese food.
Priya's craving. Wanna come?

Doug doesn't move.

ETHAN (O.S.)
They have those cookies you like.

INT. ETHAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Doug stares out the window. Ethan rambles.

ETHAN
It's all happening so fast. Crazy,
I know. We're taking a break and
boom, I'm gonna be a dad!

DOUG
Boom.

INT. HU'S SZECHUAN - NIGHT

Dinner rush at the family-run neighborhood restaurant.

LOBBY

Ethan and Doug wait. At the register, an **OLD MAN** (80s, Chinese) offers fortune cookies to CUSTOMERS.

Ethan takes one. Doug grabs a handful, cracks into them. The old man smiles, speaks to Doug in Chinese.

OLD MAN
(in Chinese, subtitle)
You annoy like fleas on dog's anus.

Ethan rambles on with domestic happiness.

ETHAN

I can't believe how happy I am when this is what I was running from. Thanks for calling me out.

DOUG

(mouth full)
Hmuh?

ETHAN

On my commitment phobia. Plan B dooms Plan A from the start.

DOUG

I said that? I dunno shit. I'm eight. Don't listen to me.

ETHAN

You helped me see Priya's *the one*. I'm all in. I'm getting married and I'm gonna be a dad!

A **COUPLE** (30s) with a CUTE BABY sits by Ethan and Doug.

Ethan waves at the baby. Doug grimaces, cracks into a cookie.

ON FORTUNE - "Happiness of a friend is happiness for you."

MOTHER

Brendan's ten months. Your son?

ETHAN

Nephew--but I just found out I'm going be a father!

MOTHER/FATHER

Congratulations!

Doug scowls, cracks into another cookie.

ON FORTUNE - "Jealousy has no place in the heart of a true friend."

Doug crumples it, runs to the register for more cookies.

He doesn't see the toddler in a highchair wave at him. It's Malachi and the entire Johnson family.

Old man gives Doug more cookies. He devours them. The old man pats Doug's head.

OLD MAN
 (in Chinese, subtitle)
 You eat like a ravenous piglet.

Doug glares at Ethan still fussing over the baby. The baby grabs his tie, stuffs it in his mouth. Ethan and the parents laugh. Doug sneers, opens another cookie.

ON FORTUNE - "LOSER"

Doug blinks, looks at it again: "#loser".

He sees the old man hold up a "loser L" to his forehead.

OLD MAN
 Loser.

Doug rubs his eyes. The old man is busy with the credit card machine. Doug dumps the cookies in the trash.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chinese food boxes on the table. Ethan, Priya, and Francine talk wedding plans and baby names. Doug stabs his egg foo young with a chopstick. Ethan sees.

LATER - DOUG'S ROOM

Ethan knocks on the door. Video game thrash metal blasts from inside. Ethan opens it.

Doug slumps in a game rocker, hits the controller HARD. Ethan lowers the volume.

DOUG
 What the fuck?

ETHAN
 Why do I get the feeling you're not happy for Priya and me?

DOUG
 Congratu-fuckin-lations.

Returns to his muted game. Ethan sits.

ETHAN
 What's going on?

DOUG
 I saw Carl. He said one more day of being good and I'm back to being a grown-up.

ETHAN

Doug! That's awesome!

DOUG

I don't wanna change back.

ETHAN

WHAT?

He faces Ethan.

DOUG

Grown-up me is a joke--you said so.
Now I got a new start and I finally
have a dad who gives a shit--I
mean, I-I know you're not my dad..

Ethan puts a hand on his shoulder. Doug turns away.

DOUG

BUT FATE'S A CRUEL BITCH! If I
don't change back to a grown-up,
I'll be eight for-freakin'-ever!

Confusion on Ethan's face.

DOUG

Cocktail weenie for life.

ETHAN

But just one more day being a good
person and--

DOUG

I'm thirty again.

ETHAN

Problem solved.

DOUG

Jesus, Ethan! Do you hear *anything*
I'm saying? You're so wrapped up in
your stupid wife and baby crap--

ETHAN

Stupid wife and baby crap?!

Doug hit a nerve. Ethan gets up, goes to the door.

ETHAN

It's *my* life we're talking about
too! Have you thought about how
your mess affects me? Of course
not. Because it's always about *you*!

He slams the door. Doug hurls the game controller.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Francine pours milk into a bowl of cereal. Pajama-clad Doug shuffles in with Fugly.

DOUG
Where's Ethan?

