

THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

"Pilot"

Based on My True Story of Going Undercover into the Trump Campaign

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FADE IN:

ON THE AMERICAN FLAG, BILLOWING BEAUTIFULLY IN THE WIND, AND AS WE HEAR THE OPENING VERSE OF LEE GREENWOOD'S "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC":

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the lord...

SUPER: "ASK NOT WHAT YOUR COUNTRY CAN DO FOR YOU, BUT WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR YOUR COUNTRY." - PRES. JOHN F. KENNEDY

And as that quote disappears, it's replaced by...

SUPER: "WIN IF YOU CAN, LOSE IF YOU MUST, BUT ALWAYS CHEAT." - GOV. JESSE "THE BODY" VENTURA.

Now, PULL BACK to reveal the Stars and Stripes is proudly flying high atop...

EXT. DAYS INN - HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY, TAMPA, FL - MORNING

...TILT DOWN past a MARQUEE which reads: **SUPPORT OUR VETS!**
And as we follow the music...

...he is trampling out the vintage...

CAMERA glides toward ROOM 247 where we PUSH IN through the window, into...

INT. HOTEL ROOM, DAYS INN - CONTINUOUS

...towards a NIGHT-STAND where we realize the music is coming from an iPhone on which the DISPLAY shows A PICTURE OF A CUTE COUPLE LOOKING BLISSFULLY IN LOVE...

...where the grapes of wrath are stored...

Now, **JOSH APPELBAUM** mid-30's, boy-ish charm (and the MAN from the picture) enters from the BATHROOM, decked out like he just walked out of a BANANA REPUBLIC CATALOG.

...he has loosed the fateful lightening ...

He walks to a dresser where he puts on a pair of black-rimmed-glasses, hiding the black circles around his eyes. Now, he opens the top drawer to reveal a BUTTON which has an ELEPHANT and the words: **BLACKBURN FOR PRESIDENT** on it... and beside the button...

...A .357 MAGNUM.

...of his terrible swift sword...

Josh stares at the gun for a loaded beat, before grabbing the button, pinning it to his polo. Then, as he shuts the drawer and looks up at himself in the mirror, BIG SMILE...

JOSH
Every day closer to victory is a
good day.

...his truth is marching on!

And as he snatches his phone, walking out, slamming the door
behind him...

INT. DAVID BLACKBURN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

...where Josh walks into what looks like he's died and gone to
Republican Heaven.

Blackburn 4 President handmade signs and posters on every
wall... a stable of stuffed Elephants on a table.... stacks
of pamphlets and an AMERICAN FLAG behind the front desk
behind which sits **DOLLY MARTIN**, early 50's, an air of old
southern aristocracy, but sweet as sugar.

DOLLY
Morning Fellow Freedom Fighter!

JOSH
What's the good word, Dolly?

DOLLY
Every day closer to victory is a good
day! You see Alvarez's immigration
speech last night? Man's all hat, no
cattle. No character in sight!

JOSH
Democrats would probably diagnose
Hannibal Lecter with an eating
disorder if they thought he could
win them the White House.

DOLLY
And how!

JOSH
So, what's on the docket, today?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
A little show and tell!

Now, Josh turns to see **DOMINIC CULLIVER**, early 30's African-
American, slight-southern twang, walking up with **DEMETRIA**
YELTIN, striking, mid-20's donning a T-Shirt with Ronald
Reagan's bust on it, the words: "SHUT UP HIPPIE!" below.

DOMINIC

Demetria, I'd like you to meet Josh
Appelbaum, Golden Boy all the way from
Californ-I-A.

(as Josh shakes Demetria's hand)
Think you can give our newest
Freedom Fighter the low-down?

JOSH

Ay ay, Captain!

And as Josh leads Demetria down...

INT. HALLWAY, BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

...where Josh, now perpetual DIET SNAPPLE in hand, leads
Demetria down the hall in a superfluous TRACKING SHOT that
puts THE WEST WING to shame...

