

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A black 4WD PICK-UP TRUCK.

COUNTRY MUSIC, not too loud.

Romney/Ryan bumper sticker.

Driver window open, but we don't see the driver.

The driver's hand holds a lit CIGARETTE.

A shitty CELL PHONE on the dashboard.

The phone RINGS.

Unseen driver exhales SMOKE.

Turns off music.

Picks up the phone.

INT. SUV - DAY

Looking out from behind driver, through windshield.

Still no view of driver.

Answers phone with a CLICK.

DRIVER
I'm here.

VOICE
(Filtered / Phone)
Ninety-four twenty Moroni Road.

DRIVER
Got it.

VOICE
No witnesses. No survivors.

The driver shuts the phone.

Puts SUV in gear.

Tosses lit cigarette out the window.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The SUV leaves the lot.

The cigarette burns on the pavement.

EXT. UNIVERSITY LOT - DAY

HARD ROCK, muted. CREDITS through sequence.

A SIGN reads 'University Housing. Permit Parking only.'

A PLASTIC SHOPPING BAG filled with BEER, carried by a skinny fratboy.

KYLE, 20, walks up stairs into the apartment complex.

Past PICNIC TABLES, toward apartments.

Twenty yards away, two coeds, MEG & NANCY, sunbathe outside their apartment.

Kyle slows as he walks past.

They ignore him.

KYLE

Hey.

No response.

KYLE

I got some beer. You guys wanna come over?

Not interested, but at least Meg is nice about it.

MEG

Sorry. Working on our tans.

Kyle leers.

KYLE

Yeah.

Nancy sneers.

NANCY

Just ignore him.

Meg looks at her, shrugs at Kyle, and goes back to sunbathing.

KYLE

See you in class.

Kyle keeps walking.

Heads to apartment 4A, and goes inside.

INT. KYLE & JED'S APARTMENT - DAY

A messy college apartment.

JED sits in front of the TV playing a first-person shooter video game, surrounded by empty BEER CANS.

KYLE

Hey.

JED

Sup, fucktard?

KYLE

I got some more beer.

Kyle tosses Jed a can, and opens one for himself.

Kyle checks out the screen.

ON SCREEN

Jed's avatar walks through a building shooting SUITS & SECRETARIES. Heads explode.

KYLE

Cool. Level seven. You already killed the President.

JED

Yeah.

Jed pauses the game.

END ON SCREEN

He opens his beer and takes several gulps. Kyle walks over to the window.

A strategically placed TELESCOPE peeks through the blinds.

KYLE

Meg and Nancy are sunbathing.

JED

I know. Already jerked off.

KYLE

Good to know.

Kyle looks through the telescope.

INSERT TELESCOPE ROUND SHOT

FEET. Shaky movement as the telescope moves across Nancy's bikini. Across to her hand. She's flipping him off.

KYLE
Such a bitch.

END INSERT

Jed pounds his beer.

KYLE
We going to the Hut tonight?

JED
Nah, fuck that. I found us a place
to get laid.

KYLE
No more massage parlors. That was
so wrong.

JED
You loved it.

KYLE
I didn't love it. Pretty sure that
girl was a victim of human
trafficking.

JED
Ah, she got paid.

Kyle shrugs and takes a swig of beer.

KYLE
Well I'm not going there again.

JED
Don't have to. I signed us up for a
political mixer. It's like a
planning meeting for the next
election.

KYLE
The next election's in two years.

Jed takes off his shirt, picks up another, smells it, and
puts it on.

JED
No, man. This is for the senate,
and pre-planning for the next
presidential. It's great because we
won't even have to do anything.

Republicans always win the senate seats.

KYLE
I'm not a republican.

JED
So what? Just go with it. These things are like mini-conventions. We go, we smile and nod when they talk about whatever they want to talk about, and then we hit on the best looking women with whatever they're into. If someone says taxes need to go down, hey, I'm for that. And would you like to see my cock?

Jed finishes his beer and tosses the can on the floor.

KYLE
Yeah, but what if they say we should go bomb the shit out of somebody? That sucks, man.

JED
We're gonna bomb other countries no matter who we vote for. Look, you always say you don't know how to start a conversation. Well, here, the conversation is already started. And you know there are gonna be horny older women.

KYLE
Shouldn't we be going to a democratic party instead?

Jed opens another beer.

JED
I don't think so. Republicans are fucking repressed. And most activists are women. We talk a good game about prayer in schools and the dangers of al qaeda and how the UN is destroying the constitution, and we'll have our dicks in their mouths before they even know it.

Jed pounds his beer. Finishes, BURPS, and tosses the can.

JED
You should drive.

INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - DAY

POP MUSIC.

AMY, 23, puts on makeup.

OYA, her roommate, sits on the bed.

OYA
You excited?

AMY
I dunno. I can't even decide if I
like him.

OYA
Well, you're gonna fuck him, right?

AMY
Doubtful. All we did last time was
kiss goodnight.

OYA
Yeah, but it's your third date.
Time to put out.

AMY
See, I think that's insane. I'm
really tired of these stupid rules
for how fast relationships are
supposed to move. I don't even know
if I like him.

OYA
Well, he's cute. Right?

AMY
(wishy washy)
Yeah.

OYA
And he's got a lot of money. He
drives a cool truck. I think his
dad owns all that cattle on
Ninety-Four.

AMY
So?

OYA
Well, cute guys with money get laid
all the time. If you don't put out,
he's gonna think you don't like him.

AMY
I don't know if I do.

Puts on lipstick.

OYA
So why do you keep going out with him.

AMY
I dunno. Cuz he keeps asking.

OYA
Well, I'd fuck him. Or I guess if you wanna go slow, you could just suck his dick.

AMY
Doubtful.

The doorbell RINGS.

OYA
You're hopeless. I'll get it.

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oya goes to the door.

Opens it.

BART, 24, in boots, jeans, Pendleton & cowboy hat.

BART
Hi. Is Amy home.

OYA
On her way out. Come in.

Bart enters and takes off his cowboy hat.

OYA
How are you?

BART
Good. Thanks.

OYA
So, where you going?

BART
There's a political action committee meeting to re-elect Hocklooper. He's a friend of the family, so I

try to go to that sort of stuff.

OYA
You're a republican?

BART
How could anyone with a clue be
anything else?

OYA
I guess there are a lot of idiots in
the country.

BART
There sure are. Buncha lazy
bastards in love with Chocolate
Jesus.

Amy comes out.

AMY
Sorry.

BART
It's okay. You look great.

AMY
Thanks.

Amy grabs her purse and they head to the door.

OYA
Have fun.
(mouths)
You should fuck him!

Amy shakes her head and exits after Bart.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Amy and Bart head for the Bart's big PICK-UP TRUCK.

BART
She seems nice.

AMY
Yeah.

Bart opens the truck door for her.

AMY
Thank you.

Amy climbs in.

INT. BART'S TRUCK - DAY

Bart gets in.

Turns on the radio. COUNTRY.

BART
This okay?

AMY
Fine.

Bart smiles at her.

AMY
Look, uh, I don't know if this is
the best idea. I don't really care
about politics.

BART
I don't, either. I just told my dad
I'd go and give them a check. We
don't have to stay.

AMY
Okay.

BART
If you want, we could just stay
right here. So, whaddaya think?
Handjob before we leave.

AMY
Funny.

BART
Okay. Just kidding. I mean, unless
you want to give me a handjob.

Amy glares at him.

AMY
I think I should stay.

BART
Come on. It was just a joke. I'm
sorry. You can give me a handjob
when you choose to give me a
handjob.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Bart's truck pulls out of the lot.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A rural highway. A PICKUP TRUCK with a cab drives along the road in the fast lane.

A BMW flies past, swerving to avoid the pickup.

INT. ERNIE'S PICKUP - DAY

ERNIE, 50, in a 'South Carolina Association of Teabaggers' polo shirt, slams his horn.

ERNIE
Yeah, fuck you, too, you french
piece of shit!

FAWN, 40, in a matching shirt and jeans, cringes.

FAWN
He's dangerous.

ERNIE
Goddamfuckinright he's dangerous.
Fucking black BMW's.

FAWN
They oughta take guys like that off
the road. Not like we're not
already speeding. Slow down.

ERNIE
We're gonna be late.

FAWN
So? It's a political party. They
won't get anything accomplished in
the first couple hours. Are they
having speakers?

ERNIE
I dunno.

FAWN
I hope they have someone who can
explain this Bengazi thing. I get
that Obama lied, but I don't get why
that surprises anyone.

ERNIE
Four Americans died. And that's not
that big a deal, given that we have
people in harm's way all over the
world, every day. But it looks like
they really could have done

something either to save those four or at least usefully retaliate, and not only could they not make up their minds about why there was a riot in the first place, but then they just keep passing reality around like a hot potato. And the fucking media is so balls deep in the tank for the fucking new world order that they never seem to pin anyone down long enough to answer the question. And I agree it's not that great a talking point, because we don't really want to ever mention how we got into Libya, or why we were there.

FAWN

Why were we in Libya?

ERNIE

Oh. Energy. Banking. Water. Gold. All the normal reasons.

FAWN

I thought they were revolting.

ERNIE

They do generally smell pretty bad.

