

BIGLY

By

Justin Shady

WME
ROAR

DRAFT DATE: 11/8/17

TITLE CARD:

"The following is based on events we wish had happened."

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

DUNCAN SPENCER (30s), a suit-and-tie professional wearing dark sunglasses (THINK: JON HAMM), sits behind the wheel driving like his life depended on it. *Mostly because it does.*

DUNCAN
Move, bitch! Get out the way!

Lying across the backseat is QUINN PETRY (30s), another suit-and-tie professional wearing dark sunglasses (THINK: TINA FEY) who wears the look of professional better than Duncan.

QUINN
Duncan, now is not the fucking time
to be quoting Ludacris!

DUNCAN
You're not the boss of me, Quinn!

Duncan CHUCKLES to himself, *then continues to drive like a fucking madman as he hauls ass through the streets of--*

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

SPECTATORS, STREET VENDORS, and MEMBERS OF A HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND scatter as the car speeds down the street.

Behind their car, a pair of *identical town cars* SCREECHES around a corner and starts to give chase.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Duncan notices the cars as a shit-eating grin creeps across his face. He CACKLES giddily, then--

DUNCAN
This is pretty coo—

Duncan notices a TUBA PLAYER (16) standing in the street.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Tuba!

Duncan cuts hard right, *barely missing the tuba player--*

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

--and then pulls the car up onto the sidewalk. *He floors it.*
Chaos unfolds as EVERYONE runs for their fucking lives.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Duncan is now grinning from ear to ear.

DUNCAN

(re: Tuba Player)

I should've run him over. Tubas are
the second lamest band instrument,
right after the xylophone.

QUINN

Hey, I played xylophone.

Duncan throws Quinn a face in the rearview mirror: "Exactly."

DUNCAN

I've always wanted to drive on the
sidewalk while people run for their
lives. It happens in movies all the
time, but never in real—

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

*The car PLOWS THROUGH a merchandise stand, reducing it to
splintered plywood and shredded T-shirts.*

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

DUNCAN

Hope there wasn't a human in there.

His thought is cut off by a barrage of GUNFIRE as it pummels
the rear window; even so, *the window doesn't shatter.*

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Sweet! Bulletproof windows!

Bulletproof or not, the onslaught of GUNFIRE proves to be too
much; the window SHATTERS into a million shards of glass, and
showers down onto Quinn in the backseat.

And that's when we realize Quinn is lying on top of--

DONALD TRUMP

I bet these failing windows were
made in China. Sad.

--yes, DONALD J. TRUMP (70): billionaire, demagogue, xenophobe, pussy-grabber, Alec Baldwin impersonator, and overall human piece of shit.

Oh, and 45th President of the United States of America.

WARNING: If you're already offended, seriously, stop reading.

QUINN

Please stay down, Mr. President.

DONALD TRUMP

Who are you again? No, wait, lemme guess. A loser.

DUNCAN

She *did* play the xylophone.

More GUNFIRE whizzes through the now shattered window.

DONALD TRUMP

Who's shooting at me? It's Crooked Hillary, isn't it? No, I bet it's Obama. He's terrible. You know, he's not even an American. He was born in Kenya. Or Hawaii.

QUINN

Hawaii is America, sir.

DONALD TRUMP

Fake news!

The car takes more GUNFIRE. Trump raises his *tiny baby hand* to the back window and flips *the tiniest bird ever...* which is then followed by another barrage of GUNFIRE.

QUINN

(pulls his baby hand down)
Please do not flip off people who are shooting at us!

DONALD TRUMP

They missed! But at least now we know who's *not* shooting at me: Ted Cruz's dad. That man could hit a grape from a mile away. Just ask JFK's exploded head.

DUNCAN

What are you implying?

DONALD TRUMP

Let's just say Lee Harvey Oswald
wasn't the *only* guy in the Texas
Book Suppository that day, okay.

DUNCAN

Pretty sure you mean--

More GUNFIRE, more SHATTERED glass.

QUINN

Duncan, get us the fuck out of here
right fucking now!

Duncan cuts the wheel hard left as we--

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES R. LOWELL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL (CLASSROOM) - DAY

TITLE: THREE MONTHS EARLIER...

Third-grade teacher MRS. BELL (50s) looks on as FIREMAN MATT (30s), who is wearing fireman gear and holding an ax, speaks to the class. Written on the chalkboard: CAREER DAY!

STUDENTS half-listen as Fireman Matt wraps up.

FIREMAN MATT

That's why you can't grab a burn
victim by the arm or leg. Their
skin will slip right off.

MRS. BELL

(standing, recovering)

Thank you, Fireman Matt! I'm sure
Jonah is proud to call you his dad.

JONAH (8), who looks mortified, shakes his head "no."

FIREMAN MATT

Remember what President Bush said,
kids: Firemen are like Superman...
but cooler, because we have axes.

MRS. BELL

I don't think he said that.

FIREMAN MATT

Pretty sure he did.

MRS. BELL
Okay, next we have Grey's uncle.

GREY (8), a mousey girl with glasses, sinks in her seat.

GREY
(to herself, quietly)
Oh, fuck me.

MRS. BELL
Students, please help me welcome
Secret Service Agent Duncan.

Everyone (but Grey) halfheartedly CLAPS as Duncan
unenthusiastically ambles to the front of the class.

DUNCAN
Hey. I'm Duncan. I work for the
Secret Service. Any questions?

The class sits in silence.

MRS. BELL
Class, does anyone know what the
Secret Service does?

Still, silence.

DUNCAN
Bet you'd all shit your Underoos if
I had invented the Twitters, huh?

GREY
I've told you a thousand times!
It's Twitter! Not the Twitters!

DUNCAN
Hey! Do not force me to unleash
Uncle Duncan's Words of
Embarrassment, Grey! Got it?

MILAN (9), a redhead with crooked teeth, raises his hand.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, you. The ginger.

MRS. BELL
His name is Milan.

DUNCAN
Sounds like a fake name.

MILAN

The Secret Service protects the president.

MRS. BELL

Correct, Milan. Thank you. Agent Duncan protects President Obama.

DUNCAN

No I don't. But it's *so typical* of you to think that I do. See, what some people don't know, and by "some people" I mean "third graders and their teachers," is that the Secret Service has two halves. One half is for protection; of the president, vice president... people like that. The other half, the half I work for, is the financial crimes division. We investigate fraud, counterfeit money, stamps--

(Milan raises his hand)

What, fake name?

MILAN

What's a stamp?

DUNCAN

You know, like on a letter.

MILAN

What's a letter?

DUNCAN

Okay, now you're fucking with me.

MRS. BELL

Thank you, Agent Duncan!

MILAN

Wait, I have another question.

(to Duncan)

If you did work for the half that protected the president, and if Donald Trump wins the election, would you still protect him?

DUNCAN

Yep.

MILAN

Even though he made fun of that disabled reporter guy?

(MORE)

MILAN (CONT'D)
 (Duncan nods)
 And Rosie O'Donnell.

DUNCAN
 Especially then.

Milan points across the room at JOSE (9), his classmate.

MILAN
 Even though he wants to send my
 friend Jose and his family away?

DUNCAN
 (to Jose)
 You Mexican?

JOSE
 Uh-huh. And Muslim.

DUNCAN
 (cringing)
 Mexican Muslim? Is that a thing?
 (to Milan)
 Listen, Ron Weasley, if it were my
 job then, yes, it'd be my duty to
 protect the president no matter how
 that person acts.

MILAN
 Even if he grabs women by the
 pussy?

MRS. BELL
 Okay then! Let's—

DUNCAN
 Yes! I'd even protect a pussy-
 grabbing president. That okay, kid?
 Do I have your approval on that?

Tension grows between child and man-child until finally--

MILAN
 If I worked for the Secret Service
 I'd want to work for the half that
 protects the president.
 (smirking)
 So do you. Don't you?

Duncan squints as he stares Milan down. Then--

DUNCAN
 You red-haired demon!

Duncan pushes kids and desks aside as he makes his way to the back of the room. Mrs. Bell chases after Duncan as we--

CUT TO:

INT. ART STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

HOKUM (40s), an artsy, aging hipster with tattoos, piercings, and a handlebar mustache (THINK: JARED LETO), relaxes on a paint-stained couch in his cluttered apartment/studio.

Towers of weird shit (aluminum pipes, a vintage birthing table, a Colonel Sanders statue with Gene Simmons' Demon makeup from KISS painted on its face, etc.) fill the room.

Hokum is being questioned by TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS: EVIE CHANG (30s), a consummate professional with a great head on her shoulders (THINK: ALI WONG), and Quinn, who appears to be running short on both sleep and patience.

Evie squeezes past clutter and looks around, while Quinn questions Hokum.

QUINN

Mister--

HOKUM

Hokum. No mister. Just Hokum.

QUINN

Mr. Hokum, I'm Agent Petry, this is Agent Chang, and we're from the Secret Service. We're here today because of some things you recently posted on Facebook. Any idea what I'm talking about?

Hokum INHALES tobacco from a corncob pipe and shakes his head "no." Quinn opens a folder and pulls out a stack of papers.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Really? Well, for example, this is your post from September 25th:

(reading from paper)

Fact #1: Badgers eat frogs, slugs, and grubs. Fact #2: I hope someone rubs frogs, slugs, and grubs all over Donald Trump, because then maybe a badger might pass by and eat him to death.

HOKUM

It could happen.

QUINN

And you don't understand why that might throw up a few red flags? How about this one from August 18th?

(reading from paper)

Someone should put Trump inside of an old, circus-style cannon and launch him into space.

(beat)

Other than that scenario being implausible, is there anything else about it that you bump on?

HOKUM

Stuff like that happens every day.

QUINN

Agree to disagree.

EVIE

You wouldn't own an old, circus-style cannon, would you, Mr. Hokum?

QUINN

Or a badger?

HOKUM

Nah, man. I'm a pacifist painter.

EVIE

Mr. Hokum, do you know that it's a felony to threaten a presidential nominee before an election?

HOKUM

I didn't threaten him. If I had threatened him I would've said something like--

(deadly serious)

--I'd like to grid off Donald Trump's skin into one-inch squares, score the lines with an X-Acto blade, and then peel off a new square every fifteen minutes.

(back to normal)

Saying *that* would be illegal.

Quinn and Evie look at each other: "Is this guy serious?"

QUINN

What was that?

HOKUM

What was what?

QUINN

What you just said. That a threat?

HOKUM

What? No! I would never threaten Donald Trump by saying something, like, I don't know--

(deadly serious)

--I want to cut off his tongue and his dick, then sew them back onto his body in switched positions.

(back to normal)

I'd have to be crazy to say something like that.

EVIE

Are you crazy, Mr. Hokum?

HOKUM

And why would you ask me that?

QUINN

Because you're saying an awful lot of crazy shit.

Hokum's mind appears to wander. Then--

HOKUM

Did you know there are 94 different ways to dispose of a body without leaving a trace of organic matter? No, wait....

(thinking)

Ninety-five. I just came up with another one.

QUINN

Case in point.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Quinn and Evie exit the building and walk to their car.

QUINN

(re: Hokum)

Thoughts on Vincent van Weirdo?

EVIE

He's odd, but probably not violent.

QUINN

Yeah. Still, I'm gonna request a mandatory mental health eval. Partly because he needs it, but also because I wanna be an asshole.

EVIE

Always err on the side of asshole.

QUINN

Fuck, I can't wait for this election to be over.

EVIE

Yep. I don't like what it's doing to people.

QUINN

I don't like what it's doing to me.

EVIE

How are you and Brett holding up with the new little one?

QUINN

You know. No sleep. No sex. No fun.

EVIE

I remember that first year after Wilder was born. I do not envy you. You two should get sitter, do a date night.

QUINN

Actually, tonight is a date night, just not with Brett. He thought I needed a break from mommy duty, so I'm grabbing drinks with Duncan.

EVIE

Duncan? How's that unchecked bag of emotional insecurity doing?

QUINN

You know. He's... Duncan.

EVIE

Right. Well, tell him I said hello. He still with that crazy guy?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BARRRRGGGHHH! - NIGHT

Quinn scrolls through her phone, waiting. A Prius rapidly approaches, then SCREECHES to a halt in front of Quinn.

Duncan exits from the passenger's side while YELLING at VARGAS (30s), his on-again/off-again boyfriend (THINK: DONALD GLOVER) with whom he shares a love/hate relationship.

In nearly every sense of the word, *Vargas is fabulous...* except as a driver, which he's *fucking terrible* at.

DUNCAN

It was a four-way stop, Vargas!

VARGAS

Like anyone stops at those.

DUNCAN

You almost ran over kids!

VARGAS

Bring down your drama a notch. Besides, if I had run them over I would've been doing them a favor, seeing as how Donald Trump is gonna be our next fucking president.

DUNCAN

He is not.

QUINN

He is not.

VARGAS

We'll see, bitches. Call me if you need a ride home.

DUNCAN

I'd rather drive drunk.

Vargas looks around and realizes--

VARGAS

This a one-way? Horse pussy.

Vargas throws it into reverse and *PEELS out backwards down the street.*

DUNCAN

He's gonna be the death of me.

QUINN

Or someone.

INT. THE BARRRRGGGHHH! - NIGHT

Duncan and Quinn enter a *pirate-themed bar*. They pull up barrel stools as PEGGY (60s) — an old hag with an *honest-to-Christ peg leg* — hobbles over to take their order.

QUINN

Hey, Peggy. Where's your eye patch?

Upon closer inspection, we realize Peggy has a *gray, dead right eye*, though not for show. It's real... *and terrifying*.

PEGGY

My socket gets all sweaty.

DUNCAN

Please never say that again.

PEGGY

You assholes want drinks or what?

DUNCAN

I'll take a Walk the Plank Pilsner.

QUINN

A Shiver Me Timbers. No ice.

Peggy hobbles off to get their drinks.

DUNCAN

(re: Quinn's drink)

Wow. Sounds like Grace will be getting some spiked milk tomorrow.

QUINN

I pumped extra milk before work. I had a heavy flow this morning.

(Duncan gags)

I need a drink. It's a slow travel week so we've been doing field interviews. I spent today listening to insane people say insane shit.

DUNCAN

I almost beat up a kid, then got forcibly removed by a janitor.

QUINN

They didn't know there were two divisions of the Service, huh?

Quinn shakes his head "no" as Peggy brings their drinks.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Don't know how great you have it.

DUNCAN

Oh, you said it. Busting idiot college kids who are printing out counterfeit \$77 bills on an Epson? Yeah, I'm living the dream.

QUINN

I interviewed a guy who wants to load Trump into a circus cannon and shoot him into space.

DUNCAN

Understandable.

QUINN

Right, but you're missing my point: You may think the protection side is glamorous, but it's not.

DUNCAN

Says the woman with the microphone in the cuff of her sleeve.

QUINN

Whatever. Anyway, enough work talk.
(raises glass)
Cheers.

DUNCAN

(raises glass)
What are we cheersing to?

QUINN

To....

LATER

Duncan and Quinn are now *totally in the bag*.

QUINN

...that fucking dipshit Trump. Honestly, I don't think I could take a bullet for him.

DUNCAN

You have to. It's like I told that rat-faced kid with the fake name: It's your job. Do I like Trump? No. As a gay man, I loathe him. Hell, as a human being I loathe him.

(MORE)

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

But that doesn't mean I wouldn't jump on a grenade to save his life.

QUINN

I don't know. Life is... different now. I'm different. I'm a mother. I have children who rely on me.

DUNCAN

You were a mom when you signed up.

QUINN

I was a kid. I felt impenetrable. The idea that I may have to die at work seemed like an impossibility. And with protecting Obama... at least he's likeable. I look at him and think, "I'd prefer not to die today, but if I have to get shot in the face for you, okay." But with Trump....

