

DRUDGE

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June 15, 2018

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EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

"HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE" by The Bee Gees plays.

Tourists visit the White House, the Lincoln Memorial, and the Washington Monument.

SUPER: 1980

We travel through the DC scenery and eventually make our way to...

EXT. SUBURBS OF WASHINGTON DC - DAY

... its surrounding suburbs. Very vanilla. Very hippie. This is Takoma Park, Maryland.

INT. TAKOMA PARK COURTHOUSE - DAY

A child support hearing. Two local suburbanite parents BOB and CLAIRE DRUDGE (both 40s, both Jewish, both liberal, both spiteful at the moment) sit on separate sides of a conference table. At the head of the table sits a jaded JUDGE, who sits in front of a framed Jimmy Carter photo on the wall.

JUDGE

And your son Matthew Nathan Drudge,
born in 1966 so he's now...

CLAIRE

14, your honor.

The Judge writes this down and reads more from their files.

JUDGE

And you divorced when he was six
years old?

CLAIRE

Correct, your honor.

JUDGE

Now it says here you believe you
are unfit to raise Matthew because
you're currently unemployed, but
that both of you were once federal
government employees.

CLAIRE

Yes, I was working for Ted Kennedy.
On health issues.

JUDGE
And why did you leave that job?

CLAIRE
Health issues.

JUDGE
Of your own?

CLAIRE
Yes, your honor.

JUDGE
Care to elaborate?

CLAIRE
No, your honor.

BOB
Mental health issues, your honor.
(gesturing to Claire)
My ex-wife is a schizophrenic.
She's been in and out of hospitals
since last year. That's why she
sent the boy to me.

CLAIRE
The boy has a name.

Bob ignores her and talks directly to the Judge.

BOB
So I gave him a chance and he was
too much for us.

CLAIRE
You gave him three weeks, Bob!

Claire turns to the Judge.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Three weeks and he rejected his
natural son and returned him to my
home, knowing that I am jobless and
under doctor's care!

Bob finally addresses Claire.

BOB
I have a new family of my own and
it's not my fault you don't.
(back to Judge)
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)
My wife comes first, her two sons
come second, and Matthew comes
third.

CLAIRE
Evidently a very distant third.

JUDGE
Let's remain civil, please. Mr.
Drudge, you're self-employed as a
professional psychotherapist?

BOB
Yes.

An awkward beat.

BOB (CONT'D)
(sheepishly)
With a specialization in family
psychotherapy.

A moment of silence for all three of them to soak in the
irony. The Judge opens his mouth to speak but --

BOB (CONT'D)
And marriage counseling.

Judge closes his mouth. A third awkward silence.

JUDGE
Okay then. And it also says here
Matthew has "Special Education
Needs," can either of you elaborate
on that? Without bickering?

BOB
He's barely passing his classes,
he's been suspended more than three
times...

JUDGE
For what?

BOB
Cheating. Cutting class.
(increasingly frustrated)
Last summer we picked him up from
the police department because he
was making prank phone calls... to
the police department!

JUDGE

I'll be honest, Mr. and Mrs.
Drudge. It's not smart behavior but
it does sound like somewhat normal
behavior for a teenage boy.

Claire and Bob look at each other. They present an almost
unified front:

CLAIRE

He's often losing things...

EXT. STREETS OF WASHINGTON DC - DAY

We finally see "the boy" his parents not-so-fondly speak of:

MATT DRUDGE, a 14-year-old in a fedora, delivers newspapers.
He wears headphones plugged into an old RADIO.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

His books, his glasses.

BOB (V.O.)

His hair.

JUDGE (V.O.)

Pardon?

BOB (V.O.)

He's the only kid in high school
losing his hair.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

So he wears a fedora to cover up
the balding, which doesn't really
help with the bullying.

BOB (V.O.)

He has no friends.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

And not by choice.

Matt stops his delivery route to stare up at a massive
building: The Washington Post Newsroom.

We see him from behind, at a low angle: a little kid looking
up at a massive building.

BOB (V.O.)

At night he listens to the police
scanner. He can't fall asleep
without a radio. Seriously.

(MORE)

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My wife's kids couldn't deal with
that noise coming from the other
room.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
When Matt was 13, well, the Rabbi
said he "failed Bar-Mitzvah."

INT. TAKOMA PARK COURTHOUSE - BACK TO SCENE

The Judge looks confused.

JUDGE
I'm sorry, I'm not familiar.

CLAIRE
Oh, a Bar-Mitzvah is a Jewish rite
of passage...

JUDGE
No I'm Jewish, I know what a Bar-
Mitzvah is, I mean I've never heard
of that. How does one "fail Bar-
Mitvah?"

Claire and Bob look at each other. Then back at the Judge.
The Drudges shrug in unison.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Okay. So. Neither of you are
requesting custody of your 14-year-
old son Matthew Drudge. Is that
correct?

Slowly and shamefully, Bob and Claire nod their heads. The
Judge audibly sighs.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

"GIN AND JUICE" by Snoop Dogg plays.

Tourists visit the Walk of Fame, Griffith Observatory, and
the Hollywood sign.

SUPER: 1995

We travel through the LA scenery and ultimately make our way
to...

EXT. SUBURBS OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

... its surrounding suburbs. Over the hill from the Hollywood chaos lies Studio City, and specifically the CBS Studio Center lot.

INT. CBS HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - DAY

The CBS NEWS HIRING EXECUTIVE (30s, African-American woman with glasses) sits at a fancy desk.

HIRING EXEC

So you wanna work in the news business.

Reveal the interviewee:

MATT DRUDGE, now 27 and pretty bald, still rocking a fedora... in just about every scene in this movie.

Drudge has a twitchy demeanor and horrific posture. He talks with a weird sense of confidence despite a nasally voice and the occasional stutter.

DRUDGE

Yes ma'am. I've loved talk radio my whole life but TV seems to be where it's at now for journalism. And ever since I was a paperboy, I-I-I've been a true "news junkie." So when I saw CBS News was looking for a Production Assistant, I just had to throw my name in the ringer.

HIRING EXEC

All right. Well for starters, do you have any experience as a P.A.?

DRUDGE

No.

HIRING EXEC

Okay, okay, not a deal-breaker. This is an entry-level job. What about journalism school?

DRUDGE

No.

HIRING EXEC

Film school?

DRUDGE

No.

HIRING EXEC

Okay, what did you study in college?

DRUDGE

No.

Hiring Exec looks confused.

HIRING EXEC

No?

DRUDGE

No, I mean -- I mean I didn't go to college.

She takes that in for a beat.

HIRING EXEC

Can I see your resumé, Matthew?

DRUDGE

Yes, ma'am.

Drudge passes her "MATT DRUDGE'S RESUMÉ."

HIRING EXEC

Let's see...

(reading with increasing concern)

Paperboy in Takoma Park...
Telemarketer... Grocery Store
Assistant... McDonald's... worked
the night shift at 7-Eleven? What
the hell is this?

Drudge turns red.

HIRING EXEC (CONT'D)

This says you graduated 325th in
your class. How many kids were in
your class?

DRUDGE

(sheepishly)

350.

HIRING EXEC

Okay why would you even put that on
a resumé?

Exec's phone rings. She picks it up, holds a "one sec" finger up to Drudge.

Drudge looks miserable. He looks at the news posters around the office as well as a CLINTON-GORE '92 sticker on her desk.

HIRING EXEC (CONT'D)

Uh-huh. Sonofabitch. Okay. Right.
Got it.

She hangs up, closes her eyes, and rubs her temples in distress.

DRUDGE

Heh. Sounded bad.

HIRING EXEC

We just found out who's been
stealing cash from the register at
the gift shop downstairs.

DRUDGE

Oh wow. Who?

HIRING EXEC

The cashier.

DRUDGE

Yikes.

Hiring Exec stops rubbing her temples. Opens her eyes. Looks up. She's staring right at her solution.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CBS STUDIOS GIFT SHOP - DAY

Drudge dusts off "60 Minutes" promotional mugs in a CBS STUDIOS EMPLOYEE POLO and, of course, a fedora.

He works the cash register and watches the small TV in the corner of the shop, which displays CBS at all times:

It's a 1995 AOL COMMERCIAL where two generic white guys hang out by a computer (ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE).

MALE FRIEND (ON TV)

*Hey Dan, ready for the game? I'm
just finishing up here with my new
kayaking friends.*

OTHER MALE FRIEND (ON TV)

Kayaking friends on your computer?

MALE FRIEND (ON TV)
Yeah, I just got America Online!

NARRATOR (ON TV)
Call now for America Online! A new way to use your computer to communicate, have fun, and get instant news and information.

OTHER MALE FRIEND (ON TV)
But how does it work?

MALE FRIEND (ON TV)
All you need is a computer and a regular phone line.

OTHER MALE FRIEND (ON TV)
That's great!

MALE FRIEND (ON TV)
Yeah, downloading's easy too. You know I can even send email on the internet? And of course there's my personal favorite: live chat. That's where I met my new kayaking buddies. We'll check that out later. After the game.

EXT. CBS STUDIOS CAFE - DAY

Drudge scarfs down a sandwich and chugs Dr. Pepper.

He sits across from his father, Bob, now slightly grey. Bob watches Drudge eat with a mix of disgust and disappointment that this creature came from his seed.

BOB
So. Matt. You like it out here?

Bob is just trying to make conversation, he doesn't really give a shit.

DRUDGE
Love it.

Drudge burps. Bob wipes sweat from the heat.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
Sunshine's great.

A fly lands on Drudge's face. He swats it.

BOB

I just... I don't understand moving
3,000 miles across the country to
work for five dollars an hour.
Didn't you wanna pursue journalism?

DRUDGE

Yeah! I work at CBS News.

BOB

You work at the gift shop.

DRUDGE

At the CBS gift shop.

Bob does a "check please" motion to a waiter.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

Look, the news business is hard to
break into so I'm definitely
starting from the bottom, but I-I-I
have high hopes.

Drudge eats more. Bob stares at Drudge like "what have I
done?"

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

So are you in town for your other
family?

Bob refocuses.

BOB

Yeah, my wife -- Maria -- we're
here for a wedding. Carla's getting
married to Antonio.

Drudge nods silently. Then:

DRUDGE

I don't know who any of those
people are.

BOB

Right, Matt, do you need money
maybe? You know, before I leave?

DRUDGE

What? No, I mean, sure but I... I
just... I thought we were gonna
catch up.

Bob doesn't even look at the check as it comes. He almost
violently shoves his credit card into the WAITER's hand.

BOB
What else is there to catch up on?

DRUDGE
I got a cat.

BOB
A cat? Where'd you buy a cat from?

DRUDGE
I found it in an alleyway on
Melrose.

BOB
Wow.

DRUDGE
I named it Cat.

BOB
Okay.

Drudge LOUDLY sips the end of his soda. People turn at the noise. Drudge is oblivious. Bob is horrified.

BOB (CONT'D)
You know what? Let me buy you
something.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

Bob drives Drudge into a CIRCUIT CITY parking lot.

INT. CIRCUIT CITY - DAY

Bob shows his son a line of "brand new" (these look fugly and ancient now) Packard-Bell computers.

BOB
You hear about these things?

DRUDGE
Computers? Yeah, it's 1995, dad.

BOB
No. I mean the Packard-Bell 486.
850 megabyte hard drive, a CD-ROM
drive, a floppy disk drive, the
whole nine yards. I got one back
home and it's pretty good. Just...
just lemme get you one.

DRUDGE

Wow. I mean I don't know what I'll
do with a computer but... sure.
I'll take it. Thanks a lot, dad.

BOB

No problem.

Drudge goes in for the hug but Bob extends his hand.

Drudge awkwardly shakes his father's hand in front of the row
of computers.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sketchy. As. Fuck.

Sounds of a DOMESTIC DISPUTE nearby. SIRENS. A JUNKIE waddles
around as Drudge pulls up to his carport in a beat-up RED
METRO GEO.

DRUDGE

(to Junkie)

'Scuse me, pardon me.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Drudge walks in and turns on a half-broken light, revealing a
makeshift office/living space featuring with a desk, a chair,
a modem, a phone jack, a litter box, and his childhood RADIO.

A CAT NAMED CAT rushes over and purrs at Drudge's feet.

Drudge puts the giant COMPUTER down on his desk.

Before petting Cat, Drudge turns on the RADIO. And when I say
"radio," this always, always, always means THE RUSH LIMBAUGH
SHOW.

RUSH LIMBAUGH (ON RADIO)

Former Arkansas state employee
Paula Jones is suing the President
for sexual harassment, claiming
that he violated her while he was
Governor! I mean while special
counsel Ken Starr's investigating
Whitewater, can he also investigate
this scandal?

Drudge passes by a window from which two notable buildings
stand tall: one has "CNN" written in neon lights and the
other has a giant "E!" on it.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Drudge sits and looks blankly at:

THE COMPUTER.

We cut back and forth between them, as if it's a face-to-face staring contest.

Slowly, Drudge leans in and turns it on.

BLACKOUT.

OVER BLACK, WE HEAR THE FAMED AOL DIALUP MODEM SOUND.

FADE IN:

INT. CBS STUDIO GIFT SHOP - DAY

Another day at work. Drudge attaches price tags to "Touched by an Angel" t-shirts. Two FEMALE EXECUTIVES are heading out of the gift shop and muttering to each other.

FEMALE EXEC 1

When they see these ratings tomorrow, it's gonna be you and me getting chewed out.

FEMALE EXEC 2

They need to let the show grow into itself, it's not our fault.

Female Exec 1 angrily crumples a sheet of PAPER into the trash on her way out.

Drudge cocks his brow curiously. He looks around. The gift shop is empty besides him. Slowly, he walks over to the trash. He digs in and finds the barely crumpled paper:

NIELSEN REPORT - Network Ratings

Drudge thinks.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drudge listens to RUSH LIMBAUGH while typing up "**EARLY NIELSEN RATINGS!**" at the computer.

From **MattDrudge@aol.com**, he emails the RATINGS out to **BobDrudge@aol.com**.

Above the RATINGS, Drudge types: "Dad, I'm putting the computer to use. CBS is in the lead! Thanks again, Matt."

INT. CRAPPY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Drudge and Cat fall asleep listening to the POLICE SCANNER on his night stand.

EXT. CBS STUDIOS - MAILROOM - DAY

Drudge sorts and distributes mail. As he does, he stops and notices one of the items he's sorting and distributing:

BOX OFFICE TOTALS

He looks around, paranoid. He puts it in his pocket.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drudge types up "**EARLY BOX OFFICE RESULTS!**" on his computer.

A DOMESTIC DISPUTE gets louder. Drudge gets up, closes the window, and turns up RUSH LIMBAUGH.

RUSH LIMBAUGH (ON RADIO)
If Whitewater doesn't do this
President in, I don't know what
will. Slick Willie seems to slide
his way out of everything.

He strokes Cat, looks at the radio as if Rush is having a conversation with him, and sits back down at the computer.

He emails the Early Box Office Numbers to a list of 50 email addresses from a hard-copy **CBS STUDIO DIRECTORY** beside his computer. He's circled **email addresses** belonging to people who have important-sounding job titles.

EXT. CBS COMMISSARY - DAY

Drudge eats a banana alone and circles more names in the STUDIO DIRECTORY, including "**Laura Ingraham - CBS Evening News Commentator.**"

As he circles her email address, he overhears a table of four MALE EXECS shooting the shit.

MALE EXEC 1
 (smirking; half-joking)
 Can't believe Connie's getting the
 boot tomorrow.

MALE EXEC 2
 She's gonna need to be put on
 suicide watch.

Drudge writes down "Connie Chung Fired?" in the margins of
 the STUDIO DIRECTORY.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

With a *LEGGY BLONDE PUNDIT* (we'll meet her later as Laura
 Ingraham) talking about Paula Jones on **CBS** behind him on a
 new TV, Drudge sits at his desk and types up:

THE REPORT: CBS TO FIRE CONNIE CHUNG!

Drudge emails it to 150 people from circled names in the
 STUDIO DIRECTORY.

His inbox is full of hundreds of emails with subject lines
 like "Please Add Me to Your Email Chain" and "Help Me
 Subscribe to The Drudge Report."

Drudge looks at that and chuckles.

DRUDGE
 "The Drudge Report."
 (to Cat)
 I like that.

INT. CBS STUDIOS - "SEINFELD" SET - DAY

Drudge waits for some TV PRODUCERS to sign for some packages
 he's delivering.

As he holds the clipboard for the signers, Drudge overhears a
 couple of men bickering nearby:

JERRY SEINFELD (O.S.)
 I'm gonna ask for one million an
 episode.

LARRY DAVID (O.S.)
 Are you crazy?!

Drudge turns his head to see who's talking: it's a youngish
 JERRY SEINFELD and LARRY DAVID, both wearing those "Seinfeld"
 letterman jackets for people who work on the show.

JERRY SEINFELD
Gimme a break, Larry, it was my
agent's idea.