FAWN

Not what I meant.

ERNIE

Well, no, Libya was doing really well. Arab Spring was just a commodities gaming scam based on populations that were spending eighty percent of their income on food. We just bought all the food futures, doubled food prices, and created a handful of revolutions. But that's not what happened to Libya.

Fawn listens, intently.

ERNIE

See, Qaddafi had been in trouble with UN nuclear inspectors, but he complied and they were happy with him. So, we really didn't have a great reason to take him out. But energy prices were lagging, and one

of the first things we do when it looks like we may have surplus is disrupt supply. Libya was producing a billion barrels of oil each month before we took out Qaddaffi. Plus, by claiming he was under attack from his own people, we were able to blow up the Libyan Water Project.

FAWN

What's that?

ERNIE

Well, Libya is a big desert, but technology has come a long way, so Libya spent twenty eight billion dollars irrigating the fucking desert. They had their own pipeline to self-sustainability. They were working outside the Central Bank. Basically, they were a big problem for some rich assholes, here. So we claim a non-existent revolution, arm the rebels and provide them intelligence to take out the local leadership. They get Qaddafi on the run, but we know where he is, so we use a drone attack to blow up his limo. The locals finished him off. We never declared war. We never gave a good reason. We just fucking murdered the sovereign leader of the wealthiest country in North Africa. Shut down their oil production, which protected energy prices. Got them hooked onto the poisonous fucking teat of interest-based banking. It was totally illegal. Just like Iraq. Just like Afghanistan. You know why we went to Afghanistan?

Fawn shakes her head, no.

ERNIE

Lithium. Everyone thinks it's the eighty billion dollars annual drug trade - that's part of it. But there's also a trillion dollars worth of lithium. Ours, now.

FAWN

Nice.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

TEDDY, 60, wild gray hair, sits on a bench, waiting for a bus. He wears dirty jeans and a flannel shirt.

A middle-aged MEXICAN WOMAN, QUIERA, stands a few meters away, also waiting.

A very fat 20-something, PAUL, approaches in shorts and geek T-SHIRT, listening to HEADPHONES and eating a large CINNAMON ROLL. He wears a flat-brimmed straw hat and has a goatee.

Teddy looks and shakes his head. Paul sits down at the other end of the bench.

PAUL

Hi.

Paul eats his cinnamon roll. Teddy tries to ignore him.

TEDDY

(under his breath)

Jesus fucking Christ.

Paul looks over at Teddy, who looks away. Paul eats his cinnamon roll and licks his fingers.

Teddy sighs, loudly. Paul realizes he's the subject of the sigh and stops eating his cinnamon roll.

Traffic passes. Teddy just shakes his head.

PAUL

You okay?

Teddy looks at Paul, but just looks away. Taking him for a crazy old man, Paul shrugs and gets back to his cinnamon roll. Teddy glares at Paul.

TEDDY

How old are you?

PAUL

(pulls off headphones)

I'm sorry?

TEDDY

I asked how old are you?

PAUL

Twenty-two.

Teddy glares. Paul puts down his cinnamon roll.

PAUL
Is there a problem?

TEDDY
(holding back)
No.

Paul shrugs, puts his phones back on, and keeps eating.

Teddy sneaks a glance at Paul, breathes deeply, and pulls back his flannel on the far side of Paul, revealing a GUN. Teddy strokes the gun, calming himself. ZOOM IN on Teddy.

TEDDY (V.O.)
I should just shoot him. Stupid fat fuck. Doesn't he have any respect for himself? Eating that cinnamon roll like a fat girl at Disneyland. It's just disgusting. And the goatee. Just a giant vagina on his face. Fuck.

Paul notices Teddy. He eats the last bite of his roll.

PAUL
You sure you're okay?

TEDDY
I'm great. Aren't you worried about diabetes?

PAUL
Dude. Not cool. My health is none of your business.

TEDDY
Really?

PAUL
Yes. Really. I can eat what I want. You can eat what you want.

TEDDY
What do you do?

PAUL
What do you mean?

TEDDY
How do you pay for things? What do you do?

PAUL
Uh, well, I mean, I'm a musician.

TEDDY
You're a musician?

PAUL
Yeah.

TEDDY
What do you play?

PAUL
Guitar, mostly.

TEDDY
You get paid?

PAUL
Sometimes.

TEDDY
That pays your rent?

PAUL
Not yet. But it will someday.

Teddy shakes his head.

PAUL
Dude. Why are you such a dick?

TEDDY
You have health insurance?

PAUL
Through my parents. What? My job
doesn't offer health insurance.

TEDDY
This country is falling apart.

PAUL
Whatever, dude.

TEDDY
Don't you have any pride in
yourself?

PAUL
Fuck you.

TEDDY
I doubt you could. Can you even see
your penis?

PAUL

Dude.

TEDDY

When I was your age, nobody looked like you. Nobody. And it upsets me to care, because you're right. It shouldn't be my business how you live your life. But it is, because you're going to die of diabetes or heart disease - you'll have your first bypass surgery before you're forty, and you can't pay for it. You're a slug, and this socialist health care makes everyone who isn't a worthless fat fuck pay for all you muffin-eating douchebags and your lack of impulse control.

PAUL

Dude. Not cool. None of your business. I don't even vote.

Paul pulls a bag out a bag of M&Ms. Offers it to Teddy.

PAUL

M&M?

TEDDY

Didn't your parents teach you anything about self-accountability?

PAUL

Yeah. Don't need to talk to you.

Paul puts his headphones back on. Teddy glares at Paul, who ignores him and eats his candy.

TEDDY (V.O.)

One bullet. You'd be doing the world a favor.

Paul turns up his headphones. Teddy rubs his gun. A BUS approaches & pulls up to the curb.

Teddy gets up, decides against saying anything else, and gets on. Paul stays on the bench.

Quiera takes Teddy's seat as the bus pulls away. Paul pulls off his headphones and watches the bus leave.

PAUL

Man, that guy was a dick.

Quiera smiles at him as Paul eats more candy.

EXT. COBB'S HOUSE - DAY

An upscale suburban house. BALLOONS tied to the mailbox.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

COUNTRY MUSIC. Western art. Nice wood paneling and comfortable, country furniture.

COBB, 50, in nice jeans, cowboy boots, and dressy cowboy shirt with BOLO TIE, finishes vacuuming.

He unplugs the vacuum and puts it in a closet.

He walks past a large TABLE filled with HORS D'OUVRES, grabbing a piece off a CHEESE TRAY.

The table is full of VEGIS, MEATS, COOKIES, MEATBALLS, etc.

INT. COBB'S KITCHEN - DAY

DOLLY, 50, matronly homemaker, pulls CUPCAKES out of the oven. Cobb enters and goes to the REFRIGERATOR for a BEER.

COBB
Smells good.

DOLLY
No drinking.

COBB
I'm just going to have one before
everybody gets here.

DOLLY
I just don't want people to get the
wrong idea.

Cobb takes out a BEER.

COBB
Yeah. I'll hide it when the
preacher comes.

DOLLY
You better, or he'll want one.

DING. The doorbell rings.

COBB
Somebody's early. Dammit.

Cobb puts the beer back and heads for the door.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cobb opens the door.

LIAM, 30, slickster lawyer, enters.

LIAM
Hi. Liam Gelding. Senator Collins'
local legal rep.

They shake hands.

COBB
Coburn Hapwood. Everyone calls me
Cobb. Welcome.

LIAM
Thank you. Glad to be here.

COBB
You're a little early. My wife
Dolly is making some cookies.

LIAM
Yummy.

INT. COBB'S KITCHEN - DAY

Cobb leads Liam into the kitchen.

Dolly spoons cookie dough onto a baking sheet.

DOLLY
Hello.

LIAM
Liam. Thanks for hosting.

DOLLY
Oh, our pleasure. Anything to beat
those worthless liberal criminals.

COBB
We've been party coordinators the
last three elections.

LIAM
I saw that. Thank god for people
like you.

COBB
Least we can do to try and protect
what little of our country we still
can.

LIAM

It has been a constant assault on basic freedom.

COBB

I'm just tired of the government making decisions for everybody. It's a gosh-darned nanny-state. Welfare, spending our social security on all these whackadoodle federal programs and overpaid federal employees, who never take a pay cut. Just saw that the average federal employee compensation is one-hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars per year. Crazy.

LIAM

Well, blame Obama.

DOLLY

Oh, we do.

COBB

Absolutely.

LIAM

Excellent. So, what kind of cookies?

DOLLY

Snickerdoodles. I already made some chocolate chip.

LIAM

Nice. Can I help with anything? I know I'm early.

DOLLY

Sure. You can test the cookies.

COBB

Dolly uses real butter. Makes a big difference.

DOLLY

Cane sugar, too. None of that commie beet sugar. I'm only partly kidding.

Liam picks up a cookie. Doorbell RINGS.

LIAM

Great.

EXT. COBB'S HOUSE - DAY

Ernie and Fawn stand at the door.

Fawn holds a plate wrapped in tinfoil.

ERNIE

Yeah. But that's because most Americans are fucking idiots. They don't even remember what just happened. Like nine-eleven. Ask most Americans and they don't even remember World Trade Center Seven. That was the third building that fell-- I mean, it's fucking retarded - two planes knocked down three buildings, and the way they get away with it is now, if you ask anyone about it, they're completely unaware. Right down the fucking memory hole.