DUNCAN

You're an ingrate, you know that? Every day you wake up and go to a job that I would literally kill to have, and you don't appreciate it.

QUINN

Oh, come on. Don't say that.

DUNCAN

Seriously. You get to drive bomb-proof cars with bulletproof glass. You get to use cool spy shit no one even knows about. You're probably putting cameras in our microwaves and spying on us through our TVs.

QUINN

That's the CIA.

DUNCAN

Wait, really?

(Quinn shrugs)

Point is, you know shit that'd make an average person's head explode.

QUINN

The secrets aren't *that* exciting.

DUNCAN

Oh, really? Please, do tell.

QUINN
You know I can't.

Quinn literally *licks the dregs out of a shot glass*. Then--

QUINN (CONT'D)
Okay, but you can't tell anyone.
(Duncan crosses his heart)
This is something agents whisper
about, but no one has witnessed.

CUT TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACKS

EXT. THE U.S. CAPITOL (EAST PORTICO STEPS) - DAY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (52), 16th President of the United States, and Daniel Day-Lewis impersonator, is sworn in by CHIEF JUSTICE ROGER B. TANEY (83).

TITLE: LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION - MARCH 4th, 1861

QUINN (V.O.)
*On inauguration day, immediately
after being sworn in--*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
I, Abraham Lincoln....

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE (BASEMENT) - DAY

President Lincoln walks down a long hallway with no windows; at the end is a small wooden door. Standing on either side of the door is an ARMED GUARD (20s).

QUINN (V.O.)
*--the newly elected president is
taken to a secret room located in
the bowels of the White House.*

Lincoln stops in front of the door as the guards salute him. Lincoln EXHALES nervously, takes off his top hat, and opens--

THE RED BOOK ROOM

TITLE: ROOSEVELT'S INAUGURATION - MARCH 4th, 1933

--the door, which is now fortified and made of steel. Lincoln has been replaced by FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT (51), 32nd President of the United States, and Bill Murray impersonator.

FDR wheels his wheelchair through the doorway.

QUINN (V.O.)
*In that room is a table. And
 sitting on that table is a large,
 red, leather-bound book.*

Quinn's rumored description is spot-on: save for a small table and a large red book, the room is stark and empty.

QUINN (V.O.)
They call it the Red Book.

DUNCAN (V.O.)
Clever name.

FDR wheels his chair up to the table and stares at the book.

QUINN (V.O.)
And handwritten in the Red Book--

FDR SIGHS and reaches for the book--

LATER

TITLE: KENNEDY'S INAUGURATION - JANUARY 20th, 1961

--but now sitting at the table is JOHN F. KENNEDY (43), 35th President of the United States, and Rob Lowe impersonator.

QUINN (V.O.)
*--is every secret in the history of
 the United States of America.*

JFK opens the book and reads; his face turns stoic.

JFK
 Holy Mary, Mother of fuckballs.

JFK turns the page as we jump to--

LATER

TITLE: GEORGE W. BUSH'S INAUGURATION - JANUARY 20th, 2001

--a giggling GEORGE W. BUSH (54), 43rd President of the United States, and Will Ferrell impersonator, who sits wide-eyed. He flips through the book like a giddy, idiot teenager who just found his father's *Hustler* stash.

QUINN (V.O.)

Where is Hoffa? How close have we come to nuclear annihilation? Have we really been to the moon?

GEORGE W. BUSH

Who is Stanley Kubrick?

QUINN (V.O.)

It's all there, in the Red Book, added to over the centuries, handwritten by the presidents themselves. It's the rarest relic of the American story--

Bush flips through and accidentally RIPS out a page.

GEORGE W. BUSH

Whoops.

Bush *licks the page* and tries to stick it back in.

QUINN (V.O.)

--and its most secretive. Because over the course of the entire history of our country, only forty-four men have ever set eyes on it.

GEORGE W. BUSH

(slams book shut)

I'm done!

END FLASHBACKS

INT. THE BARRRGGGHHH! - NIGHT

Quinn and Duncan are as they were.

QUINN

That is... if it even exists.

DUNCAN

Eh.

QUINN

You're not impressed?

DUNCAN

I guess it's cool. I was just hoping for something more. Like, raccoon bombs or something.

QUINN

What's a raccoon bomb?

DUNCAN

Uh, a living raccoon that blows up like a bomb? Duh. Anyway, that scenario seems really farfetched. How could that many secrets stay secret for that long?

QUINN

The presidents take an oath.

DUNCAN

Right, but you say forty-four people have read it as if that were a miniscule number. Give forty-four people a book full of secrets and see how long it takes for one of them to tell their wife. Or an intern they're fucking.

QUINN

I think it's true. I think whatever is in the Red Book is to blame for presidents entering the White House looking like virile men ready to take on the world, only to emerge a few years later looking like a withered old scrotum in a bad wig.

DUNCAN

That's age. Someday, we'll look like withered old scrotums in bad wigs. You first since you're older.
(looks at watch)

I should get going. I have to get up early and bust a middle school kid who's been making fake nickels on his mom's 3D printer.

QUINN

Maybe you do have it worse.

DUNCAN

I know, but still: fuck you. Also--
(looks at phone)
(MORE)

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

--Mom and Dad left me a voicemail today, but it's your turn to have a meaningful conversation with them.

We now realize Duncan and Quinn are brother and sister.

QUINN

Not it. I went home for a holiday.

DUNCAN

Memorial Day! That's a bullshit holiday. You need four Memorial Days to equal one Easter. Also, you didn't take your family with you, which means you probably spent most of your time getting drunk with old friends at the Back Bar.

QUINN

Yeah. I did. That reminds me, I ran into Chad Van Riper at Back Bar.

DUNCAN

Awww... Chad Van Riper. He was such a cutie. What's he up to?

QUINN

About 350 pounds.

DUNCAN

He was my first crush. Before you ruined it by giving him a handjob at the St. Roman's Church festival.

QUINN

How many times do I have to tell you, I didn't give him a hand job!

DUNCAN

Uh-huh. Call Mom and Dad.

Duncan and Quinn stand and put on their jackets.

QUINN

(hugs Duncan)

Text me when you get home so I know Vargas didn't drive off a bridge.

DUNCAN

Awww... you do care.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Quinn quietly enters. The lights are off, everyone is asleep.

GREY & GRACE'S BEDROOM

Quinn enters and looks over her sleeping daughters: Grey and GRACE (4 MONTHS). She leans over Grace's crib and whispers--

QUINN
Hey, little one.

Grey, still very much asleep, groggily mutters--

GREY
It's not the Twitters.

Suddenly, Quinn's phone DINGS with a text.

QUINN
Shit!

Another DING. The girls stir as Quinn silences her phone; they settle as she reads two texts from Duncan: "NOT DEAD."

Followed by: "AND DON'T SWEAT THE JOB. WE BOTH KNOW HILLARY HAS THIS SHIT IN THE BAG."

Quinn pockets her phone, then looks down at her daughters.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Let's hope Uncle Duncan is right.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CNN NEWSROOM (SOUND STAGE) - NIGHT

TITLE: ELECTION NIGHT - NOVEMBER 8TH, 2016

CNN journalist WOLF BLITZER (68) stands stunned as he delivers the *stupid reality of politics in America*. A large electoral college map awash in red towers behind him.

WOLF BLITZER
Wait, so that pushes him over 270, right? Because if so, then.... Oh god. This has gotta be a--
(looks up at map)
Jesus Christ. Is this real life?
(into camera)
America, you just elected Donald Trump as the next president.
(MORE)

WOLF BLITZER (CONT'D)
 Congratulations, morons.
 (to himself)
 I'm so glad I decided not to give
 up my German citizenship.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Quinn and her husband, BRETT (30s), sit on opposite ends of the couch, wide-eyed, their mouths agape; Grey lies sleeping between them. *They are in total fucking shock.*

An unopened, sweaty bottle of champagne sits on a table. What was supposed to be a party now feels like a funeral.

QUINN
 What--

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Duncan lies wide-eyed in bed, reading the news on his phone.

QUINN
 --the--

INT. TRUMP TOWER (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Trump stands at the center of a room full of CAMPAIGN WORKERS and SUPPORTERS. They're all CHEERING. Trump, however, is staring at the TV as the color drains out of his face.

But not really because, you know, he's spray-painted orange.

DONALD TRUMP
 Fuck.

Trump drops his head: "What have I done?"

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Quinn, Brett, and Grey are as they were when, suddenly, Grace starts CRYING in the other room. Quinn stands and runs into--

GREY & GRACE'S BEDROOM

She lifts Grace into her arms and rocks her back and forth.

QUINN
Shhh... it's okay.
(beat)
It'll be okay. I think. I hope. I'm
so sorry, Grace. I'm so sorry.

Still, Grace CRIES.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - DAY

Quinn sits at her desk staring off into space as the hustle and bustle of the Secret Service, on one of their busiest days, plays out around her.

Evie approaches and rests her hand on Quinn's shoulder.

EVIE
You gonna make it?

QUINN
What? Oh, sorry. I'm just....

EVIE
Unable to accept reality? I'm right there with you. But you gotta snap out of it. It's been two months.

QUINN
Two months isn't enough.

EVIE
I know. Hey, if you know of anybody who wants to attend, they are encouraging agents to "invite as many people as possible."

QUINN
Invite? Is this a presidential inauguration or a kids pizza party?

EVIE
The crowd on the Mall is looking pretty thin, so staff is trying to beef it up before cameras roll.

QUINN
That's because nobody wants to witness this. It's like forcing your kid to watch the cremation of a family pet.

EVIE

Wow. You are in a dark place.

Evie walks off as Quinn's cell DINGS. It's a text from Duncan: "HOW YOU HOLDING UP?"

She replies: "DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT." She thinks, then replies again: "CAN GET YOU ON THE LIST. WANNA COME?"

Duncan replies: "TO WITNESS THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF THE REPUBLIC? BE THERE IN 30!"

Quinn SIGHS, stands, and walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE (HALLWAY) - DAY

President-elect Trump walks down the hall flanked by ADVISORS and SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, including Quinn. Leading the pack is Quinn's boss, Secret Service DIRECTOR ANTON LUSK (60s).

Lusk is going over the day's schedule with Trump.

DIRECTOR LUSK

The parade--

DONALD TRUMP

Ooo! There's a parade?

DIRECTOR LUSK

Yes, sir. For, you know... you.

DONALD TRUMP

Bigly. I like when the clowns throw candy to the crowd.

DIRECTOR LUSK

Sure. Anyway, the parade route will end back here at the White House--

DONALD TRUMP

And then I get to sit behind the desk in the Oval Office.

DIRECTOR LUSK

Eventually, yes. But first, we'll have some things for you to do.

DONALD TRUMP

Things? What kind of things? I'm not a big fan of things, especially if I have to do them.

DIRECTOR LUSK

They're just... formalities. They are things every president must do after being sworn in.

Quinn's interest is piqued: "Is it the Red Book?"

DONALD TRUMP

Look, if there are things, and I have to do them, and these things are here now, and I am here now, which I am, right? I'm here. So let's do these things now, while I am here, and they are here. Okay?

DIRECTOR LUSK

Sir, we follow a protocol--

DONALD TRUMP

Hey, pal, I got here by not following protocol. Okay, fart breath? Now I'm the boss, and I say we change the ways so I can do the things. Okay? Because otherwise, guess what? You're fired.

DIRECTOR LUSK

You really don't have to keep saying that over and over again.

DONALD TRUMP

Oh, don't I? Or do I? You're--

DIRECTOR LUSK

Know what? I'm not gonna argue.

(to Quinn)

Get everyone in place. I'll see you on the steps.

(to Trump)

Sir, please follow me.

Lusk and Trump walk off together. Quinn watches them go.

THE RED BOOK ROOM

The door opens. Trump enters. The door SLAMS shut behind him. He walks to the table, sits down, and looks at the Red Book.

DONALD TRUMP

It better be written in American.

He opens the Red Book and starts reading.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE U.S. CAPITOL (EAST PORTICO STEPS) - DAY

Quinn walks out onto the stage and looks across the Mall.

A thin crowd (*seriously, that crowd was smaller than Trump's hands*) of SUPPORTERS wait for the event to start. As Quinn scans the crowd she notices a classy "HILLARY SUCKS... BUT NOT LIKE MONICA" sign held high in the air.

QUINN

Real life has become an *SNL* skit.

Her phone DINGS. Another text from Duncan: "HERE."

She scans a nearby set of stands and finds Duncan. He waves to her; she halfheartedly smiles back.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE (BASEMENT) - DAY

ARMED GUARDS (20s) stand on either side of the door to the Red Book Room. A loud KNOCK is heard; they open the door.

Trump exits wide-eyed. He looks like he's just been told his father was his mother, and that his mother was an aardvark.

Trump COUGHS, and then--

DONALD TRUMP

(through coughs)

The military made Vin Diesel in a lab. You didn't hear it from me.

Trump walks off. The guards look at each other: "Uh... what?"

CUT TO:

EXT. THE U.S. CAPITOL (EAST PORTICO STEPS) - DAY

Quinn scans the crowd as Evie approaches.

EVIE

Mogul is on the move.

QUINN

Can't believe he chose that for his code name.

EVIE

Can't believe you can't believe it.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Trump stares out the window; Lusk sits across from him.

DIRECTOR LUSK

Per your request, tonight's ball will feature 24-carat gold bowls of Bugles, and a Hot Pockets bar.

DONALD TRUMP

Make sure they have a lot of the chicken bacon cheddar cheese melt ones. They're the best.

Lusk notices that Trump seems detached, quiet.

DIRECTOR LUSK

Sir, I can imagine how weird this--

DONALD TRUMP

Oh, it's freaky, pal. Freaky deaky.

Lusk texts SOMEONE on his phone: "WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM."

CUT TO:

EXT. THE U.S. CAPITOL (VIEWING AREA) - DAY

Duncan is on his phone posting a photo of the crowd on Instagram. His caption: "MEANWHILE, IN BIZARRO AMERICA..."

His phone DINGS. It's a text from Quinn: "HE'S HERE. IT'S STARTING. THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING."

Duncan responds: "DEEP BREATHS."

EAST PORTICO STEPS

Trump walks onto the stage with his band of trolls: MELANIA TRUMP (46), MIKE PENCE (57), KAREN PENCE (57), etc. Everyone is flanked by Quinn, Evie, Lusk, and a slew of other AGENTS.

As everyone takes their seats, Lusk quietly says--

DIRECTOR LUSK
 (into mic in sleeve)
 Change in plans, folks. We're all
 answering to someone further up the
 chain of command, so be ready to
 act on anything I say, no matter
 how crazy it may sound. Got it?

--which is broadcast to the agents' earpieces.

LEAD AGENT (O.S.)
Roger that.

Quinn throws Evie a look: "What does *that* mean?" Evie shrugs.

Trump places his hand on two Bibles as CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN ROBERTS (61) administers the oath of office.

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS
 I, Donald John Trump, do solemnly
 swear--

DONALD TRUMP
 I, Donald John Trump--

VIEWING AREA

Duncan is watching a montage of people getting hit in the nuts on YouTube. He CACKLES with joy.

A MALE TRUMP SUPPORTER SHUSHES him.

DUNCAN
 Whatever, deplorable.

EAST PORTICO STEPS

Trump and Roberts wrap up the horrific inevitable.

DONALD TRUMP
 So help me God.

CHIEF JUSTICE ROBERTS
 Congratulations, Mr. President.

From the *thin crowd*, INSANE PEOPLE CHEER.

DIRECTOR LUSK
 (to himself, quietly)
 Don't go off the rails on me.

Quinn overhears Lusk.