FRANCINE
Stayed at Priya's. I'm taking you
to school. They're already talking
about getting a bigger place.

Doug stares into his cereal bowl. The cereal bits drift together spelling "LOSER."

INT./EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Super: Day 10

Alice Cooper's *No More Mr. Nice Guy* continuous.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - DOUG'S WORST DAY EVER

AT CUBBIES - Doug looks over his shoulder, then rifles through lunch bags, gobbles up other kids' snacks.

AT RECESS - Doug swipes balls from kindergarteners and throws them over the fence, leaving the little ones in tears.

IN THE LIBRARY - Doug and a huddle of boys scurry as Julia nears. She picks up a paper from the floor.

It's a cartoon of her with gigantic basketball boobs, "teechur" scrawled below. She crumples it.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Play rehearsal. Students practice lines, try on costumes. All the groups are productive. Except one.

Natalie and Rachel glare, arms crossed. Wyatt frowns.

NATALIE
The play is tomorrow! You have to
try on your costume.

She holds up a curly blonde wig. Beneath a desk, Doug draws on the underside.

DOUG
Masticate yourself. I'm busy.

RACHEL (O.S.)
I'm telling Miss Jones.

Doug scribbles harder. Wyatt peers under the desk.

WYATT
Come on, Doug. Eye of the Tiger.

Natalie's face appears next to Wyatt's.

NATALIE
You're not cooperating.

DOUG
You can take that stupid wig and
this stupid play and shove it up
your stupid--

JULIA (O.S.)
That's enough! Outta there, now!

Doug crawls out. He's 67 pounds of pissed-off.

JULIA
What is it? Why are you acting--

DOUG
Like a child? Maybe it's cuz
everything SUCKS!

Doug's got everyone's attention now. He loses his shit.

DOUG
School SUCKS. Homework SUCKS. But
grown-ups SUCK THE MOST! They make
promises just to break 'em. A bunch
of lies--all of it.

JULIA
Doug, calm down. Deep breaths.
Count back from ten.

DOUG
One bullshit story after another.
(to the kids)
Tooth Fairy? Sorry, kids, but
Tinkerbell's got better stuff to
do. Ask Mom and Dad what they do
with all your teeth!

The kids GASP.

JULIA
Stop this!

DOUG
I'm just getting started.

Julia runs to the classroom phone.

STUDENT 1
What about the Easter Bunny?

DOUG
Grown-ups think we're stupid. They
want us to believe a giant rabbit
lays eggs? More lies!

Some kids show shock. Others nod in agreement.

JULIA
(into phone)
Code orange.

DOUG
And Santa Claus...

Maniacal laughter. SLOW MOTION. Julia looks up, drops phone.

DOUG
He's really just your--

JULIA
DOOUUGG!

Julia dives across the room, clamps her hand over his mouth.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Francine rinses out an empty mayo jar, phone on speaker.

ETHAN (V.O.)
The principal called.

FRANCINE
Explains his shitty mood. What did
he do?

ETHAN (V.O.)
The list is too long...

IN THE BATHROOM

Doug stuffs his backpack. Clothes, Cheetos, sketchpad. The last item is the old Dodger Stadium photo.

Doug pauses.

He dumps it in the trashcan. Fugly whimpers. Doug hugs him tight. He opens the bathroom window. Fugly barks.

DOUG
Shhh. Sorry, boy. You can't come
with me.

Fugly whimpers. Doug hugs the little dog one last time. Tears roll down his cheeks.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Doug plunks a six pack of beer on the counter.

The CASHIER (22) cracks her gum, shakes her head "no."

DOUG
But I'm Peter-fuckin-Dinklage.

She shakes her head again.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Doug walks, head tilted back, sucking a CAN OF REDDI-WIP.

EXT. SOMEONE'S FRONT LAWN - DAY

Doug lays on his back, high from Reddi-Wip fumes. Through his nitrous haze he hears the Mr. Chilly chimes.

CARL (O.S.)
Now you're up a creek, son.

Doug squints. Carl stands above him.

DOUG
I messed up.

CARL
That's puttin' it mildly.

DOUG
Ethan's moving on. I'm just a
burden. I don't wanna screw up his
life. He deserves to be happy. If I
could just grow up like a normal
kid, I could figure something out...
on my own. Away from here. I don't
wanna be eight forever.

CARL

Doug, you gotta understand it wasn't supposed to turn out this way--it's *never* turned out this way. I don't have the power to alter El Niño... No one does.