FOOTSTEPS.

Fawn shushes him.

ERNIE

Yeah. I know. Be nice.

Fawn and Ernie smile as the door opens.

The door opens and Dolly welcomes them inside.

DOLLY

Hello. Welcome.

ERNIE

Hi. Ernie Nackerton.

FAWN

Fawn. Are we the first ones here?

DOLLY

No. Come in.

ERNIE

(to Fawn)

Told you.

They enter.

FAWN

So excited to be here. I brought a salad.

INT. BUS - DAY

Teddy sits on the mostly empty bus.

Looks around.

A cute asian college STUDENT in a UCLA sweatshirt sits across from an angry looking black MAN.

Graffiti on the seat in front of him says "Fuck Whitey".

Teddy sleeves his pencil.

Looks up at the tv monitor on the bus.

INSERT TV TRIVIA

"LA Bus Trivia"

"How many donuts can you eat in one hour?"

END INSERT

Teddy shakes his head.

Looks around, upset.

Locks eyes with the black guy.

RAY RAY
What the fuck you lookin' at?

TEDDY
Nothing.

Keeps looking at him.

RAY RAY
Fuck you. You got a problem?

TEDDY
No. I really don't. Just wondering
how many donuts I can fit in my
mouth.

Ray Ray looks confused, assumes it must be something dirty.

RAY RAY
Yeah? Fuck you.

The Chinese girl stares at him.

RAY RAY
Not you baby. You a'ight.

EXT. COBB'S HOUSE - DAY

Bart parks his truck outside the house.

INT. BART'S TRUCK - DAY

Bart pulls the keys from the ignition. Amy checks herself in the passenger mirror.

BART

Let's make this quick.

AMY

Is there anything I should say, or not say, to avoid offending anybody.

BART

Nah. Just be yourself. Most of these people are really nice. The idea that republicans are intolerant is just a lie spread by the mainstream media. Just don't bash christianity. Or pro life. Or gun owners, white people, border fences, country music, soldiers, wars, the Patriot Act, school vouchers, Glenn Beck, Rush Limbaugh, Mike Huckabee, Sean Hannity, Michael Smerconish, Rubio, Christie, Ted Cruz, Rand Paul, Paul Ryan, or the wealthy. Or anything to do with the sanctity of marriage.

AMY

Ok.

BART

And even though he's probably not Kenyan, if somebody says Obama is, just smile and nod. Not worth the debate.

AMY

Probably shouldn't say I'm bi, right?

BART

God no. Are you bi?

AMY

No. Not yet, at least.

BART

Great. You'll be fine.

EXT. COBB'S HOUSE - DAY

As Bart and Amy exit their vehicle,
a CADILLAC drives up, driven by an elderly couple.
And parks behind them.

Bart and Amy stand and wait for them.

BART
Holy fucking old people.

AMY
Precisely.

INT. ISAIH'S CADILLAC - DAY

REVEREND ISAIAH, 60, drives.
His wife HOPE sits in the passenger seat.
Isaiah gets out of the driver's side.

EXT. COBB'S HOUSE - DAY

Hope gets out of the passenger side.
Bart & Amy wait, holding uncomfortable smiles.

BART
Hi. I'm Bart.

AMY
I'm Amy.

ISAIAH
Well, hello. Nice to see such fine
young people taking an interest in
government.

HOPE
This is Reverend Fudgemaker, and I'm
Hope.

They all shake hands.

BART
Nice to meet you, Reverend. Mrs.
Fudgemaker. Which church?

ISAIAH
Second Day Latter Baptist
Unitarians.

HOPE
We believe everyone is going to
hell.

BART
Fantastic.

They walk together toward the door.

Hope & Isaiah lead.

Bart grabs Amy's ass as they walk up to the door. Amy swats
his hand away.

HOPE
Haven't seen you at one of these
before. Is this your first?

AMY
It is for me. I'm just his date.

BART
I've been to a few party meetings,
but none here. My dad's a state
senator.

ISAIAH
Oh, that's wonderful. Which one?

BART
Steve Spellman.

HOPE
Fantastic. Lucky you. Must be nice
to have the ear of the government.
They never respond to our letters.
We write a lot of letters.

BART
Well, I'm sorry about that. If you
get them to me, I can make sure my
dad gets them.

HOPE
That would be wonderful.

BART
Yeah. He's kind of a dick but he
does want to do stuff.

At the door, Isaiah knocks.

Bart rings the BELL and Isaiah shoots a glare at him.

INT. JED'S CRAPPY CAR - DAY

Jed drinks a soda as Kyle drives.

JED

Just be pro business and anti-Obama. The republicans don't stand for much, anymore. I mean, they all love Reagan, but seem to forget he grew the federal government, privatized the prisons and amnestied the Mexicans. Just be pro-Reagan but don't mention anything he did.

Jed sparks up a joint and takes a hit.

KYLE

Or that he was completely senile for most of his second term. Dude. While I'm driving?

Jed holds the J for Kyle to take a hit.

JED

Yeah. Don't talk about that. The most important thing is to act pro life. Republican girls are all hoping to get knocked up so they can quit school. Probably won't even expect us to wear condoms.

KYLE

I don't want to get anybody pregnant.

Jed takes another hit.

JED

And that is why you always cum on a girl's face.

KYLE

I don't think that necessarily works. Precum is loaded with sperm, and that can happen before your orgasm.

JED

Well, stick to anal. They're probably used to it, by now.

Jed takes another hit.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hope & Isaiah and Bart & Amy meet Liam & Gerry & Cobb & Dolly.

COBB
In here. Everybody, Reverend
Fudgemaker is here.

ERNIE and FAWN, in matching 'TEABAGGERS' t-shirts, sit together.

COBB
Reverend Fudgemaker and his wife,
Hope. And this is Bart Spellman and
his friend Amy. My wife Dolly is
the one with the cookies. Liam is
out legal counsel, and Gerry is our
Obamacare expert and treasurer. And
I don't know you.

ERNIE
I'm Ernie and this is Fawn. We're
just here to protect our second
amendment rights.

FAWN
And other stuff, too.

ERNIE
Yeah. And other stuff, too.

HOPE
So, young Mr. Spellman was just
explaining that his dad is one of
our state senators. (to Amy) And
how did you two meet?

AMY
We have an English class together.

GERRY, 70, nibbles on a cookie and leers at Amy.

ISAIAH
I hope you're reading useful
literature, and not all of that
leftist crap. You know, Hemingway
was a communist. Have you read
'Atlas Shrugged'?

AMY
Oh yeah. (lying) It was great.

ISAIAH

Great novel.

COBB
One of the best.

Murmur of approval from all.

ISAIAH
That book has real values. Hard
work. Independence. Not as good as
the Bible, but a close second.

COBB
(to Bart)
Looks like you picked a winner.

AMY
Can I use your restroom?

DOLLY
Of course, dear. Down the hallway
to the left.

Amy escapes as there is a KNOCK at the door.

HOPE
She's lovely.

DOLLY
Did you meet Gerry? He's our
neighbor, and our expert advocate
against the health care debacle.

GERRY
They call it the People's Protection
and Affordable Care Act, but it's
really just more socialism.

MURMUR of approval.

DOLLY
And Liam here is the Regional Party
Legal Counsel. I think you two
really need to be working together.

LIAM
Oh, absolutely.

DING DONG.

DOLLY
I'll get that.

Dolly bustles to the door.

EXT. COBB'S HOUSE - DAY

Jed and Kyle stand outside waiting.

JED
There better be some trim at this
fucking soiree. I wanna break some
pussy tonight, y'know?

KYLE
Classy.

The door opens.

DOLLY
Hello.

JED
Hi. We're here for the political
shindig.

DOLLY
Wonderful. I'm Dolly.

KYLE
Kyle.

JED
Jedediah. Call me Jed.

They all shake hands.

DOLLY
Well, welcome. Everyone is inside.

JED
Do you have a bathroom?

DOLLY
Of course. To the right.

They enter.

Jed heads down the hall.

JED
Sorry. Long ride over.

DOLLY
Oh, that's alright. We all have to
tinkle sometimes.

Dolly leads Kyle to the living room.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Amy washes her hands.

AMY
What the fuck am I doing here?
Atlas Shrugged was the worst book I
ever read.

Amy looks at herself in the mirror,
checks her teeth,
and shakes her head.

AMY
I'm not gonna suck his dick. Ever.
I should just go out and tell him I
want to go home. Fuck. How did I
get here? Why did I let him bring
me here? What the fuck is wrong
with me?

KNOCK at the door.

AMY
Just a minute.

Amy composes herself, adjusts her skirt,
and opens the door.

Jed stands outside.

He grins.

JED
Hey.

Amy walks past.

AMY
Hi.

Jed watches her leave
and does a quiet CHA-CHING maneuver.
He turns and enters the bathroom.
We follow Amy back down the hall
into the living room.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

All sit around, eating, as Gerry explains.

GERRY

Well I think it's a problem for everyone, because it subsidizes the biggest companies. Obamacare's tax incentives are preposterous. For any company under fifty employees, they'll give a fifty percent tax credit if they keep providing care, but only if they meet salary requirements. And that benefit declines.