Everyone sits as Trump approaches the podium and begins his inaugural address. *He seems scattered, even more than usual.*

DONALD TRUMP

Thank you, people of Earth... but mostly the people of Earth who voted for me. Who'd have thought this would work? Am I right?

(smirks)

I did. I would've thought that. Because, like I said, I... uh....

For the first time in his tiny, miserable life, Trump is at a loss for words. He lowers his head and EXHALES; it echoes across the half-filled Mall. Then--

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

I'm not big on books. Other than the greatest book of all-time, my book: The Art of the Deal. And also, the Bible, of course. Who here loves the Bible?

The easily led audience replies with THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE. Lusk shifts nervously in his seat, then looks at his phone.

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

Love the Bible, with all of its arks and the revenge and the Jesus. Great book. Wonderful book. But listen, I'll be honest with you because that's who I am: I've never read the Bible.

From the crowd, a GASP from the ONE WOMAN shocked by this revelation. The rest of the crowd turns to her: "Really?"

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

I know, I'm a bad Catholic. Or Protestant. Or whatever you think I am. One thing I am not though is a Muslim. I promise you that much.

Appallingly, a fair amount of APPLAUSE comes from the crowd.

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

Thank you. Anyway, today I read my first book ever. Cover to cover.

Lusk texts SOMEONE on his phone: "PLEASE ADVISE."

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

I've never even read my own book. Honest. I didn't have to, right? Because I paid someone to write it for me. Got a great deal on it though. Tremendous deal. Promise. But today, I read this book, it's a book of secrets that they only let presidents read, and since I am the president, they let me read it. And this book, it said some things in it that I just couldn't believe.

Lusk now frantically texts over and over again: "ADVISE ADVISE ADVISE ADVISE ADVISE." Quinn notices.

TRUMP SUPPORTER

What kind of things?

DONALD TRUMP

I'm glad you asked, because I'm gonna tell you.

TRUMP SUPPORTER

Yeah! Lock her up! Lock her up!

Trump throws him a thumbs up. In the stands, HILLARY CLINTON (69), former First Lady, Senator, Secretary of State, and Kate McKinnon impersonator, *rolls her fucking eyes.*

DONALD TRUMP

Soon, I promise. But not really. Anyway, this book had real things in it. Like, true things. Like, for instance--

Trump thinks. Lusk texts. Quinn notices.

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

Michael Jackson was an alien.

(the crowd LAUGHS)

I mean, everyone already thought that, right? But it was true. Who'd have thought? Also, we never landed on the moon. Just like the news, the moon landing is fake.

Slowly, the crowd realizes: "Wait... *is he being serious?*"

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

It's true. I wouldn't make it up. I mean, I would, but I'm not. Also, let me think... Bush didn't know that 9/11 was going to happen--

GEORGE W. BUSH

Told you.

DONALD TRUMP

--but Dick Cheney did.

DICK CHENEY

(under his breath)

Son of a bitch.

DONALD TRUMP

Alexander Hamilton, the guy who made that musical, he was black. You probably assumed that based on the music, but still... Hamilton, black guy. As is Frederick Douglass, who is doing an amazing job. I've been hearing more and more about him. Great stuff.

Quinn gets a text from Duncan: "THE FUCK IS GOING ON?" She looks out at him and shrugs her shoulders.

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

Peanut butter is made from sloth sperm. And there's a man in Milwaukee who can control all of the world's sharks with his mind.

CUT TO:

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

TITLE: MILWAUKEE, WI

JEFFREY (40s), *the man who can control all of the world's sharks with his mind*, is concentrating on doing just that. On television in the background, Trump's inauguration airs live.

JEFFREY

The jig is up!

Jeffrey stands and runs out.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CAPITAL BUILDING (EAST PORTICO STEPS) - DAY

Trump continues to go off the fucking rails.

DONALD TRUMP

Guess what's gonna start on June 14th, 2019. World War III. Funny thing, that's also my birthday. Speaking of which, I like gifts. Also, Tasmania, the country where that spinning devil guy lives, it doesn't exist. That wasn't in the book, just a personal belief.

DIRECTOR LUSK

(unholsters his gun)

Fuck this.

QUINN

Sir, what are you--

Lusk's phone DINGS with a text: "TAKE HIM OUT."

DIRECTOR LUSK

(into mic in sleeve)

Sniper, do you have a clear shot?

SNIPER (O.S.)

Do I have a clear shot of... who?

DIRECTOR LUSK

Mogul.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

A SNIPER (30s) lies on his stomach with his gun on the ready.

SNIPER

Of Mogul? Uh... yeah?

DIRECTOR LUSK (O.S.)

Take the shot.

SNIPER

Wait... to confirm, you want me to take the shot... *on Mogul?*

DIRECTOR LUSK (O.S.)

Yes!

SNIPER

You want me to shoot Donald Trump, star of *The Appren--*

EXT. THE U.S. CAPITOL (EAST PORTICO STEPS) - DAY

Lusk is livid.

DIRECTOR LUSK

Take that shot now. That is an order. Everyone else, stand down.

SNIPER (O.S.)

Roger that? I guess?

QUINN

Sir, we can't--

DIRECTOR LUSK

This isn't my call, Petry, and it certainly isn't yours.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

The sniper centers Trump in his crosshairs, takes a deep BREATH, and moves his finger onto the trigger.

EXT. THE U.S. CAPITOL (EAST PORTICO STEPS) - DAY

Quinn and Evie each look to each other for advice.

DONALD TRUMP

Another thing few people know, the Civil War? Never happened.

QUINN

I can't let this happen.

EVIE

Petry, don't--

Quinn leaps through the air and *tackles Trump to the ground* just as the sniper's bullet WHIZZES above his head, passing through the blonde rat's nest he refers to as "real hair."

The bullet meant for Trump embeds itself into DICK CHENEY's (76) chest. *Remarkably, Cheney doesn't react or bleed.*

DICK CHENEY

That might have killed me if I had a real heart.

Chaos ERUPTS in the stands. People run, duck, and SCREAM as they look for cover. Lusk loses Quinn and Trump in the melee.

QUINN
 (to Trump)
 Follow me, sir. Keep your head low.

Quinn peeks around the podium and flags down Duncan. She motions to the back of the stands. Duncan nods and runs off.

DIRECTOR LUSK
 (into mic in sleeve)
 Agent Petry is to be shot on sight!

Quinn moves Trump low through the chaos when SOMEONE grabs her by the shoulder and spins her around. It's Evie.

EVIE
 Follow me.

Evie leads the way down a flight of stairs to an--

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

--where they find an empty town car waiting. Quinn opens the back door and throws Trump inside, then dives on top of him.

DONALD TRUMP
 People say I treat women unfairly.

QUINN
 I'll protect him. You drive.

EVIE
 I... can't. I'm sorry.

Down the way, Duncan flashes his Secret Service badge at CONFUSED D.C. COPS who are working security.

DUNCAN
 I'm Secret Service. Let me through.

They do. But then, as Duncan runs toward the car--

CONFUSED D.C. COP
 Hey, isn't that badge for the other division? The fake stamps one?

DUNCAN
 Fuck you!

Duncan jumps into the car behind the wheel.

QUINN
 Duncan, you--

DUNCAN
I get to drive!

Duncan SLAMS the door shut, FIRES up the engine, and GUNS it. The car PEELS off just as Lusk comes down the stairs. He pulls out his gun and FIRES at the car as it turns a corner.

DIRECTOR LUSK
Motherfucker.
(into mic in sleeve)
I need birds in the air and wheels
on the street! Now!

EXT. THE U.S. CAPITOL (EAST PORTICO STEPS) - DAY

Back in the stands behind the podium, a handful of people sit and watch the chaos unfold. They include--

GEORGE W. BUSH
(to Dick Cheney)
That was some weird shit.

Cheney, who is still sitting there with a bullet hole in his chest, GRUNTS in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Quinn, Duncan, and Donald Trump are as they were when we first met them on page one.

DUNCAN
Move, bitch! Get out the way!

QUINN
Duncan, now is not the fucking time
to be quoting Ludacris!

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

TITLE: TRUMP'S INAUGURATION - JANUARY 20th, 2016

Chaos unfolds in the streets. Though it's unlike anything anyone has ever witnessed, it's oddly fitting in a world where Donald Trump is president.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

The car takes more GUNFIRE; more glass SHATTERS.

QUINN

Duncan, get us the fuck out of here
right fucking now!

Duncan cuts the wheel hard left and drives onto the lawn of--

EXT. THE MALL - DAY

--where a *not-filled-to-capacity* crowd scatters in fear. This includes the DIPSHIT with the "HILLARY SUCKS... BUT NOT LIKE MONICA" sign, who stands in the path of the oncoming car.

DIPSHIT

I will not be intimidated by the
deep state.

Duncan floors it as he speeds toward the Dipshit, who--

DIPSHIT (CONT'D)

I voted for Bernie!

--jumps out of the way at the last second.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Duncan CACKLES behind the wheel. Then--

DUNCAN

Suck *that*, motherfucker!

EXT. THE MALL - DAY

As they approach the Washington Monument, TWO HELICOPTERS emerge; they close in on the car from opposite directions. SHOOTERS hang out of the opened doors and FIRE on the car.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Duncan looks way too happy for someone who is being shot at.

DUNCAN

Helicopters! Real helicopters!

DONALD TRUMP

(to Quinn)

Why is he so happy about this? Is
he like that kid from *Life Goes On*?

QUINN

He works in the fraud division of
the Secret Service.

DONALD TRUMP

There's more than one division of
the Secret Service?

DUNCAN

You're making it real hard to
protect you, Donnie!

A bullet TEARS through the car's roof. Quinn covers Trump.

QUINN

Get us out of here, Duncan!

DONALD TRUMP

Yeah, stop being a fraud!

DUNCAN

I'll show you a fraud, you fucking--

Duncan cuts the wheel hard right as he starts to do--

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAY

--donuts around the Washington Monument.

CUT TO:

INT. CNN NEWSROOM (SOUND STAGE) - DAY

Wolf Blitzer and fellow CNN journalist JAKE TAPPER (47) stand
next to each other, watching everything unfold on a monitor.

WOLF BLITZER

The whole world is laughing at us.

JAKE TAPPER

More than they already have been?

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAY

Amazingly, Duncan's donuts (I swear that was a happy writing
accident) *actually work*. The helicopters, fearful of crashing
into the monument, back off.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Trump pulls himself up and peers out the back window.

DONALD TRUMP
 (re: crowd)
 Lotta people out there. Massive.
 Probably 40, maybe 50 million.

QUINN
 (shoving Trump down)
 I said get the fuck down! Sir!

Trump cowers in silence... for two seconds. *Of course.*

DONALD TRUMP
 Strong language for a girl.

QUINN
 I'm not a girl, I'm a woman! And I
 learned it by watching you!
 (to Duncan)
 Get us to H Street!

Duncan cuts hard left as he--

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAY

--tears back across the Mall in an attempt to shake the helicopters. It doesn't work. The helicopters regroup and continue their chase. Shooters lean back out the opened doors and resume their FIRE.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

A bullet whizzes through the cab and *grazes Quinn's shoulder.*

QUINN
 I got hit!

DONALD TRUMP
 I don't want to be president!

QUINN
 Agreed!

DUNCAN
 Preaching to the choir!

Suddenly, Duncan has a moment of clarity--

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
 Put on your seat belts!

--or at least a moment of common-sense auto safety. Quinn straps on her belt. Trump? Not so much.

DONALD TRUMP

I don't do seat belts. They wrinkle my long ties and ill-fitting suits.

DUNCAN

Your funeral.

Duncan throws the car into reverse. Duncan and Quinn's belts hold them back, but Trump launches over the seat, SMASHES into the reinforced windshield, and crumples to the floor.

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAY

The car speeds backward as the helicopters pass overhead.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Trump shakily pulls himself up off the floor.

DUNCAN

Click it or ticket, Donnie.

Duncan looks over his shoulder as he maneuvers the car off the Mall and onto a--

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

--where he then throws the car back into drive and PEELS out.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Quinn pulls out her phone and dials a number.

QUINN

Turn west on H and don't stop!

EXT. H STREET - DAY

Duncan does just that, only to realize that it's a--

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

DUNCAN

Dead end!

The dead end is blocked by an old brick warehouse.

QUINN
Duncan, drive at that wall as fast
as you fucking can!

DUNCAN
Walls are bad, Quinn.

DONALD TRUMP
Says you.

QUINN
Just do it!

Quinn frantically types on her phone as the wall gets closer.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Come on, come on, come on.

Suddenly, Quinn's phone BEEPS with an incoming call: MOM.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Shit! Mom is calling!

DUNCAN
It's your turn!

Quinn declines the call as Trump, who is watching the wall get closer, slowly reaches down and CLICKS his seat belt on.

The wall is closer. And closer. And closer.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Quinn....

Finally, Quinn's phone BEEPS. She types in a code. Still the wall is closer. And still, *nothing*.

QUINN
(realizing)
Shit! Forgot to hit pound!

Quinn hits pound. Instantly, the wall in front of them lowers into the ground, revealing a ramp to an underground tunnel.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Punch that shit!

Duncan punches that shit as the car ROARS down the ramp.

INT. TUNNELS - DAY

DUNCAN

A secret underground system of
escape tunnels?!? Fucking awesome!

Quinn punches another code into her phone, which quickly
raises the wall and cuts off the pursuing town cars.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Not as cool as raccoon bombs, but--

QUINN

Duncan. Please. Just drive.

Duncan nods as the car ZOOMS through the tunnels.

CUT TO:

INT. THE U.S. CAPITOL (EAST PORTICO STEPS) - DAY

Lusk stands watching the chaos unfold: helicopters
crisscrossing airspace; tire grooves dug through the Mall's
lawn; SPECTATORS running around, etc. Through his earpiece--

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (O.S.)

Mogul has gone mole.

DIRECTOR LUSK

Fuck.

TRUMP SUPPORTER (O.C.)

Fuck yeah!

And yes, still sitting in the middle of it all is the--

TRUMP SUPPORTER (CONT'D)

Lock her up! Lock her up!

Lusk rolls his eyes and walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Duncan giddily drives while Quinn figures out her next move.

DUNCAN

So who wants him dead?

A look from Quinn: "Who doesn't?"

DONALD TRUMP

It's only because I'm successful.
 (beat)
 Or maybe it's because of that red
 book I read.

Duncan looks up at Quinn in the rearview mirror: "Holy shit."

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

It said some amazing, tremendous
 things. I thought they were fake,
 you know? A joke. I mean, why would
 they show it to me if it were real?

QUINN

Because you're president.
 (Trump nods)
 Doesn't matter. What does matter is
 keeping you alive, because it's my--
 (gagging)
 --job. Yep, I threw up in my mouth.
 (to Trump)
 I need to assess our situation, and
 in order to do that I need to ask
 you some questions. It's imperative
 that you be honest with me. Okay?

DONALD TRUMP

No promises.

QUINN

Figured. Other than, apparently,
 the entire U.S. government, do you
 have any other enemies I should
 know about?

DONALD TRUMP

I have the best enemies.

QUINN

Right, but--

DONALD TRUMP

I even have French enemies. I call
 them Frenemies. You like that? I
 just made up a new word. Eat your
 heart out, Mary M. Webster.

QUINN

Is there anyone, other than the
 people shooting at us, who might
 also want you dead?

Trump pauses and thinks hard as we--

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE (OVAL OFFICE) - DAY

Mike Pence sits grinning behind the president's desk, moving objects where he thinks they should be. Standing beside him, and wearing her Sgt. Pepper costume: KELLYANNE CONWAY (50).

KELLYANNE

Are you saying you want him to die?

MIKE PENCE

Absolutely not.

(beat)

But maybe kind of?

(realizing)

Wait... are we alone in here?