LARRY DAVID
Who's your agent?!

JERRY SEINFELD
Your agent!

LARRY DAVID
Jerry...

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

*Another LEGGY BLONDE PUNDIT (we'll meet her later as Ann Coulter) talks about Whitewater on **C-SPAN** behind Drudge on a second TV screen (yes, he bought a second one). He sits at his desk and types up:*

THE DRUDGE REPORT: SEINFELD ASKS FOR \$1 MILLION AN EPISODE!

Drudge emails this to 300 addresses, including
Laura.Ingraham@CBSNews.com.

A MINI-MONTAGE OF DRUDGE SENDING OUT HIS NEWSLETTERS:

EARLY BOX OFFICE RESULTS!

CAN YOU GUESS WHICH CBS SITCOM STAR RELAPSED?!

EARLY NIELSEN RATINGS!

Drudge kicks his feet up and reads a newspaper while
listening to Rush on the RADIO.

RUSH LIMBAUGH (ON RADIO)
What kind of father is Bill Clinton
that he's constantly in these sex
scandals? What kind of mother is
Hillary Clinton that she enables
all of this?

Drudge puts the paper down to look at the RADIO while Rush
speaks:

RUSH LIMBAUGH (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)
It's a sham marriage and it's a
sham family. And anyone with an
audience and anyone in the media --
anyone with a platform in this
country -- has a moral
responsibility to speak out.

Drudge looks down at the boring newspaper headline:

Clinton Associates Concerned by Starr's Widening Probe

Drudge strokes his chin, turns to his computer, and launches us into another MINI-MONTAGE OF DRUDGE SENDING OUT E-NEWSLETTERS:

WHICH SCANDAL WILL TAKE SLICK WILLIE DOWN?!

More subscription requests flood his AOL inbox.

PREZ WANTS TO DELAY PAULA JONES CASE!

And more. And more.

WILL KEN STARR SUBPOENA HILLARY IN WHITEWATER?!

Drudge emails this last one to 1,500 addresses.

He swivels his chair around to the TVs and turns up **C-SPAN**:

*In this **ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**, elderly C-SPAN host BRIAN LAMB holds up the front page of The Washington Post's Style Section, which features a photo of SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL (40s, glasses, slicked-back hair) folding his arms smugly. Lamb reads off the newspaper.*

BRIAN LAMB (ON TV)
"The President and Mrs. Clinton have a steadfast supporter in journalist Sid Blumenthal, who will soon serve them in the White House." Why is this such a big story in The Post this morning, you think?

C-SPAN cameras creepily zoom in on Sidney Blumenthal while Brian Lamb's GUEST narrates:

JOURNALIST GUEST (ON TV) (O.S.)
Well in part because Sidney Blumenthal is a prominent journalist he's now decided to go back into government and work in government service. And there's a debate in our industry about how appropriate that is...

AOL VOICE
 You've got mail!

Drudge swivels his chair around from **C-SPAN** and checks his inbox.

Subject line: **Wanna meet up?**

He opens the email:

Big fan. Hard to find a fellow conservative in LA. Would love to meet you sometime. -Andrew Breitbart

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

Drudge approaches a loud and overweight boar named ANDREW BREITBART (mid-20s, wild hair, SoCal accent).

DRUDGE

Hi. Matt Drudge from Hollywood.

Drudge extends his hand but Breitbart drags him in for a bear hug. Drudge clutches onto his fedora but loves it.

BREITBART

Andrew Breitbart from my mother's pussy. You ever smoke authentic California weed, Matt?

EXT. VENICE CANALS - MOMENTS LATER

On a romantic stroll, Drudge watches in awe as Breitbart is able to roll a joint while they walk-and-talk.

BREITBART

What I love about your site is it's not just Hollywood gossip. Not that there's anything wrong with Hollywood gossip --

DRUDGE

(defensive)

Hollywood and DC are intertwining more and more everyday. There's no real distinction between entertainment and politics.

BREITBART

No, no, totally agree, I just mean that Drudge -- the Drudge Report -- isn't just about which movie is tanking at the box office and which show is getting cancelled next.

Breitbart sparks the joint and puffs like a pro.

DRUDGE
(more defensive)
Well I broke Seinfeld's asking
price before CNN did.

BREITBART
Right.

DRUDGE
And my Nielsen Ratings and Box
Office totals come out at least a
day --

BREITBART
A day before the papers, right,
because you're on the West Coast
and it's the internet, so you just
do it at night and by morning
you've technically beat the East
Coast papers --

Drudge frowns.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
-- but that's not what draws me,
man. I love that you keep tabs on
the Clinton sagas. Paula Jones.
Whitewater.

Drudge takes the compliment. And the joint.

DRUDGE
The more political emails I send,
the more subscribers I get. Plus
the Clintons are keeping me so busy
I think I'm gonna have to quit my
job at the CBS gift shop.

BREITBART
Wait, what?

Breitbart stops walking.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
You've been running The Drudge
Report from a gift shop?

Drudge nods, tries to look cool but can barely smoke the
joint correctly.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
That is some working class hero
shit right there.

Breitbart starts walking again.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
You ever read "Conscience of a
Conservative?"

Drudge shakes his head.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
No?! You fucking crazy?! Okay, I
gotta give that to you. Remind me,
brother, remind me.

DRUDGE
(chuckles)
Okay.

BREITBART
So you from Hollywood originally?

DRUDGE
DC.

BREITBART
Belly of the beast. Where'd you go
to school?

DRUDGE
Never got into college.

BREITBART
Fuck yeah!

DRUDGE
(excited)
You neither?

BREITBART
No, I went to Tulane.

DRUDGE
Oh.

BREITBART
Colleges are run by liberal elitist
assholes. Same with LA in general.

DRUDGE
Totally. Where are you from?

BREITBART
Brentwood.

DRUDGE

Oh.

BREITBART

Yeah. But I work in Hollywood. The E! Channel. The one with the exclamation point?

DRUDGE

You work at E Exclamation Point?! I can see that building from my apartment. I didn't realize you worked in television.

BREITBART

I mean I'm just a coder for E! Online, I sit in a dark room behind a computer for minimum wage.

DRUDGE

Hey, I do that for free. You know, my next step with The Report is to turn the newsletter into a website. I actually want the site to be like CNN meets E Exclamation Point -- a mix of showbiz gossip and politics. You know how to make a site?

BREITBART

HTML is my bread and butter, brother! Surprised someone on your staff doesn't know how to do that. I mean I'm definitely in the market for a new gig.

Drudge coughs hysterically.

DRUDGE

Yeah?

Breitbart takes the joint back, smokes it to a crisp, and tosses it in the canal. Drudge looks around to make sure nobody's watching. Breitbart doesn't give a shit.

BREITBART

Hell yeah. Fuckin' hate my bosses. I'd take half the money for a job I was actually passionate about.

DRUDGE

Half of minimum wage? That could probably be arranged.

BREITBART

The people at E! or CNN --
everybody in the media -- they're
all in bed with the politicians
because they're all a bunch of
Jewish Liberal Democrats from LA.
They probably went to each other's
Bar-Mitzvahs.

DRUDGE

Went to the same IVY League
schools, part of the same
fraternities, got the same jobs in
DC.

BREITBART

Like Sidney Blumenthal. Guy goes
from supposedly covering the White
House for The Washington Post --

DRUDGE

To working in the actual White
House! How is that even legal?!

Breitbart grabs Drudge by the shoulders and shakes him.

BREITBART

How the FUCK is that even legal!

Breitbart lets go. Drudge loved that. Best and only date he's
ever been on.

BREITBART (CONT'D)

You know my parents were Jewish
Liberal Democrats.

Drudge turns to Breitbart in stoned disbelief.

DRUDGE

Mine too.

BREITBART

The only thing they could ever
agree on was politics and religion.
But it was all bullshit. All
feigned progressivism. See,
liberals pretend they're all for
the little guy publicly. But then,
behind closed doors? They'll drop
you like a bad habit.

Drudge stares at him in total silence. He has never connected
with a human being before like this in his life.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
Hey, you don't listen to Rush
Limbaugh do you?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

Drudge turns the shoddy light on, revealing the home office to Breitbart. He gives the tour:

DRUDGE
So you'll be doing the morning
shift. We have three TV's with the
three big C's.
(turning on all the TVs)
CBS, CNN, and C-SPAN. This one's
always on CBS, this one's always on
CNN, and this one's always on C-
SPAN. This right here is an RCA
satellite dish for European news,
extra TV channels, Broadway
showtunes...

BREITBART
Wait. When you say "we" have three
TV's, you mean...?

DRUDGE
You and me.

BREITBART
Sorry, I'm a little baked, is this
your office or your apartment?

DRUDGE
It's both.

Drudge has already wandered into his bedroom.

BREITBART
Oh.

Breitbart goes from impressed to almost creeped out.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
So it's... just the two of us?

DRUDGE (O.S.)
(calling from bedroom)
And Cat!

Suddenly, a MEOW. Breitbart looks down.

Cat looks up at Breitbart.

DRUDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hope you're not allergic.

Breitbart turns around: Drudge has emerged from his bedroom, holding up a POLICE SCANNER like he's showing a new friend his favorite toys.

BREITBART
No allergies here.

Breitbart pets Cat.

DRUDGE
He's a stray. I found him in an alley.

Breitbart immediately stops petting.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
So this is a police scanner, for all the local action. Plus the radio over there. And of course... this.

Drudge raises his eyebrows up and down and, as if it's a holy idol, points Breitbart in the direction of:

THE PACKARD BELL COMPUTER.

Breitbart nods, kind of awkwardly, like "OK, yeah." Drudge ultimately picks up on Breitbart's lack of awe.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
Heh, anyway, tomorrow I'm gonna get you one of these so we can both be hooked up to the AOL chat rooms, email, news wire services, and of course... the internet. I bought the domain name for DrudgeReport.com, I just need your help building it. Also, Andrew?

BREITBART
Yeah?

DRUDGE
Can you buy us some more of that plant we smoked earlier?

Breitbart smiles like the Cheshire Cat. This is gonna be a sweet gig.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

"MACARENA" by Los Del Rio plays throughout a **MONTAGE OF BREITBART AND DRUDGE WORKING** their respective shifts on their respective computers to publish headlines on the spankin' brand new **www.DrudgeReport.com**:

IS "TITANIC" RUNNING OVER BUDGET?!

KEN STARR SUBPOENAS HILLARY!

EARLY BOX OFFICE RESULTS!

DID THE CLINTONS MURDER THE COMMERCE SECRETARY?!

INT. CBS HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - MUSIC OVER

Drudge hands over his CBS STUDIOS EMPLOYEE POLO to the Hiring Exec. It looks like an emotional moment for him but it looks like a very boring moment for her.

INT. E! CHANNEL OFFICE - MUSIC OVER

We see Breitbart leave his job very differently: screaming what we can presume are profanities ("Macarena" is on full blast right now) at his BOSSES. He then triumphantly marches out of the building with a cardboard box of his belongings.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - MUSIC OVER

Breitbart and Drudge take turns keeping the website active:

"FRESH PRINCE OF BEL-AIR" GETTING CANCELLED!

BILL'S BUDDIES CONVICTED OF FRAUD IN WHITEWATER!

EARLY NIELSEN RATINGS!

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. CBS NEWS OFFICE - EVENING

THE "MACARENA" MONTAGE ENDS as LAURA INGRAHAM (mid-30s, 6 feet tall, blonde, thin, smart, cynical) reads these headlines on TheDrudgeReport.com from behind her desk at CBS News.

We see the Washington DC skyline out of her corner office window.

INGRAHAM

How the fuck do they get these leaks?

Sitting casually across from her desk, peeking her head up from a newspaper with an OJ Simpson headline is Ingraham's friend ANN COULTER (mid-30s, 6 feet tall, blonde, thin,).

COULTER

What leaks?

INGRAHAM

The Drudge Report. It started as an email newsletter at CBS. Now it's turned into like a right-wing website.

Coulter walks around Ingraham's side of the desk to look at her computer.

COULTER

This website just looks like it links to other websites.

She clicks around.

COULTER (CONT'D)

None of these Whitewater or Paula Jones stories are new.

INGRAHAM

The political stuff isn't but the entertainment gossip is. Like... Titanic's budget details was kept under lock and key. And I remember these guys knew Connie Chung got fired from my network before I did. Shit, I think before Connie Chung did.

COULTER

So either Drudge works at CBS... or he's a hacker?

INGRAHAM

Why not both?

GEORGE CONWAY, (mid-30s, a brash millionaire who looks like an overfed Basset Hound) storms in and immediately pours himself a drink.

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

Help yourself, George.

CONWAY
Isikoff says he wants more time.

COULTER
MORE TIME??

CONWAY
He says if he can't get Kathleen Willey on the record, then they can't print it.

INGRAHAM
Fucking Newsweek.

COULTER
We know for a fact from the Paula Jones people that the President sexually harassed this woman too! And she won't go on the record until she's forced to. Her name needs to appear in the press so that she admits it, not the other way around.

Conway finishes his glass of scotch and decides to just drink straight out of the bottle.

CONWAY
Sidney Blumenthal is cleaning up this Paula Jones story for the President just like he cleaned up Whitewater. I don't give two shits about giving Isikoff and Newsweek an exclusive, I care about getting the name "Kathleen Willey" in the public lexicon before Paula settles this fucking case.

Ingraham looks at her computer screen.

INGRAHAM
George? I wanna show you a website.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

Breitbart uploads **EARLY NIELSEN RATINGS!** to the website. Drudge and Cat walk out of their bedroom, both yawning on the way to make a cup of Folger's.

DRUDGE
Good morning, Andrew.

BREITBART

Good morning, guys. Hey, I almost forgot. I bought you a present as a token of gratitude.

DRUDGE

Thanks, Andrew, but I'm honestly all set on weed for now.

BREITBART

No.

Breitbart tosses Drudge a BOOK.

BREITBART (CONT'D)

"Conscience of a Conservative." You gotta read it if we're gonna do this stuff, man.

Drudge at the book. This might be the first present anyone's ever given him, besides the pity computer gift from his dad.

DRUDGE

Aw. Thanks, Andrew.

AOL VOICE

You've got mail!

Drudge smiles as he watches Breitbart check the incoming emails.

DRUDGE

Lemme guess, another person saw the girl from "Ally McBeal" not eating at the Polo Lounge?

BREITBART

It's from Laura dot Ingraham at CBS News dot com.

Drudge leaps for the computer, pushes Breitbart out of the way.

Subject line: **You're Invited**

As Breitbart packs up his things, Drudge opens the email:

To the Staff of the Drudge Report:

You are cordially invited to my annual 4th of July Party in Washington DC. Details/address below! RSVP :-*

Drudge smiles with big eyes like a high school boy who just got invited to the big dance.

DRUDGE
 Laura Ingraham just invited me to a
 4th of July party.

BREITBART
 The hot pundit? No shit!

Drudge emails back: **"See you there!"**

DRUDGE
 (honored)
 Must be for members of the
 conservative news media.

Breitbart takes a can of Dr. Pepper for the road.

BREITBART
 Well make sure not to respond
 immediately, you don't wanna come
 off desperate.

DRUDGE
 Right. Of course.

BREITBART
 Have a good one, Matt.

Breitbart waits for Drudge to say goodbye but Drudge is too
 busy reaching for the landline. As he frantically dials and
 ignores Breitbart, Breitbart leaves the apartment.

DRUDGE
 Dad?
 (beat)
 No, I'm fine. Um. Do you mind if I
 crash at your place for 4th of July
 weekend? No, I'm not asking to go
 to your barbecue, I have plans --
 I... okay! Thank you!
 (beat, then sadly:)
 So you guys host a barbecue?

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Drudge's plane lands in DC.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY

Drudge pulls up in a Taxi, staring out the window at the
 perfect suburban home. Two adorable pre-teen Latino-Jewish
 boys JUAN and ROBERTO play soccer on the lawn.

He wakes out of his stupor to fiddle with change and pay the DRIVER. Walks out of the taxi. Wheels a squeaky old suitcase towards the house.

Juan looks up and notices Drudge. Somewhat calm but still loud:

JUAN
Mom! Dad! There's a creepy guy on
our lawn!

Drudge turns red as Bob walks out of the house.

BOB
It's just your step-brother, guys.

JUAN
Oh.

DRUDGE
Hi, Dad.

BOB
Matthew.

A stiff hug.

BOB (CONT'D)
These are my sons Juan and Roberto.

DRUDGE
You guys got so much bigger.

JUAN
Why are you balding?

Drudge fixes his fedora as MARIA (40, Latina, full-time mom, slightly cold) walks out of the house and shakes hands with Drudge.

MARIA
Nice to see you, Matt.

DRUDGE
Hi Maria. Thanks for letting me
crash with you guys.

BOB
Yeah, for how long exactly?

MARIA
Bob.

DRUDGE
Just till Sunday. The party is
tomorrow night and then I'm flying
out the next day. A very prominent
political pundit invited me.