COBB

But cheaper labor is good, though.

Cobb grabs a cocktail weenie.

GERRY

Sure, to a degree, but the way it's written encourages a minimum wage society. Not just some very cheap workers, because, heck, I think we should be able to hire young workers for next to nothing and use them as interns, but think about how this works. If you have fewer than 10 employees, you only get the tax credit if the average wage is under twenty-five thousand dollars.

Gerry coughs and clears his throat.

GERRY

Sorry. If the average wage is under twenty five k, that means you have one manager making sixty or seventy, and everyone else gets minimum wage. As the size of the company increases, that average wage can go up, too, but even at fifty employees, they want an average wage below thirty-five grand.

Blank stares all around.

GERRY

So, everyone is going to outsource their high end jobs, and restructure into minimum wage shops. And the companies that are best built for

this are the big chains and box stores, where they already pay bad wages. And it's a fifty percent tax credit. So, imagine you have a dozen employees and an average wage of sixty thousand dollars.

Isaiah grabs a couple cookies from the table, and gives one to Hope.

GERRY

Well, I'd call that a healthy company paying living wages. But they won't get a tax credit. Major franchises, on the other hand, will. So the Subway sandwich shop - which is already kicking the crap - sorry for my language - out of the local deli - well, they'll basically be subsidized by their smaller competitors, including the local deli. Because the local deli won't qualify for the tax credit unless they fire everybody expensive and bring in all minimum wage staff, too.

ERNIE and FAWN, in matching 'TEABAGGERS' t-shirts, listen with rapt attention.

ERNIE

That's not good. Is that why wages are going down?

GERRY

Absolutely. Intentional, government-sponsored wage deflation. The socialists want us all equally poor. It's a criminal scam. It's a system to feed the biggest corporations, and while we all believe in capitalism, I think most of us agree competition is good for markets, right? Well, Subway and Best Buy and Walmart and McDonalds love this Obamacare, because their accountants understand it and are restructuring them to get the maximum tax credits. But Joe's Deli doesn't have a big team of tax guys, and unless their bookkeeper is way ahead of the game, they're going to be at a massive government-created disadvantage that's really

all about helping the biggest
companies. And so who wins? That's
right! The fucking Jews.

Amy looks at Bart, who shifts, uncomfortably, & smiles.

Dolly stands and stumbles.

DOLLY
I'm sorry. I need a--

Dolly looks around, shakes for an instant, and collapses.

COBB
Dolly!

Gasps as Cobb goes to Dolly.

FAWN
Wait! I'm a nurse.

FAWN, 50, goes to Dolly.

COBB
Oh, God. She's not breathing!
Dolly!

Cobb coughs and shakes at Dolly.

FAWN
I'll do C.P.R. Call nine-one-one.

Faith checks Dolly.

FAITH
Oh, God, no pulse. Someone call
nine-one-one!

Amy and Bart & Hope and Isaiah hold hands.

Several guests pull out phones.

LIAM
I got it!

Liam dials as Faith administers C.P.R.

Isaiah rises and goes to where Fawn pumps on Dolly.

COBB
(sobbing)
Oh god, you have to save her! Baby,
don't leave me. Dolly!

LIAM

Hi. Um, we have a heart attack or something.

Jed comes out of the bathroom and sees the commotion.

JED

Damn. Is she okay?

Cobb gets up, coughing & foaming at the mouth, and turns to Jed.

ISAIAH

(to Fawn)

What's happening?

FAWN

She's in real trouble. Don't die, lady.

Isaiah starts administering last rights.

Cobb grabs his chest and collapses, falling with no help from Jed.

JED

Oh shit!

KYLE

Dude! Catch him.

JED

Too late.

Cobb spasms on the floor.

LIAM

We have two people who need medical attention. What's the address, here?

PANIC on everyone's faces as they watch, stunned.

Fawn pumps a couple more times on Dolly, checks her.

FAWN

Oh, God.

Fawn turns and checks Cobb.

Teddy rubs his own chest with worry.

KYLE

I can do C.P.R. on him. I took a

class.

FAWN

Thank you.

Cobb spasms and lets out a DEATH RATTLE.

KYLE

That aint good.

LIAM

Ninetyfour-twenty Birch. Yes. This sounds crazy, but her husband seems to have had a heart attack, too.

Kyle starts administreing C.P.R.

LIAM

How long? What can we do? Yes, we're administering C.P.R.

FAWN

Let me talk to them!

Liam brings her the phone. She motions for him to help with Cobb, and he does. Liam kneels and starts pumping away.

FAWN

Hi. Yes. I'm a nurse. They're not breathing. No pulse. Like massive heart attacks. How long? Oh, god. Yes. Yeah, this number is fine. (to everyone) They're on their way, but it could take fifteen minutes. (to phone) Yes. Thank you. Should we stay on the line?

Amy & Bart sit together.

BART

Bummer. Eh?

Amy stares at him, near tears.

Kyle keeps pumping away.

JED

He's dead. You can see it.

FAWN

Just keep the blood circulating. It's their only chance. Their brains will die, starting in a couple minutes. Oh, God.

ISAIAH

Commit these souls to your keeping,
Dear Lord.

FAWN

They'll never last fifteen minutes.

Liam stops but Jed keeps pumping.

ERNIE comes over and holds Fawn, who shakes her head.

ERNIE

There's nothing you can do. We're
too far from the hospital.

Amy starts to cry. Hope wipes away her tears.

Gerry puts his hand on Kyle's shoulder to stop him.

GERRY

It's okay, son.

KYLE

It's not okay. And if I were lying
here, I'd want you to keep trying
until they got here. Wouldn't you?

GERRY

Yeah. I guess I would.

Liam looks at them and starts pumping again.

LIAM

May your soul go with God.

Hope begins to sing 'Amazing Grace' - really well. All turn
to her, except Kyle and Liam.

HOPE

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
that saved a wretch like me, I once,
was lost, but now am found. Was
blind, but now I see.

GERRY

I can't, uh... Give me a minute.

Gerry walks into the kitchen, rubbing his face.

HOPE

'Twas grace that taught my heart to
fear, And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd!

INT. COBB'S KITCHEN - DAY

Gerry enters, distraught.

Hope's song continues outside.

HOPE (O.S.)
Thro' many dangers, toils, and
snares, I have already come; 'Tis
grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

Gerry digs through his pockets and pulls out a CONTAINER.

FAWN
He's dead. They're both...

HOPE (O.S.)
The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures; He will my
shield and portion be As long as
life endures.

Gerry opens the container and

pours out a bunch of PILLS.

He puts a few back in,

but swallows several.

Hope is really belting, now.

Gerry mouths along to the words.

HOPE (O.S.)
Yes, when this flesh and heart shall
fail, And mortal life shall cease; I
shall possess, within the veil, A
life of joy and peace.

Gerry collects himself and listens.

On this verse, he sings along - nailing it!

GERRY & HOPE (O.S.)
The earth shall soon dissolve like
snow, The sun forbear to shine; But
God, who call'd me here below, Will
be forever mine.

Gerry straightens his collar and rubs his face.

Gerry heads back into the living room.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Isaiah prays over Dolly.

Ernie prays near Cobb.

BART
Shouldn't we move the bodies?

LIAM
No. The police will want the bodies
where they are, for the
investigation.

Jed, next to Kyle, checks out Cobb.

JED
Oh, damn. You don't think they
didn't just die?

LIAM
I don't know.

FAWN
They both had massive heart attacks.

LIAM
I hope they both had massive heart
attacks.

DING DONG.

FAWN
What do you mean?

JED
Oh, shit.

KYLE
That was fast. Oh shit--

Kyle drops and starts pumping
on the very dead Cobb.

KYLE
Oh, damn.

JED
Yeah, dude. They're dead.

Amy rushes to the door.

Hope humms.

EXT. COBB'S HOUSE - DAY

Teddy stands, disheveled.

TEDDY
Sorry I'm late.

AMY
Oh, god. (to house) It's not the police!

TEDDY
Fuck no I'm not the police.

AMY
I'm sorry. We had kind of a-- Just come on in.

Tedy looks around,
then follows her inside.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amy leads Teddy inside.

TEDDY
I had a hell of a trip getting here. I try to walk everywhere I can, because I need the exercise anyway, but I had to take a bus today. They took away my license because my doctor says my meds make me a danger to everyone. But I think he's just one of these western medicine assholes who thinks chemotherapy will cure my cold. Fucker believes in vaccines! Nutbag! Like shooting a goat jizz & merury highball into my blood could be good for me. Like I said--

Isaiah kneels over Dolly.

Kyle kneels over Cobb.

Teddy stops.

TEDDY
What's going on, here?

Liam approaches.

LIAM

I'm Liam.

TEDDY

Teddy.

LIAM

Well, Teddy. A few minutes after the party started, both of our hosts had heart attacks.

TEDDY

No shit? And they're--

LIAM

Dead.

TEDDY

No fucking way.

LIAM

Yeah. Sorry, but we thought you were the EMTs.

TEDDY

That's fucking wild.

Kyle wipes away tears.

TEDDY

So the meeting is canceled?

LIAM

I think so.

TEDDY

Bummer.