Pence stands and runs out of the room, screaming--

MIKE PENCE (CONT'D)

(to Karen Pence)

I'm sorry, Mommy Wife! I swear, it meant nothing to me!

Kellyanne rolls her eyes as we jump to--

LINCOLN BEDROOM

BARRON TRUMP (10) packs his backpack while Melania looks on.

BARRON TRUMP

But why do we have to leave?

MELANIA TRUMP

Because your father is probably dead. Besides, look at this dump. Not even one thing plated in gold.

BARRON TRUMP

But what if he isn't dead?

Melania shrugs. Barron CRIES. Melania kneels beside him.

MELANIA TRUMP

Can you keep a secret? Just between mother and son, forever and ever?

(MORE)

MELANIA TRUMP (CONT'D)
 (Barron nods)
 Mark Burnett is your real father.

BARRON TRUMP
 I knew it!

Melania and Barron smile at each other and hug as we jump to--

INT. SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS (HALLWAY) - DAY

Lusk walks down the hallway as an ASSISTANT follows.

DIRECTOR LUSK
 Notify the heads of every goddamn
 agency: CIA; FBI; NSA; FDA--

ASSISTANT
 FDA?

DIRECTOR LUSK
 If that idiot stops at a KFC, which
 he probably will, I want to know.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Duncan, Quinn, and Trump are as they were.

DONALD TRUMP
 Everyone loves me. Do you know how
 popular I am? I'll tell you: nearly
 half a billion people voted for me.

Duncan throws Quinn a look: "He's so delusional."

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)
 I have tremendous friends.

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - DAY

In a dark room lined with burning candles, THREE FIGURES
 wearing cloaks stand around an altar.

Across its top are random items: a baby doll; a fifth of whiskey; Trump's THE ART OF THE DEAL, etc. *Together, they are softly CHANTING--*

CLOAKED FIGURES

(all, together)

The white way is the right way.

Suddenly, a text CHIMES: it's "Horst-Wessel-Lied", the official anthem of the Nazi Party during World War II.

They pull back their hoods to reveal themselves: STEVE BANNON (63); SEB GORKA (46), and STEPHEN MILLER (31). Miller fumbles with his cloak as he pulls out his phone.

SEB GORKA

Silence your phone, Steve.

STEPHEN MILLER

I know, I'm sorry.

STEVE BANNON

This is the fourth time it's happened. Great ring though.

STEPHEN MILLER

(looks at phone)

Holy shit.

Miller flips on a light, revealing it to be his bedroom--

STEPHEN'S MOTHER (O.C.)

Stephen! Language!

--which is located in his parents' basement.

STEPHEN MILLER

Sorry, Mom!

(to guys)

Look at this.

It's a text from Trump: "KIDNAPPED BY A LESBIAN (SHE'S WEARS SUNGLASSES) AND HER BOSS. PEOPLE TRYING TO KILL ME. ADVISE."

SEB GORKA

The holy war has begun.

STEPHEN MILLER

Fuck yeah it has.

STEPHEN'S MOTHER (O.C.)

Language!

Bannon grabs the whiskey off the altar and downs it. Miller and Gorka look at him like he's an asshole. *Which he is.*

STEVE BANNON

Oh, that was the altar's whiskey,
wasn't it? Sorry.

EXT. SHITSPLAT, OHIO - DAY

Three NEO-NAZIS hang out drinking on the porch of a rickety, dilapidated house in the middle of a soon-to-be-extinct town. One of them, ARYAN NATHAN (20s), attempts to tell a joke.

ARYAN NATHAN

Okay, I got one. What do you call a
Jew buying a jelly donut?
(thinking)
Shit, I fucked it up. I think the
Jew was buying a cruller.

A text DINGS, as SEIG HAL (30s) checks his phone.

SEIG HAL

Donald Trump, fellas.

ARYAN NATHAN

Wrong. You call 'em a--

SEIG HAL

No. Look.

The white power/trash pieces of shit look at the phone.

ARYAN NATHAN

(standing)
We gotta rescue him.

SEIG HAL

Right, but... after another beer?

ARYAN NATHAN

Good idea.
(sits back down)
Coors Light me, Third Rich.

THIRD RICH (30s) does indeed Coors Light Aryan Nathan.

EXT. THE KREMLIN - NIGHT

A light snow falls on the fortified complex.

INT. THE KREMLIN (VLADIMIR PUTIN'S OFFICE) - NIGHT

Sitting behind a large desk is VLADIMIR PUTIN (64), President of Russia, garbage human, and Beck Bennett impersonator.

Putin watches FOX NEWS transmit its stupidity. Specifically, the morons of FOX & FRIENDS offer their takes on events.

STEVE DOOCY (O.S.)
*We don't know who's responsible.
 But it's probably terrorists.*

BRIAN KILMEADE (O.S.)
*Could be. I mean, we literally know
 nothing about what's going on, but
 to us, just your simple layman
 journalists, it feels like ISIS.*

AINSLEY EARHARDT (O.S.)
Definitely someone brown.

Putin picks up a phone. After a beat--

VLADIMIR PUTIN
 (in Russian)
Get me Dima.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Duncan, Quinn, and Trump are as they were.

DUNCAN
 You've definitely got some real
 winners pulling for you.

DONALD TRUMP
 I know the best winners.

QUINN
 Duncan, there's an alcove off to
 the right up here. Pull in.

Duncan does. Quinn exits, opens a hidden panel on the wall, and punches in a code. The ground shakes and rises, finally coming to a stop on the ground floor of an--

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

The lift stops. Quinn walks into the room; she's weighing her options as Duncan and Trump exit the car and follow her.

DUNCAN
So what's the plan?

DONALD TRUMP
Why are you asking her?

QUINN
We need to get out of here, fast.
The car has tracking devices all
throughout it, so it stays here.

Quinn punches a code into her phone; the lift lowers the car back into the tunnels.

QUINN (CONT'D)
That will keep them looking
underground, but not for long. We
need a car. Something modest and
not connected to us.

An idea hits Quinn. She looks at Duncan, who nods and throws her a look: "I'm on it." Duncan quickly texts on his phone.

QUINN (CONT'D)
You done?
(Duncan nods)
Gimme your phones.

Duncan tosses Quinn his phone. Trump doesn't offer his up.

QUINN (CONT'D)
I'm gonna need yours, too, sir.
(Trump shakes his head)
I'm not asking.

DONALD TRUMP
(to Duncan)
You let her talk to me like that?
You're her boss, and I'm president--

QUINN
What was that?

DUNCAN
Oh, shit. Here we go.

DONALD TRUMP
What was what?

QUINN

The part about him being my boss.
You think he's in charge of me
because, what? He's a man and I'm a
woman? Is that it?

DONALD TRUMP

Uh... yeah?

Quinn shakes her head and CHUCKLES to herself.

QUINN

And to think I'm trying to keep you
alive. I must be insane.

DONALD TRUMP

(putting it together)
Wait... are you saying that...
you're his boss?

DUNCAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Don't get crazy--

QUINN

What if I were? Would that be bad?

Trump starts LAUGHING.

DONALD TRUMP

(to Duncan)
She's the boss of you! See, this is
why we need me in the White House.
We need to make America manly
again, like in the eighties with
Chuck Norris and Sylvester Stallone
and Kenny Loggins. But not Arnold
Schwarzenegger. That guy's a loser.
And, few people know this, a
foreigner. See, when I'm elected--

DUNCAN

Stop the rally speeches! You won!

Trump continues to LAUGH as he starts *groping Duncan*.

DONALD TRUMP

(to Quinn)
Hey, boss lady. What am I doing
right now? Guess. What am I doing?
(beat)
I'm grabbing a pussy! Get it?

Trump CACKLES with childish glee as Quinn charges at him and, in one quick motion, *puts her foot behind his legs and shoves him backward*. Trump FALLS hard onto his ass on the floor.

QUINN

He's not a pussy. He's my brother.
And I said give me your phone.
(pulls gun out of holster)
Right. Fucking. Now.

Trump shakes as he hands Quinn his phone. Quinn tosses all three phones onto the ground and takes aim. She BLASTS Trump's phone to bits, followed by Duncan's phone. As she takes aim at her own phone, it RINGS: MOM.

DUNCAN

You really have to call them--

QUINN

I'll call her back, Duncan!

Quinn SHOTS her phone; it shatters. As the echoes of gunfire fade, Quinn and Duncan hear WHIMPERING. It's coming from--

DONALD TRUMP

What do you want from me? To hear
that I didn't even want this job?
That I only ran to stroke my
already unjustly inflated ego?
(tearing up)
Fine! It's true! It's all true. I
don't really want to be president.
I just wanted to make my daddy
proud. That's all I ever wanted.

Trump covers his face as his crying becomes hyperventilated SOBBING. Quinn and Duncan give each other a look: "Jesus."

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

I didn't want the very small loan
of \$14 million dollars that he gave
me and never asked me to pay back.
All I ever wanted was a hug. Just
one hug... from my daddy.

Duncan rests a hand on Trump's shoulder.

DUNCAN

Hey, man... I mean, Mr. President.
(gags at title)
Listen, I didn't know your dad, but
I'm sure he loved you very much.

Trump looks up at Duncan... *with dry eyes. He was faking it.*

DONALD TRUMP
I know he did, because I'm not a
big pussy.

Trump PUNCHES Duncan in the dick, then hops to his feet and runs toward an exit: an open pair of large sliding doors.

DUNCAN
(grabbing crotch)
You motherfucker!

Quinn raises her gun and aims it at Trump's legs.

QUINN
Freeze, sir! For your own good!

DONALD TRUMP
Suck it, dummies!

Still, Trump runs toward the exit.

QUINN
It's my job to protect you, and I
will shoot you to do just that!

DUNCAN
Shoot him in memory of my balls.

DONALD TRUMP
You're not gonna shoot me--

And he's right. Quinn takes aim, but then lowers her gun. Trump keeps running through the open doors and into a--

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

It's empty. Trump runs toward a fence, SHOUTING as he goes.

DONALD TRUMP
--because I'm president of the
United States, and I'm going to
make America--

Trump's thought is cut off when he's RUN OVER BY A FUCKING CAR. Specifically, a--

INT. PRIUS - DAY

--driven erratically by an oblivious--

VARGAS
 (re: Trump's thump)
 What the hell was that?

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Quinn and Duncan are in wide-eyed shock.

Holy-- QUINN --fuck! DUNCAN

They look at each other, then--

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
 (re: Vargas)
 I told him to wait down the street.

QUINN
 Duncan, your boyfriend just killed
 the-- oh, wait. Nope. He's alive.

Outside, Trump is getting to his knees.

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Vargas checks Google Maps on his phone.

VARGAS
 Is this it? Or did I just pass it?

Vargas puts the Prius into reverse and backs up, just as--

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

--Quinn and Duncan watch Trump get to his feet.

DONALD TRUMP
 Gotta try harder than that to--

*Once again, Trump's thought is cut off as he's RUN OVER BY
 VARGAS' FUCKING CAR. AGAIN. This time, in reverse.*

Fuck! QUINN Cock! DUNCAN

Quinn and Duncan run outside.

VARGAS
Doesn't mean anything. Vampires
don't have pulses either.

QUINN
Do you think vampires are--

DUNCAN
Not right now, Quinn.

VARGAS
Oh! I know how we can check.

Vargas kneels down and starts going through Trump's pockets.

VARGAS (CONT'D)
Look out, Mr. Trump! A black guy is
going through your pockets!

Trump doesn't move, which means--

VARGAS (CONT'D)
Oh, yeah. He's dead.

DUNCAN
Way to go, Oswald.

VARGAS
I don't want to be Oswald. I'd
rather be that actor guy.

QUINN
John Wilkes Booth.

VARGAS
No, the bald one.
(thinking)
John Malkovich. So, what now?

DUNCAN
Good question. Sis?

QUINN
(hands Vargas his keys)
Go get your car and back it up.
(Vargas goes)
Slowly!

CUT TO:

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Vargas drives with Quinn in the front passenger's seat, and Duncan in the backseat. They sit in silence until--

VARGAS

If you bitches aren't gonna talk
I'm gonna put on some music.

Vargas resumes a song on his phone: it's NOREAGA's 1998 song "BODY IN A TRUNK." Vargas sings along.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

*Yo, it's a body in the trunk, son /
So what's it gonna be / A nigga
layin' dead cause he came for me /
Yo, it's a body in the trunk, son--*

Quinn grabs Vargas' phone and tosses it out the window. The song cuts out as the phone is DESTROYED.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Yo!

QUINN

Sorry, no phones. Unless you want
to get killed, of course.

VARGAS

Man, I had a whole album of dick
pics on there.

DUNCAN

Oh, really? Do tell. Whose dicks
exactly are in these pics?

VARGAS

Calm down, jelly. They're stranger
dicks. Google Image Search dicks.

DUNCAN

I hope so. Because I know there
were no pics of my dick on there.

VARGAS

Sure there were.

DUNCAN

Liar. I've never taken a dick pic,
let alone shared one with anyone,
ever. It's my number-one rule.

VARGAS

First of all, it's really sad that's your number-one rule. It should be some real shit, like, "I won't kill babies," or something like that. And second, I know you have a fear of taking dick pics, which is why I had to take them while you were sleeping.

DUNCAN

You what?!?

VARGAS

Soon as you start snoring I get all Annie Leibovitz under the sheets.

DUNCAN

I do not snore!

QUINN

(screaming)

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

Duncan and Vargas do just that... *for two seconds.*

DUNCAN

I apologize for my boyfriend.

VARGAS

I'm not your boyfriend.

DUNCAN

Oh, so you're breaking up with me?

QUINN

(pulls out gun)

Guys.

(again, silence)

We need to get rid of this... thing in the back.

VARGAS

Donald Trump.

QUINN

I wish you wouldn't say that, but yes. Especially since your car is missing its privacy screen and just anyone can look inside and see....

VARGAS

Donald Trump.

QUINN

Please stop. So, how can we get rid of a body without leaving a trace?

A light bulb goes off in Quinn's head.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Vargas, do you know where the warehouse district in Shaw is?

(Vargas nods)

Go there.

DUNCAN

What's in Shaw?

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE (HALLWAY) - DAY

Quinn KNOCKS on a large metal door with Duncan beside her. After a beat, the door opens: it's Hokum.

HOKUM

Hell-- oh, no no no no.

Hokum tries to shut the door, but Quinn stops it with a foot.

QUINN

I'm not here for trouble, Mr. Hokum. I need your help.

HOKUM

You can help yourself to eating my ass! You order a mental health evaluation on me? Do you know what they do to you during that? They make you eat non-organic food! I mean, they don't make you eat it, but it's all they offer, and I--

QUINN

I'm sorry you had to endure that, and I promise to buy you a bushelful of fucking organic rutabaga from every farmer's market on earth to make up for it. But right now, I need your help. Please.

HOKUM

What kind of help?

QUINN

Let's just say I have an item of interest that you may want to add to your collection.

Hokum throws Quinn a look: "I'm listening."

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Vargas (who, unbeknownst to Quinn and Duncan is typing away on a *second cell phone*) sits in the parked Prius. Its hatch is open. Hokum stares inside wide-eyed, his mouth agape.

HOKUM

Where did you get it? I mean, I know where it's from--

QUINN

It needs to disappear. Forever.

DUNCAN

Wait. You think this guy is capable of doing that?

HOKUM

You don't know me!

QUINN

Duncan, this is my job, not yours.

Offended, Duncan raises his hands and walks off.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Mr. Hokum, when we met you said you knew of 95 different ways to make a body disappear without leaving a trace. I need you to do just that.

HOKUM

Why should I?

QUINN

Because if you do I'll make your file disappear. You'll have a clean record. But also because, if you hated this man as much as I think you did, then something tells me you might get a sick little kick out of it.