BOB
(deadpan)
Mazel Tov.

INT. BOB'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Maria sets up the pull-out as Drudge unpacks wrinkled clothes from his suitcase. Bob brings down some sheets and towels, notices Drudge is unpacking his POLICE SCANNER.

BOB
Try not to play that too loud,
Matt. The sound travels to the
kids' bedrooms.

DRUDGE
I won't, Dad.

MARIA
Well have a good night. Let us know
if you need anything.

DRUDGE
Thanks, guys. Goodnight.

Bob heads upstairs, holding hands with Maria and closes the door behind them. Once they leave, Drudge takes off his fedora.

INT. BOB'S BASEMENT - LATER

Drudge lies in darkness and silence. He turns on POLICE SCANNER. Turns down the volume. Tries to sleep.

EXT. LAURA INGRAHAM'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Drudge walks out of a TAXI dressed like an impoverished P.I. He looks at the other WASPily-dressed attendees emerging from TOWN CARS and SPORTS CARS.

Then, with nervous but wide-eyed excitement, Drudge heads inside the Georgetown waterfront property.

EXT. LAURA INGRAHAM'S BACKYARD - SUNSET

Caucasians mingle. A crowd of lawyers and pundits. Conway stumbles out of the house drinking scotch and finds Ingraham and Coulter, sipping gin and tonics. He puts his arm around both of them and they peel his arms off in unison.

INGRAHAM

George, take one night off from hitting on both of us.

COULTER

Yeah, especially since I invited that girl for you tonight. She looks like us but younger.

CONWAY

I just think a threesome would really ring in the New Year.

COULTER

It's not New Year's it's July Fourth.

Conway looks sincerely confused at his glass of scotch.

CONWAY

How many of these have I had?

DRUDGE (O.S.)

Miss Ingraham?

The three of them turn. Drudge looks ultra short and young in contrast.

INGRAHAM

Hey.

A long silence. And who the fuck are you?

DRUDGE

(sheepishly)

Matt Drudge. The Drudge Report?

Ingraham's eyes go wide with recognition.

INGRAHAM

Oh wow. Yeah, hi.

(handshake)

Laura Ingraham, pleasure to meet you, Matt.

COULTER
 (handshake)
 Ann Coulter. Big fans, Matt.

CONWAY
 (handshake)
 George Conway. Highly intoxicated,
 Matt.

INGRAHAM
 Were other members of your staff
 able to make it?

DRUDGE
 No, unfortunately, with the web,
 someone's gotta be on shift!

INGRAHAM
 Well it's great to meet you. Happy
 4th of July.

Conway leans into Coulter like he's telling her a secret but
 he just loudly slurs.

CONWAY
 That was the weakest handshake I've
 honestly ever felt in my life.

Coulter flags someone down as Drudge turns red with
 embarrassment.

COULTER
 Kellyanne! Over here!

CONWAY
 What's with the fedora, kid? You
 look like Walter Winchell fucked
 Hunter S. Thompson.

DRUDGE
 That'd be quite a sex tape!

Conway looks uncomfortable. Ingraham forces a chuckle but
 still can't quite get over how young and awkward the face of
 this online publication is.

KELLYANNE FITZPATRICK (30, a bit shorter and younger-looking
 than Coulter and Ingraham, confident but quiet) walks over
 and hugs Ann.

COULTER
 Kellyanne. This is my friend I
 wanted you to meet. George T.
 Conway III.

(MORE)

COULTER (CONT'D)

George, you'll love Kellyanne because she's a leggy blonde lawyer and Republican pundit who's dangerously thin. Kellyanne, you'll love George because he's got a degree from Harvard and he makes over a million dollars a year as a lawyer for Big Tobacco.

CONWAY

Ann, you embarrass me. You forgot I have a degree from Yale as well. Pleased to meet you, Kellyanne. Can I offer you a drink?

KELLYANNE

I would love that. And thank all of you for the pro-bono work you've been doing for Paula Jones.

(to Drudge)

Except for you. I have no idea who you are.

CONWAY

You will soon. Let's go get that drink.

Conway winks at Ingraham, Coulter, and Drudge as he waltzes towards the bar with Kellyanne.

INGRAHAM

So how far's your office from here?

DRUDGE

Oh, about 3,000 miles.

Drudge smiles awkwardly. Ingraham and Coulter look confused.

INGRAHAM

You're not based out of DC?

DRUDGE

No I, uh, flew in from Hollywood.

Beat.

INGRAHAM

For this party?

DRUDGE

No, um, no...I have family here. My dad invited me to fly out for the weekend. So.

(clears throat)

(MORE)

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

So Laura, you work at CBS News out here, right? I used to work at CBS News myself. In the Los Angeles branch, of course --

INGRAHAM

Let's go inside.

Drudge shuts up and follows Ingraham and Coulter into the house.

INT. LAURA INGRAHAM'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Drudge follows them inside Ingraham's dark bedroom. Ingraham closes the door behind them.

INGRAHAM

So for starters, what do you know about us?

DRUDGE

Well I'm a news junkie. Always have been. So I see you guys all the time on CBS and CNN and stuff. I've even seen Kellyanne on C-SPAN before. Big fan. You're the Republican pundits.

INGRAHAM

"Pundettes."

COULTER

Female pundits.

INGRAHAM

But we're also lawyers. And, along with George, we're informally advising the Paula Jones camp.

COULTER

Which is how we know what we're about to tell you.

Drudge darts his eyes between the two of them, then cocks his brow like a noir detective in a shitty movie.

DRUDGE

You guys got a scoop?

Coulter looks weirded out.

COULTER

How old are you?

INGRAHAM

(ignoring)

The print media dinosaurs are moving at a turtle's pace. You know Mike Isikoff?

DRUDGE

The Newsweek reporter who broke the Paula Jones scandal.

COULTER

Well he's on the verge of breaking another scandal. About a new woman.

DRUDGE

A new woman?!

INGRAHAM

Yes. A new woman Bill Clinton sexually harassed in the White House.

COULTER

In the Oval.

A shocked Drudge instinctively sits down on Ingraham's bed to absorb all of this.

INGRAHAM

We leaked her name to Isikoff, who knows it's true, but his editors are taking forever to "okay" the piece and it's driving us up a fucking wall.

DRUDGE

Ah. See, that's why we don't have editors at The Drudge Report. If anything, I'm the editor --

COULTER

Plus once Newsweek finally approves it, it takes Isikoff forever to write it, and then takes them forever to publish it. We don't have that kind of time.

DRUDGE

Print media is a dying breed.

COULTER

But if you decided to post something right now it would take...

DRUDGE
30 seconds.

COULTER
And how many people would see it?

DRUDGE
Over 50,000 people within an hour.

Coulter and Ingraham look at each other. Coulter looks at Drudge.

COULTER
There's a woman named Kathleen Willey.

INT. LAURA INGRAHAM'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Drudge sits on the toilet and anxiously dials on a giant 1997 cell phone. He has a tiny notepad and a pen in his hands.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Breitbart feeds Cat and nearly trips over the bowl to pick up the PHONE.

BREITBART
This is Breitbart.

DRUDGE
Andrew, it's Dru -- wait, you're supposed to pick up and say "Drudge Report, how may I direct your call?"

BREITBART
(rolling eyes)
Oh yeah, sorry. Drudge Report, how may I direct your call?

DRUDGE
Shh! I don't have much time. Ann and Laura got me a scoop and I need you to type it up for immediate release!

BREITBART
Whoa. So you actually met them?

DRUDGE

Yes of course I met them that's why I flew -- I don't have time for this. You're three hours behind so if you post it now, we can beat the papers.

Breitbart drags himself to the computer.

BREITBART

Okay, okay, I'm ready. My fingers are at the keys.

DRUDGE

(reading scribbled notes)

Okay. July 4th, 1997. Stop. Coming just hours after the President adamantly denies harassing Paula Jones, the Drudge Report has learned that Newsweek ace investigative reporter Michael Isikoff is hot on the trail of Kathleen Willey, a new woman who threatens the White House. Stop. Under the new --

BREITBART

(typing every word)

Matt, you don't have to say "stop," this isn't a telegram.

DRUDGE

Right, sorry.

(back to reading)

Under the media management of Sidney Blumenthal, the White House denied the Jones allegations late on the eve of this holiday weekend so it would be too late for the network broadcasts. But in the new era of non-stop news cycles, the old tricks did not fly.

Drudge slowly smiles. Then, a KNOCK at the bathroom door. WHIP PAN to the DOOR.

IMPATIENT PARTIER (O.S.)

You almost done in there?

WHIP PAN back to Drudge, on the phone and on the toilet:

DRUDGE

(loudly, to door)

One second!

(MORE)

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
 (hushed, to phone)
 You get all that?

BREITBART
 Holy shit, yes I got it! Wow, Matt.
 Oh, also! I had this idea I was
 thinking about for the website. We
 could add like a GIF, like a moving
 image, of a spinning siren for
 breaking news exclusives like this--

Drudge FLUSHES the toilet and pulls up his pants.

DRUDGE
 Do whatever you want! Just press
 send!

BREITBART
 Happy 4th of Ju --

Drudge hangs up and zips his fly.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
 -- ly.

Breitbart looks stung as he hangs up and drags a RED-AND-BLUE
 SPINNING SIREN from the desktop, the colors turning into...

EXT. LAURA INGRAHAM'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

...RED WHITE AND BLUE FIREWORKS EXPLODE OVER THE WATERFRONT.

In SLO-MO, Ingraham's Guests watch FIREWORKS how all the guys
 watch the Bellagio fountain at the end of "Ocean's Eleven."

As we SLOWLY SCAN through all of their smiling white faces,
 (including Conway, who has his arms around Ingraham, Coulter,
 and somehow Kellyanne at the same damn time), we arrive at
 Drudge.

But Drudge isn't staring at the fireworks: he's staring at
 the people staring.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY

Drudge wheels his squeaky worn-out suitcase as Bob walks him
 towards the front door.

DRUDGE
 Thanks again for letting me crash.
 And sorry again for imposing on
 your new Latino-Jewish family.

Bob chuckles.

BOB

Anytime, Matt. I mean not anytime but, you know what I mean.

DRUDGE

I also wanted to thank you again for the computer. It's really paying off.

BOB

Yeah. Clearly.

Drudge can't help himself. Neither of them can.

DRUDGE

You know I can sense that sarcasm.

BOB

I mean Matt, you couldn't even afford a motel here for the weekend.

DRUDGE

I thought it'd be a waste of money. Sorry I thought I could crash with my only living parent.

BOB

You told Maria you quit your job at the gift shop to run an internet website?

DRUDGE

I told her I'm a breaking news reporter and I'll have you know I pay my own assistant on a bi-weekly basis.

BOB

If you like breaking news, work at the local paper. She also said it's right wing? Where does that even come from?

(more to himself)

Your mother and I were Democrats...

DRUDGE

Well that internet website is about to bring down the sitting President of the United States!

Drudge drops his suitcase to the ground. From a corner, Juan and Roberto peek their heads to watch the fight.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

George Conway says that after
Kathleen Willey breaks, even
Kellyanne Fitzpatrick will know the
last name "Drudge!"

Bob looks like his son is insane.

BOB

I have no idea who or what you're
talking about.

DRUDGE

Well you should! You were my first
subscriber, you should still be
receiving my scoops.

Bob looks down, shuffles his feet.

BOB

I think it's been... going to my
Junk Mail folder.

DAMN. This breaks Drudge. He opens his mouth to give his dad a piece of his mind. Then closes it. Opens it. Closes it. Opens it.

DRUDGE

Goodbye, Bob. Thank you for your
hospitality.

He turns around and wheels his squeaky suitcase out of the house. The kids slowly slink back behind the corner.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Drudge's plane lands in LA.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drudge squeaks in with his suitcase and absurdly wrinkled clothes.

DRUDGE

Cat!

Drudge dives into his Cat as if it's a dog, making kissy noises and shit. Then he looks up.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
Oh hey, Andrew.

Breitbart sits by the computer, tired and working on the site.

BREITBART
Welcome back. You have one missed call.

DRUDGE
Was it Ann or Laura? Conway himself?
(beat)
Did we forget to pay the gas bill again?

BREITBART
(smiling)
Michael Isikoff from Newsweek.

Drudge stops petting Cat abruptly and looks up like a deer in headlights.

PRE-ROLL RINGING SOUNDS...

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drudge anxiously bites his nails and waits for Isikoff to pick up. Finally:

ISIKOFF (ON PHONE)
Hello?

DRUDGE
Hey, this is Matt Drudge returni --

ISIKOFF (ON PHONE)
YOU MOTHERFUCKER!!!

DRUDGE
Okay then.

INT. NEWSWEEK OFFICES - SAME TIME

Veteran reporter MIKE ISIKOFF (45, giant glasses, smart, scrappy, more gray hairs by the day) screams into the phone.

ISIKOFF
YOU SLIMY HACKER PIECE OF SHIT!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Drudge physically shrinks, backing up as if Isikoff is in the room.

DRUDGE

Let's slow down, Mike. Can I call you Mike?

ISIKOFF

Which one of Santa's elves is leaking my shit to you? Will someone explain to them that I NEED TO CHECK MY FUCKING FACTS BEFORE I PUBLISH ANYTHING THEY SAY?!

Breitbart mouths "Speakerphone! Speakerphone!"

Drudge nervously smiles and puts Isikoff on speakerphone.

ISIKOFF (CONT'D)

THAT I ACTUALLY WORK FOR A COMPANY WITH JOURNALISTIC STANDARDS AND INTEGRITY?! THAT ETHICS STILL EXIST?!

Breitbart looks a little giddy. Drudge notices this and it pumps him up.

DRUDGE

Well I guess I'm just some scummy internet guy to you, Mike. Might as well be publishing pornography.

Drudge winks and smirks at Breitbart.

ISIKOFF

Just back off my fucking story, alright? I've been working on the Kathleen Willey scoop since before you graduated college.

DRUDGE

Joke's on you, Mike. I barely graduated high school.

Breitbart laughs. A CALL WAITING BEEP.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

Sorry, Mike, I got another call coming in. You're not the only one with a busy newsroom.

Drudge cockily presses a button on his phone.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
Drudge Report, how may I direct
your call?

ISIKOFF
It's still me.

Drudge deflates.

DRUDGE
Stupid Call Waiting...
(fiddling around with
phone)
Drudge Report, how may I direct
your call?

COULTER (ON PHONE)
Drudge, it's Ann Coulter.

DRUDGE
Hey!

Drudge immediately takes her off speakerphone. Breitbart
looks hurt.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
I'm so glad you called. I just got
off the phone with Mike Isikoff at
Newsweek. Michael Isikoff, I call
him Mike. Did you know he calls you
guys "Santa's elves?" I was
wondering, in that context, like,
who is Santa? Is it America? I was
thinking it was America.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. C-SPAN GREEN ROOM - DAY

Coulter sits on a couch, holding a notebook in one hand and a
Motorola Flip Phone in the other.

COULTER
(flirtatiously)
I hear someone's gonna be in the
Washington Post tomorrow.

DRUDGE
Me? About Kathleen Willey?

COULTER
About the internet beating print
media. You did it, Drudge.

Drudge looks elated.

DRUDGE

We did it. I don't know how to thank you. In fact, I should call George to thank him if you wanna give me his number --

COULTER

No need to thank us. We were actually thinking we could all do it again.

DRUDGE

Oh yeah? Excellent!
(beat)
How?

Coulter looks down at her notebook. All we can really make out in the handwritten scribbles is the word "Blumenthal."

COULTER

We got your next scoop.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Breitbart looks on as Drudge types from his notepad what Coulter dictated to him from *her* notepad:

DRUDGE (V.O.)

August 11th, 1997. New White House recruit Sidney Blumenthal has a spousal abuse past that has been effectively covered up. The accusations are explosive.

He pauses. Backspaces. Turns that last "." into a "!"

Breitbart sighs as Drudge resumes typing:

DRUDGE (V.O.)

One influential Republican who demanded anonymity tells the Drudge Report that there are court records of Blumenthal's violence against his wife, who is also a White House aide.

Drudge sits back and smiles, then looks up at Breitbart over his shoulder.

DRUDGE

Hey, how do you add one of those
siren thingys to the headline? I
want every Drudge exclusive to have
one.

Breitbart takes the mouse, drags the SIREN GIF from the
desktop and adds it above the headline:

A WIFE-BEATER IN THE WHITE HOUSE?!

****Exclusive****

****Must Credit The Drudge Report****

Drudge almost violently takes the mouse back from Breitbart
and clicks SEND. He folds his arms and looks at his website
like he just painted the Mona Lisa.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Exhausted Breitbart works on the site while Drudge walks in
with The Washington Post, giddy as a schoolgirl.

DRUDGE

Did you see this shit!

He shows Breitbart the newspaper headline:

Newsweek's Willey Scoop Intercepted by Internet Gossip Site

BREITBART

Oh fuck yes! This is huge. Guess
Willey's the real deal.