DOUG

(sobs)
Please help me, Carl.

Carl paces. He thinks and thinks. He stops.

CARL

There might be someone.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Francine walks around the house, calls for Doug.

FRANCINE

No time for hide-and-peek bullshit.

She passes the bathroom, spots Fugly on top of the toilet, whining out the open window.

Francine enters. Fugly barks crazy, jumps down, whines and barks at the trashcan. Francine pulls out the photo.

EXT. MR. CHILLY ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

Doug on the bumper, eats a popsicle. Carl is on the phone.

CARL

(into phone)
Uh-huh... yup. I appreciate this.

Ends the call.

DOUG

Who was that?

CARL

Old friend. Came up through the Guild together.

DOUG

Like a fraternity bro?

CARL

He's well-connected. Owes me one.

DOUG

What now? What are we waiting for?

CARL

A name. But this is risky. The Guild Masters can never know.

DOUG

You part of some Illuminati secret society?

CARL

More like the Lions or Elks. The Guild's mission is simple: Bring joy and frozen treats to children everywhere. Mr. Chilly, Good Humor, Jack and Jill... all have members in The Guild. We're everywhere.

DOUG

The Chinese restaurant! That old guy one of your watchmen?

CARL

Tony Hu. Thirty years with Mr. Chilly. How do ya think I knew you were about to blow it? He's Guild emeritus, platinum level. Good person. As all Guild members strive to be. When someone needs extra help, we get involved.

PING. Carl gets a text. They look at the screen.

CARL

He's your only hope.

DOUG

"Pablo Ice Cream Bar"?

CARL

Underground. Banned by The Guild. He's got what you need. But he's real jumpy. Works the Promenade near the Metro Line. Paletas cart. Ya got till five.

DOUG

Let's go!

CARL

Can't. Guild Masters find out, I lose my pension. Me and the Missus got a place in Florida. Take this.

Hands him some cash.

CARL
Where will you go? After?

DOUG
Vegas. Blend in with the crowds.

CARL
You need any help, find Sprinkles
the Clown. Frozen banana stand,
Circus Circus.

Doug runs off. Then stops. He runs back and HUGS the old man.

DOUG
Thank you, Carl. No matter what
happens, thank you.

CARL
(choked up)
Good luck, son. Five o'clock. Not a
minute later.

INT. ETHAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Ethan has his phone on speaker. Francine and Fugly scan the streets.

ETHAN
Thanks for checking, Principal
Garcia. I'm sure he's at a friend's
house.

Call ends. He punches the steering wheel frustrated.

FRANCINE
Why would he just take off?

EXT. TRAIN OVERPASS - DAY

The Metro train cars whiz by.

INT. METRO CAR - DAY

Doug looks out anxiously, checks his watch. 4:30.

INT. ETHAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

ON FRANCINE'S SHOCKED FACE

FRANCINE

Forever?

ETHAN

He won't grow or age.

They pass kids on the sidewalk eating *popsicles*. Ethan flips a U-turn.

INT. METRO CAR - DAY

Doug checks his watch. 4:45. The loud speaker crackles.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Next stop, 3rd Street Promenade.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Mr. Chilly truck at the curb. Carl hands ice cream to the last two kids in line.

Ethan and Francine run up.

ETHAN

Carl!

CARL

Ethan and Francine Reyes. Look at you two. All grown-up now.

FRANCINE

Ice Cream Joe? It's really you!

ETHAN

We can't find Doug!

CARL

He was just here. Pretty upset. He's leaving town.

ETHAN

And you just let him go?

CARL

He's doing this for you. Doesn't want to be a burden. I found him someone who can fix the forever eight issue. Then Doug will figure things out. On his own.

ETHAN

He's just a kid! Something horrible
could happen. We gotta find him!

EXT. 3RD STREET PROMENADE - METRO STATION - DAY

Doug steps off the Metro, checks his watch, 4:55.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Ethan's car swerves through traffic.

EXT. METRO STATION - DAY

Doug scans the area crawling with tourists and shoppers. A couple with a stroller reads a directory.

Surrounding them is a swirling blob of boys, Boy-nado. It's the Johnsons.

A butterfly catches Malachi's attention, he follows it.

EXT. METRO STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

Ethan, Francine, and Fugly dash to the platform.

EXT. METRO STATION - DAY

A **MAN** (30s) stands next to a paletas cart--it's Pablo Ice Cream Bar. He checks his watch.