(Hokum smiles)

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes. Here,
we'll get him out for you.

HOKUM

Wait, we can't just carry him
inside like this. I have neighbors.

QUINN

Suggestions?

Hokum pulls out a Sharpie and POPS off the cap.

HOKUM

A disguise.

INT. WAREHOUSE (STAIRWELL) - DAY

Quinn and Duncan maneuver Trump's body up a rickety, winding staircase. Trump's face now has a Sharpie "mask" drawn on it: Peter Criss' Catman makeup from KISS.

They struggle around a bend while Hokum and Vargas watch.

QUINN

You have to bring your end down.

DUNCAN

I am bringing my end down!

QUINN

Down more!

HOKUM

(to Vargas)

They married?

VARGAS

Close. Brother and sister.

Just then, DOUGIE (60s), a burnt out stoner who barely knows what year it is (THINK: JEFF BRIDGES), comes walking down the stairs carrying a large wooden cross under his arm.

DOUGIE

Hey, Hokum.

HOKUM

What's up, Dougie? How's the
crucifix project coming along?

DOUGIE

Oh, I'm nailing it, man. Get it?

HOKUM

Yeah. Hey, these are my friends...
 (thinking)
 ...Paul and John and... Ringo.

Trump slips out of Duncan's arms. His head drops to the floor with a THUD; as it does, his blonde wig pops off.

VARGAS

I knew it!

DOUGIE

This one's really lifelike, Hokum.

HOKUM

You have no idea.

DOUGIE

Nice meeting you guys.

Dougie continues down the stairs as Duncan lifts Trump.

VARGAS

Which one of us is Ringo?

QUINN

Not me.

DUNCAN

Not me.

Quinn, Duncan, and Hokum continue up the stairs.

VARGAS

But I don't want to be Ringo.

Vargas picks up Trump's wig, then rests it on his head.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Make America bald again.

Vargas pulls the *second phone* out of his pocket and scrolls through it as he heads back down the stairs.

INT. ART STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

With Trump now out of sight, Quinn expresses her gratitude.

QUINN

Thank you. Oh, and obviously, never tell anyone about this or I'll have you murdered. Okay, Mr. Hokum?

HOKUM

Please, just call me Hokum.

QUINN
Sure thing. Hokum.

Quinn and Duncan leave.

HOKUM
(looking around)
Now... where did I put that old,
circus-style cannon?

INT. WAREHOUSE (STAIRWELL) - DAY

Quinn and Duncan walk together as tension grows between them.

DUNCAN
You know, you don't have to be so--

QUINN
So what, Duncan? Professional? On
top of shit? Ready to make a life-
or-death decision at the drop of a
hat? Is that where you were going?

DUNCAN
I was gonna say you don't have to
be such a fucking asshole, but cool
that you're doubling down on it.

Quinn stops while Duncan continues on.

QUINN
Excuse me, but some of us have a
job to do and must stay--
(reprimanding)
Duncan Robert Spencer, you get back
here right now. I'm yelling at you!

Duncan doesn't get back there, and so Quinn chases after him.

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Vargas sits in the backseat texting on the second phone as
Quinn and Duncan enter. Quinn gets in behind the wheel,
Duncan in the passenger's seat. *They are still arguing.*

QUINN
You have no idea what level of
stress I am going through.

DUNCAN
Like I'm not stressed.

QUINN

Oh, I'm sure busting printer-savvy kids is way harder than going after guys who wanna kill the president.

VARGAS

Innocent until proven guilty.

QUINN

I'm fucked. You know that, right? I went against orders and personal opinion, and decided to protect a garbage human being only to have your boyfriend--

(Vargas starts to protest)
--*your whatever*, run him over.
Twice!

VARGAS

Gladly would've done it a third time if you had let me.

QUINN

Now I have to go back and tell my boss, the United States government, "Sorry, folks! I know I disregarded direct orders and broke a shitload of laws in the process, but, hey, the end result was what you wanted anyway so no harm, no foul. We cool?" What do you think they're gonna say, Duncan? Huh?

(Vargas starts to reply)
I'll tell you what they're going to say. They're gonna say, "Fuck you! Enjoy the rest of your miserable little life as a federal prisoner in a maximum security prison. Hope you like the taste of gray foods and pussy, because you're gonna be eating an awful lot of both."

Both Duncan and Vargas gag at the thought.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Oh my god. I'm gonna have to kill someone my first night inside. Who do I kill? It'll have to be a white person because I won't want it to seem racist. Then again, I'll probably have to join a white power group anyway to stay alive, so--

DUNCAN

This is all so typical of you.

QUINN

Which part? The responsibility?

DUNCAN

The part where you make everything about you. How will this affect Quinn? Will this inconvenience Quinn? How will Quinn react? If Mom and Dad weren't catering to your every need, they were tiptoeing around so as not to anger the sleeping dragon.

QUINN

That's because I'm their favorite!

Duncan looks visibly hurt by Quinn's words. Then--

DUNCAN

Fuck you, Quinn. I should've written you off when you gave Chad Van Riper that handjob in--

QUINN

For the thousandth time, I did not give Chad Van Riper a handjob!

VARGAS

Who is Chad Van Riper? And what does he look like?

DUNCAN

You're such a liar.

QUINN

I am not! Know why? Because I gave Chad Van Riper a blowjob, okay? That's right, it was a blowjob, not a handjob. Now can we finally move past this childish horseshit from two decades ago and talk more about the shit predicament I'm in?

DUNCAN

You. Fucking. Bitch.

Quinn and Duncan bat at each other like kids; neither person wants to hurt the other, but neither one is backing down.

VARGAS

I'm so glad I'm an only child.

The sibling slapfest pauses when the song "FOR THE LOVE OF MONEY" by THE O'JAYS starts playing. Sadly, most may recognize this song as the theme to *THE APPRENTICE*.

It's also the ringtone to the second phone Vargas has been holding. He tries to silence it, but he's too late.

QUINN

What the fuck is that? A phone?
What did I say about phones?

Quinn reaches back for it, but Vargas tries to keep it away.

VARGAS

Get back! It's not mine!

DUNCAN

Then whose is it?

VARGAS

It... was Trump's.

QUINN

I shot his phone to pieces.

VARGAS

He must have had a second one.

DUNCAN

How'd you get it?

VARGAS

I took it out of his pocket when I was trying to see if he was alive.

DUNCAN

You pick-pocketed a phone off a dead president? Seriously? That's a new low, even for you.

VARGAS

Judge me not, motherfuckers.
(holds up wallet)
Though I did also get his wallet.

QUINN

(grabs phone)
Give me that.

Quinn looks at the phone. Trump's lock screen is a photo of himself. She presses the home button and it unlocks.

QUINN (CONT'D)

He doesn't have a passcode.

VARGAS

Didn't have a passcode. He also has a note pad doc titled "Passwords," which has all of the passwords for all of his social media accounts. Funny thing, every single password is the same word: tits. Sometimes he changes it up with numbers, like the "I" is a "1" or the "S" is a "5," but it's always tits.

QUINN

Vargas, what have you been doing on this phone?

VARGAS

Tweeting.

DUNCAN

You've been Tweeting from Donald Trump's phone--

QUINN

As Donald Trump.

DUNCAN

--after he... you know.

VARGAS

Died. And yeah. I have been.

QUINN

What have you Tweeted?

INT. DIRECTOR LUSK'S OFFICE - DAY

Lusk and his team stand around a computer monitor looking at Trump's Twitter feed. They look perplexed.

DIRECTOR LUSK

(reading Tweet)

Despite the negative constant press covfefe....

(beat)

What the hell does that mean?

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Quinn, Duncan, and Vargas are as they were.

VARGAS

I sneezed while writing that one out. It accidentally sent.

QUINN

(reading Tweet)

Went down on Pence's wife. Said I'm better at it than @VP. #AmateurHour

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE (OVAL OFFICE) - DAY

Mike and Karen Pence read the Tweet together.

MIKE PENCE

(eyes welling up)

Is he really?

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Quinn, Duncan, and Vargas are as they were.

QUINN

(reading Tweet)

Anyone else think all dogs should be boys and all cats should be girls? #MakeItHappen

Duncan shrugs and nods his head: "Makes sense."

QUINN (CONT'D)

Holy shit, guys. This is great. If Trump is still active online it looks like he's still alive. That buys us time.

DUNCAN

But can't they track this phone?

QUINN

Not if they didn't know about it. Something tells me he kept this phone secret for a reason.

VARGAS

It's probably his dick-pic phone.

QUINN

Duncan, the Tweets Vargas wrote don't exactly seem... legit.

VARGAS
You're welcome for picking his
pocket, ingrate.

QUINN
But you, Duncan, you can spot a
forgery when you see one.

DUNCAN
I can.

QUINN
But the question is, how good are
you at creating one?

Quinn hands the phone to Duncan.

DUNCAN
You want me to pretend to be Trump
on his Twitter page?

QUINN
I do. At least until I can figure
out what our next move is.

DUNCAN
I'll do my best, boss.

Quinn FIRES up the car's engine.

QUINN
We've gotta keep moving.

VARGAS
I'll drive.

QUINN
I'd like to see my kids again.

Quinn pulls off.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUMP INTERNATIONAL HOTEL (ENTRANCE) - DAY

Russian spy DIMA (30s), a suave and stylish motherfucker,
exits and slips on a pair of expensive sunglasses. He's like
a Russian James Bond, only cooler. (THINK: JASON SUDEIKIS) A
VALET (20s) pulls Dima's Porsche 911 Turbo S Cabriolet up.

VALET
This is you, right?

DIMA
 (in Russian)
 Da.

VALET
 Those are some hot--
 (Dima hops in, peels out)
 --wheels.

CUT TO:

INT. STEPHEN MILLER'S MOM'S STATION WAGON - DAY

Stephen Miller drives while Steve Bannon rides shotgun, and Seb Gorka pouts in the backseat.

SEB GORKA
 You always get shotgun.

STEVE BANNON
 Because I always call it first.

SEB GORKA
 There should be a rule about how
 many shotguns you can get in a row.

STEVE BANNON
 That sounds like communism, Seb.

SEB GORKA
 (checks his phone)
 Guys... Trump is using the phone we
 gave him to update Twitter.

STEPHEN MILLER
 Use Find My iPhone! It's this cool--

SEB GORKA
 I know what Find My iPhone is.

STEPHEN MILLER
 Then hurry up already. I have to
 have my mom's car back by nine.

SEB GORKA
 (launches Find My iPhone)
 Got him. Turn right here, Stephen.

STEPHEN MILLER
 You're not the boss of me.

Still, Stephen turns right *like the bitch he is*.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD F-150 - DAY

Aryan Nathan drives while Seig Hal and Third Rich pound back Coors Lights. Every inch of the truck's exterior is covered in a large Confederate flag wrap. *Of fucking course.*

SEIG HAL

All I'm saying is, I wouldn't kick
a black woman out of bed.

Aryan Nathan and Third Rich give him a look: "Seriously?"

SEIG HAL (CONT'D)

I mean, I wouldn't like it, but--
(changing the subject)
Look, fellas! Our nation's capital.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The truck rolls across the Arlington Memorial Bridge.

SEIG HAL (O.C.)

You guys interested in taking one
of those bus tours?

CUT TO:

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Quinn drives. Duncan Tweets. Vargas tolerates.

DUNCAN

Okay, so far I've Tweeted the
following: Shame that so many of
them have taken over our sports.
Sad. Hockey only truly American
sport left. Sad. #InvadeCanadaNow

QUINN

It's racist, inaccurate, stupid....
It's Perfect. You're good at this.

DUNCAN

Thanks. I also littered it with
misspellings and improper use of
quotation marks for believability.

(MORE)

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Okay, second Tweet: Puerto Rico wants to become 51st state. Why let an African country become a state? Is that where Obama was really born? #PuertoRicoFakeState

The phone DINGS numerous times in a row.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Man, he keeps getting all these texts asking if he's okay.

VARGAS

From who?

DUNCAN

(scrolling through)

Uh... Bill Cosby, Roger Ailes, Bill O'Reilly, Harvey Weinstein....

Everyone winces at the notorious lineup. Then--

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, my final Tweet: @ScottBaio kissed me on mouth on Election Day.

VARGAS

Gross.

DUNCAN

I just wanted to put that one up because I hate Scott Baio so much.

INT. SCOTT BAIOS TRAILER HOME - DAY

SCOTT BAIOS (56) sits in his cluttered trailer in a depressing trailer park doing what he does best: *not acting*. Around him, faded/warped TIGER BEAT pin-ups of him as CHACHI ARCOLA are taped to the walls. He reads Duncan's (Trump's) Tweet.

SCOTT BAIOS

I did not!
(thinking)
Wait... did I?

INT. PRIUS - DAY

They are as they were.

QUINN

That's good. Don't go overboard.

DUNCAN
I know, but it's so hard not to!

VARGAS
Where are we going?

QUINN
If I tell you, you can't tell anyone because it's top secret.

VARGAS
More top secret than running over a president?

QUINN
Touché. When the Cold War was ramping up, the government built secret bomb shelters all around D.C. One of them is beneath--

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - NIGHT

The sun finally sets on this insane day as TOURISTS weave through headstones, and Vargas' Prius rolls down a path.

QUINN (V.O.)
--Arlington National Cemetery. They built it there because they figured, who'd bomb a cemetery?

DUNCAN (V.O.)
Still not as cool as raccoon bombs.

QUINN (V.O.)
We learned about these locations in training, just in case we ever needed one in an emergency.

VARGAS (V.O.)
This qualifies.

DUNCAN (V.O.)
Won't someone be guarding it?

QUINN (V.O.)
They've been abandoned for decades. The White House's bunkers have been updated since the Cold War so there's no use for them.

The Prius pulls up to a large, nondescript mausoleum.

DUNCAN (V.O.)
How do we get in?

Quinn exits and walks over to a headstone. She pushes on it hard; it SLIDES over to reveal a keypad. She punches in a code. The mausoleum door CREAKS open.

QUINN
Through a secret entrance. Duh.

CUT TO:

INT. STEPHEN MILLER'S MOM'S STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Seb Gorka tracks Trump's movements on his phone.

SEB GORKA
He's at Arlington.

STEVE BANNON
Pass it on to--

INT. THE KREMLIN (VLADIMIR PUTIN'S OFFICE) - DAY

Putin's phone DINGS. He reads a text, and picks up the phone.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. (STREETS) - NIGHT

Dima's Porsche speeds through the streets. His phone RINGS.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Dima answers the call.

VLADIMIR PUTIN (O.S.)
(in Russian)
Arlington Cemetery.

Dima makes a sharp right from the left lane, cutting off all lanes of traffic. Cars SCREECH to a halt, others CRASH into each other. Like Putin, *this Russian doesn't give a fuck.*

CUT TO:

INT. MAUSOLEUM/BUNKER - NIGHT

Quinn, Duncan, and Vargas enter an abandoned bunker. It hasn't seen life in decades; nineties-era electronics, magazines, furnishings, etc. are strewn about.

VARGAS

This looks like my dorm room. So what, we live here now? Forever? Because I don't do roommates.

DUNCAN

Yeah. I know.

VARGAS

Come on, guys. What's the plan?

QUINN

Okay, so I've been thinking. The government can't risk Trump speaking directly to the people because he could blow the lid off everything, right? The Red Book, the assassination attempt--

DUNCAN

The fact that Vargas ran him over.

Vargas throws Duncan a look: "Bitch."

QUINN

Right, but that doesn't matter. If everyone thinks he's still alive, constantly on the brink of opening up his disgusting mouth and saying another crazy, inflammatory thing, that keeps us alive because we're the only ones who know the truth.