Breitbart smiles as he scans through the paper. He hands it
back to Drudge.

BREITBART (CONT'D)

Still no media reports on the
Sidney Blumenthal beating story,
though. Not even on the web.

The sounds of a FAX coming in.

DRUDGE

Hmm. Knowing the elves, I'm sure
we'll see it on our CNN screen soon
enough. TV takes so long, that's
why it's a dead medium.

(to Cat)

Who's a good boy??

Breitbart swivels his chair across the room to the fax machine but falls on the way. Drudge chuckles and goes back to reading the paper. Breitbart checks the incoming fax.

BREITBART
(reading)
From the Washington Law Firm of
Williams and Connally? Why does
that sound familiar?

Drudge stops reading the newspaper.

DRUDGE
Williams and Connally represent the
Clintons.

BREITBART
(reading)
"To Matthew Drudge... Your
falsehoods have defamed both Sidney
Blumenthal and Jacqueline
Blumenthal."

Drudge drops the newspaper on Cat's head. MEOW.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
(reading)
"The Blumenthals demand that you
remove your contemptible drivel
from the internet immediately. And
if you do not provide my office
with the names of your sources by
5pm EDT tomorrow, the Blumenthals
will take the appropriate action
against you?" -- those motherfu --

WHIP PAN to Drudge, already SLAMMING ON THE KEYS at a mile-a-minute:

DRUDGE (V.O.)
(hushed, fast)
I, Matt Drudge, am issuing a
retraction of my information
regarding Sidney Blumenthal that
appeared in the Drudge Report on
August 11th, 1997.

He hits SEND faster than he ever has in his life. He catches his breath.

EXT. INGRAHAM'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Ingraham, on the phone with Drudge, looks fairly surprised.

INGRAHAM
He threatened to sue you?!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

Drudge paces the office with the landline to his ear.

DRUDGE
Yeah! I redacted it and everything
but, well, we're just sort of
freakin' out at Headquarters over
here...

Breitbart mouths "Speakerphone! Speakerphone!" but Drudge
flags him off. Breitbart looks pissed.

INGRAHAM
I totally understand. Blumenthal's
just bullying you. But me, Ann, and
George and all lawyers, okay? And
the three of us will always have
your back.

DRUDGE
Thanks, Laura. That means a lot.

Drudge half-smiles, then looks over at Breitbart.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
Also, can I ask you something? Um,
it's kind of awkward but... the
Blumenthal story is true, right?
Like he really did beat his wife?

INGRAHAM
Absolutely, 100 percent, guilty.

DRUDGE
Phew, thank God. I mean not thank
God he beat his wife. You know what
I mean...

INGRAHAM
That's why he's trying to scare you
into stopping. Your 60,000
subscribers now know the truth.

DRUDGE
Right, right, of course.

INGRAHAM
Plus he'll never actually file
suit, that'd be insane.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - DAY

A new day. A more chilled out Drudge buys a taco from a
MEXICAN FOOD TRUCK.

With his headphones plugged into his portable RADIO, a la his
paperboy days, a more chilled-out Drudge listens to the news
while he counts pennies.

DRUDGE
37, 38, 39 cents. Thank you, senior.

Just as Drudge is about to take a bite of his taco...

NEWSWOMAN (ON RADIO)
Also in today's news, cyber-gossip-
monger Matt Drudge is being sued in
a DC Federal Court by White House
aide Sidney Blumenthal for a total
of 30 million dollars.

Drudge drops his taco on the ground, goes bug-eyed, and then
starts running. The Taco Stand Owner watches how goofily
Drudge runs.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

Drudge paces around the increasingly cramped "office" as
Breitbart sits by the computer, a little too high for this.

DRUDGE
I retracted it! I publicly
retracted it! I'm a retractor! How
much more retracting can I do?

BREITBART
Shit, man. Hey, did you get me a
taco by any chance?

DRUDGE
I don't have the money for lawyers
let alone what they're actually
suing me for. I mean I'd go
bankrupt, I obviously wouldn't be
able to pay your salary...

This gets Breitbart's attention. He opens a can of Dr. Pepper.

BREITBART
Wait, how much is he suing you for?

DRUDGE
30 million dollars.

Breitbart involuntarily spits Dr. Pepper all over Cat.

BREITBART
30 million dollars?!

DRUDGE
Yes, thank you for helping me not panic.

BREITBART
I'm sorry, just... you make like 30 thousand dollars a year.

Breitbart starts wiping soda off of Cat's fur.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
Unless we were to finally start monetizing the site. I mean it'd be super lucrative for both of us...

DRUDGE
Advertisements are for the hacks on TV, not the World Wide Web!

Breitbart sighs, not gonna pick this fight now.

BREITBART
Well all of the elves are lawyers, right? They said they'd have your back, just give them a call.

DRUDGE
I did. No answer.

BREITBART
From which one? Ann or Laura?

DRUDGE
Both.

BREITBART
Call George Conway.

DRUDGE
I don't even have his number.

Drudge looks out the window and sees a HOMELESS DUDE taking a shit in his carport.

BREITBART

Hey, Matt, I hate to ask but --

DRUDGE

The story's real, okay?!

Drudge turns around from the window. He plops himself down on the couch in frustration.

BREITBART

The elves' one and only mission is to keep Clinton sex scandals alive. The guy the most in their way? Sidney Blumenthal. He's doing amazing damage control on Whitewater, Paula Jones, Kathleen Willey -- he's enemy numero uno.

Breitbart talks slowly to get through to him.

BREITBART (CONT'D)

Isn't it possible that a bunch of sleazy DC lawyers would be willing to "leak" a completely bullshit rumor to take down their enemy?

A beat.

DRUDGE

They would never put me in that position. They're my friends.

Breitbart looks deeply disappointed in Drudge's naiveté. He turns away from him, notices the TVs.

BREITBART

I guess your friends are a little busy right now.

Drudge looks up. Coulter is on the CNN screen, Ingraham's on the C-SPAN one.

BREITBART (CONT'D)

You know all those girls do is go on TV and repeat the same shit over and over again.

DRUDGE

They're called "pundettes," Andrew.

BREITBART

Whatever. You actually have something newsworthy to talk about. You should be on TV talking about it.

DRUDGE

The Blumenthal story? I can't discuss that on TV, I just took it off the web.

BREITBART

No, the new Blumenthal story.

Breitbart wheels his chair over to the couch where Drudge has plopped himself down.

BREITBART (CONT'D)

The story about the White House suing a reporter like it's the fucking USSR. Clinton and Gore signed off on Blumenthal's lawsuit against you.

DRUDGE

Well they didn't technically sign off...

BREITBART

Didn't technically sign off?! I'm gonna take the White House Press Secretary Mike McCurry at his word that Bill Clinton and Al Gore approved and supported Sidney Blumenthal filing a libel lawsuit against your ass! This is classic liberals, Matt. Publicly pretending to defend the little guy while bullying him behind closed doors.

Breitbart collects himself.

BREITBART (CONT'D)

Look. Your "super secret sources" just got us in the middle of a 30 million dollar lawsuit that's threatened to bankrupt our entire website. The least they can do is help us promote it.

Breitbart sighs.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
 We both quit our jobs for this,
 dude. You're gonna need to start
 standing up for yourself.
 (beat)
 And if not for yourself, then for
 me.

Drudge bites his lips.

CUE silly orchestra MUSIC and a soothing FEMALE VOICE:

C-SPAN NARRATOR (V.O.)
 And in a moment, Matt Drudge,
 editor of the online Drudge Report
 on Politics and Entertainment...

INT. C-SPAN SET - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

*BRIAN LAMB interviews Matt Drudge via satellite. Actual
 ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE of Brian Lamb is interspersed with:*

Drudge, extra fidgety, forcing a smile, clearly not made for
 TV, sitting in front of a blank wall.

BRIAN LAMB
*Matt Drudge, what's your
 subscription level at the moment?*

DRUDGE
 I'm coming up to about 100,000,
 which is pretty interesting --

BRIAN LAMB
*Tell the audience that's never seen
 you or heard about you before what
 they, uh, can find on the internet,
 uh, that you do.*

DRUDGE
 DrudgeReport.com has raw links to
 wire services, so for the first
 time you don't have to be in a
 newsroom to get it. Just a click of
 a button. Reporting by the people,
 for the people.

BRIAN LAMB
*I wanna ask you first, what's the
 status of the lawsuit against you?*

DRUDGE

Well I have some lawyer friends,
thankfully and I think they'll help
me out because this libel suit is
such an attack on free speech.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Christmas lights and a Christmas Tree decorate Drudge
Headquarters. Breitbart prepares a bong while he watches his
boss on C-SPAN on the only non-muted TV:

DRUDGE (ON TV)

You know, Brian, this is the first
time in history the White House has
sued a reporter --

BRIAN LAMB (ON TV)

*Who's paying, by the way, your
legal fees? How are you doing that?
Is it costing you very much on this
suit from the Blumenthals?*

DRUDGE (ON TV)

I need lawyers to work pro bono
because I refuse to put advertisers
on my website. So I don't have much
of an income to pay for legal fees.

BRIAN LAMB (ON TV)

When are you gonna start charging?

Breitbart takes a bong hit.

BREITBART

That's a great fucking question.

DRUDGE (ON TV)

For my website? I'm not and I never
will, my friend. My mission's not
to become a millionaire. All I need
is a Windows 3.1, a 28.8 Modem, and
Netscape Navigator 1.1 and I'll be
just fine.

INT. C-SPAN SET - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

BRIAN LAMB

*When did you work in the CBS gift
shop in Studio City, California?*

DRUDGE
(weirdly loud)
Two years ago. Two years ago I was
folding t-shirts, Brian. If I'm not
the American Dream, well then I
don't know who is.

BRIAN LAMB
*What do you think of all this
publicity you're getting?*

DRUDGE
I think what's happening is the
internet is making a lot of people
nervous and they're directing a lot
of their energy towards making me
the human face of the chaos that is
New Media.

BRIAN LAMB
*I'd like to ask our audience to
join us by phone, tell us what you
think of the idea of using the
internet and, uh, all these
connections, to learn what's going
on in the world.*

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

As *Brian Lamb* moves on from the interview, Breitbart coughs
out a bong hit of smoke.

The door opens, and Drudge himself walks out of his bedroom
with a C-SPAN CAMERA CREW.

DRUDGE
Thanks, guys.

CREW MEMBER
Thank you, Mr. Drudge.

Breitbart frantically hides the bong under a Christmas tree.

DRUDGE
(to Crew)
Lemme help you guys out there.

Drudge starts to help lift some C-SPAN camera equipment.

CREW MEMBER
Hey, you're the talent. We got
this.

Drudge creepily smiles and puts down the equipment.

DRUDGE
(to himself)
The talent...

As the C-SPAN Crew shuffles in and out with equipment,
Breitbart catches Drudge's ear:

BREITBART
C-SPAN, man! Nobody watches it
besides us but it's still pretty
cool.
(to passing C-SPAN Crew
Member)
No offense.

DRUDGE
Ann and Laura got them to put me on
again next month.

Breitbart BURPS out a cloud of smoke. Drudge sprays some
Febreze.

BREITBART
On the same show again? You think
Brian Lamb's gonna live that long?
(to passing C-SPAN Crew
Member)
No offense.

The same Crew Member rolls his eyes.

DRUDGE
No, C-SPAN is gonna livestream a
Q&A at USC.

BREITBART
That's a lotta acronyms.

DRUDGE
I'm going head-to-head with some of
the titans of dinosaur media.

Breitbart beams.

BREITBART
We're going to war!

DRUDGE
Not war. Q&A.

Drudge sits down at the old Packard Bell, turns it on.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

You wanna come? You could ask me a Q and I'll give you an A.

BREITBART

Sweet, yeah, just tell me what I should ask you. But also, I have a real Q... we're both Jewish, so what the fuck's with the Christmas tree?

INT. AUDITORIUM - USC'S ANNENBERG SCHOOL - DAY

A CROWD of Journalism Professors watch a panel moderated by USC Dean MARTIN KAPLAN. On the panel are journalists MICHAEL KINSLEY and TODD PURDUM, and a very out-of-place-looking Drudge. All three of these dudes have about 10 years on Drudge and about quadruple the education.

MARTIN KAPLAN

Is there truth to the idea that the internet is levelling the playing field for citizen journalists? Or is Mr. Drudge just an unreliable source?

MICHAEL KINSLEY

Well here we are talking about standards in journalism but Matt's mere existence really raises the question: are there standards in journalism anymore.

DRUDGE

I'm not a journalist, I'm a reporter.

TODD PURDUM

And yet you seem desperate for the exact legitimacy that you claim not to want!

Drudge fake-laughs that off.

MARTIN KAPLAN

Any other questions from the audience? Yes. You, sir?

We find Andrew Breitbart sitting in the audience, cross-legged and condescending with his physical stance alone.

BREITBART

For the last 30 years, Hunter S. Thompson has been given carte blanche to skew journalistic standards without much of an uproar from the press at large while Matt has been demonized by journalists, most of whom are friends of those who have been
 (finger quote, wimpy voice)
 Attacked
 (end finger quote/voice)
 by Matt.

MARTIN KAPLAN

Sorry is that a question?

BREITBART

Yes.

MARTIN KAPLAN

What's the question?

BREITBART

Why.

Drudge smiles.

MARTIN KAPLAN

Okay, panel, so the question is: if Hunter S. Thompson and Gonzo Journalism can get away with that, then why can't Matt Drudge?

DRUDGE

Like I said, unlike many in the "mainstream" media, my reporting is 80 percent accurate --

MICHAEL KINSLEY

Oh, Matt. You are deplorable.
 (to audience)
 Matt Drudge is deplorable.

A few JEERS from the crowd. Drudge fake laughs, literally squirming in his chair.

MICHAEL KINSLEY (CONT'D)

This guy rails against the journalists in mainstream media but his website's sole function is to link people to articles written by journalists in the mainstream media!

(MORE)

MICHAEL KINSLEY (CONT'D)

(to Drudge)

You're just having your 15 minutes of fame, okay? And you're enjoying it a heck of a lot, I might add.

DRUDGE

And I might add I'm being sued for 30 million dollars by the White House!

MARTIN KAPLAN

Not by the White House.

DRUDGE

Well it's -- look, Bill Clinton and--and Al Gore have signed off on this lawsuit and --

MICHAEL KINSLEY

What do you mean "signed off"?!

TODD PURDUM

What do you mean "signed off"?!

DRUDGE

(stammering)

Well, well --

People LAUGH at Drudge, who looks at the C-SPAN CAMERA CREW filming all of this.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

You can laugh, but I'm gonna take the White House Press Secretary Mike McCurry at his word that Bill Clinton and Al Gore approved and supported Sidney Blumenthal filing a lawsuit against me.

MARTIN KAPLAN

I believe the phrase was that they "knew about it."

DRUDGE

No, the word was "support," now you're not quoting accurately, isn't that interesting. Sidney Blumenthal is suing me for 30 million dollars, roughly the same amount as OJ Simpson was sued for in the Civil Trial, so I guess my crime was as heinous as a Double Murder.

TODD PURDUM

Oh please.

DRUDGE

And just like your publication,
Todd, the New York Times, The
Drudge Report is not 100 percent
reliable 100 percent of the time.
For instance, Todd's protégé
Allison Mitchell --

TODD PURDUM

My protégé? Allison is 15 years
older than me, do you know what the
word "protégé" means or is that too
"coastal elitist" for your
vocabulary?

Some LAUGHS.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

Your 15 minutes are over, Matt.

Matt turns red and tries to smile. In the audience, Breitbart
shrinks in his seat.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Each wearing pointy hats with little New Year's party horns
in their mouths, Breitbart and Drudge sit, deadpan, watching
the Countdown to New Year's Eve 1998 on TV. Cat lies in
between them.

CROWD (ON TV)

Five! Four! Three! Two! One! Happy
New Year!

Breitbart and Drudge BLOW into the little paper horns. Cat
perks up, confused, and then nestles in Drudge's arms.

BREITBART

Happy New Year, man.

DRUDGE

Happy New Year, Andrew. And Cat.
Nothing worse than being alone when
the ball drops.

Drudge smiles. Breitbart takes the pointy hat off and looks
uncharacteristically nervous.

BREITBART

Hey, Matt. Uh. It feels like things
are slowing down a lot at The
Report, you know?

Drudge's smile starts to fade. He takes his pointy hat off now too and immediately replaces it with a fedora.

DRUDGE

I know. I check our view counts.
Thought we'd get that C-SPAN bump,
heh.

(beat, stewing)

I just think Blumenthal's winning
the media wars right now. It feels
like we're the only ones talking
about Paula Jones and Kathleen
Willey. I mean that's why we need
to be louder than ever, that can
all change --

BREITBART

(blurting)

Arianna Huffington offered me a
job.

Drudge looks up.

DRUDGE

What?

BREITBART

She's hiring a website designer and
I... sent my resumé.

DRUDGE

You sent your -- you have a resumé?