LIAM

Yes. But we're waiting for police.

TEDDY

You think I need to stick around?

LIAM

I would guess they'll want a statement from you.

TEDDY

Aw, fuck.

LIAM

Yeah. I think we should all stay here until the police arrive.

Nods all around.

ISAIAH
Absolutely.

TEDDY
Aw, fuck me.

BING. DING. BEEP. Isaiah's, Jed's, Kyle's, Liam's, Teddy's and Cobb's cell phone all beep at once.

All reach for their devices.

KYLE
What?

Kyle shows his phone to Jed.

ISAIAH
I just got a text.

BART & JED
Me, too.

ISAIAH
If you leave, I will shoot you.

JED
What the fuck.

BART
It's a prank.

Cobb's phone, in his pocket, continues to BEEP. Kyle digs it out and looks at it.

KYLE
He got the message, too. A little late, I guess.

FAWN
What does it mean?

Teddy pulls out his gun.

TEDDY
I'll tell ya what it means.
Somebody fucked with the wrong
hombre.

Ernie pulls out his gun, too.

ERNIE
I've got a gun, too.

ISAIAH

Me, too.

Isaiah pulls out his gun.

Amy & Kyle look around, shocked.

AMY

We don't need guns. It's probably a prank.

LIAM

Yeah. Fuck it. It's a hoax.

KYLE

Well it's not fucking funny. Are they really dead?

FAWN

Yeah. They're dead.

JED

This is fucked up.

GERRY

No. This is horseshit. It's a primitive scare tactic, and I, for one, am not gonna fall for it. Law enforcement are on their way, and until they get here, we are perfectly capable of defending ourselves from any intruder, be they al qaeda, or chechens or some of them mean looking black fellers that hang out at the basketball courts. None of them can intimidate us. Because we are well-armed, well trained and capable of the highest level of warfare. The democrats can ruin public education. They can underfund the military. But they can't take away the fighting spirit of America.

Gerry turns around in a circle.

GERRY

Wait a minute.

Gerry gasps and falls where he stood.

JED

Not funny, man.

FAWN

Aw, shit.

Fawn rushes to his side.

Gerry kicks and thrashes on the floor.

FAWN

This isn't happening.

ERNIE

Call nine one one.

LIAM

We already did.

JED

No fucking way.

MAYHEM as everyone's phones go off again.

ISAIAH

This is crazy.

HOPE

Amazing, Grace, how--

AMY

Not now!

Hope, startled, stops singing.

Liam reads his text message.

LIAM

Yeah. Fuck this. I'm out of here.

Liam bolts for the door.

All watch through the living room window as Liam runs out and is shot in the yard. POP. POP.

Liam falls twenty yards out.

BART

Holy shit! What just happened?

Jed closes the curtains.

AMY

What just happened?

JED

That dude just got shot.

KYLE

And we just got text messages. If we run, we're next.

Amy checks her phone.

AMY

Fuck.

ERNIE

We called Nine-one-one. Law enforcement will be here soon.

KYLE

Three heart attacks.

TEDDY

Seems unlikely.

Fawn looks at the bodies.

Bart pulls Amy aside.

BART

I need to talk to you.

AMY

Ok.

Bart and Amy walk down a hallway. Teddy sees them go and follows, at a distance.

The others gather round the bodies.

ERNIE

Well, none of us did anything, so we just wait. And the cops will figure it out.

JED

They're all pretty old. They could be shocked they lived so long.

KYLE

But we can't leave cuz there's like, a sniper out there.

FAWN

And he has out phone numbers, so he knows exactly who we are. We're all fucked.

JED

Yeah. That's fucked up.

INT. COBB'S STUDY - DAY

Bart drags Amy into the room.

He shuts the door.

AMY

What?

BART

Just tired of all the dead people.
Thought we could fuck in here.

AMY

No.

BART

Come on. It'll be fun.

Bart unbuckles his belt. Amy stares, incredulous.

AMY

I'm not sucking your dick.

BART

Sure you will.

AMY

Does this really work? Just pulling
a girl aside and asking for a
blowjob?

BART

I wanna fuck you, too.

AMY

Yeah. Classy. This isn't working
for me.

BART

Well I don't want you to do anything
you don't want to do, but i do want
you to suck my dick. Paradox, eh?

AMY

Not gonna happen. Buckle up,
cowboy.

Bart shrugs and buckles up.

BART

Cops'll be here pretty soon. Right?

AMY

I'd think so.

BART
We're finally alone.

AMY
Yeah. At a crime scene.

BART
Old people dying. No biggie.

AMY
Horrible.

BART
Cmon. Now'd be a great time to blow
me. It's unexpected.

AMY
Are you nuts?

BART
Well, no direspect to the dead
intended. But we're stuck here,
anyway. Might as well get a
hummer. No?

Amy stares, mystified. Bart rubs his cock.

AMY
No.

BART
You know, I shaved my balls for this
date. I could just jack off on you.

AMY
Again, no.

BART
Man, you're no fun.

The door opens and Teddy stumbles in.

TEDDY
Sorry. There any liquor in here?

BART
Dude.

AMY
No. We're just leaving.

Amy exits, Bart and Teddy follow.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amy Teddy and Bart join the others.

BART
Total cockblock, man.

TEDDY
I blame your haircut.

BART
Yeah. You're cool. So, GAGH!

Bart collapses, choking. He rolls and quivers on the floor.

AMY
Bart?

TEDDY
Aw, dammit.

ISAIAH
Dear God, what have we done?

Hope hums Amazing Grace. Ernie stands over Bart.

TEDDY
He was with her!

AMY
I didn't do anything!

JED
What the hell is going on?

Bart flops like a fish, then stops.

Amy, Ernie, Fawn, Hope, Isaiah, Jed, Kyle, & Teddy stand around, shocked.

JED
Where the fuck are the cops?

Bart, Cobb, Dolly, and Gerry lie dead on the floor. Liam lies dead, outside.

KYLE
This is fucked up.

ISAIAH
It's just a test. Stand firm and know we did nothing wrong, and even an overzealous police force, desperate for easy answers will see

through the improbability of our complicity. We will all be absolved of any crime, at some point. And in the interim, remember that Jesus was a prisoner at the hands of Pilate. And Pilate tried to let him go, but the people wanted Barrabas.

JED
Whatever, dude.

KYLE
No, man. I know that story. Dismas and Gestas were the thieves alongside Jesus. Dismas repented and he's a saint now. They even changed the story about him to include stopping other thieves from robbing Joseph and Mary. And Gestas didn't repent and went to hell.

ISAIAH
Very good. And if today is your day, do you think you will go to heaven?

KYLE
Depends on how God feels about weed. And binge drinking. Other than that I'm a pretty good guy.

JED
He is a good guy. You are a good guy.

KYLE
Thank you.

FAWN
Guys, there's something wrong here.
All shuffle toward her. She kneels next to Cobb.

FAWN
I don't think they had heart attacks.

Fawn looks at Cobb's arms, then into his mouth.

JED
So what happened?

FAWN
I think they were poisoned.

Everyone looks at everyone else.

ERNIE
Are you sure?

Fawn pulls open Cobb's arm.

His hand holds a COOKIE.

FAWN
I think so.

TEDDY
Why?

FAWN
The way their throats are swollen.
Their veins. They look the same as
the kids who ate those school
lunches. Turned out they were
poisoned.

Teddy stands, eating a cookie.

FAWN
Those cookies are poisoned!

Teddy drops the cookie, looks around confused, and shoots
Fawn. She falls.

ERNIE
Oh my God.

Ernie points his gun at Teddy.

ERNIE
Why'd you do that?

Teddy shoots him. He falls.

AMY
Stop!

Isaiah holds his gun on Teddy.

ISAIAH
Put it down.

TEDDY
It was self-defense!

ISAIAH
Put it down!

TEDDY

It was self defense. If she knew she musta did it. I could turn and shoot you, but I understand your situation as well.

Teddy puts down his gun.

ISAIAH

Son, why'd you shoot them?

TEDDY

How did she know it was the cookies? Think about it, man. And what are they doing here, anyway? Just defending myself. And you, too.

JED

How do we know it wasn't you?

TEDDY

if i wanted to shoot you, you'd be shot. Who the fuck'd poison cookies?

AMY

I don't know, but please stop shooting people.

Isaiah picks up Teddy's gun and pockets it.

TEDDY

Fine. But I was just defending myself. Don't I have a right to defend myself?

ISAIAH

Maybe. I mean, generally, yes, but I think you may have gone too far, in this case.

TEDDY

Yeah. Maybe. All the dying is freaking me out.

ISAIAH

Yeah. I ate several cookies

AMY

It wasn't necessarily the cookies.

JED

It might have been the cookies. I

don't know if I ate cookies or not.
I had a bunch of those little
sausages.

KYLE
It may not even be the cookies.

ISAIAH
We need police.

TEDDY
Aw, fuck the police. People are
dying. We need to get the fuck out
of here.

Jed stands next to Hope.

JED
This is fucked up.

HOPE
Yeah. This is pretty bad.

JED
Did you eat any cookies?

HOPE
No.

JED
I don't think I did either, but it
depends on what's a cookie. I had
some of thos chocolate lace cookies
but they're not regular cookies,
right?