VARGAS

Won't stop them from torturing us.

QUINN

Maybe. But here's my plan: we lay low through the night. Duncan, keep Tweeting; the more, the crazier, the better. But I also want you to hint at a big announcement tomorrow in front of a huge crowd.

DUNCAN

What's tomorrow?

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECTOR LUSK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lusk and his TEAM frantically scramble around. It's chaos.

DIRECTOR LUSK
The fucking Women's March!

Pulled up on Lusk's computer is Trump's most recent Tweet:

Donald J. Trump @realDonaldTrump - 12s
Keep ears peeled for BIGLY announcement tomorrow in front of
"huge" crowd... but not as "huge" as my crowd today, okay?

CUT TO:

INT. MAUSOLEUM/BUNKER - NIGHT

Quinn and Duncan GIGGLE at the Tweet. Vargas shakes his head.

VARGAS
You all are gonna get us killed.
And every time I think about dying
I gotta take a shit. Where's the
bathroom in this place?

Quinn motions to a scary toilet in the corner of the room.

VARGAS (CONT'D)
Oh, hell no. I ain't doo-dooing in
front of you two.

QUINN
Thank you?

Vargas grabs a roll of toilet paper and heads upstairs.

DUNCAN
Where are you going?

VARGAS
Outside to shit.

DUNCAN
In a cemetery?

VARGAS
What, you think squirrels and
rabbits aren't shitting in the
cemetery all the time?

QUINN
Do you shit like a rabbit?

VARGAS
Just let me out, man.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM/BUNKER - NIGHT

The door slides open. Vargas, *who is still wearing Trump's wig on his head*, exits and looks around for a hidden spot.

INT. MAUSOLEUM/BUNKER - NIGHT

Quinn and Duncan sit in silence for a beat. Then--

QUINN

Hey, I'm sorry I blew up at you.
(Duncan nods)
And that I blew Chad Van Riper.

DUNCAN

I appreciate your apologies.

QUINN

And look, it all worked out. You have Vargas now. I like him.

DUNCAN

You do?

QUINN

Yeah. I mean, he's a shitty driver and painfully sarcastic, but I can see through that shit.

DUNCAN

You can? What do you see?

QUINN

Oh, shit. You don't know, do you? Duncan, he's in love with you.

Duncan is frozen by the realization that Quinn is right.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - NIGHT

Stephen Miller's mom's station wagon slowly rolls through--

INT. STEPHEN MILLER'S MOM'S STATION WAGON - NIGHT

--as Seb Gorka follows a blinking marker on Find My iPhone.

SEB GORKA

Should be up here on the left.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM/BUNKER - NIGHT

The car pulls up as the Trinity of Garbage Humanity exits, WHISPERING as they weave through headstones.

SEB GORKA

It says he's right here. We're standing on top of him.

STEPHEN MILLER

(lifts/looks under feet)
We're not.

Gorka and Bannon throw each other looks: "How'd he get here?"

STEVE BANNON

Mr. President?

They walk around the mausoleum toward--

VARGAS

What the...?

--who is crouched down and between loaves in his--

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Shit!

Vargas desperately tries to hurry the irreversible process. The Trio of Trash gets closer, unaware of what they're about to stumble on. Or step in. Though it is starting to sink in.

STEPHEN MILLER

It smells like poop out here.

Vargas jumps up from behind a headstone--

VARGAS

Crap!

--pulls up his pants, and starts running.

In the darkness, and because they're morons, Bannon, Gorka, and Miller only see Trump's blonde "hair" streaking through the cemetery.

SEB GORKA

It's us, sir! You're safe!

Vargas trips over a cross stuck in the ground; he falls, and SMACKS his head on a headstone. He's facedown and knocked out cold as the Three Sewer Humans catch up and stand over him.

STEVE BANNON
 Grab him. And keep his head
 covered.

Miller and Gorka cover Vargas' head with a jacket, pick him
 up off the ground, and carry him toward Miller's mom's car.

STEVE BANNON (CONT'D)
 (opening back hatch)
 Put him back here until we get to
 your mom's place.

STEPHEN MILLER
 I like to think of it more as my
 apartment that my mom is--

STEVE BANNON
 Just get him in the fucking back!
 Also, shotgun.

SEB GORKA
 You motherfucker.

They put Vargas in the back, then get in the car.

INT. MAUSOLEUM/BUNKER - NIGHT

Quinn and Duncan sit in silence. Then--

QUINN
 You gonna be okay?

Duncan nods. It's followed by the sound of SCREECHING tires.

DUNCAN
 Vargas!

Duncan runs up the stairs. Quinn draws her gun and follows.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM/BUNKER - NIGHT

They exit to find Stephen Miller's mom's car driving off.

DUNCAN
 Vargas?!?
 (no response)
 Come on, babe, even if you're mid-
 pinch, gimme a shout... or a grunt.
 (still no response)
 Get in the car, Quinn!

Duncan gets behind the Prius' wheel as Quinn hops in shotgun.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - NIGHT

The Prius follows after Stephen Miller's mom's car in the *slowest, most dizzying car chase in cinematic history.*

With all headstones looking similar, and winding paths that go in circles, neither Duncan nor Miller know where the fuck they're going, or how to get out.

INT. STEPHEN MILLER'S MOM'S STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Also, Miller is obeying the posted 15 MPH speed limit signs.

SEB GORKA

Why are you driving so slow?

STEPHEN MILLER

It's a cemetery!

INT. PRIUS - NIGHT

Quinn and Duncan appear just as perplexed.

QUINN

Why is he going so slow?

DUNCAN

I don't know, but he's making me feel guilty for speeding.

And so, now riding Miller's ass, *Duncan also slows down.*

QUINN

Didn't we pass that headstone?

They sit in boredom, getting lost in the similarity of their surroundings and this *slow-ass car chase.*

QUINN (CONT'D)

I'm bored. Do something already.

DUNCAN

Like what?

QUINN

I don't know. Ram him.

DUNCAN

This is Vargas' car. Why don't you shoot them or something.

Quinn has an epiphany: "Sure. Why the fuck not?" She rolls down her window, leans out, and FIRES into--

INT. STEPHEN MILLER'S MOM'S STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Bullets WHIZ through the windows as everyone ducks for cover.

SEB GORKA
Liberals are shooting at us!

STEPHEN MILLER
And my mom's car!
(starts tearing up)
How did we get roped into this?
Where is Mr. Trump's family?

CUT TO:

INT. TRUMP INTERNATIONAL HOTEL (PRESIDENTIAL SUITE) - NIGHT

Three of Trump's demon spawn — DONALD JR. (39), ERIC (33), and IVANKA (35) — sit with "little boy wearing a man's suit" slimeball JARED KUSHNER (36).

They lounge, obliviously scrolling on their phones. Then--

ERIC TRUMP
What was that?

DONALD TRUMP JR.
What was what?

ERIC TRUMP
Did someone say something?

JARED KUSHNER
Don't think so.

ERIC TRUMP
Weird.
(beat)
Anyone see Tiffany lately?

They all LAUGH at the preposterousness of the question. Then--

IVANKA TRUMP
Oh! I wonder how my Nordstrom purses are selling.

Everyone goes back to scrolling through their phone.

CUT TO:

INT. STEPHEN MILLER'S MOM'S STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Bullets continue to WHIZ through the windows. Gorka, whose goatee looks like it was created in that magnetic hair toy from childhood, rolls down his window and flips the bird.

SEB GORKA
Death to hypocrites!

INT. PRIUS - NIGHT

QUINN
What is it with these idiots
flipping off people who are
shooting at them?

DUNCAN
Clearly, he's asking for it.

Quinn takes aim and FIRES a shot... which finds its mark: *Seb Gorka's middle finger explodes into a red fucking mist.*

INT. STEPHEN MILLER'S MOM'S STATION WAGON - NIGHT

The stump where Seb Gorka's middle finger used to be SPRAYS blood through the interior of the car.

SEB GORKA
Liberals shot my favorite finger!

STEPHEN MILLER
These seats aren't leather, Seb!

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY (PARKING LOT) - NIGHT

A hoard of fanny pack-wearing TOURISTS unloads off a tour bus. Amongst them: Aryan Nathan, Seig Hal, and Third Rich.

KATHY (30s), a tour guide who hates the choices she's made in life, lights a cigarette as she half-asses her way through an announcement that no one listens to.

KATHY
We're the last tour of the night,
so hurry up and ignore all the
other graves on your way to JFK's
eternal flame so we can get out of
here. Mama's got a one-night date.

The tourists scatter, including the white power pinheads, who have unfolded a map in search of a *very specific monument.*

KATHY (CONT'D)
 And no shitting in the cemetery!
 You wouldn't believe how many
 stinkin' logs I've found hiding
 behind headstones. Fucking savages.

INT. STEPHEN MILLER'S MOM'S STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Gorka is still SPRAYING a *freakishly inhuman amount of blood* inside the cab of Miller's mom's car.

STEPHEN MILLER
 Jesus! How much blood do you have?

SEB GORKA
 Twice as much as the average person
 because I am a superior being!

INT. PRIUS - NIGHT

Quinn is pleased as shit with her shooting, as is--

DUNCAN
 Nice shooting, big sis.

QUINN
 Thanks, lil' bro.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - NIGHT

Aryan Nathan, Seig Hal, and Third Rich follow their map to an enormous monument: THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL. *Seriously, this is a real fucking thing in Arlington National Cemetery.*

ARYAN NATHAN
 There she be, boys. Ain't she a
 beauty?

They take off their Ted Nugent and "Love It Or Leave It" trucker caps and place them over their hillbilly hearts. As they look up at it, a tear rolls down Seig Hal's cheek.

INT. STEPHEN MILLER'S MOM'S STATION WAGON - NIGHT

With the windshield now coated in blood, Miller uses his hand to wipe a section clear so he can see out the window.

STEPHEN MILLER
 It's like you're an alien, Seb!

SEB GORKA
 Stephen, I will bring the wrath of
 White God down on you, so help me--

STEVE BANNON
 Shut the fuck up! The both of you!
 (they do)
 We need to stay calm, okay? The
 very future of the Republic depends
 on it. Everyone just take a breath--

Vargas sits up from the back and looks around, confused.

VARGAS
 Who the fuck are you guys?

STEVE BANNON
 There's a black man in the car!

The white nationalists SCREAM in fear as Vargas CHUCKLES.

VARGAS
 And I'm gay, too.

More SCREAMING. Miller looks back over his shoulder--

STEPHEN MILLER
 Are we being car-jacked?

--and in doing so loses control of the car.

Miller GUNS it, then over-corrects. The car veers off the
 path and plows through the cemetery; entire sections of
 headstones fall like rows of dominoes.

INT. PRIUS - NIGHT

Duncan brakes as they watch Miller's mom's car veer off.

QUINN
 Where are they going?

INT. STEPHEN MILLER'S MOM'S STATION WAGON - NIGHT

STEVE BANNON
 Drive faster!

STEPHEN MILLER
 We're gonna have to burn my car!

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY (CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL) - NIGHT

Third Rich slinks off into the shadows as Bannon and Miller exit the car and approach the fallen monument. Gorka, who is down to his last pint, slowly chugs along after them.

STEVE BANNON
They're erasing our heritage!

STEPHEN MILLER
But... we did it.

Gorka holds up his hand--

SEB GORKA
Gentlemen... my cup runneth... dry.

--as literally the last ounce of blood drips out of his middle finger stub. *Gorka falls dead to the ground.* Bannon crosses his hands in front of him to say a prayer for Gorka; Miller remains oblivious. Bannon nudges Miller.

STEVE BANNON
We show respect for fallen--

DUNCAN (O.C.)
Vargas?!?

STEVE BANNON
Every white man for himself!

Bannon takes off running; Miller runs in the opposite direction. Quinn and Duncan approach and see them taking off.

QUINN
I got the one that reeks of booze.

Quinn takes off running after Bannon.

DUNCAN
Guess that means I've got the--
(eyes Stephen Miller)
--balding 12-year-old boy?

Duncan SMIRKS like a kid playing tag as he goes after Miller.

Quinn does some impressive parkour shit, leaping off the tops of headstones and monuments in pursuit of Bannon; with Bannon being an out-of-shape drunkard, she closes in quickly.

Quinn leaps through the air and *tackles Bannon to the ground.*

They tumble. Quinn leaps to her feet like a fucking ninja. Bannon, out of breath, *takes forever to get to his knees.*

QUINN

This is like shooting drunk uncles
in a bucket.

STEVE BANNON

Wouldn't say that, dear.

Bannon reaches into one of the *many layers of his clothing* and pulls out a pair of brass knuckles.

QUINN

Okay, maybe now it's fair.

Bannon reaches in again and pulls out a nightstick.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Shit.

Bannon attacks. And by "attacks" I mean "GURGLES through heavy breathing and comes at Quinn like an armed slug." Quinn PUNCHES Bannon square in the face; stunned, he staggers back.

Quinn pounces. But while she's quicker, healthier, and not suffering from cirrhosis like her opponent, Bannon is still a fat fuck who has the size advantage. He's like King Hippo in *Mike Tyson's Punch-Out!!*... minus the "King" part.

Quinn and the hippo brawl. Quinn lands a few good punches, but Bannon counters with a sweeping leg, knocking Quinn back.

Meanwhile, *in the opposite direction*, Duncan is in pursuit of Miller, who is LITERALLY CRYING as he runs away--

STEPHEN MILLER

I'm sorry! I take it all back!

DUNCAN

Halt in the name of the Secret
Service! The division that protects
people!

Still, Miller runs/CRIES, and still Duncan gives chase.

Back at the Quinn/Bannon brawl, Quinn punches Bannon in the face *over and over and over again*, successfully stripping him of his brass knuckles and nightstick.

With each punch, Quinn pushes Bannon back toward the John F. Kennedy Eternal Flame Memorial, at which, obviously, tourists from the bus are busy taking mad selfies in front of.

But the tourists' interest quickly shifts from Kennedy's grave to the fight that's slowly moving toward it. Tourists start SNAPPING selfies with the fight in the background.

Bannon flips Quinn over his head; she lands beside the flame.

TOURISTS
(all, together)
Ooo!!!

Quinn gets to her knees as Bannon once again reaches into his many layers and pulls out a machete--

QUINN
Seriously?!?

--and a fucking Confederate, Civil War-era artillery sword.

QUINN (CONT'D)
How many pockets do you have?!?

STEVE BANNON
A lot of pockets.

QUINN
Fuck this.

Quinn pulls out her gun and SHOOTs Bannon twice in the chest.

TOURISTS
(all, together)
Whoa! Cool!

The shots do absolutely nothing. Bannon smirks at Quinn.

STEVE BANNON
And a lot of layers.

QUINN
Shit.

THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL

Vargas, who got knocked out when Miller's mom's car crashed into the statue, claws his way out of the car.

VARGAS
This is easily the weirdest day--

A gun is pressed into Vargas' temple; he looks up to find Third Rich's finger on the trigger.

THIRD RICH
Don't. Fucking. Move.

JOHN F. KENNEDY ETERNAL FLAME MEMORIAL

Quinn SHOTS Bannon again. He LAUGHS. Tourists Livestream it.

Bannon raises his machete and sword into the air, SCREAMS, and charges at Quinn... who simply steps out of the way.

Bannon stumbles and falls directly onto the Eternal Flame. A deafening silence falls over the crowd. Then--

TOURIST #1

He put out JFK's flame.

Bannon's dusty, hobo-chic outfit bursts into flames. He stands, SCREAMING as he tries to remove layers. They don't come easily, and so Bannon takes off running. Quinn watches him go: a bright orange flame zigzagging past headstones.

QUINN

(to Tourists)

Anyone got a lighter?

DUNCAN (O.C.)