Doug spots Pablo--his last hope--just a few yards away.

Malachi chases the butterfly to the tracks unnoticed.

THE METRO TRAIN approaches in the distance.

Doug runs toward Pablo, spots a toddler on the tracks.
Malachi?

DOUG'S POV - Everything becomes SLOW MOTION..

Pablo looks around.

The Johnsons are distracted.

Malachi stands on the tracks.

Pablo starts to leave.

DOUG
How'd you find me?

FRANCINE
Ice Cream Joe. You scared the shit
out of us.

ETHAN
What were you thinking, Doug?

DOUG
I didn't want to drag you down.
You're getting married, starting a
family.

ETHAN
Starting? You *are* my family.

DOUG
You shouldn't have to put up with
this--me--the rest of your life.

ETHAN
It's what family does.

FRANCINE
We put up with each other. Until we
kill each other. So, like two
months?

DOUG
What do we tell Priya?

ETHAN
We'll figure it out.

DOUG
That's the best you got? We're just
gonna roll with it?

ETHAN
Yup. No plan B, Doug. Let's go
home. Big day at school tomorrow.

The "family" walks back to the car. Silhouettes against the
orange sunset behind them.

Doug slips a hand into Ethan's, his other into Francine's.
Fugly's barks happy. It's an odd domestic bliss.

DOUG (V.O.)
I need a beer.

EXT. FAIRVIEW ELEMENTARY - DAY

ON BANNER - "Fairy Tales for the Next Generation."

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Packed with families. Ethan and Francine sit in the audience.

Julia stands on stage, mic in hand.

JULIA
 (into mic)
 Welcome and thank you for coming.
 The second graders are so excited
 to perform!

BACKSTAGE

Kids in costumes, excited chatter. Wyatt wiggles with nervous energy. Doug notices.

DOUG
 You take a whiz?

WYATT
 Whiz taken. I'm so nervous!

DOUG/WYATT
 Eye of the Tiger!

They do a boxing move.

ONSTAGE

JULIA
 The children have adapted four
 beloved fairy tales to reflect a
 more diverse, inclusive, world. We
 know you're going to love "Fairy
 Tales for the Next Generation."

Applause. House lights dim.

TIME LAPSE - Kids in fairy tale scenes, the audience enjoys.

Snow White wakes Prince Charming, they part as friends... Red Riding Hood and the Wolf agree to disagree... Beauty marries the Beast as-is. No handsome prince.

STUDENT NARRATOR
 Because it's what's on the *inside*
 that counts.

Applause.

JULIA

Last, but not least, "Goldilocks
and the Three Endangered Bears."

Curtain opens. The Endangered Bear family sits at a table.
Rachel as Mama Black Bear, Natalie as Mama Polar Bear, and
Wyatt as Baby Panda Bear.

MAMA POLAR BEAR (RACHEL)

Ow! It's still too hot to eat.
Let's take a walk while it cools.

MAMA BLACK BEAR (NATALIE)

Great idea. Walking is so good for
your health. And the environment.

BABY PANDA BEAR (WYATT)

An active lifestyle prevents early
onset Type 2 diabetes.

Bears exit. Enter Doug as Goldilocks. Francine WHISTLES in
the audience.

GOLDDILOCKS (DOUG)

Mmmm. Somethin' smells good.

Doug eats the food, checks out the chairs and breaks one.

GOLDDILOCKS (DOUG)

Time for a nap.

He yawns and exits. Bears return.

MAMA POLAR BEAR (RACHEL)

Someone's been eating my fair trade
organic, non-GMO quinoa!

MAMA BLACK BEAR (NATALIE)

Someone's been eating my fair
trade, organic, non-GMO quinoa!

BABY PANDA BEAR (WYATT)

Someone's been eating my fair
trade, organic, non-GMO quinoa and
it's all gone!

BACKSTAGE

Doug climbs into a prop bed. A MEATY HAND clamps over his
mouth, muffles his screams. It's JAKE. They scuffle.

ONSTAGE

Inner curtain opens, reveal the Bears' bedroom.

MAMA POLAR BEAR (RACHEL)
Someone's been sleeping in my bed!

MAMA BLACK BEAR (NATALIE)
Someone's been sleeping in my bed!

BABY PANDA BEAR (WYATT)
Someone's been sleeping in my bed,
and there he is!

He points to Goldilocks in the bed. ASHFORD flips over.

ASHFORD
Ahh, the butthead Bears.