HOPE
I'm sure we'll be fine.

JED
I hope so. This party sucks.

HOPE
Yeah. Not what you want to be
doing, right?

JED
Right.

HOPE
Yeah. This isn't the wifeswap I was
hoping for, either.

Jed looks at Hope, unsure of what he heard.

INT. COBB'S KITCHEN - DAY

Isaiah drags in Teddy, with Kyle and Amy following.

TEDDY

Yes. But what I'm wondering is do we, as a party stand for judicial control? It's not just a matter of do you trust the cops and do you want a surveillance state keeping everyone in line. Because sure, if you don't intend to break the law, who cares who's watching? But can we trust the law?

ISAIAH

I trust the law.

TEDDY

Are you fucking crazy, man? I mean, I know a lot of cops are good people before they become cops - and they get in for the right reasons and everything. But then the only thing they do is give us tickets to make them more money. What would life be like if police had to prove something bad happened before they could charge you with a crime?

KYLE

Sounds good to me.

ISAIAH

We have stock in prison companies, so I'd be against that.

TEDDY

Prison doesn't work. It's just college for criminals. And most of our criminals aren't hurting anything. Shit, they're even going to die younger and save us on social security.

ISAIAH

You can explain yourself to the police.

TEDDY

I blame the cookies. Can I have my gun back. I won't shoot anybody else.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hope and Jed sit on a couch.

HOPE

The ambulance and police should have been here by now.

JED

Yeah. You're a really great singer.

HOPE

Not really. But I love to sing. I'd rather it be for celebration, though. This is horrible. Horrible way to die.

JED

Yeah. They didn't look too happy about it.

HOPE

I just hope it wasn't the food. I ate some of the food. So did Isaiah.

Hope sizes up Jed.

JED

Yeah. Me, too. But that was a while ago. I think if it were the food, we'd already be having issues. I feel okay.

HOPE

You look good. You think we should call again?

JED

Probably.

HOPE

I think we should call again. How long do you think they'll be in there?

JED

I dunno.

HOPE

Do you have a girlfriend?

JED

Not right now.

HOPE

You should. Young men have too much energy, and if they don't have a woman to get some sexual release, they just get mean. (off Jed, astonished) What? You're young. Don't get bitter. You know? I think about all the kids who go nuts and shoot up schools or join cults or wage evil wars, and I think they all just needed a really good blowjob.

JED

Aren't you a, uh, never mind.

HOPE

What? I think that's what happened to the president. After a few years of not getting his dick sucked, who cares if you blow up muslim kids with drone strikes?

JED

So, if the first lady puts out, there's less war? I guess that explains the Bush administration. And Nancy Reagan was a freak, too. You could just see it.

Hope looks around and smiles, dirty.

HOPE

Married an actor. And don't get me wrong. I hate Muslims. That's a horrible religion. Women are just property. They can't drive or go shopping or have affairs. And that's just not right. But I think the way we should defeat them is by purchasing their government, not by drone bombing their kids. We should just buy their media, and indoctrinate them with a Judeo-Christian view of reality, where women are subservient by choice, but not property. Just submissive. Do you like submissive?

Hope puts her hand on Jed's thigh.

JED

Um?

INT. COBB'S KITCHEN - DAY

Isaiah points a gun at Teddy. Amy & Kyle watch.

TEDDY

It's the tax code that's fucking everything up. Back in the sixties we taxed the rich at seventy percent. Now they freak out over thirty. Somewhere along the line, the rules changed as to who can get paid, and CEO salaries just exploded. The rich are subsidized to get richer and the poor are subsidized to vote for more entitlements. The whole structure is designed to fuck the middle class out of every nickel until all there are is poor and crazy rich assholes.

ISAIAH

We don't need higher taxes. We need fewer entitlements. We need to stop paying people to be on welfare, and raising generations of kids in poverty.

TEDDY

We shouldn't be helping the ultra rich. We'll never win another election if we do. We should send some of those bankers to jail. We should support taxes for the rich.

ISAIAH

You're crazy.

TEDDY

Far as I'm concerned, we should even tax churches. They're just for-profit corporations, anyway.

ISAIAH

Blasphemy. Churches are the only thing keeping society together.

TEDDY

Together? You mean in tiny cliques of judgment against everyone but yourselves? The premise for the war on terror? If you people could just get along with Muslims, we wouldn't be in this fucking mess.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jed on the couch.

Hope sitting next to him, hand on his thigh.

HOPE
I loved college. Of course, all I
remember about college was the
non-stop fucking.

JED
Yeah? Whoa.

Hope starts unbuttoning Jed's jeans.

HOPE
I gave so much head in college I
callused my tonsils. But then I had
them removed, and now I can put
pretty much anything down my throat

JED
What about--?

HOPE
Shhh. They're busy.

Hope slides off the couch and kneels in front of Jed.

JED
Are you kidding?

HOPE
No.

JED
Your husband has a gun.

HOPE
No bullets. Just be quiet.

JED
Are you nuts?

HOPE
Shh. It'll be fun.

REVERSE ANGLE (shot from behind couch - nothing seen)

The back of Jed's head.

Jed looks around, paranoid, but happy.

INT. COBB'S KITCHEN - DAY

Teddy sits, arguing.

Isaiah has the gun in his lap, but is no longer threatening Teddy.

Amy and Kyle watch.

TEDDY

So, yes, the party ha internal issues, but the key is to reclaim moderate whites who voted for Obama. We need to be like Reagan. Talk a big game while increasing the prison state, granting amnesty to court minority votes and

ISAIAH

Reagan was a great president.

AMY

Cept for the drug war.

TEDDY

Yeah, he fucked up the drug war. But he was friendly with the Taliban. Bin Laden worked for Reagan.

KYLE

Not really.

TEDDY

Yes, really. Bin Laden was a CIA asset under Reagan. We gave him weapons and shit to fight the commies. And then, when the commies gave up on Afghanistan, we moved in. We took over the drugs, and the oil, and even better, nobody talks about it but the real reason we won't leave afghanistan is the trillion dollars worth of lithium.

ISAIAH

Well, I believe in the drug war. Drugs destroy kids, and we need to do everything we can to keep them out of our neighborhoods. Drug treatment programs are a healthy way that the state can profit off addiction, and I'm for it. We keep all the criminal courts, but put

anyone caught with drugs through the system, to be milked for maximum profit. That's what poor people are for-- oh, Jerusalem.

Isaiah falls.

ISAIAH

Ouch.

Isaiah spasms.

TEDDY

Aw, fuck.

AMY

Grab him.

Kyle kneels next to Isaiah.

Isaiah's eyes are alive for a moment, then he's gone.

Isaiah's body spasms and Kyle moves away.

KYLE

Fuck.

TEDDY

Now, you all saw I didn't kill him.

KYLE

Yeah.

TEDDY

I had nothing to do with that one.

They look at the body.

AMY

Someone has to tell his wife.

KYLE

One-two-three-Not it!

AMY

Funny.

Teddy reaches down and grabs his gun from Isaiah.

TEDDY

Don't worry. Just to protect myself.

Teddy checks his gun and follows them out.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hope (clothed), leaned over the couch, dead, with Jed grinding (dryhumping) behind her.

The kitchen door opens and Amy, Kyle and Teddy exit.

Jed stops grinding on Hope and she falls off the couch.

Amy, Kyle and Teddy stare.

KYLE
Oh, damn, Jed!

Jed covers up, looks down at Hope. All stare at each other.

AMY
Is she dead? Oh God!

JED
She was okay a second ago. Damn.

TEDDY
Aw, we got lucky. We don't have to tell either of them the other is gone. You're a sick one.

JED
I didn't know! She was fine a minute ago!

KYLE
She was sixty.

Jed shrugs.

JED
She looked younger. Maybe fifty.

KYLE
Reverend died, too.

JED
Oh, man. Where's the fucking cops? That's crazy. Oh no, I just--

KYLE
I dunno. We called them an hour ago.

AMY
Did we? Did any of you talk to the cops?

TEDDY

No.

KYLE

No.

JED

No.

AMY

Fuck. What if nobody called?

Jed pulls out his phone. Dials.

TEDDY

We heard them call. The lawyer guy.

Jed waves him off, connected.

JED

Yes. Nine one one. Have you
already gotten a call from us?
Sixty-four twenty Birch. Fuck!
Yeah. There are a bunch of dead
people here. Some had heart attacks
but we think they were poisoned.
Another one got shot. Yes, shot.
Okay. I'm holding.

KYLE

This whole thing's a setup. One of
you is probably on some sort of
political hit list or something.
Why am I here? I'm completely
unimportant.

TEDDY

We need to get the fuck out of here.

AMY

Yeah. Fuck waiting.

Teddy, holding his gun, peeks out a window.

AMY

Be careful. Do you see anything?

TEDDY

No.

Kyle pulls on Amy's shirt and motions for her to follow him.

JED

Yes. Thank you. Hurry.

INT. COBB'S STUDY - DAY

Kyle pulls Amy into room.

AMY

What?

KYLE

The whole thing is a set-up.

AMY

What do you mean?

KYLE

If the first nine-one-one was a
hoax, we were meant to stay here and
get picked off.

AMY

With poison?