(to Stephen Miller)

Just tell me where my boyfriend is!

Quinn takes off running toward Duncan, who is closing in on--

STEPHEN MILLER

Oh my god! *Another* gay?!?

Miller makes it to the parking lot; he continues to run.

STEPHEN MILLER (CONT'D)

This is like *The Walking Dead*, but with disenfranchised minorities instead of zombies! Aren't there any normal, straight, white men in--

Dima's Porsche speeds through the parking lot at a breakneck speed; he's going so fast that the car barely registers as it *SQUISHES* Miller like a bug. Dima doesn't even notice.

Quinn approaches Duncan, who has stopped dead in his tracks.

DUNCAN

That's the second person we've seen run over by a car in the last six hours. What are the odds?

QUINN

Don't know, but I do know we gotta get the hell out of here. Now.

Quinn grabs Duncan's arm and turns... *right into Third Rich*, who is waiting with a gun pointed at Vargas' head.

THIRD RICH

Follow me or I give your boyfriend
a reason never to leave.

VARGAS

What does that mean?

THIRD RICH

That I'm gonna shoot you. Get it?
We're standing in a cemetery. You
know, with dead people?

VARGAS

Oh, I get it now. You gotta work on
your wording. It was confusing.

THIRD RICH

Was it really?

QUINN

It could've been--

DUNCAN

Yeah, a little--

THIRD RICH

I don't give a fuck! Just shut up
and follow me already! Christ!

Third Rich walks Vargas off as Quinn and Duncan follow.

Dima sits in his car in the shadows, watching them wander off. He TEXTS something on his phone. A reply DINGS: "*STAND DOWN. TOMORROW.*" Dima FIRES up his engine and PEELS out; he passes Kathy, the guide, who is loading tourists on the bus.

KATHY

Yeah, yeah... Eternal Flame. Also a
great song by The Bangles. I danced
to that song at prom with Phillip
Lilts. The piece of shit. He's dead
now. Alright, everyone on?

Kathy boards the bus, its door closes. It pulls off... *and rolls over Stephen Miller's body on its way out.*

CUT TO:

INT. WOODS - NIGHT

Third Rich marches Quinn, Duncan, and Vargas at gunpoint up a small hill; the RUSH of traffic can be heard in the distance.

DUNCAN
Are you gonna kill us all?

THIRD RICH
Nope, just you.

QUINN
Where are you taking us?

THIRD RICH
Somewhere a little more private--

They reach the top of the hill and realize they're standing at the edge of a busy highway.

THIRD RICH (CONT'D)
--and a lot more secure.

VARGAS
A highway?

THIRD RICH
No, dumbass. There.

Third Rich points *across the highway* at--

INT. THE PENTAGON (CONFERENCE ROOM) - NIGHT

Quinn, Duncan, Vargas, and Third Rich sit around a table.

QUINN
You're FBI?

THIRD RICH
I am. I spent the past three years embedded in the world of white supremacists, skinheads, and neo-Nazis. That is, until the two rednecks I was investigating were crushed by a Confederate statue.

DUNCAN
It was pretty awesome.

A woman in a BLACK SUIT (50s) enters and sits at the table.

QUINN
Who's she?

THIRD RICH
I don't see anyone here but us. Do you see anyone else here?

Quinn and Duncan shake their heads: "No." But then--

VARGAS

Yeah, there's a pissed-off looking--

Duncan *elbows* Vargas in the ribs, then shakes his head.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Oh, I get it. This is some *Men In Black* type of shit. Whoops, I mean some *women* in bla--

THIRD RICH

Will you shut the fuck up already?

(Vargas nods)

I need you to tell me everything from the beginning.

(everyone hesitates)

Look, I get that you're nervous. But we're on the field together, okay? We're in the locker room, in the showers together, soaping up each other's backs. Understand?

Everyone looks at Third Rich in confusion: "Huh?"

VARGAS

I'm telling you, man, you gotta work on your wording. It's awkward. You sound like you're reading cheesy movie dialogue.

THIRD RICH

Goddamn it. What I'm trying to say is that, when it comes to this situation, we're all players on the same team.

(to Vargas)

Except you. You're more like an obnoxious ball boy.

DUNCAN

(chuckling)

Yeah, you are.

QUINN

Why should I trust the FBI? More importantly, why should I trust a FBI agent who is holding a Secret Service agent--

DUNCAN

(correcting)

Two Secret Service agents.

QUINN

--two Secret Service agents, and Vargas, hostage in the headquarters of the Department of Defense?

The Black Suit *writes something down* on a piece of paper and slides it over. Third Rich reads it and nods.

THIRD RICH

I'll tell you this: Trump doesn't have a lot of friends at the FBI, the DOJ aren't fans either.

A D.O.J. EMPLOYEE (30s) opens the door, peeks his head in--

D.O.J. EMPLOYEE

Trump's a deranged caveman!

--and then leaves.

THIRD RICH

But that doesn't give us the okay to attempt an assassination. We think there are other parties at play here, and that you might be able to shed some light on that. So long as Trump is still alive--

Quinn, Duncan, and Vargas collectively wince.

THIRD RICH (CONT'D)

He *is* still alive, right?

QUINN

Well, here's the thing....

LATER

Quinn's story wraps up.

QUINN

And then you said, "Somewhere a little more private--"

THIRD RICH

I was there for that part.

Third Rich sits back in his chair and SIGHS.

THIRD RICH (CONT'D)

Christ, what a fucking mess. So, he's gone, right? I mean, for good. You trust this Mr. Whatshisfutz?

QUINN

Hokum. No mister, just Hokum. And yes, I do. I think.

THIRD RICH

Okay. Then we have to figure out a way to break the news to the nation that Mike Pence is now president.

D.O.J. EMPLOYEE

(pokes head back in)

It just gets worse and worse!

Again, he exits.

THIRD RICH

So what was your plan?

VARGAS

Yeah, what *is* your plan?

QUINN

We catch the people who did this by keeping Trump alive on Twitter.

The Black Suit and Third Rich give Quinn a look: "Go on."

HALLWAY

The Black Suit and Third Rich exit.

THIRD RICH

It's batshit crazy, but considering this is the world we live in now, who knows? It might work.

The Black Suit stands in silence for a beat, then nods.

CONFERENCE ROOM

Vargas is trying to read what the Black Suit wrote on the sheet of paper as Third Rich enters.

THIRD RICH

Sit the fuck down!

(to Quinn)

Alright. What do you need from me?

QUINN

A phone call.

Third Rich shakes his head. Quinn pleads with her eyes.

THIRD RICH

To who?

QUINN

The only people who matter.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Quinn's husband, Brett, sits watching CNN broadcast the day's events. Lying asleep beside him are Grey and Grace. Brett's phone RINGS. He answers it--

BRETT

Hello?

QUINN (O.S.)

Hey, sweetie. It's me.

BRETT

Quinn? I've been trying your phone--

INT. THE PENTAGON (CONFERENCE ROOM) - NIGHT

Quinn is alone talking on a land line.

QUINN

I had to shoot my phone.

BRETT (O.S.)

You what?

QUINN

Doesn't matter.

BRETT (O.S.)

Where are you? I'll come get you.

QUINN

You wouldn't believe me. I wanted to call and say I love you very much, and this will be over soon.

BRETT (O.S.)

You sound so unconvincing.

QUINN

I know. Are the girls there?

BRETT (O.S.)

Sleeping right here next to me.

QUINN
Can I hear them?

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Brett puts the phone on speaker and holds it over the girls.

QUINN (O.S.)
(quietly)
I love you both so much. Mommy will see you very soon, okay? I promise.

BRETT
Honey, are you--

QUINN (O.S.)
I've gotta go, Brett. Love you.

Quinn hangs up. Brett looks at the phone, then his daughters.

BRETT
Don't worry, girls. Mom always keeps her promises. I hope.

INT. THE PENTAGON (CONFERENCE ROOM) - NIGHT

With tears in her eyes, Quinn collects herself. She looks back at the phone. She picks it up and dials. It RINGS, then--

QUINN
Hey, Mom? Yeah, I know it's late, I'm sorry, it's just that--
(beat)
Oh, not much. Same old, same old. I'm guessing you haven't been watching the news at all today.
(rolling eyes)
Right, it's all fake anyway. Look, I-- what's that?
(beat)
No, I have not been watching the new season of *Law & Order*.

HALLWAY

Quinn exits to find Duncan and Vargas waiting.

QUINN
I also called Mom and Dad.

Duncan hugs Quinn.

DUNCAN

Thank you.

QUINN

Yeah, yeah. Tag, you're it.
Alright... let's finish this shit.

Duncan pulls out Trump's phone and Tweets:

"Excited for tomorrow's March of Womans. Will try hard not to grab all those pussies. #NoPromises"

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MALL - DAY

Hundreds of thousands of MARCHERS (seriously, way more people than were at Trump's inauguration) fill the Mall. Unlike the inauguration, the event emits a fun, optimistic atmosphere. Marchers are sharing signs/hats, giving hugs/high-fives, etc.

Hidden amongst them are Quinn, Duncan, and Vargas, who have their heads covered with pink Pussy Riot-esque ski masks.

VARGAS

(re: mask)

This is so itchy! What did they knit this shit out of? Llama pubes?

DUNCAN

I don't think llamas have pubes. I mean, they're, like, *all pubes*.

QUINN

Guys. Please. Not right now.

They move through the crowd, *directly past Evie Chang*, who is looking for them but doesn't recognize them.

EVIE

(into mic in sleeve)

I'm gonna keep moving.

Evie walks with the crowd, just behind Quinn and the gang.

INT. DIRECTOR LUSK'S OFFICE - DAY

Lusk scans an entire wall of security camera monitors.

DIRECTOR LUSK
 (into headset)
 Copy. All agents, go on my command,
 no matter how insane it may seem.

Lusk's phone BUZZES. He pulls it out and reads a text: "MAN ON FOOT. SEARCHING."

Lusk looks back at the monitors. Walking past one of the cameras is a familiar face: Dima. Lusk watches him for a beat, then moves on.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

A stage is set up at the top of the steps, directly in front of the memorial. SPEAKERS take turns at a podium, offering words of encouragement and rebellion to the crowd's APPLAUSE.

QUINN
 (re: podium)
 That'll work.

Quinn, Duncan, and Vargas walk up the steps toward the stage.

QUINN (CONT'D)
 Duncan?

DUNCAN
 On it.

Duncan pulls out his phone and Trump Tweets:

"ATTN: FAKE NEWS (and @foxandfriends)! Lincoln's front yard. Tune in, Americans... and "good" Mexicans (no druggies, criminals, or rapists)."

INT. CNN NEWSROOM (CONTROL ROOM) - DAY

WORKERS hustle as an INTERN (20) notices Trump's Tweet.

INTERN
 He Tweeted!

The room goes silent, all eyes on Trump's Twitter page.

DIRECTOR
 Lincoln's front yard?

INT. DIRECTOR LUSK'S OFFICE - DAY

Lusk has also noticed the Tweet.

DIRECTOR LUSK
 (into headset)
 All agents to the Lincoln Memorial!
 Snipers, get in position!

Lusk picks up his phone and replies to the previous text:
 LINCOLN MEMORIAL. The text is sent to--

INT. VLADIMIR PUTIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

--who reads Lusk's text, then forwards it on to--

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

--Dima, who's staring across the crowd when his phone BUZZES.
 He reads Putin's text, and then walks toward the Memorial.

At the podium, comedian/actress AMY SCHUMER (35) wraps up a
 speech as Quinn, Duncan, and Vargas walk onto the stage.

AMY SCHUMER
 Because I always wondered what it
 would feel like to nail a scrotum
 to a two-by-four.

The crowd goes FUCKING NUTS. Schumer glances over at Quinn
 and company and acts as if she recognizes them.

AMY SCHUMER (CONT'D)
 (motioning to Quinn)
 Hey, ladies! Get up here!
 (to crowd)
 Women and friends of women, please
 welcome Pussy Riot to the mic!

More CHEERS as Quinn and Duncan push Vargas toward the mic.

VARGAS
 I changed my mind!

QUINN
 It's too late for that!

VARGAS
 I can't do it! I'm--

Duncan rests his hands on Vargas' shoulders.

DUNCAN
 Hey... you've got this.

Duncan kisses Vargas through their masks. The crowd CHEERS.

INT. DIRECTOR LUSK'S OFFICE - DAY

Lusk watches Vargas (still in a ski mask) step up to the mic.

DIRECTOR LUSK
(into headset)
Finger on the trigger.

Vargas takes off his ski mask; as he does, Trump's wig comes off and falls in front of his face. Vargas fumbles with it.

DIRECTOR LUSK (CONT'D)
And... fi--

Vargas gets a hold of the wig and plops it back on top of his head, revealing himself to be exactly what he is: a *proud gay black man*. And a shitty driver.

DIRECTOR LUSK (CONT'D)
Hold fire! Hold fucking fire!

INT. CNN NEWSROOM (SOUND STAGE) - DAY

Jake Tapper sits at the anchor desk. The chyron for the live feed: PRESIDENT TRUMP TO UPDATE NATION FROM WOMEN'S MARCH

JAKE TAPPER
Before November 8th I would've said there's no way that's Donald Trump. But after the events of the past three months, I'm not so sure.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

The crowd looks on in silence. You could hear a pin drop.

VARGAS
Hello. My name is Vargas.

CROWD
(all, together)
Hi, Vargas.

VARGAS
Some of you are wondering why I'm up here. So am I, to be honest.

Evie looks up at a huge monitor and recognizes Vargas.

EVIE
(to herself)
Quinn, what the hell are you--

DIRECTOR LUSK (O.S.)
*I don't know who the fuck that guy
 is, but Agent Petry can't be far
 behind. Get me eyes up there now.*

EVIE
 (into mic in sleeve)
 I'm heading up.

Evie heads up the stairs. Meanwhile, Dima pushes his way through the crowd and moves toward the front of the stage.

VARGAS
 I know a lot of you were expecting to see Donald Trump up here today.
 (the crowd BOOS)
 I know, right? That dude sucked.
 (the crowd CHEERS)
 I mean he *sucks*. As in the present tense, not in the past. Like a lot of you, I've been shocked by how shit has been going in this country. Not only because Trump won the election, but because of what he brought along with him. Hatred. Racism. Misogyny--

TRUMP SUPPORTER (O.S.)
 Woo-hoo! Misogyny!

For some reason, yes, the Trump Supporter is still there.

VARGAS
 See, this is what I'm talking about. No matter which party you side with, we should all agree that we don't want to be this guy.

The crowd CHEERS as Vargas gets exceedingly more comfortable on the mic. He's starting to have fun.

TRUMP SUPPORTER
 Fake news! Fuck you, libtards!

VARGAS
 Fuck us? We're not the ones who knowingly, willingly, and happily voted for a proud pussy grabber to take over the most powerful office in the world.

Again, more CHEERS. *The crowd fucking loves Vargas.*

QUINN
 (to Duncan)
 He's going off the rails.

DUNCAN
 (to Vargas)
 Stick to the key points.

Vargas nudges Duncan aside, ignoring him as he continues.

VARGAS
 I came here today to tell you all something. You ready to hear it?

CROWD
 (all, together)
 Yes!

VARGAS
 I have a dream.... Shit, I fucked it up. Let me start over.
 (clears throat)
 I had a *nightmare*. It is a nightmare I share with the entire nation... minus the 34 million people who voted for that asshat, but still, you get what I'm saying. During my nightmare, I had an epiphany. I realized that we are all better than this shit. Even the deplorable motherfuckers out there, even you are better than this shit.

TRUMP SUPPORTER
 (realizing)
 I am? I am.

Evie walks onto the stage and looks around for Quinn. Meanwhile, Quinn and Duncan shoot each other a look: "Do we do something, or let him go?" They each reply with a shrug.