The Bears are shocked. Wyatt, nervous, sticks to his lines.

BABY PANDA BEAR (WYATT)
Goldilocks... you're early. Our
sleepover isn't til tomorrow.

IN THE WINGS

Jake has Doug in a hold, forces him to watch it all unravel.

ONSTAGE

ASHFORD
Peed your pants again, Baby Bear?
Soggy diaper?

Wyatt's about to cry or pee. Or do both. Rachel and Natalie look at each other, not knowing what to do.

Wyatt spots Jake restraining Doug in the wings. He connects eyes with Doug. Wyatt takes a deep breath.

BABY PANDA BEAR (WYATT)
Goldilocks, stop being such a... such
a... DICK!

GASP from the audience. Is this part of the play? Julia panics.

Wyatt tackles Ashford. They brawl. Props crash down. Rachel and Natalie exchange looks, shrug, and jump in.

The backstage door bursts open. It's Julia. She pulls the curtain closed.

Doug elbows Jake in the nuts, runs out on stage, grabs a mic.

DOUG
(into mic)
Let's hear it for Goldilocks and
the Three Endangered Bears!

BEEP! Mic feedback. Behind the curtain, sounds of the fight breaking up. Doug looks out at the shell-shocked audience.

DOUG
So, there's a lesson here. And that
lesson is... uh... don't be a dick.

Crickets. Principal Garcia hauls off Ashford and Jake. Julia is in tears.

DOUG
Because... because we... we're... we're
all a work in progress. We all make
mistakes, right? Especially kids.
We make a shitload of a mistakes.

Another GASP from the audience.

DOUG
Like that one. But it's teachers
like Miss Jones who help us learn
from our mistakes.

Doug hits a stride. Words come faster.

DOUG
You have no idea how hard being a
teacher is. You gotta put up with a
bunch a crap. All that whining and
crying. And that's just the
parents.

The audience laughs. They're warming up to Doug.

DOUG
And us kids... talk about a tough
crowd. We're messy, we don't
listen. But Miss Jones is so
patient. It's her superpower. No
matter how many times we screw up,
she never gives up on us. Even when
everyone else has. Even when we've
given up on ourselves...

Doug's voice breaks like he's hit puberty. He connects eyes with Ethan. He gives Doug a thumbs-up.

DOUG

Miss Jones has this way of making us see the good... the good person, the smart person, the kind person, the brave person, that's inside us. We just need help bringing 'em out.

His voice breaks again. Vision blurs. He shakes it off.

DOUG

Thank you, Miss Jones, for teaching us to believe in ourselves by believing in us. Let's hear it for the amazing Miss Jones!

Standing ovation. Ethan and Francine cheer and whistle. Doug stumbles off stage.

Julia comes out of the wings, takes a bow. Her students encircle her. Her tears are now tears of joy.

BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM

It's Carl. Ice cream man uniform replaced by a Hawaiian shirt and cargo shorts. He smiles and nods.

BACKSTAGE

Doug staggers. Wyatt trails after him.

WYATT

Doug! Where are you going?

Doug groans. SPARKLY DOUBLE VISION returns. He sways.

WYATT

DOUG!

EXPLODING like the HULK, Doug transforms into a GROWN-UP. Age 8 to 30 in seconds.

Shirt and pants rip at the seams. Reveal his HAIRY MAN ARMS, LEGS, CHEST. Just enough underwear left to cover his crotch.

Wyatt's eyes are saucers. His jaw drops.

DOUG

(man voice)
I can explain--

WYATT

You're the nice man who got the ball. I knew you were special!

DOUG
That's right, buddy. It's me. Your
hairy godmother.

They high-five.

WYATT
Eye of the Tiger!

They do a boxing move. Doug looks around nervously.

DOUG
I should get going.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SCHOOL - DAY

Carl sits in a convertible red Ferrari. A HOT BLONDE (30s) next to him. He's on the phone.

CARL
(on phone)
Thanks for pulling some strings. I
owe you. If you're ever in Boca,
bottomless margaritas on me and the
Missus.

He ends the call. A naked blur streaks by.

CARL
Go on, Doug. You've earned it.

ON DOUG'S NAKED HAIRY MAN ASS - It hangs out of his ripped costume.

Doug runs down the street toward home.

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

Super: Over the next 8 months...