KYLE

I don't know. But think about it.
Are cops really coming? How can we
know? And if they don't, we might
as well expect assassins as police.

AMY

This is crazy.

KYLE

Yeah. But can you explain it? We
should make a break for it.

AMY

And get shot?

KYLE

If we all run at once, some of us
will probably make it.

AMY

Assuming we don't get shot by that
guy.

KYLE

Yeah. Fuck. I know. I don't trust
that guy with a gun. He kind of
murdered that lady, right?

AMY

That's what it looked like to me.
But I don't even know how to shoot a
gun, so I'm glad he's here.

KYLE

I've been to a gun range a few times. But I hate guns. I mean, I think it's better to have them be legal for the people who want them, because once you disarm, crime goes way up. We have data that shows - very obviously - in England and Australia, after they banned guns, violent crime went way up. We need guns to stop the crazy people, because you can't stop crazy people. Fucking everywhere.

AMY

Yeah, but if that guy didn't have a gun, that nurse and her husband would be alive.

KYLE

Was that her husband? I thought they were like brother and sister or something.

AMY

I thought they were together.

KYLE

They were creepy, but they didn't deserve to die. But they might have died anyway.

AMY

You don't think they did it?

KYLE

No. I think she just recognized it in front of the wrong nutbag.

AMY

We're the only ones left. You're not suggesting it's one of us.

KYLE

No. I mean. I didn't do anything, and he's already killing people. No, somebody lured us here.

AMY

Maybe one of them was a target.

KYLE

No idea. I just want to go home.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Teddy sits on the couch.

Hope lies dead on the floor, next to Cobb and Gerry.

Jed sits at the table.

TEDDY

You didn't even notice she had died?

JED

Dude. It must have just happened.
She was into it. I swear.

TEDDY

God, I hope so.

JED

She was. Least I didn't murder
anybody.

TEDDY

It was self-defense.

JED

Sure. Murderer.

TEDDY

I wouldn't be so high and mighty.
You were fucking a corpse. An old
corpse.

JED

She's not that old.

TEDDY

She was too old for me. Older than
your mom, I'll bet.

JED

Yeah. So what? My mom likes to
party.

TEDDY

You didn't notice she died, boy.
What the fuck is wrong with you?

JED

I don't know. Fuck. I don't know.

TEDDY

Only good news is the reverend musta
kicked out at the same time.

JED

Why do you think we're dying?

TEDDY

I dunno, kid. Someone wants us gone.

JED

We'll be all over the news.

TEDDY

Doubt it. Stuff like this happens every once in a while, and unless it fits the narrative, they just don't cover it. Where are the cops? I don't see any news trucks. I'm not sure if anyone here has even talked to anyone outside of here. For all we know, they've got control of the phones, and they're playing us like a russian accordion.

JED

They have to cover it. People will wonder what happened.

TEDDY

They can say anything they want. Gas leak. Carbon Monoxide. Swallowed by a sinkhole. Shot by a kid in a hoodie. If you don't follow the news, you're uninformed. If you do follow the news, you're misinformed. That's Twain. They make so much of this shit up.

JED

How do you know?

TEDDY

Oh, I don't. I just suspect a lot of things are bullshit. The moon landing. Peak oil. The Titanic. Global financial collapse. Global warming. Nine-eleven.

JED

Hey. Global warming is real, dude.

Teddy glares at him.

TEDDY

Yes, it's real. So what? Doesn't mean you can fix it with a tax.

INT. COBB'S STUDY - DAY

Kyle walks to sliding glass door.

Leads to patio.

Fence.

KYLE

We could run from here. Hop the fence.

AMY

And go where? It's miles to the nearest neighbor.

KYLE

Yeah. We need a car.

AMY

Do you think the cops are coming for us, or are they in on it? Human snipehunt.

KYLE

I don't know. I think we're all gonna die if we don't get out of here.

AMY

But why would somebody kill us. Over politics? It's so stupid.

KYLE

Yeah, well, the side that wins the war is usually the ones who were willing to do what the other side wouldn't. Or something like that.

AMY

I could jump that fence.

KYLE

Should we tell them?

AMY

Probably.

Kyle walks over to the door, and slides it open.

VWOOT. An arrow flies into the room and hits Kyle in the arm.

Kyle drops to the floor.

KYLE

Fuck.

The arrow is through his arm.

KYLE

Oh, damn. That looks bad. That looks bad, right?

AMY

Get back.

Kyle jumps back through and closes the door.

The arrow hits the wall as he does so, but it doesn't bother him. He doesn't even feel it.

He grins, confused.

AMY

Get back. It's glass.

KYLE

This isn't so bad.

Amy shushes him. Silence.

Kyle and Amy listen for help coming.

KYLE

Well, nobody came running.

AMY

I wouldn't either.

Kyle touches the arrow in his arm. No pain.

TEDDY (O.S.)

You guys okay?

AMY

We're fine.

KYLE

Not bad.

TEDDY (O.S.)

Good. Is it safe in there?

KYLE

No.

Kyle and Amy exit the room.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Teddy, Kyle and Amy return.

Kyle, peaked, has an arrow through his arm.

Jed sits in the corner, looking ill.

KYLE
You okay, buddy? You look like
shit.

Jed stands up, tries to speak, but can't. He collapses.

KYLE
Fuck. Fuckfuckfuck!

Kyle drops down to do CPR with his good arm.

KYLE
Call the fucking ambulance again.
Goddammit. Jed!

Kyle pumps on Jed.

Teddy and Amy watch.

Kyle checks Jed's pulse. Keeps pumping. Kyle grabs his injured arm.

AMY
We need to get out of here.

TEDDY
I came on the bus.

AMY
We can use Bart's truck.

KYLE
We can't leave. They'll kill us.

TEDDY
Looks like they'll kill us if we
stay, I like my chances better
outside.

Kyle stops pumping on Jed.

KYLE
Fuck. He's not even a fucking
republican.

TEDDY

Nobody really is anymore. But there has to be a party opposing the party in power, and that's all the republicans are now. Just a placeholder for a party of opposition. Until they come up with an inclusive platform and agenda, all we're really doing is agreeing to oppose the kleptocracy.

KYLE

Fuck you, man! My friend is dying. Oh, this is some bullshit. Jed. Damn!

AMY

We need to get the fuck out of here.

KYLE

We're taking the truck.

TEDDY

Okay, so we've got a plan.

AMY

Kind of.

TEDDY

Just be glad we've got guns to shoot back with.

AMY

Yeah.

TEDDY

I just hope this whole incident isn't used to further the gun control movement. I mean, I don't know what kind of whackjob is pulling this shit on us, but they've already broken a bunch of other laws, so gun control wouldn't have helped.

KYLE

I was thinking that must be the point of the arrow. Arrows can kill, too, you know?

AMY

Yeah. That looks horrible.

Kyle's arm, skewered by the arrow, drips blood.

KYLE
Really doesn't hurt.

Kyle slides the arrow deeper through his arm.

AMY
Ew.

TEDDY
Pretty sure you're in shock.

Kyle keeps moving the arrow stuck in his arm.

KYLE
That would explain it. Ba-dah! Ba!

TEDDY
You think we can get back to town?

AMY
We'll all fit in the cab.

TEDDY
This is fucked. We don't even know
where they're shooting from. We'll
never make it to the truck.

KYLE
We'll make it.

Amy Teddy and Kyle head toward the front door.

KYLE
Ready?

Teddy nods. Amy nods.

Kyle flings open the door, VWOOT - an arrow hits him in the head.

Amy kicks the door shut.

TEDDT
Damn.

Kyle lies on the ground with an arrow through his forehead.

AMY
Oh God.

KYLE
I'm okay. I taste frosting.

Amy looks out the small window in the front door.

EXT. COBB'S HOUSE - DAY

An arrow strikes the front door and sticks in.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kyle lies on the ground, arrow in head.

Teddy inspects the wound.

TEDDY
It's not so bad.

Teddy signals to Amy that Kyle is a dead man.

KYLE
Yeah. I feel okay. I mean, it
hurts, I think, but I'll be all
right.

Kyle's leg twitches.

Amy holds Kyle's hand.

KYLE
Am I lying down?

AMY
You're going to be fine.

TEDDY
We're all still fucked.

KYLE
You should run for it. You can
leave me, butter praline.

AMY
We're not leaving you.

TEDDY
We can't carry him.

Kyle flops a bit.

AMY
We're not leaving him.

TEDDY
I'm getting the fuck out of here.
Been a long fucking day, full of fat
assholes and dead assholes and
fucking arrows. They're gonna kill
us all.

KYLE

I love you, mom.

Kyle spasms and dies.

AMY

No. We'll get away.

Amy holds Kyle's hand. Checks his pulse.

AMY

Come on!

TEDDY

Sorry, honey.

AMY

He's gone.

TEDDY

We're fucked. Didn't you see that?
That was an amazing shot! They can
hit us whenever they want.

Amy closes Kyle's eyes and gets up.

AMY

Maybe they don't want us. Let's go.

TEDDY

Straight through the front door?
Town's eighteen miles.

Amy looks around the room.

AMY

I think we should go out the back.
Can you get over a fence?

TEDDY

Yeah.

AMY

Around to the right. Run to Bart's
truck.

Teddy checks his gun.