VARGAS
 And by "this shit" I mean Trump.

CROWD
 (all, together)
 Yes we are! Yes we are! Yes we are!

VARGAS
 We can't let Donald Trump run our country. Motherfucker can't even run a New Jersey casino properly, how's he gonna run a country?

Dima's phone DINGS with a text: "NO IDEA WHAT'S HAPPENING, BUT BLACK MAN IS ANNOYING. KILL HIM."

Dima moves toward the side of the stage.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

If we continue down this path, what lies in America's future? Allow me to look into my crystal ball, and I will tell you.

Vargas spits knowledge with the fiery passion of a hellfire preacher, the crowd CHEERING him on along the way.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

What lies in our future are deeper divisions! What lies in our future are ignorant acts of violence over the removal of monuments! What lies in our future is the shoving aside of fellow world leaders at a time when unity is needed most! What lies in our future are Twitter wars with rogue nuclear nations! What lies in our future is validated white supremacy! What lies in our future is an announcement that those two old white folks from *Morning Joe* are fucking each other! And vampires, y'all! Don't even get me started on the vampires!

The crowd is going fucking BANANAS. *They love Vargas.*

QUINN

(pulling Vargas aside)

That's enough, Sylvia Browne.

Though the crowd is going NUTS, Quinn's had enough. She takes off her ski mask and grabs the mic.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Hello. My name is-- not important.

INT. DIRECTOR LUSK'S OFFICE - DAY

Lusk sees Quinn on TV. His eyes go wide.

DIRECTOR LUSK

Sniper, take out Agent Petry.

SNIPER (O.S.)

Roger that.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Evie hears the order come over her earpiece.

EVIE
 (into mic in sleeve)
 Sir, don't do--

DIRECTOR LUSK (O.S.)
Take out Petry! That's an order!

QUINN
 (into mic)
 What my friend Vargas was trying to say is, after the assassination attempt that was made on Mr. Trump yesterday, he has decided that he no longer wants to be president.

The crowd is silent for a long beat. Then, *hundreds of thousands of people (millions, really, around the entire globe)* erupt into joyous CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

VARGAS
 Yep. What she said.

Vargas grabs the mic and stands in front of Quinn, blocking the sniper's shot, as we hear through Evie's earpiece:

SNIPER (O.S.)
Don't have a clear shot.

DIRECTOR LUSK (O.S.)
Goddamn it!

Duncan pulls out his phone and Trump Tweets.

INT. CNN NEWSROOM (SOUND STAGE) - DAY

Tapper reads the Tweet live on air.

JAKE TAPPER
 Mr. Trump's most recent Tweet reads: "She's right, losers. I'm scared of dying so I am out of here. America... YOU'RE FIRED!"
 (beat)
 This is the world we live in.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Quinn grabs the mic back from Vargas.

QUINN

Of course, that means Mike Pence is
now president.

Again, the crowd falls silent for a long beat, followed by--

CROWD

(all, together)

Awwwww....

Vargas grabs the mic back and steps in front of Quinn.

VARGAS

Pence *also* sucks, but one racist
white guy at a time, people.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE (OVAL OFFICE) - DAY

President Mike Pence (gross) spins in the chair behind his desk, as giddy as a schoolchild. He looks like he just saw his first titty. And by "first titty" I mean "Karen Pence's breasts on their wedding night."

MIKE PENCE

Karen, you are now the First Lady
Mommy Wife!

Kellyanne Conway enters.

KELLYANNE

Congratulations, Mr. President.
Please don't fire me. This is
literally all I have in life.

Pence realizes Karen isn't in the room. He stands--

MIKE PENCE

First Lady Mommy Wife?!?

--and bolts out.

KELLYANNE

(to herself)

And they say women are too crazy to
be president. Jesus fuck me.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Vargas BOOS Pence's name along with the crowd; as he does, he brushes Trump's wig back and forth across Quinn's face.

QUINN

Get that rat nest out of my mouth!

The sniper tries to find its mark through Trump's wig, but still doesn't have a clear shot; Evie hesitates to intervene.

SNIPER (O.S.)

Still negative on the shot.

EVIE

(into mic in sleeve)

Sir! Please don't--

DIRECTOR LUSK (O.S.)

Take that shot right fucking now!

The sniper takes his SHOT. Evie dives at Quinn and tackles her to the ground. The bullet passes through Trump's wig (just above Vargas' head), RICOCHETS off the forehead of Lincoln's seated statue in the Memorial--

AMY SCHUMER

Sic semper tyrannis!

--and ends its journey embedded in the chest of a MARCHER. Specifically, former Vice President Dick Cheney, who has begrudgingly agreed to attend the march in support of his daughter, MARY CHENEY (47), and her wife, HEATHER POE (40s).

Again, Cheney takes a bullet like an indestructible robot.

MARY CHENEY

Dad! Are you okay?

DICK CHENEY

(re: Women's March)

Define "okay."

Unfazed (by the bullet, at least), Cheney keeps walking.

INT. DIRECTOR LUSK'S OFFICE - DAY

Lusk is livid, PUNCHING walls and KICKING his desk.

DIRECTOR LUSK

(into headset)

You assholes couldn't hit a fucking target if it were taped onto the end of your barrel! You are nothing like Ted Cruz's fath--

Lusk's phone BUZZES with a text from Putin: "EVERY COMRADE FOR HIMSELF."

Lusk TEXTS back... as a gun is aimed at his head. Lusk looks over to find the Black Suit with her finger on the trigger.

She shakes her head: "Don't even think about it."

Lusk drops his phone and raises his hands into the air.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

For the second time in as many days, *chaos erupts on the Mall*; marchers scatter, cower, hit the deck, etc.

On stage, Dima approaches Vargas with his gun drawn. Duncan notices and jumps in front of Vargas as Dima FIRES. *Duncan takes a bullet to the chest*, then falls to the ground.

VARGAS

No!

Vargas kneels down and cradles Duncan, who is bleeding from his mouth. Neither of them notice as Dima aims his gun at the top of Vargas' skull.

DIMA

(in Russian)

With love... from Putin.

Just as Dima is about to pull the trigger, GUNFIRE explodes from his chest. Dima drops dead to the ground, revealing SOMEONE wearing a ski mask and holding a smoking gun behind him. He yanks off his ski mask to reveal--

THIRD RICH

Rich. Third Rich.

He rushes over to Duncan and Vargas, who is CRYING.

VARGAS

Hang in there, sweetie.

More blood GURGLES out of Duncan's mouth.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

I love you, Duncan. I love you.

DUNCAN

I... know....

VARGAS

For real? I say I love you, and that's what you come back with? Some "I know" shit? That's it?

DUNCAN

I... love... you... too.

VARGAS

That's what I'm talking about.

Quinn and Evie kneel down beside Duncan.

QUINN

I love you, too, Duncan!

Duncan smiles at Quinn; she smiles back at him through tears.

THIRD RICH

(into mic in sleeve)

I need paramedics here now!

(to Duncan)

Hold on, man. They're coming.

REFLECTING POOL

While throngs of marchers try to flee the chaos, no one notices as bubbles start to rise to the water's surface. Like Captain Willard emerging from the water in APOCALYPSE NOW, Steve Bannon rises out of the pool wearing charred clothes.

STEVE BANNON

Long live the layers that shall
save our great Republic.

Bannon steps out of the pool and reaches into his many shirts. He pulls out two weapons: *a fucking mace and a fucking grenade*. He raises them into the air and screams--

STEVE BANNON (CONT'D)

ARRRGGGHHH!

--as he charges toward the stage. Quinn, Duncan, Vargas, and Evie freeze in fear. Unimpressed, Third Rich CHUCKLES.

THIRD RICH

(into mic in sleeve)

I need an ITP.

Bannon closes in as, suddenly, *a raccoon scurries up to him*. Bannon, recognizing its inherent cuteness, pauses his attack--

STEVE BANNON

Awww... come here, little buddy.

--and kneels down to pet it. As he does, IT BLOWS UP IN HIS FUCKING FACE, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY.

The crowd goes NUTS. *There is nothing they love more than watching Steve Bannon get blown up.*

VARGAS
(to Third Rich)
What's an ITP?

THIRD RICH
Incendiary Trash Panda.

DUNCAN
(chuckling)
Sweet.... Raccoon bombs....

Duncan passes out from blood loss.

QUINN
Duncan!

VARGAS
Stay with us, goddamn it!

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE: THREE MONTHS LATER...

INT. JAMES R. LOWELL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL (CLASSROOM) - DAY

We're back in Mrs. Bell's third-grade class, but unlike our first visit it isn't Career Day. Instead, a long, printed banner hangs at the front of the class that reads: "WELCOME SECRET SERVICE AGENT SPENCER (OF THE PROTECTION DIVISION)!"

Unlike before, the kids look excited by Duncan's visit. Hands are raised all around the room. Duncan points at--

DUNCAN
The kid with the pizza sauce stains on his shirt.

PIZZA SAUCE STAINS
Did you know the Secret Service was working with the Russians?

DUNCAN
I had my suspicions, but I didn't know for sure until I got shot by a notorious Russian hit man.

At this, the class OOOHS and AHHHS. More hands go up.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, you. Awkward weirdo.

AWKWARD WEIRDO
What did it feel like to get shot?

DUNCAN
Ever get kicked in the balls by a
bully over and over again?
(Awkward Weirdo shakes his
head no)
Really? You? Anyway, it feels like
that, only about a billion times
worse. But what can be learned from
this? For you, try not to get
kicked in the nuts. And for the
bullies in the room--
(whips gun out)
--sometimes the kid you kicked in
the balls grows up and gets a gun.

A BULLY nervously looks around and sinks in his seat as more
hands go up. Duncan looks at the back of the class to find--

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
You haven't dropped out yet?

MILAN
Who drops out of the third grade?

DUNCAN
Whatever. What's your question,
snaggleteeth. And make it speedy.
(looks at watch)
I have important people to protect.

MILAN
Is Donald Trump still alive?

DUNCAN
I haven't personally checked in on
him today, but it's probably safe
to say that, yes, he's still alive.
And so long as he keeps updating
his Twitters--

GREY
(loudly)
It's not the fucking Twitters! It's
just Twitter! Get it right already!

DUNCAN
(sternly)
Grey, I warned you, didn't I?
(MORE)

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
 You've forced me to unleash Uncle
 Duncan's Words of Embarrassment.
 (to class)
 Guess how old Grey was when she
 finally got potty-trained.

MRS. BELL
 Thank you, Agent Spencer!

Mrs. Bell CLAPS. Everyone (but Grey) JOINS IN.

GREY
 (to herself)
 I liked him so much more when he
 was busting kids for fake--

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - DAY

Quinn holds a sheet of five-dollar bills in front of BOYD
 (19), a nervous dipshit of a kid.

QUINN
 Five dollar bills? Really? I mean,
 if you're gonna go to jail for
 counterfeiting, why not go all the
 way? Try hundreds? Or fifties?
 Hell, even tens would be less sad.
 (points at Lincoln)
 Where did you get this image of
 Abraham Lincoln?

BOYD
 Google Image Search.

QUINN
 This is Daniel Day-Lewis dressed up
 as Lincoln. Fuck, how dumb are you?

BOYD
 (bursts into tears)
 Please don't tell my parents!

Quinn smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARRRRGGGHHH! - NIGHT

Quinn sits alone at the bar nursing a beer as Duncan
 approaches and sits beside her.

DUNCAN
Sorry I'm late.

QUINN
No need to apologize. I know how
grueling that job can be.

DUNCAN
(re: Quinn's beer)
Peggy? One of those for me, please.
(to Quinn)
How are things?

QUINN
Better. I like your old job.

DUNCAN
And I like yours.

Duncan nods as Peggy brings him his beer.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Is Brett no longer living in fear
that the deep state is going to
murder all of you in your sleep?

QUINN
No, he's still terrified. But it's
kind of entertaining.

DUNCAN
(raises pint)
Cheers to entertainment.

Quinn raises her glass. They cheers with a CLINK.

Duncan looks up at a TV above the bar. CNN is broadcasting
ANDERSON COOPER 360°. Cooper's guest interview: Vargas.

The chyron below Vargas reads: VARGAS TO RUN FOR VACATED
CONGRESSIONAL SEAT

Followed by: WILL HE RELEASE HIS TAXES... OR HIS LAST NAME?

ANDERSON COOPER (O.S.)
*Of course, we're getting ahead of
ourselves, but is it safe to say
you have presidential aspirations?*

VARGAS (O.S.)
*Oh, Cooper. You're so cute. I'm not
going to fall for gotcha questions.*

ANDERSON COOPER (O.S.)
It's not really a gotcha question--

VARGAS (O.S.)
*I'll just say this: I wouldn't mind
 having a permanent driver, if you
 know what I'm saying. I drive like
 shit, and I'd hate to accidentally
 runover another human being--*

ANDERSON COOPER (O.S.)
Sorry but, another human being?

DUNCAN
 How has this become reality?

QUINN
 I don't know, little brother. I do
 not know.

EXT. THE BARRRGGGHHH! - NIGHT

Quinn and Duncan exit after a few drinks.

QUINN
 (pulls out phone)
 Share a Lyft?

DUNCAN
 Sure.

As they wait, the night's sky suddenly lights up with fireworks. They BURST in the sky, loud, bright, and colorful.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
 What a nice way to end the day.

QUINN
 Yeah. It's kind of perfect.

Quinn and Duncan watch as a firework shell climbs high into the air. It keeps going and going--

DUNCAN
 Whoa, that one is going super high.

QUINN
 I bet it's gonna be huge.

They keep watching it as it keeps going and going... until finally, it disappears.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Huh. Must've been a dud.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING (ROOFTOP) - NIGHT

Hokum stands next to a *large circus-style cannon*, which has a plume of smoke billowing out of it. Hokum is grinning from ear to ear as he looks up into the night's sky.

EXT. THE BARRRRGGGHHH! - NIGHT

Quinn and Duncan's Lyft car approaches.

QUINN
So... tell me a secret.

DUNCAN
What?

QUINN
You know. Tell me something I'm not supposed to know. Like, what is Mike Pence *really like*?

DUNCAN
Jesus, do I have the stories.

They get in and close the doors. The car pulls off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE (PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Mike Pence lies in bed (with wife, Karen, lying in a *separate bed beside him*) hunt-and-pecking an email on an iPad.

He's typing up a reply to a long, back-and-forth email conversation he's having with PASTOR DONOVAN (70s), a man he considers to be his evangelical guide. It reads:

MIKE PENCE (V.O.)
I haven't found anything in the Red Book specifically about Jesus yet, but there are quite a few references to an "Area 51," which I'm assuming is a code word for Heaven. I will let you know the moment I learn more. Forever yours in Christ, President Pence.

Pence hits SEND as the email travels through--

INT. THE INTERWEBS - DAY/NIGHT

--where it is secretly hacked and rerouted to--

INT. WAREHOUSE (BASEMENT) - DAY

TITLE: BERLIN, GERMANY

A German HACKER (20s) sits at a desk TYPING code when a bell DINGS. He looks at his screen.

HACKER

(in German)

*It worked. Not only is he using a
private email address, but it's
from an AOL account.*

He LAUGHS, which is followed by more LAUGHTER and the sound of FOOTSTEPS approaching. A figure steps out of the shadows: it's ANGELA MERKEL (62), the Chancellor of Germany.

She CACKLES with glee at the absurdity, then picks up a phone and DIALS a number. It RINGS, followed by the soft CLICK of someone picking up the phone. Then, only silence.

ANGELA MERKEL

We got him.

INT. THE CLINTON HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Hillary Clinton holds the phone to her ear as a shit-eating grin creeps across her face.

THE END