BREITBART

She's talking about eventually
starting her own version of The
Drudge Report. A news aggregation
site called The Huffington Post.

DRUDGE

We're more than an aggregation
site.

BREITBART

Well, she wants the site to
eventually break news stories too.
You've inspired a lot of people.

DRUDGE

Whatever you want to do after work
hours is fine with me, Andrew.

BREITBART

Oh no, uh. It'd be, like, a full-time thing. Out of her house in Brentwood. Also it's super close to my apartment in Santa Monica. And actually down the street from my parents if they ever need me...

Drudge looks like he's getting dumped for the rich girl. Because he is.

DRUDGE

I know, Hollywood traffic sucks during the day. What about the night shift? Or I could reimburse you for gas, start paying you weekly instead of bi --

BREITBART

She's offering me a pretty substantial raise, Matt.

DRUDGE

Well perhaps I can match it.

BREITBART

It's four times what I'm making.

DRUDGE

(knee-jerk)
Four times?!
(collects himself)
Okay. You know what? Maybe you're right. Maybe we should revisit the idea of monetizing the website --

BREITBART

It's not just about the money, man. I feel... under-utilized.

Drudge opens his mouth to defend himself but Breitbart's clearly prepared.

BREITBART (CONT'D)

Arianna says it'll be less assisting and more writing. A chance for me to develop my voice -- and build something from the ground up.

Drudge nods sadly, tries to smile.

BREITBART (CONT'D)

You know me, man, I get restless.

Breitbart awkwardly pats his knee.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
It ain't personal.

Drudge looks at Breitbart's hand on his knee. On the TV, the *SPICE GIRLS* ring in the New Year with a live Times Square performance of "Wannabe."

SPICE GIRLS (ON TV)
Make it last forever / Friendship
never ends!

INT. CRAPPY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Drudge lies in bed, listening to the POLICE SCANNER. He looks like he's been crying.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darkness. The only light comes from Drudge's lonely computer, which displays the classic "flying through space" SCREENSAVER that defined the 1990s. The starfield transports us to:

INT. CONWAY'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

The PHONE RINGS while George Conway has sex with Kellyanne Fitzpatrick in Washington DC.

Conway ignores the ringing. Kellyanne giggles. They let it go to the ANSWERING MACHINE.

CONWAY'S VOICE
You've reached George Conway, leave
a message.

BEEP. We hear the voice of LUCIANNE GOLDBERG (early 60s, smoker's voice).

LUCIANNE'S VOICE
Hi, this is Lucianne Goldberg from
the Goldberg Literary Agency.

A haunting rendition of "CAROL OF THE BELLS" starts to play.

LUCIANNE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
I have a client who works at the
Pentagon and she wants to write a
book about a Clinton sex scandal.
Problem is nobody knows about the
scandal yet.
(MORE)

LUCIANNE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
I hear you got a friend at Newsweek
and I got some audiotapes he might
wanna hear. There's a new new
woman, George.

Conway not only stops having sex but nearly tosses Kellyanne
out of bed to listen closer to the machine.

INT. ANN COULTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Coulter listens to Conway on a landline phone.

CONWAY (ON PHONE)
This lady at the Pentagon wants to
write a book about her co-worker, a
23-year-old girl...

INT. CONWAY'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

On the phone with Coulter, Conway frantically puts underwear
on as Kellyanne lies in bed naked and confused.

CONWAY
(into phone)
...who's been blowing the President
of the United States since she was
his intern...

Conway kisses Kellyanne goodbye. She looks annoyed.

EXT. ANN COULTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Coulter speed-walks to her car, passing the news along to
Laura Ingraham on a big cell phone.

COULTER
...And there are tapes. This woman
had her client record conversations
with the intern...

EXT. CBS NEWS BUILDING - DAY

Ingraham speed-walks to *her* car, listening to Coulter on *her*
big cell phone.

COULTER (PHONE)
...tapes proving the girl had an
affair with the President of the
United States.

INGRAHAM
And Conway has those tapes.

INT. COULTER'S CAR - DAY

Coulter gets into her car and responds to Ingraham.

COULTER
(into phone)
Conway has those tapes.

EXT. TOWN CAR - DAY

In the back of a town car, Conway sits alone with a MASSIVE BRIEFCASE as if he's holding a billion dollars in cash.

CONWAY
(into phone)
I have those fucking tapes.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

All three of their CARS SPEED AND SCREECH to a halt at a hotel five blocks from the White House.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

In a hotel room with a view of the Washington Monument, Conway, Coulter, and Ingraham gather around a CASSETTE TAPE PLAYER like it's a campfire.

They listen to the secretly recorded phone conversations between the whiney old voice of LINDA TRIPP and the peppy young voice of MONICA LEWINSKY:

MONICA LEWINSKY (ON TAPE)
Kathleen Willey and Paula Jones are causing trouble for Bill and I have zero respect for that. I think it's disgusting what they're doing when they should be protecting him.

LINDA TRIPP (ON TAPE)
Well you could be like one of them and start telling everyone how you had sex with him too.

MONICA LEWINSKY (ON TAPE)
We didn't have sex, Linda.

LINDA TRIPP (ON TAPE)
 I'm not talking about the phone
 sex, I'm talking about the
 blowjobs.

Coulter grabs Conway's hand and SQUEEZES with tension and excitement. Conway smiles.

MONICA LEWINSKY (ON TAPE)
 That doesn't count as sex.

LINDA TRIPP (ON TAPE)
 Yes it does.

MONICA LEWINSKY (ON TAPE)
 No it doesn't. Having sex is having
 intercourse.

LINDA TRIPP (ON TAPE)
 Oh you've been around him too long,
 that's his rationale. So what do
 you guys call it?

MONICA LEWINSKY (ON TAPE)
 We call it "fooling around."

Coulter, Ingraham, and Conway bug their eyes on the TAPE RECORDER.

CONWAY
 Ho, ho, ho --

INGRAHAM
 -- ly shit.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CONWAY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Coulter and Ingraham are drinking and dancing while Conway's on the phone with Isikoff.

CONWAY
 No, Mike, listen. It's not Paula
 Jones and it's not Kathleen Willey.
 It's about a girl named Monica.

"CAROL OF THE BELLS" starts getting faster and more intense...

EXT. NEWSWEEK BUILDING - NIGHT

...and CLIMAXES as Conway's TOWN CAR screeches in front of the building. He emerges from the back, carrying the MASSIVE BRIEFCASE like it's an illegal arms deal.

INT. NEWSWEEK OFFICE - NIGHT

Mike Isikoff stands, arms folded, staring at the TAPE PLAYER. Conway sits with his feet up on Isikoff's desk, smiling proudly with his arms behind his head, as they listen:

LINDA TRIPP (ON TAPE)
...We need to talk about the navy
blue dress.

MONICA LEWINSKY (ON TAPE)
Ugh, here you go again.

LINDA TRIPP (ON TAPE)
I know, I know. I would just rather
you had that in your possession if
you need it years from now. That's
all I'm gonna say.

Isikoff notices Conway's shoes on his desk and motions for him to put them down. Conway drops his cocky smile and his feet.

MONICA LEWINSKY (ON TAPE)
Linda, you think I can hold onto a
dress for 10 or 15 years with...
cum on it and still prove it's
Bill's DNA?

Conway points excitedly to the TAPE PLAYER. Isikoff starts to smile as well. He can't believe this.

LINDA TRIPP (ON TAPE)
Yes, yes, you can. So just, you
know, put the dress in a bag and
hide it somewhere safe.

MONICA LEWINSKY (ON TAPE)
What for though?

LINDA TRIPP (ON TAPE)
I don't know Monica, it's just this
awful nagging feeling in the back
of my head.

MONICA LEWINSKY (ON TAPE)
I'll think about it.

INT. NEWSWEEK OFFICE - LATER

Isikoff proudly presents the tapes to his EDITORS, all of whom fold their arms and stare at the TAPE RECORDER as they listen:

MONICA LEWINSKY (ON TAPE)

Getting that subpoena gave me a full blown panic attack. I am not going to jail for Paula Jones, Linda, I'm just not.

LINDA TRIPP (ON TAPE)

And how do you think I feel? If the lawyers ask me "has Monica Lewinsky ever told you she's having a physical relationship with the President" and I say "no," that is fucking perjury! That's the bottom line.

INT. NEWSWEEK HALLWAY - A BIT LATER

Conway sits outside, tired but giddy, hearing screaming ARGUMENTS from inside Isikoff's office.

Finally, Isikoff emerges. We know the fight from inside the office was verbal, but he looks like he might as well have just got in a fist fight with those Editors.

Conway gets up and follows Isikoff towards the elevator.

CONWAY

Please just say the words "front page." Say the words. Say the words "above-the-fold" and I'll cum.

ISIKOFF

They're not running the story.

Conway has a beat of pure shock. Isikoff looks heartbroken.

CONWAY

What?

ISIKOFF

The Editors. They're... they want more time to investigate.

CONWAY

More time to investigate?! It's all there on the tapes, clear as fucking day -- the Department of Justice is about to investigate for Christ's sake! I'm handing you morons a Pulitzer!

The elevator doors open. Isikoff is broken.

ISIKOFF

I don't know what to tell you. I'm more pissed than you are okay? I'm gonna take a Xanax and pass out.

Isikoff gets inside.

ISIKOFF (CONT'D)

Goodnight, George.

The doors close. Conway stays in the hallway, dumbfounded.

INT. NEWSWEEK LOBBY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Conway gets off the elevator himself, on a cell phone talking to Lucianne Goldberg.

CONWAY

Lucianne. Isikoff's editors are spiking the story.

LUCIANNE'S VOICE

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! THOSE PUSSIES!

CONWAY

Look, if the big boys don't wanna play ball... I know a way to get this story out there. It's fast, it's efficient, there are no editors, no filter, no... no real fact-checking even.

Conway walks out of the building.

EXT. NEWSWEEK BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

He gets into his TOWN CAR parked outside.

CONWAY

You ever hear of The Drudge Report?

INT. CRAPPY BEDROOM - NIGHT

As if we never left him, Drudge still lies in bed, still looks like he's been crying, and still listens to the POLICE SCANNER.

AOL VOICE
You've got mail!

Drudge sighs. He slowly gets up, puts on his fedora, and shuffles into the living room.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He passes his computer, which currently displays the website.

EARLY BOX OFFICE RESULTS!

MRS. DOUBTFIRE - \$15 MIL
SCHINDLER'S LIST - \$3.7 MIL

Drudge frowns, closes the site, and checks his AOL mail.

There's a new email from George Conway with the subject line **URGENT!!!**

Drudge urgently opens the email:

POTUS has been getting consistent BJ's from an intern in the Oval Office pantry. There are tapes. Isikoff at Newsweek will report on it tomorrow morning. No need to call me.

Drudge lifts his fedora to thoughtfully scratch his head.

INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT

A disappointed and on-edge Conway sits in the back of the car, on the phone with his least favorite person.

CONWAY
I explicitly said no need to call me. All you gotta know is in the email, okay?

INTERCUT WITH:**INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - SAME TIME**

Drudge nervously but excitedly talks to Conway.

DRUDGE
I'm just asking for confirmation --

CONWAY
Since when do you ask for
confirmation on our scoops?

DRUDGE
Since I got 85,000 subscribers who
trust what I report.

CONWAY
Subscribers we got you with our
scoops. The girls even got you on
TV! Twice! Do you know how hard it
is to get people to book someone
who looks like you on TV?

Drudge gets more anxious and even starts to stutter. He
closes his eyes and tries to focus.

DRUDGE
Your email said there are tapes. Do
you mean sex tapes with Bill
Clinton and his intern?

CONWAY
No. Audio tapes. Secret phone
conversations where the intern goes
on and on about what it was like to
fellate the Commander-in-Chief.

DRUDGE
Can I hear them??

CONWAY
Absolutely not.

Drudge deflates.

DRUDGE
But you swear Newsweek's reporting
on it in the morning? I'm just
posting it to beat them to the
punch again?

CONWAY
Yes, just like Kathleen Willey. You
beat them by eight days thanks to
us. Or have you gotten too C-SPAN
Famous to remember?

Drudge bites his nails.

CONWAY (CONT'D)

The Attorney General's authorized Ken Starr to move in. If it's good enough for the Justice Department, it's damn well good enough for you, okay? What other hot stories are you working on right now?

Drudge looks at his screen: **MRS. DOUBTFIRE AND SCHINDLER'S LIST** top the box office scores. Then he looks at Breitbart's computer and empty chair.

DRUDGE

George, it's just... after the Blumenthal story...

CONWAY

That story is accurate! Sidney Blumenthal beat his wife, okay? We're not feeding you fake shit!

Drudge winces as if Conway's screaming is so loud it's hurting his ears.

DRUDGE

I'm -- I'm really sorry, can you just give me like one source? Like literally one name of a person I can cross-check this with?

A beat. Then, deadpan:

CONWAY

You're really starting to piss me off, Drudge.

INT. LUCIANNE'S GOLDBERG - SAME TIME

LUCIANNE GOLDBERG (early 60s, overweight with a bulldog-like face) lies in bed with curlers in her hair and an eyemask on. Beside her is her snoring HUSBAND whose snores alternate with her snoring BEAGLE down below.

Lucianne's landline rings. And rings. Her Husband GRUNTS. Without taking her eyemask off, she reaches around and struggles to find the phone. Finally, she groggily picks up.

LUCIANNE

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIDEWALK - SAME TIME

Drudge talks to her from a PAY PHONE, where he keeps an eye out for muggers.

DRUDGE

Lucianne Goldberg of the Lucianne Goldberg Literary Agency? It's Matt from Hollywood.

LUCIANNE

Ah yes.

Lucianne yawns, takes her eye mask off.

LUCIANNE (CONT'D)

Conway said you'd call me from a pay phone. Are you?

DRUDGE

I am, I assure you.

LUCIANNE

Okay, good. Go on.

Lucianne turns on a lamp. Her Beagle and Husband roll over in unison.

DRUDGE

Okay. So. I'm calling to confirm a story and, according to my super secret source --

LUCIANNE

George Conway.

DRUDGE

Um. Anyway, the word on the street is that Newsweek is about to bust the President of the United States for having sex with his intern. True or false?

LUCIANNE

False.

DRUDGE

Goddamn it! I knew he was full of --

LUCIANNE

False that Newsweek is about to bust him. They won't run the story.

Drudge's eyes bulge. Lucianne lights up a cigarette in a Cruella de Vil type cigarette-holder.

LUCIANNE (CONT'D)

She's 23 years old.

(exhales)

Pretty twisted shit.

DRUDGE

What? Why wouldn't Geor -- why wouldn't my anonymous source just tell me Isikoff turned it down?

LUCIANNE

Mike Isikoff didn't turn it down, he got turned down by his liberal editors. I almost pity the fuck. He's about to lose the story of the goddamn century to a guy who runs a box office scorecard on the internet. No offense.

DRUDGE

(deeply offended)

None taken.

LUCIANNE

Conway probably just wanted you to think Newsweek was printing so he and I wouldn't have to answer your questions in the middle of the night.

DRUDGE

Sorry it's a little earlier out here -- you know what? That's the story. The cover-up from the Democrat Media Complex.

LUCIANNE

You pick the angle, that's your job. I've got more for you in the morning but for starters, you go publish the story and I'll go back to sleep. Goodnight, kid.

Lucianne puts out her cigarette and starts to hang up.

DRUDGE

Wait, Lucianne. If I may... what's the girl's name?

LUCIANNE
 Monica. Monica Lewinsky. And she
 lives at the Watergate Hotel.

Drudge sinks down in the phone booth. He has chills.

LUCIANNE (CONT'D)
 Which is pretty fitting because her
 scandal's about to take down
 another presidency.

Drudge closes his eyes in ecstasy.

DRUDGE
 Lucianne?

He opens his eyes.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

LUCIANNE
 Happy New Year, kid.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - DAY

Drudge runs around the HOMELESS PEOPLE as an instrumental
 version of "I'VE GOT A GOLDEN TICKET" from Willy Wonka plays.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Willy Wonka's SONG continues as Drudge rushes into his
 apartment, rips off his pants, and sits at the computer in
 his boxers. He begins SLAMMING ON THE KEYS:

DRUDGE (V.O.)
 January 17th, 1998. At the last
 minute, at 6pm on Saturday evening,
 Newsweek magazine killed a story
 that was destined to shake
 Washington to its foundation: a
 White House intern carried on a
 sexual affair with the President of
 the United States.

He pauses. Backspaces. Turns that last "." into a "!" Then
 resumes:

DRUDGE (V.O.)

The Drudge Report has learned that reporter Michael Isikoff developed the story of his career, only to have it spiked by top Newsweek suits hours before publication! The young woman was a frequent visitor to a small study just off the Oval Office where she claims to have indulged the president's sexual preference. Michael Isikoff was not available for comment late Saturday. The White House was busy checking the Drudge Report for details.

He looks at the headline as he drags a SIREN next to it.