TEDDY

I'm out of bullets.

AMY

Good.

EXT. COBB'S BACKYARD - DAY

First Teddy, then Amy hop the back fence.

They rush around the side of the house.

EXT. COBB'S HOUSE - DAY

Amy and Teddy run to the truck.

Amy struggles with the keys.

AMY

Fuck!

TEDDY

We're okay.

Amy gets in the driver's side.

Teddy struggles to get into the passenger side.

Teddy turns and dryfires at the house.

TEDDY

Dammit.

He throws the gun aside and gets into the truck.

INT. BART'S TRUCK - DAY

Amy starts the truck.

Teddy puts on his seatbelt, scanning.

AMY

Did you see something?

TEDDY

No. Do you?

AMY

No.

TEDDY

Doesn't mean they're not there.

AMY

Doesn't mean they're gone, either.

TEDDY

Yeah. C'mon drive.

Amy puts it into gear and they take off.

EXT. COBB'S HOUSE - DAY

The truck peels away. The street is calm.

INT. BART'S TRUCK - DAY

Amy drives.

AMY
Keep watching.

TEDDY
I am.

AMY
(craning neck)
Is anyone following us?

TEDDY
I don't see anybody.

AMY
Where do we go?

TEDDY
No idea.

AMY
Police station?

TEDDY
In town. Eighteen miles.

AMY
We have gas. We're okay.

Teddy stares forward.

AMY
What the fuck, right?

TEDDY
Yeah.

The truck flies down the highway.

TEDDY
I'd like to say that this is why you
need a local, well-organized
militia, because the cops in this
country have turned into tax
collectors and prison slavers.
Their real function is to hand out
tickets and find good minority

prison workers. People they can sell out at twenty cents an hour - private prisons make inmates work to keep basic privileges, turning them into our lowest forms of slaves. Course we're all slaves. One of the big lies in history is Lincoln freed the slaves, but that's not really true. Did you know that?

AMY

What do you mean? Lincoln freed the slaves.

TEDDY

That's what they want you to think. But that's not what really happened. Up until the Civil War, there were some local jails where you'd be held til you were tried, but there were no real prisons. It was stocks or lashes or tar or exile. But the Civil War made it possible for all Americans, black and white to be slaves. It says in the thirteenth amendment, no American shall be a slave unless - and yes, there's an unless - he's convicted in our courts. Well, they make damned near everything illegal, selectively cull the undesirable, and put em in jail with racist court systems.

Amy drives.

TEDDY

It's pretty fucked up. And as republicans, we really should be against it, even though it lowers the average wage. Because it's just bad for everyone. Markets are screwed up by competitors using prison labor, which offers a cost savings that makes competition impossible. Imagine building something here with non-prison labor, at ten bucks an hour, with benefits and worker regs. Or you can make the same whatever with prisoners for thirty cents an hour. Who do you think wins? Who do you think wins?

Amy shrugs and keeps driving.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Bart's truck pulls onto the highway.

INT. BART'S TRUCK - DAY

Amy drives.

TEDDY

It's a scam, and it hurts everybody who doesn't employ prisoners. Drove me out of business.

AMY

I don't know. Do you think whoever was shooting at us left, too?

TEDDY

I dunno. Probably.

AMY

The lawyer was gone.

TEDDY

What?

AMY

The lawyer. The guy that ran and got shot outside. Where'd he go?

TEDDY

They must have taken him.

AMY

God. For what?

TEDDY

No idea.

Teddy winces.

TEDDY

They're gonna get away with it. Whoever did this.

AMY

You think?

TEDDY

Sure. We're out in the middle of nowhere. No witnesses. I mean. I didn't see anything, did you?

AMY

I don't know.

TEDDY

Well, even assuming we survive,
which is no Russian gymnast, we have
nothing to offer the authorities.
And we're not in a metropolitan area
full of cameras, so unless they
fucked up and left a good trail, and
then didn't bother to get the fuck
out of the area, they're gonna get
away with it.

Teddy coughs, touches his mouth.

Blood on his fingers.

TEDDY

Probably bad.

AMY

Oh, fuck. Are you okay?

TEDDY

I'm fine.

AMY

Are you sure? You look pretty bad.
You're bleeding-- Should I stop?

TEDDY

No. Fuck no.

Teddy starts to shake.

TEDDY

That's not good.

Teddy shakes.

AMY

Oh, god. Please don't die.

TEDDY

I bet the bodies are already gone.

AMY

Stay with me.

Teddy holds up a finger, as if he is about to say something,
but just gasps.

Amy pulls over.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The pickup pulls over to the side of the road.

Amy gets out of the driver's side.

The passenger side door opens and

Teddy falls out, kicking, blood all over his face.

AMY

Stay with me. I'm gonna find help.

Amy checks her cell phone.

Teddy flops behind her.

INSERT CELL PHONE

No coverage.

END INSERT

AMY

Fuck!

Teddy quivers.

Amy runs onto the road.

No other traffic.

Teddy stops shaking.

Amy comes back to him.

AMY

Fuck!

Amy checks and then throws phone.

Collapses on her knees, sobbing.

AMY

What do I do? Oh, god, what do I
do?

A truck whizzes by on the road.

Amy sobs.

AMY

This can't be happening.

Sun setting.

Amy breathes.

Amy rises.

Back to truck.

Teddy lays dead on the passenger side.

Amy looks at him.

AMY
Someone will see you. So sorry.

Opens the passenger door.

Opens the glove box and finds a big GUN.

Holds it.

Checks it for bullets.

Walks to the driver's side. Gets in.

Puts the gun down beside her.

INT. BART'S TRUCK - DAY

Amy looks in rearview mirror.

Breathes.

AMY
This is a bad idea.

Turns over engine.

Radio plays.

Puts truck in gear.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Bart's truck makes a U-Turn.

Heads back toward Cobb's.

Music.

INT. BART'S TRUCK - DAY

Amy, focused. Gun beside her. Road.

EXT. COBB'S HOUSE - DAY

Quiet.

Amy parks outside.

Opens door and gets out, pistol drawn.

Looks around.

Blood stain on ground where Liam was shot.

Amy walks to the door.

Opens the front door, but looks back behind her.

Goes inside.

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amy sneaks inside. The bodies are gone.

Amy looks around.

Calm. Empty.

But that's a blood stain.

Amy moves around the couch. No more Bart.

SHUFFLING.

Amy points the gun in all directions.

Amy ducks against the side of the wall.

More SHUFFLING.

Liam enters. He stares out the back window, pulling off blood-stained forensic GLOVES.

Amy points the gun at the back of his head.

She steps forward.

AMY

Freeze.

Liam turns and smiles at her.

LIAM

I'm glad you came back.

AMY

Yeah. What the fuck?

Liam stares at her.

She holds the gun on him.

LIAM
What do you want me to do?

AMY
Against the wall. Spread em.

Liam moves to the wall, and facing it, gets into position.

LIAM
Oh, I like this.

Amy holds the gun on him.

She approaches and pulls a GUN out of the back of his pants.

As she does, he spins and kicks her. She flies.

The gun skids across the floor.

He stalks then jumps on her and hits her in the face, hard.

She kicks and claws back but he's pummeling her. He hits her hard and she goes limp.

Her mouth bleeds, eyes open.

She looks at the gun six feet away.

Liam climbs to his feet and dusts himself off.

LIAM
That's better.

Amy bleeds.

LIAM
Really am glad you came back. Saves us having to hunt you down.

Amy closes her eyes.

LIAM
Yeah. Best part of this job is disappearing the useless. I mean, I was special forces and we did some things I'm not so proud of, because there were places where we were in their country and they were just

incapable of meaningfully fighting back. So we had to create some atrocities. Slaughter is an ugly thing. I pity our enemies.

Liam moves to the side of the room and starts rearranging furniture.

Amy opens her eyes. He continues on, not facing her.

LIAM

But the most dangerous thing are people who care. Did you know that? It's not whackadoodles. They'll always be around to burn up a bus or shoot up a school, but revolutionaries, whose views could damage the status quo. Cuz we like the status quo. It's good for our benefactors. And we're not selling anyone out by favoritng the rich. We're just treating people how we want to be treated. Like Jesus.

Amy looks at the gun. Liam pushes a chair over a bloodstain on the carpet. He looks over at her and she shuts her eyes.

Liam heads down the hall.

Amy scrambles to the gun.

Liam returns with a TOWEL and a CROSSBOW.

Amy squeezes the gun but it won't go off.

AMY

Fuck!

Liam grabs the gun.

LIAM

Safety's still on.

Liam disengages the safety.

LIAM

Whoops.

Liam tosses the gun, holds up the crossbow and shoots Amy in the head. BANG. Amy falls.

Liam pockets the gun.

Walks out of the room.

CREDITS (3 MINUTES)

MUSIC.

CAST & CREW TITLES

AMY.

BART.

COBB.

DOLLY.

ERNIE

FAWN

GERRY

HOPE

ISAIAH

JED

KYLE

LIAM

MEG

NANCY

OYA

PAUL

QUIERA

TEDDY

END CREDITS

INT. COBB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

SIRENS.

EMT SOUNDS.

Amy wakes, gasping, arrow in head, to sound of EMT's.

ROLL CREDITS