A SERIES OF SHOTS - DOUG GETS HIS SHIT TOGETHER

- DOUG'S ROOM - Doug sets the *Alien* action figure next to the old Dodger Stadium photo. His cave pigsty is now an art studio. Mattress gone. There's a real bed. Fugly snoozes.
- FRANCINE'S APARTMENT - At her work station, Francine and Doug go over his sketches. She's very impressed.
- JULIA'S CLASSROOM - Surrounded by her students, Julia opens a big delivery box filled with dozens of brand new books.

She finds a copy of *Charlotte's Web* with a sticky note on it. "Thank You" written in black marker.

INT. FRANCINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Doug, Francine, and Fugly eat burritos from Burrito Boss at her computer work station.

DOUG
Just doesn't taste the same.

ON MONITOR - Digital versions of Doug's drawings.

Francine makes a few clicks with the mouse.

FRANCINE
Okay, check it out.

ON MONITOR - A phone case, a laptop case, and tablet case all covered with Doug's artwork. It's amazing.

Doug's eyes light up.

DOUG
This. Is. Awesome. Thank you!

FRANCINE
Not too shabby, dung beetle.

Doug wraps Francine in a big hug. Fugly whines. Doug picks him up to join in the hug.

EXT. FONE KING HEADQUARTERS - DAY

High rise in downtown Los Angeles.

INT. FONE KING HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Breathtaking view through a panoramic window. Reveal Doug. Clean-shaven and handsome in a suit.

ON DOUG'S PHONE - Facetime call with Ethan.

ETHAN
You've got this. Eye of the Tiger!

He gives a thumbs-up. Doug gives a thumbs-up back.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Mr. Wang will see you now.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A cork POPS. Champagne and sparkling cider pour. Doug, Francine, Ethan, and a very pregnant Priya celebrate.

DOUG

And product ships in time for the holiday season--all forty stores!

Doug grins. Happy, confident. Attractive. Francine smiles. It's like she's noticing him for the first time.

The foursome gathers for a selfie. Priya winces in pain.

PRIYA

Guys...

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The doors open. Francine bursts in followed by Doug and Ethan flanking Priya. Priya waddles, hand on her pregnant belly. She's going into labor. Francine darts off to get help.

ELEVATORS

DING. Doors open. It's the Johnsons and Boy-nado. Is Mrs. Johnson smiling? She holds a pink bundle--it's a girl! Malachi, bigger now, trails his family. He sees Doug, waves.

Francine returns with a nurse. It's Cora. She helps Priya.

CORA

That's it. You're doing fine. Deep breaths.

Doug takes deep breaths. Cora looks up at him. *He's familiar.*

RICKY (O.S.)

Room 312 is ready.

It's Ricky with a wheelchair. He helps Priya into it.

RICKY

Boss! We miss you at Booby Trap--

Cora slaps a clipboard into his gut.

CORA

Let's roll.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - HOURS LATER

Priya holds a newborn. Doug shakes Ethan's hand. Priya puts the baby in Francine's arms. Ethan beams.

Doug caresses the baby's head. Priya smiles at this. The scene is pure bliss. But it's short-lived.

DOUG
Does he have three nuts--?

FRANCINE
Your turn.

She puts the little blue bundle in Doug's arms.

FRANCINE
Make sure you hold his head up.

DOUG
(soft)
Hey, guy. What's goin' on?

The baby makes a TINY CUTE FART. Everyone laughs.

ETHAN
He takes after his *Ninong* Doug.

Doug looks up, confused.

FRANCINE
I'm his *ninang*!

Doug still doesn't get it.

ETHAN
Godparent.

DOUG
Me?

PRIYA
We need someone responsible,
someone we can count on.

ETHAN
Someone our son could look up to.

Doug beams. Francine puts her arm around him.

The baby SHARTS. A big wet one. Not cute. Everyone winces at the smell. Except Doug.

DOUG
Nice one, little man.

FADE OUT

Van Halen's *Ice Cream Man* over the end credits.

POST CREDIT SCENE

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - DAY

Thrash metal BLASTS in the distance. It gets louder.

Doug rocks out in a *new* car. He checks his phone.

Text from Ethan, "Priya made samosas. Get some before Francine eats them all."

BAM! A football bounces right in front of Doug's car.

DOUG
SHIT!

He pulls over, gets out. Grabs the rogue football. Three **KIDS** (8-9) shout and wave to him. We've seen this before.

KIDS
Here! Over here!

Doug grins, motions for the kids to back up for a long pass. They do. He raises the football and

Looks at the CAMERA. He smirks.

Then throws the football.

DOUG
(to kids)
Nice catch!