NEWSWEEK KILLS STORY ON 23-YEAR-OLD WHITE HOUSE INTERN'S SEX RELATIONSHIP WITH PRESIDENT!

****World Exclusive****

****Must Credit the DRUDGE REPORT****

Then he looks at the clock: **9:32pm.**

Drudge strokes Cat. With tears in his eyes, Drudge hovers the Microsoft mouse over the SEND button.

He makes eye contact with Cat.

DRUDGE

Live from New York it's Saturday night.

Drudge closes his eyes and slowly, with his pointer finger, CLICKS.

BLACKOUT.

No more "I've Got a Golden Ticket." No more typing. Silence.

Then, the sounds of RINGING PHONES.

FAXES.

INSTANT MESSAGE DINGS.

THE "YOU'VE GOT MAIL" VOICE.

Then, the THEME MUSIC from ABC's "THIS WEEK"...

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

...which wakes Drudge up. He opens his eyes, rubs them.
 Realizes he's on the couch with a sleeping Cat on his belly.
 He looks at the TV:

On "This Week," host SAM DONALDSON talks to conservative
 columnist WILLIAM KRISTOL and Clinton aide GEORGE
 STEPHANOPOULOS (**ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**).

WILLIAM KRISTOL (ON TV)
*The story in Washington this
 morning is that Newsweek magazine
 was going to go with a big story
 based on tape-recorded
 conversations -- which is that a
 woman who was a summer intern at
 the White House, an intern of Leon
 Panetta's --*

Drudge, watching this live, JERKS AWAKE VIOLENTLY.

GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS (ON TV)
*And Bill, where did it come from?
 The Drudge Report.*

Drudge literally covers his mouth in shock.

GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS (ON TV)
 (CONT'D)
*You know, we've all seen how
 discredited that --*

WILLIAM KRISTOL (ON TV)
*No, no, no! There were screaming
 arguments at Newsweek magazine
 yesterday! They finally didn't go
 with the story. Then there is going
 to be a question of whether the
 media is now going to report what
 are pretty well validated charges
 of non-presidential behavior in the
 White House.*

Drudge looks like a little boy. Groggy but gleeful.

A FAX comes in.

SAM DONALDSON (ON TV)
*I'm not an apologist for Newsweek,
 but if their editors decided that
 they didn't have it cold enough to
 go with...*

Drudge walks over and checks out two incoming FAXES.

The first is a sheet that says:

**Fondly,
Lucianne**

And then the next sheet:

MONICA LEWINSKY'S RESUMÉ

WHIP PAN to Drudge, already posting the resumé on his site
and SLAMMING ON THE KEYS:

DRUDGE (V.O.)
January 18th, 1998. The Drudge
Report has learned that former
White House intern Monica Lewinsky,
23, has been subpoenaed to give a
deposition in the Paula Jones case.
About the young woman, this is
known. Work Experience: Summer of
'95, Intern The White House. April
'96, Assistant at The Pentagon.
Education: May '95 graduate of
Lewis and Clark College. Major?
Psy --

A NOISE. Drudge jolts. He looks at the door, paranoid.
Nothing. Finally, he looks down.

It's just Cat scratching at the wall.

Drudge catches his breath and continues typing a mile-a-minute:

DRUDGE
Major? Psychology. Special skills?
Holds current TS-SCI clearance,
allowing access to top secret and
sensitive information! Proficient
in Macintosh for Microsoft Word
6.0, WordPerfect for Windows 95,
and Infosys.

Drudge drags up the SIREN next to the headline:

NEW BACKGROUND DETAILS ON INTERN!
****World Exclusive****
****Must Credit the DRUDGE REPORT****

And boom. Monica's resumé is now on his site.

He finally stands, his back aching from sleeping on the couch, as he walks over to the front door. He double checks that it's very locked.

Drudge scans his home office. Then he looks out his window at the CNN and E! Channel buildings.

NIGHT FALLS OVER HOLLYWOOD...

...AND THEN THE SUN RISES.

Birds chirp and cars honk as Drudge refreshes his site and checks his email. No eating. No sleeping.

He has one of the TVs behind him playing *White House Press Secretary MIKE MCCURRY at a Press Briefing (ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE)*. Reporter SAM DONALDSON hollers questions at him:

SAM DONALDSON (ON TV)
Someone said that you or someone here had put out the word that staffers should not be allowed to log onto the Drudge Report. Is that true?

Drudge's spins around from the computer to look at the TV.

MIKE MCCURRY (ON TV)
I don't discuss that subject.

SAM DONALDSON (ON TV)
What, whether you ever put out a word they can't log on?

MIKE MCCURRY (ON TV)
I think calling it a "report" is too generous.

Drudge starts to laugh with surprise.

SAM DONALDSON (ON TV)
Well, whatever you want to call it is fine with me. But have you forbidden people to actually --

MIKE MCCURRY (ON TV)
No. It's a free country and people can do what they want to on the internet.

Drudge looks at Cat.

DRUDGE
(scared but excited)
Holy shit, Cat.
(beat, horrified)
Holy shit, Cat, I have to feed you!

Drudge rushes to Cat's food.

INT. ARIANNA HUFFINGTON'S HOUSE - DAY

In a living room fit for a queen, Breitbart sits on an awkwardly royal chair with a clunky IBM ThinkPad 380 laptop on his lap. Huffington's MAID walks in and opens her mouth to speak.

BREITBART
Please no more iced tea.

She opens her mouth again.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
Or spanakopitas.

She closes her mouth, nods.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
Do you guys have Dr. Pepper?

MAID
I'll ask Ms. Huffington if she knows him.

She walks away. Once she leaves, Breitbart sighs and turns up RUSH LIMBAUGH on the radio.

RUSH LIMBAUGH (ON RADIO)
It's been an interesting week.
Eight minutes before midnight, Matt Drudge released her name to the world: Monica. Lewinsky.

Breitbart's head darts up from the laptop.

We hear a Greek-accented voice of a WOMAN from upstairs:

HUFFINGTON (O.S.)
Turn that radio down!

INT. ARIANNA HUFFINGTON'S BATHROOM - DAY

In a pink and gold bathroom, Breitbart talks quietly into a HUGE PINK CELL PHONE.

DRUDGE (ON PHONE)
Andrew! How's the Brentwood Palace?

BREITBART
The gig's a lot of LexisNexis, a lot of basic HTML, and a lot of Greek food. Like way too much Greek food.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

Drudge, sleep-deprived and showing it, talks to Breitbart on the phone and twirls his increasingly-thinning hair.

BREITBART
But, uh, I think we're hitting sort of a wall ideologically.

Drudge smiles. Guess the new girl's not so cute anymore.

DRUDGE
Oh yeah?

BREITBART
Yeah. It's like the closer she gets to becoming part of the DC-media establishment, the more of a lefty she becomes. Also she hates when I play the radio.
(even more hushed)
She thinks Rush Limbaugh is "vile and potentially racist!"

DRUDGE
(genuinely shocked, equally hushed for no reason)
Whaaaaat?! What is that bitch smoking?!

BREITBART
Oh yeah and that's another thing. This place is not 4/20 friendly.

DRUDGE
Pshhh. Lamé. I'm smoking, like, a gram of hashish right now.

BREITBART

Anyway dude I'm calling 'cause I heard Rush Limbaugh say your name on the radio and I freaked the fuck out!!

DRUDGE

(worst acting ever)

Did he really? That's cool.

BREITBART

So have you slept a wink since you broke this thing?

DRUDGE

Not really. I haven't left the house in the last 96 hours and I haven't eaten anything in the last 48.

BREITBART

Oh. Oh wow.

DRUDGE

Does In-N-Out deliver? Nevermind.

He looks at his door, as if someone is going to break in at any moment.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

Nobody's coming in and nobody's going out.

BREITBART

Yeah, smart, smart. But, uh, if you do decide you want someone... you know, I could... I could be around.

Drudge sits up, excited.

DRUDGE

What are you saying?

Breitbart sits down on a closed toilet seat, defeated.

BREITBART

I just... I figure there's gonna be a lot of work to do at headquarters now with all the press...

Drudge smiles, strokes Cat.

DRUDGE
You're saying you want your job
back.

A long sigh on the other end of the phone.

BREITBART
Yes, Matt, that's what I'm saying.
(rubbing his face)
I don't even care if you still pay
me bi-weekly.

Drudge rolls over on his back, slowly becoming content.

DRUDGE
I'll pay you weekly, my friend. And
you deserve more than I was giving
you before. Give her your two day's
notice and call me when you're
ready.

HUFFINGTON (O.S.)
WHERE'S MY CELL PHONE?!

Breitbart cringes, gets off the toilet.

BREITBART
Sounds great, Matt. Call you soon.

INT. CNN SET - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

CNN Anchorwoman DONNA KELLY talks to the camera.

DONNA KELLEY
*A potentially damaging cloud is
hanging over the White House this
morning. CNN has confirmed that
Whitewater counsel Kenneth Starr
has been granted permission to
expand his investigation. He will
be looking into new allegations
that President Clinton had an
affair with a former White House
intern and then urged her to lie
about it.*

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - MORNING

It's 7AM. Cat yawns on the couch alone watching **CNN**, which
shows Correspondent JOHN KING standing outside the White
House (**ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**).

JOHN KING (ON TV)
*Well Donna, what began as a search
 for evidence in the Paula Jones
 sexual harassment case has
 mushroomed into another
 investigation of the President and
 his personal conduct.*

INT. CRAPPY BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Drudge, a thicker beard and still in his boxers, sits on the toilet and reads the front page of the January 21, 1998 edition of the Los Angeles Times:

Kenneth Starr Examines Clinton Link to Female Intern

Drudge can vaguely hear a newsanchor on the TV from his living room:

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
*We interrupt Peter Jennings' visit
 to the Pope in Cuba to pick up a
 live feed of President Clinton's
 interview with Jim Lehrer.*

Drudge perks up, flushes the toilet, and runs out of the bathroom.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Pants at his ankles and newspaper in his hands, Drudge bursts in and looks up with Cat at one of the three TVs:

INT. PBS NEWS SET - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

PBS Newsanchor JIM LEHRER interviews BILL CLINTON.

JIM LEHRER
*The news of this day is that
 Kenneth Starr, the independent
 counsel, is investigating
 allegations that you suborned
 perjury by encouraging a 24-year-
 old woman, a former White House
 intern, to lie under oath in a
 civil deposition about her having
 had an affair with you. Mr.
 President, is that true?*

BILL CLINTON

*That is not true. That is not true.
I did not ask anyone to tell
anything other than the truth.
There is no improper relationship.
And I intend to cooperate with this
inquiry. But that is not true.*

JIM LEHRER

*No improper relationship. Define
what you mean by that.*

BILL CLINTON

*Well, I think you know what it
means.*

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

Lucianne Goldberg, talking into a cell phone, stuffs her CAR TRUNK with boxes of about 200 copies of the book "Murder in Brentwood."

LUCIANNE

*There's a dress. Monica showed
Linda a dress stained with Bill
Clinton's cum. Linda told Monica
not to wash that dress. And she
hasn't.*

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - SUNSET

Lucianne's voice in Drudge's ear (via the landline sandwiched between his neck and shoulder), he joyfully SLAMS ON THE KEYS:

DRUDGE (V.O.)

*January 21st, 1998. DNA trail may
exist. Lewinsky allegedly confided
that she kept a garment with
Clinton's dried semen on it, a
garment she said she would never
wash!*

Drudge drags up a SIREN and presses send on the headline:

WATERGATE 1998: PRESIDENTIAL DNA?!

****World Exclusive****

****Must Credit the Drudge Report****

Behind him on **CNN**, a much-younger WOLF BLITZER narrates over photographs of MONICA LEWINSKY and LINDA TRIPP with the CHYRON "CLINTON INTERN CONTROVERSY" (**ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**):

WOLF BLITZER (ON TV) (V.O.)
 CNN has learned Starr now has at
 least 17 secretly recorded
 audiotapes of conversations
 Lewinsky had with another former
 White House staffer Linda Tripp.

Blitzer narrates over footage of KENNETH STARR getting
 followed by reporters and photographers:

WOLF BLITZER (ON TV) (V.O.)
 Whitewater independent counsel
 Kenneth Starr's probe has now been
 expanded into potentially
 impeachable offenses.

Drudge turns around to watch anchorwoman JOIE CHEN talk to
 WOLF BLITZER, who is revealed outside the White House:

JOIE CHEN (ON TV)
 Even the President's closest
 supporters are acknowledging that
this one is serious. Can you talk
 to us further about the mentality
 at the White House tonight?

WOLF BLITZER (ON TV)
 They're very worried about all of
 this. The accumulation of events.

Hands on his hips, Drudge then turns to his window and looks
 out at the CNN and E! Channel buildings.

WOLF BLITZER (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 They're worried that the charge --
 obstruction of justice, a cover-up
 -- if in fact that is true, that
 could in fact lead to impeachment
 proceedings.

Slowly Drudge, starts to squint at the cityscape out his
 window.

WOLF BLITZER (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 This is something very very
 serious, a criminal proceeding...

It looks like the CNN and E! Channel buildings are slowly
 shaking. Is it an earthquake? Suddenly, the two buildings
 CRUMBLE to the ground in what looks like a controlled
 demolition!

Drudge's eyes pop out of his skull.

Suddenly, BANGING AT THE DOOR. Terrified Drudge whips his head to his barricaded door.

SECRET AGENT 1 (O.S.)
LET US IN!

DRUDGE
Who is it??

SECRET AGENT 2 (O.S.)
This is the FBI, LET US THE FUCK
IN!

Before Drudge has a chance to scream or run, a GROUP OF SIX ARMED MEN IN BLACK BREAK DOWN THE DOOR.

SECRET AGENT 1
WHO THE FUCK IS LEAKING TO YOU??

SECRET AGENT 2
TELL US YOUR SOURCES!!

SECRET AGENT 1
WHO DO YOU WORK FOR??

We hear POLICE SIRENS as the Agents tackle Drudge to the ground and put GUNS to his head.

The sounds of POLICE SIRENS turns into images of the SPINNING DRUDGE SIRENS accompanied by RINGING PHONE SOUNDS as the nightmarish hellscape crescendos --

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

-- into a new morning at Drudge HQ.

Drudge wakes up with a high-pitched SHRIEK, falls off the couch, dropping the POLICE SCANNER from his arms.

The PHONE RINGS.

Drudge looks up from the floor, embarrassed. Cat stares at him judgmentally.

Drudge gets up, looks out the window to make sure all the buildings outside are all still standing, and grabs the phone.

DRUDGE
Drudge Report, how may I direct
your call?

He immediately perks up.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
Really...

INT. CRAPPY BATHROOM - NIGHT

Drudge shaves for the first time in a week. Cat can barely watch.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

Emerging triumphantly, despite the razor burns on his face and the fact that he's squinting at the bright light of the sun, Drudge wheels out his squeaky suitcase.

Then he looks down and realizes he's still not wearing pants. Drudge rushes back inside his apartment. A HOMELESS DUDE witnesses this.

INT. HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Still standing beside his suitcase, Drudge tries on a suit in the mirror. In his reflection, he sees a random LOS ANGELENO behind him reading the *New York Post*:

Monica Kept Sex Dress as Souvenir

Drudge smirks to himself in the mirror, fixing his ill-fitting suit.

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Drudge's plane lands in DC.

EXT. NBC BUILDING - DAY

From the exact same angle of Drudge as a child looking up at the Washington Post building, Drudge looks up at the NBC Building. He wheels his suitcase inside.

Cue "MEET THE PRESS" theme music...

INT. NBC GREEN ROOM - MORNING

Drudge pours himself a water and looks around. Kinda cool. He looks at the green room TV, where "*Meet the Press*" (**ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**) is starting:

TIM RUSSERT (ON TV)
Our issue this Sunday morning: the
presidency in crisis. Will Bill
Clinton survive? And in our
political roundtable, the man who
broke the explosive story --

Drudge beams at the TV.

TIM RUSSERT (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Michael Isikoff of Newsweek.

Drudge looks enraged.

TIM RUSSERT (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Legal expert Stuart Taylor of the
National Journal, New York Times
columnist William Safire, and the
publisher of the infamous Drudge
Report on the internet, Matt
Drudge.

DRUDGE
 OH WHAT THE FU --

INT. NBC NEWS SET - MORNING

Interspersed with actual **ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE OF TIM RUSSERT**, Drudge plasters a fake smile for the live TV cameras. He's seated on a panel next to Newsweek's Mike Isikoff and The New York Times' WILLIAM SAFIRE (a gray haired newspaper columnist with big glasses).

TIM RUSSERT
Newsweek has been leading the way
on this story.

Drudge is having trouble hiding his twitchy anger.

TIM RUSSERT (CONT'D)
What new information do you have to
report this morning?

DRUDGE
 Okay, Newsweek has not been leading
 the way --

ISIKOFF

Well, Tim, Newsweek offers extensive transcripts of these Lewinsky-Tripp tapes, which really show that this young woman is not boasting or bragging about a relationship, but rather concerned with protecting the President.

TIM RUSSERT

Matt Drudge of the Drudge Report, you've been covering this rather aggressively on the internet. What's your take?

DRUDGE

Rather aggressively? I broke the story! And when I hear the phrase "concerned with protecting the President," I don't think of Monica Lewinsky, I think of Newsweek Magazine.

Isikoff glares.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

And The New York Times.

Safire rolls his eyes.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

And NBC.

Russert just ignores him.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

Tim, the people at home should be asking themselves why did The Drudge Report dot com beat every traditional media outlet in reporting Monica Lewinsky, in reporting Kathleen Willey, and in reporting that there's a dress out there covered in semen belonging to the President of the United States.

Drudge smiles awkwardly into the camera. Everyone looks uncomfortable.

TIM RUSSERT

Mr. Safire, Bill Safire, you're an expert with words...

Drudge stops smiling.

TIM RUSSERT (CONT'D)

The front page of your newspaper, the New York Times, said that the administration is seriously considering attacking Iraq as soon as Friday, probably within the next few weeks...

INT. NBC GREEN ROOM - DAY

Drudge angrily changes out of his cheap suit. He still listens to the live feed of the show on the TV in the green room, where Tim Russert has moved on to interviewing Monica Lewinsky's lawyer WILLIAM GINSBURG (**ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**):

TIM RUSSERT (ON TV)

Joining us now, the attorney for former White House intern Monica Lewinsky, William Ginsburg. Mr. Ginsburg, welcome to "Meet the Press."

WILLIAM GINSBURG (ON TV)

Thank you, Mr. Russert.

TIM RUSSERT (ON TV)

There are reports that there may be some dresses or a dress with DNA evidence. Were any dresses taken?

WILLIAM GINSBURG (ON TV)

That's a salacious comment! It's a salacious comment because I would assume that if Monica Lewinsky had a dress that was sullied or dirtied, she would have had it cleaned. I know of no such dress.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

Bill Clinton does the famous lip-biting, then, the even more famous:

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)

I want to say one thing to the American people. I want you to listen to me, I'm gonna say this again: I did not have sexual relations with that woman, Miss Lewinsky. I never told anyone to lie. Not a single time. Never.

(MORE)

BILL CLINTON (ON TV) (CONT'D)
*These allegations are false and I
 need to go back to work for the
 American people. Thank you.*

APPLAUSE in the room, including from AL GORE and HILLARY CLINTON right behind Bill.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

Breitbart is back at his old gig, working on the site, fielding incoming faxes, and trying not to trip over Cat.

He also keeps an eye on the TVs, one of which is turned onto **NBC**, where MATT LAUER interviews HILLARY CLINTON (**ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**):

HILLARY CLINTON (ON TV)
*The great story here for anybody
 willing to find it and write about
 it and explain it is this vast
 right-wing conspiracy that has been
 conspiring against my husband since
 the day he announced for president.*

Breitbart nervously bites his lip, mutes this TV and UN-MUTES the second TV:

CBS NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
 And we here at CBS Evening News can confirm that the FBI has not found DNA or stains on any of Ms. Lewinsky's clothes.

Breitbart sighs, mutes the second TV and UN-MUTES the third TV:

CNN ANCHOR (ON TV)
 Meanwhile our latest CNN poll found that President Clinton has his highest-ever approval ratings and that Ms. Lewinsky is only believed by 13 percent of Americans.

Breitbart mutes it and angrily throws the remote on the couch. Just then, Drudge squeakily wheels himself in.

BREITBART
 Whoa, is that Matt Drudge from NBC?
 From network television?

Drudge laughs, looks bashful.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
I mean corporate-owned news
networks are satanic but... hey,
it's a step up from C-SPAN, right?!

Breitbart high-fives Drudge, who sloppily receives what looks
like his first-ever high five.

DRUDGE
Thanks, Andrew. Did you feed Cat
today?

Breitbart is caught off guard.

BREITBART
I was about to.

Drudge puts water and food in the bowls on the ground.

DRUDGE
Can you believe Tim Russert called
Isikoff "the man who broke the
explosive story?!"

BREITBART
(unemphatic)
Unbelievable.

DRUDGE
I wonder if my dad saw it. Hell,
NBC's probably not far enough to
the left for him.

Drudge scoffs, turns on his computer.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
You know what? I want you to wire
him fifteen hundred dollars. The
exact price of my computer. Nobody
else is responsible for my success.
Let alone a liberal.

BREITBART
Okay...

DRUDGE
Oh and get this one. They want me
to give a speech at the National
Press Club in DC. Can you believe
it?! I mean they're corporately-
owned satanists but...

BREITBART

Hey Matt? There's no chance the elves are setting you up again, right? And all of Lucianne Goldberg's leaks are legit? 'Cause, you know, everyone's still saying it's not true.

A revved up Drudge finally slows down. He looks up at the TVs and squints as he scans them.

DRUDGE

Andrew. I'm starting to think it doesn't matter if any of it's true.

Breitbart looks up at the three muted TVs as well. All are focused 24/7 on The Lewinsky Scandal.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

It's news.

FADE TO:

COMPLETE WHITENESS.

Then, like typewritten Drudge Report headlines, text appears:

Two Months Later

FADE IN:

INT. NATIONAL PRESS CLUB - DAY

National Press Club President DOUG HARBRECHT (boring middle-aged white guy with a 90s mustache and glasses) stands at a podium in front of an American flag and a National Press Club flag.

DOUG HARBRECHT

I must confess, like many of you, my first reaction upon hearing who today's speaker at our National Press Club would be was...why?

CHUCKLES from the boring middle-aged white people in the crowd (JOURNALISTS).

DOUG HARBRECHT (CONT'D)

We're journalists. He is not a journalist.

(MORE)

DOUG HARBRECHT (CONT'D)
 But there's no way around it, he is
 on the cutting edge of a revolution
 in the news business. And not just
 because he gets up to 1 million
 hits a day on his website. Or so he
 claims.

More CHUCKLES.

DOUG HARBRECHT (CONT'D)
 His critics say that he embodies
 the most dangerous aspects of
 online media - where conspiracy
 theories and half-truths can spread
 like wildfire, leaving reputations
 scorched in their wake. Here to
 address some of this, we hope,
 ladies and gentlemen, please
 welcome Mr. Matthew Drudge.

POLITE APPLAUSE as we reveal Drudge, tipping his Walter
 Winchell hat and getting up on the dais. Speech in hand, he
 approaches the podium with fake confidence and shakes hands
 with Harbrecht.

DRUDGE
 Applause for Matt Drudge in
 Washington at the National Press
 Club, now there's a scandal!

One LAUGH. Otherwise silence. Drudge clears his throat and
 sips water.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
 You know, I'm from here. DC is my
 hometown. And what a place to grow
 up. On my paper route as a newsboy,
 I used to stop and stare up at the
 Washington Post newsroom over on
 15th Street. Daydreaming. Looking
 up longingly. Knowing I'd never get
 in. Didn't go to college. Didn't
 come from a well-known family. Nor
 was I even remotely connected to a
 powerful publishing dynasty.

Doug Harbrecht sighs.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
 I would never be able to obtain any
 access, get any credentials. I'd
 never score that interview with
 Vernon Jordan or work with Newsweek
 magazine.

(MORE)

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

There was no chance of upward mobility in my swing-shift position at 7-Eleven. That was my last job in Washington.

Drudge lets this linger, as if it's a brag, but Journalists just fold their arms in silence.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

So, as a young man, I went West and got a six hundred dollar a month one-bedroom apartment in Hollywood. Now that might sound glamorous to some, but I assure you it is not. Real Hollywood is a far cry from Beverly Hills and the Palisades. No 90210 for this kid. So, I swung into another clerk job, this time at CBS News. I folded T-shirts in the gift shop, dusted off "60 Minutes" mugs.

Chuckles and eye rolls.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

For four days, the Lewinsky scandal was just a lonely internet report from that Hollywood apartment. And I'm not here today to tell you how, I'm here to ask you why. Is it because this is the first time in history that individuals have access to the news wires outside of your newsrooms? Is it because we are living in a time where anyone with a modem can access the rest of the world and report on it like you people? Are we finally cutting out the middle man? Is this the end of Big Brother? Are we finally letting the future begin?!

People take that in. Sort of.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

You know, I was walking the streets of DC yesterday -- the same streets I walked as a child -- and I found myself in front of the Washington Post building again. But this time when I looked up, I didn't feel that same sense of wonder and longing. This time... I laughed.

A Journalist scoffs at the cheesiness.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

But one thing's for sure: despite my recent success, I remain a very private man. And I do not seek the spotlight.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FOX NEWS CHANNEL SET - NIGHT

Over-the-top OPENING TITLES and THEME MUSIC bring us into the world of Drudge's new, eponymously-titled Fox News show: "DRUDGE." It's a creepy set that's styled to look like a noir detective's office.

FOX NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

He's the mod muckracker, the internet informer, the citizen journalist and everyone's dying to know what he'll say next! Iiiiiit's Drudge!

Surrounded by newspapers and an ill-placed American flag, Drudge spins around for a dramatic REVEAL. He's wearing his fedora and deliberately loosened tie.

DRUDGE

Welcome to "Drudge," I'm Drudge, my guess tonight is my extremely close friend, Lucianne Goldberg. Lucianne, thanks for joining us again on the program. Why the black ribbon tonight?

Reveal he's sitting across from Lucianne Goldberg, who sports a black ribbon on her dress. She has a beat of looking weirded-out by the "extremely close friend" comment.

LUCIANNE GOLDBERG

Well. I am mourning for America under Bill Clinton.

DRUDGE

Perhaps you should have worn a blue dress.

LUCIANNE GOLDBERG

That blue dress is a true story, Drudge. Hopefully, when Linda Tripp is legally able to speak for herself, we'll hear about it.

(MORE)

LUCIANNE GOLDBERG (CONT'D)
And trust me, when this thing hits,
it will be explosive, the things
that people don't know yet.

DRUDGE
Well last night Geraldo Rivera said
there's absolutely no possibility
that a so-called "semen-stained
dress" even exists!

LUCIANNE GOLDBERG
Well Geraldo Rivera's a *BLEEEEEEP.*

The foul language makes Drudge's douchey smile fade as he
looks off-camera uncomfortably.

DRUDGE
Heh.
(back to Lucianne)
So let's talk more about Sidney
Blumenthal.

INT. FOX NEWS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Drudge confidently strides towards an elevator with a
newspaper in one hand and Cat on a leash in the other.

Drudge looks ahead and spots Lucianne Goldberg heading to
the elevator.

DRUDGE
Oooh! Lucianne! Great show tonight--
you wanna grab some dinn --

Lucianne blatantly sees Drudge and starts frantically
pressing the "close elevator door" button.

Drudge stops chasing after her and looks ashamed.

Drudge looks over at some older FOX NEWS PUNDITS, who look at
him like he's the trombone player trying to sit at the jocks'
lunch table.

Drudge fakes a smile at them, clears his throat, and presses
a button for the elevator and waits for a new one.

EXT. FOX NEWS BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Drudge, still somehow cocky after that, exits the building
and gets inside a TOWN CAR with Cat.

The car takes off, passing a sign on the Fox News Building with Drudge's face on it:

America's Mischief Maker!

DRUDGE

Saturday Nights on Fox News

INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Drudge strokes Cat and looks out the window at the filth of Hollywood.

DRUDGE

(to the Driver)

I'm just a couple blocks more.

His DRIVER looks confused.

DRIVER

Here?

DRUDGE

Yeah, I live around here.

DRIVER

(under his breath)

Wow.

A beat. Drudge feels the Driver's confusion.

DRUDGE

I'm being sued by the White House for 30 million dollars. I don't wanna own any assets, okay?

DRIVER

I understand, sir. My sister is in same situation.

Drudge cocks his brow.

INT. CRAPPY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Drudge and Cat sleep with the POLICE SCANNER on his night stand. After a few beats of that, the audio of a Presidential Address starts to fade in:

BILL CLINTON (V.O.)

Good evening.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

BILL CLINTON addresses the nation.

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
*As you know, in a deposition in
 January, I was asked questions
 about my relationship with Monica
 Lewinsky.*

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Clinton's public confession airs on the giant screen. New Yorkers look up at him.

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
*While my answers were legally
 accurate, I did not volunteer
 information.*

INT. COULTER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pajama-clad Ann Coulter sits on her couch with a Windows 98 laptop, watching Clinton on TV.

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
*Indeed, I did have a relationship
 with Miss Lewinsky that was not
 appropriate. In fact, it was wrong.*

INT. CBS NEWS OFFICE - NIGHT

Smug-faced Laura Ingraham kicks her feet up on her desk. The TV serves as the only light in her office.

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
*Indeed, I did have a relationship
 with Miss Lewinsky that was not
 appropriate.*

INT. CONWAY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Post-coital George Conway watches TV from under the covers with Kellyanne Conway.

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
*In fact, it was wrong. It
 constituted a critical lapse in
 judgment*

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob and Maria watch from their living room.

*BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
...and a personal failure on my
part for which I am solely and
completely responsible.*

Juan and Roberto secretly watch from the staircase.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Breitbart pours champagne into dirty water glasses.

*BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
Thank you for watching. And good
night.*

Drudge and Breitbart sit at their computers, CLINK champagne glasses, and drink to Clinton's confession airing on their three TVs.

FADE OUT.

SIREN SPINNING IN:

MONICA HAD SEX WITH CLINTON'S CIGAR!
****Warning: Contains Graphic Description****

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

Drudge triumphantly sends that headline off on the site. Breitbart looks over his shoulder, eating Chinese food out of the carton.

BREITBART
Nice.

Breitbart tosses the carton into the trash, noticing the BOOK he got Drudge, "Conscience of a Conservative" by Barry Goldwater, has collected dust on a shelf.

DRUDGE
The liberals are already trying to
stop the Starr Report from going
public.

BREITBART
And Clinton's deposition tapes.

DRUDGE

I wonder if they'll release those
to the public.

BREITBART

I wonder if he mentioned us in
them.

Breitbart gets up and cracks open a can of Dr. Pepper. We
slowly ZOOM IN on Cat's face while we hear:

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Republicans have voted to release
the videotape of President
Clinton's grand jury testimony in
the Monica Lewinsky affair and we
are airing that grand jury
testimony, in full, the moment that
tape is delivered to CNN
headquarters.

Cat licks his lips.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - MORNING

Drudge and Breitbart have all three TVs displaying the same
exact *BILL CLINTON TESTIMONY (ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE)*. They're
sitting cross-legged on the floor, eating popcorn and
drinking beer. What proceeds is somewhat of a drinking game:

LAWYER (ON TV) (O.S.)

*If Monica Lewinsky says that, while
you were in the Oval Office, area
you touched her genitalia, would
she be lying? That calls for a yes,
no, or reverting to your former
statement.*

Drudge and Breitbart drink.

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)

*I will revert to my statement on
that.*

LAWYER (ON TV) (O.S.)

*If Monica Lewinsky says that you
used a cigar as a sexual aid with
her in the Oval Office area, would
she be lying? Yes, no, or won't
answer?*

Drudge and Breitbart drink.

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
*I will revert to my former
statement.*

LAWYER (ON TV) (O.S.)
*If Monica Lewinsky says that you
had phone sex with her, would she
be lying?*

Drudge and Breitbart drink.

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
*Well, that is -- at least, in
general terms, I think, is covered
by my statement. I addressed that
in my statement. And I don't
believe it's...*

LAWYER (ON TV) (O.S.)
*Is it possible or impossible that
your semen is on a dress belonging
to Ms. Lewinsky?*

Drudge and Breitbart drink.

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
*I have nothing to add to my
statement about it, sir. You, know
whether -- you know what the facts
are. There's no point in a
hypothetical.*

LAWYER (ON TV) (O.S.)
*Mr. President, when did you learn
about the Drudge Report reporting
allegations of you having a sexual
relationship with someone in the
White House?*

Drudge and Breitbart GASP and put down their drinks.
Breitbart stands up in shock. Drudge follows.

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
*I believe that, it was the morning
of the 18th, I think.*

LAWYER (ON TV) (O.S.)
What time of day, sir?

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
I have no idea.

LAWYER (ON TV) (O.S.)
Early morning hours?

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
Yeah, I think somebody called me about it. Maybe Bruce. Maybe someone else. I'm not sure. But I learned early on the 18th of the Drudge Report.

BREITBART
 Holy fuck!

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
Once this thing was in Drudge, and there was this argument about whether it was or was not going to be in Newsweek.

Drudge clutches onto Breitbart with excitement.

LAWYER (ON TV) (O.S.)
But you did have a great deal of anxiety in the hours and days following the end of your deposition on the 17th. Isn't that fair to say?

BILL CLINTON (ON TV)
Well, I had a little anxiety the next day, of course, because of the Drudge Report.

Drudge and Breitbart start HOOTING AND HOLLERING.

INT. FOX NEWS CHANNEL SET - NIGHT

Drudge, cocked brow and faux-anchor-like, addresses the nation, showing a photo in the upper third of Republicans voting to impeach Bill Clinton.

DRUDGE
Welcome to "Drudge," I'm Drudge. 11 months ago, I reported on my website that Bill Clinton had an affair with his intern. In today's news, I am reporting that, for the second time in the history of the United States, the American President has been impeached.

Drudge/Fox News CUTS TO SIDE-BY-SIDE PHOTOS OF ANDREW JOHNSON AND BILL CLINTON.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Breitbart, haggard and fatigued, uploads **EARLY NIELSEN RATINGS!** to the website. He scrolls down to find where "Drudge" on the Fox News Channel ranks. It's at the bottom of the bottom of the bottom. He cringes.

Meanwhile, behind him on a TV is **FOX NEWS'** latest episode of "Drudge":

DRUDGE (ON TV)
Well before we get started I wanted
to wish both of you a very Merry
Christmas.

REVEAL Drudge is sitting across from his two guests, Ann Coulter and Laura Ingraham.

COULTER (ON TV)
Marry Christmas, Drudge.

INGRAHAM (ON TV)
Merry Christmas, Drudge.

Breitbart rolls his eyes as he puts a \$1,500 check from Matthew Drudge in an ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO BOB DRUDGE.

DRUDGE (ON TV)
Now President Clinton has been
impeached and the print media is
all up in arms.

Drudge rifles through the newspapers like a madman as Coulter and Ingraham wonder when they'll get a chance to speak.

DRUDGE (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Look at these papers. The Atlanta
Journal-Constitution says "for the
good of the country, end this witch
hunt now," the Miami Herald says
the Senate's decision to impeach
was "partisanship meets precipice,"
and the Los Angeles Times says
"Even Clinton's most committed
enemies can't claim that the
impeachment standard has been set!"
Well, we are Clinton's most
committed enemies and we can claim
that the standard has been set!

INGRAHAM (ON TV)
That's exactly right, Matt --

DRUDGE (ON TV)
I mean I used to be a paperboy,
I've never read any papers issue
editorial judgements like these,
have you guys?

COULTER (ON TV)
Never, which is why the 2000
election is going to be so criti --

DRUDGE (ON TV)
We know traditional media, even
television, are in bed with
Washington DC, but what does the
public think? For iron-clad numbers
and facts, we turn live via
satellite to professional pollster
Miss Kellyanne Fitzpatrick,
Kellyanne, welcome to "Drudge."

REVEAL a SPLIT SCREEN with Kellyanne via satellite.

KELLYANNE (ON TV)
Thanks for having me on, Matt.

Breitbart has finished sealing the ENVELOPE TO BOB DRUDGE. He
checks the fridge for Dr. Pepper. It's empty.

Then, he starts sniffing in disgust. He turns. Cat is pissing
on, rather than in, the litter box.

BREITBART
OH SONOFA --

INT. FOX NEWS CHANNEL SET - NIGHT

Drudge is still talking to Kellyanne in a split screen, which
confuses Coulter and Ingraham.

DRUDGE (ON TV)
Kellyanne, what are the President's
poll numbers these days?

KELLYANNE (ON TV)
Matt, in the wake of his
impeachment, Bill Clinton's
approval leapt ten points to a
personal all-time high of 73
percent.

DRUDGE (ON TV)
Get outta here!

KELLYANNE (ON TV)
Not only that, but 68 percent of
Americans think the Senate should
not convict Bill Clinton in his
pending impeachment trial.

DRUDGE (ON TV)
You gotta be kidding me!

KELLYANNE (ON TV)
And I think the implications of
this are really --

Drudge throws the newspapers in the air dramatically and
looks at the camera.

DRUDGE (ON TV)
And we'll be right back after these
corporate-sponsored messages.

BREITBART
Oh come on!

INT. FOX NEWS OFFICE - DAY

In a room full of cigar smoke, we stay behind the silhouette
of a BIG FAT MAN at a BIG FAT DESK. He puffs away and watches
"Drudge" cut to commercials. We never see his face.

ROGER AILES
What the fuck?

He reaches for a big fat phone.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

Drudge bursts in the place like Kramer and announces himself
like a superhero:

DRUDGE
I quit the show!

Reveal Breitbart, cleaning up Cat's litter box with a yellow
kitchen glove on.

BREITBART
What.

DRUDGE

Roger Ailes called and said I needed to take more "network notes." I said "sorry, I'm from the web, I'm not used to having editors or serving corporate interests."

BREITBART

Wait, what were his notes?

DRUDGE

(avoiding eye contact)
He says I'm not leaning into the "new millennium" enough, some re-branding bullshit. Ya know, sorry Lucianne Goldberg and Sidney Blumenthal aren't sexy enough for advertisers, but they happen to be newsmakers!

BREITBART

I'm confused, you said you quit but it sounds like you were fired --

DRUDGE

Point is, you and me are gonna be spending a lot more time together.
(calling to sleeping Cat)
And you too, Cat!

Breitbart looks horrified.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

We'll go back to the good old days of taking shifts. And unfortunately back to those good old paychecks.

Breitbart throws out soiled paper towels.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

Both our salaries will take a little hit but hey, less money for Blumenthal to take if he wins the lawsuit.

BREITBART

Our salaries? Matt, maybe it's time to put an advertisement up on the site and monetize the damn thing, we've been working so hard on it for three years --

DRUDGE
I refuse to sell out with
advertisements!

BREITBART
You're on a cable TV show paid for
by advertisers!

DRUDGE
Ah, but not anymore!

A beat. Breitbart looks ashamed.

BREITBART
(to himself)
I can't believe I ever came back to
work here...

DRUDGE
Hey, what's the problem-o here?

Drudge sadly inches closer to Breitbart.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
I stood up for myself, and for the
integrity of our website, exactly
like you wanted.

BREITBART
Exactly like I wanted?!

Drudge jolts at the scream. Breitbart starts cornering him,
who shrinks in the corner of his own living room.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
Like I wanted?! Yeah, ya made me
reaaaaal proud son -- you know what
would make me proud? If you had
actually read "Conscience of a
Conservative." Maybe then you'd
learn that being a conservative is
more than just hating liberals.

Drudge fixes his fedora.

BREITBART (CONT'D)
You know maybe this whole time
you've been saying "yes" to the
Right Wing because the Left has
been saying "no" to you your whole
life. Your dad, the journalism
schools, the news business -- and
yet all you want is their approval!

DRUDGE

C'mon, Andrew, you don't mean this crap. Why don't we share a joint, just teach me how to roll one --

BREITBART

No, I'm not done. Your website is a dumpsite for a group you think you're a part of. But guess what? The "elves" won't even talk to you unless they're on your fucking TV show! They're not your friends. They use you and you don't even see it. It's pathetic.

DRUDGE

Okay, you know what, maybe you should be working in traditional media instead of citizen reporting. You're a college-educated Jew from Brentwood.

BREITBART

And you're a gay Jew from Washington!

Even though it's just the two of them, Drudge instinctively looks around to make sure nobody heard that.

BREITBART (CONT'D)

I'd rather eat 300 spankatopias than have to pick up your senile alleycat's shit and mail vengeance checks to your dad!

Breitbart throws Drudge's ENVELOPE TO BOB DRUDGE on the ground. He starts packing up his things, anger turning into disappointment. He stops packing.

BREITBART (CONT'D)

They said "To the Staff," man.

DRUDGE

(knowing exactly what)
What?

BREITBART

When the elves first emailed and invited you to Laura Ingraham's Fourth of July party? They said "To The Staff of the Drudge Report." The two of us were invited to that party. Together.

Drudge starts twitching.

DRUDGE
I needed you to man the fort here
at headquarters --

BREITBART
You needed the glory.

Breitbart zips up his bag.

DRUDGE
You shouldn't be reading my emails.

BREITBART
That's literally part of my job.
Was part of my job. I quit.

Breitbart slams the door. Forever.

Drudge turns around to the TV. *It's the last-ever episode of his Fox News show.*

INT. CRAPPY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pajama-clad Drudge turns on the POLICE SCANNER on his night stand. He takes off his fedora, tosses it onto the floor, and starts to get in bed with Cat.

DRUDGE
Move over, Cat.

Cat's not moving.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
Cat?

EXT. PET CEMETARY - DAY

It rains in Southern California. A PET CEMETARY EMPLOYEE lowers a cat-sized casket into the ground. Drudge, alone and in tears, wears an all-black outfit and black fedora. He takes off the fedora, revealing just how bald he's become, and holds it to his heart.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

Drudge's two very junior pro bono lawyers, MANNY (30, down-to-earth) and PATRICK (30, a bit more humorless), sit uncomfortably on the torn couch in Drudge's messier-than-usual apartment. They're Young Republicans, wearing the bowties to prove it.

Drudge, meanwhile, sits in the chair by his computer, looking worn out and heartbroken. Unshaven. Unshowered. Unfed. Still in his mourning outfit.

He creepily strokes Breitbart's old chair and stares out at the rainstorm. Patrick looks weirded out. Manny's more focused.

PATRICK

Now Mr. Drudge, we're your lawyers, not your financial advisors, but we do believe it is relevant to this lawsuit to make you aware of some information. Based on your traffic of roughly a million hits a day, if you were to monetize the website --

MANNY

Even with one advertisement alone.

PATRICK

-- you would be making a six-figure salary. Minimum.

MANNY

And imagine if you put up three ads. Or four. Or five. You could be making seven figures, Matt.

DRUDGE

Okay, so even if I decided to give up everything I stand for and start putting advertisements on The Drudge Report, that still doesn't mean I'll have 30 million dollars to pay the White House.

PATRICK

Not the White House -- Sidney and Jacqueline Blumenthal -- but yes, that's correct.

DRUDGE

And I'd still have to rent a shitty apartment to avoid owning any assets the Blumenthals could take if I declared bankruptcy, right?

They both nod sheepishly.

PATRICK

That's correct.

A beat of sad silence.

MANNY

Unless.

DRUDGE

Y2K kills us all?

The guys chuckle.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

Unless what?

MANNY

Unless you pull an OJ Simpson.

DRUDGE

(half-joking)

You want me to murder the Blumenthals? Well, jeez, I dunno if I'm the murder type, guys...

Patrick does another lawyery chuckle.

MANNY

No. You know how you keep hearing on TV that OJ owes 30 million dollars to the Goldmans but hasn't paid a dime of it?

DRUDGE

Yeah.

MANNY

Ever wonder why OJ's not homeless right now?

DRUDGE

I dunno, is he staying at AC Cowlings' house?

Manny looks at Patrick. Patrick digs into some papers while Manny leans in to Drudge.

MANNY

He moved to the one state in the union that exempts homes from legal judgments and bankruptcy settlements.

Patrick hands Drudge a sheet labeled "Florida Homestead Exemption."

MANNY (CONT'D)

I hear Miami Beach is real nice this time of year, Drudge.

DRUDGE

You want me to move to Florida?

PATRICK

We don't want you to do anything. We just want you to be aware of all of your options. Many people would not take this particular option because of their family and their friends.

Manny sort of suggestively looks around the empty apartment. Drudge sighs. Looks up at the three TVs:

Laura Ingraham's on CBS, Ann Coulter's on CNN, and Kellyanne Conway's on C-SPAN.

DRUDGE

Oh you gotta be kidding me.

Manny and Patrick look at the TV.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)

You know Cat died.

They turn back to Drudge, who still stares off at the TV.

PATRICK

I'm sorry?

MANNY

Do you mean your cat died?

DRUDGE

No, Cat. I mean, yeah, he's my cat -- I named my cat "Cat" -- anyway, none of them even came to the funeral.

Drudge points to the three women.

DRUDGE (CONT'D)
Not one Pundette.

Patrick and Manny look at each other. Then back to Drudge. Patrick opens his mouth to speak but Manny stops him and says to Drudge, in one breath:

MANNY
Matt, I think you should monetize
your website and immediately move
to Florida.

INT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drudge sits at a computer, just finishing up a new headline on his website:

Y2K: APOCALYPSE AT MIDNIGHT?!

Drudge drags a SIREN GIF from the desktop. Hits SEND. He swivels his chair around to look up at the wall where only one TV remains. It's airing *the Countdown to New Year's Eve 2000*.

Times Square is full of people. People kissing. People embracing. People screaming and smiling. Friends and family.

Drudge then looks out the window at CNN and the E! Channel buildings. He sighs in surrender, looks around his own apartment, REVEALING...

...that the room is basically empty.

Cardboard boxes line the floors. Same with Breitbart's computer, two of Drudge's three TVs, and a satellite dish.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
In just moments, the ball will drop
and we'll see if our electronics
start to malfunction, if our
heating goes away, and if airplanes
and trains stop mid-track.

Drudge does a wistful final walk-thru, carrying a CARDBOARD BOX and tossing things into it:

The late Cat's water and food bowls.

The dusty copy of "Conscience of a Conservative."

The dirty envelope/check for BOB DRUDGE that Breitbart threw on the ground.

The RADIO.

And the POLICE SCANNER.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Here it goes. Hold onto your loved
ones.

Finally, Drudge almost fearfully turns his head to the
PACKARD-BELL 486 COMPUTER.

CROWD (ON TV)
Ten! Nine! Eight!

He takes a deep breath, puts the cardboard box down.

CROWD (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Seven! Six! Five!

Drudge kneels by his COMPUTER and closes his eyes. He slowly
reaches for the outlet where it's plugged in.

CROWD (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Four! Three! Two! On --

Drudge PULLS THE PLUG.

SMASH CUT TO:

COMPLETE WHITENESS.

Then, like typewritten Drudge Report headlines, text appears:

**In 2000, Matt Drudge monetized his website with a single
banner ad. It made him a millionaire.**

**In 2001, Drudge moved to Miami Beach, Florida. Sidney
Blumenthal dropped the lawsuit.**

**In fact, Blumenthal ended up reimbursing Drudge's lawyers
\$2,500 in travel costs.**

INT. MSNBC SET - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

*TIM RUSSERT, moderating a Presidential Debate between BARACK
OBAMA and HILLARY CLINTON, asks Hillary a question.*

TIM RUSSERT
A photo went out on the website The
Drudge Report showing Senator Obama
in the native garb of a nation he
was visiting in a host country on a
trip overseas. Matt Drudge on his
website said it came from a source
inside the Clinton campaign.

(MORE)

TIM RUSSERT (CONT'D)
*Can you say unequivocally here
 tonight it did not?*

As Hillary opens her mouth to respond --

CUT TO TEXT OVER WHITE:

Drudge lost touch with Breitbart, who, in 2007, launched his own news aggregation website called Breitbart News.

Five years later, Andrew Breitbart died suddenly of a heart attack at age 42. His website was taken over by Steve Bannon.

INT. FOX NEWS SET - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

Fox News host ERIC BOLLING and pundit GREG GUTFIELD talk above a CHYRON reading "DOES THE WHITE HOUSE FEAR DRUDGE?" On the right side of the screen is an endless loop of a spinning Drudge Report SIREN.

ERIC BOLLING
See that thing right there? That is the dreaded siren. When Matt has some news that he wants everyone to see, he puts that thing up there. There are a lot of people afraid of that siren, Greg.

GREG GUTFIELD
I had one of those removed from my lower back...

CUT TO TEXT OVER WHITE:

Laura Ingraham went on to host a Fox News show that is often the fourth-most watched program in all of cable news. Her guests have included Ann Coulter and Kellyanne Conway.

George and Kellyanne Conway moved into Trump World Tower in Manhattan, where they befriended the owner of their building.

INT. CNN SET - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

Watergate reporter CARL BERNSTEIN talks on a CNN panel.

CARL BERNSTEIN
Drudge. That site has been unapologetically in Trump's pocket from the beginning and I would say a large measure of why Donald Trump is the nominee goes to Matt Drudge.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES DONALD TRUMP talks to "Fox and Friends" co-host STEVE DOOCY on the White House lawn on June 15, 2018.

DONALD TRUMP

Drudge is great, by the way. Matt Drudge is a great gentleman who really -- I don't know, he's got an ability to capture the stories that people really want to see.

INT. INFOWARS SET - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

Popular vlogger ALEX JONES sits in front of a giant screen with Matt Drudge's face on it.

ALEX JONES

Matt Drudge is a visionary. And a futurist. And I admire him because he's a folk hero. He's a grassroots person who was able to basically leverage his instinct for the pulse of the people and change the way the world sees news and information.

SMASH CUT to more **ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE** of him at the same desk:

ALEX JONES (CONT'D)

Hillary, reportedly, I was told by people around her that she was demon-possessed. I'm just gonna go ahead and say it, okay?

CUT TO TEXT OVER WHITE:

Today, The Drudge Report is worth hundreds of millions of dollars and is one of the most-trafficked sites on the internet.

It currently gets more page views than The Washington Post. And The New York Times. Combined.

We backspace and turn that last "." into a "!"