JOSH

Welcome to ground zero... the most
important battleground state in the
election. Take it you're not from here?

DEMETRIA

(thick accent)
I am... exchange student from
Lomonosov Moscow State. Why you
leave California?

JOSH

Lost cause. State's as blue as the ocean.

DEMETRIA

The Gipper won there... twice.

JOSH

Different time, Demetria. 'Sides
Blackburn ain't exactly Ronald
Reagan, right? But then... who is?

Then, as they stop to look into a ROOM with TEN REPUBLICANS,
all ages, shapes and sizes, phones to their ears...

JOSH (CONT'D)

This is where we get our smile and
dial on. Letting people know about
upcoming events. Registration. That
kind of thing...

Now, they come upon ANOTHER ROOM, where TJ "GRIZZ" GRISWOLD, 30's,
with the breaking down body that comes with being an ex collegiate
linebacker, strums his guitar, playing Woody Guthrie's "This Land
Is Your Land" for a bunch of bored beyond belief REPUBLI-KIDS.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Those are Blackburn's Babies... day
care and Grizz's domain.

And as Grizz looks up, smiles, stops playing for a moment...

GRIZZ
Look kids! It's Snappelbaum!

JOSH
That's my drink and my name!

The kids look at Josh, just as unenthused as they are with
Grizz and as Grizz digs back into his song...

JOSH (CONT'D)
(moving on)
Grizz is our music maestro...
watches after the littles. Never
too young...

Then, as Josh looks up to see two LITTLE OLD LADIES, one wearing
an old MCCAIN/PALIN cap, the other with a WALKER, approaching...

JOSH (CONT'D)
...or old to make a change! Just
ask these beavy of beauties!

MCCAIN/PALIN HAT
What's the story Morning Glory?

JOSH
Ready for some fun in the sun, today?

WALKER OLD WOMAN
(re: the walker)
Why I brought Old-Ironsides!

JOSH
Great. Walk-lists are up front. Got
you two going door to door on Ybor.

MCCAIN/PALIN HAT
That near the Mexicans?

WALKER WOMAN
Think it's the Cubans.

MCCAIN/PALIN HAT
What's the difference?

As Josh keeps walking, suddenly a DOOR opens, revealing Security
Guard **CARL SPECKLER**, mid-60's, sweat-dripping from his horse-
shoe hair-cut. As he quickly SLAMS the door and LOCKS it...

JOSH

Whoa! Easy there, Carl! Looking a little flushed. You okay?

CARL

Oh you know me... could sweat in a snowstorm!

JOSH

Sure you're alright?

CARL

(speed walking away)

Fine and dandy! Thanks for asking!

JOSH

Carl's our security guard and a vet. Little odd, but we love him for it.

DEMETRIA

What... in that room?

JOSH

Your guess' good as mine. Only Carl and Dominic have keys.

(then, continuing their stroll)

Look, what we do here isn't glamorous, but it's gonna take every one of us to band together to win this election. Means long hours, dedication... having that WILL to win. Think you got what it takes?

DEMETRIA

Da!

JOSH

Great. Now go get your smile and dial on. Ellen in the phone bank will give you your script.

And as Demetria walks towards the phone bank, Dominic approaches.

DOMINIC

What do you think?

JOSH

She's green, but we could use her energy.

DOMINIC

We... or you? Circles around those eyes keep getting darker. Hotel life still kicking your butt?

JOSH

Got it taken care of, Dominic. Friend from college finally gets back from vacation today. Moving there tonight.

DOMINIC

Good. Don't want you burning out on me after only a month.

Josh nods, walks away but as he looks back, he sees Dominic walking into the same "secret" room. And off Josh, curious...

MALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)

So, campaign manager's a homeboy, huh?

INT. JERRY CAFFREY'S CONDO - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where **JERRY CAFFREY**, mid-30's, shaved head and looks like he main-lines MUSCLE MILK leads Josh inside, as he drags a rolling bag behind him.

JOSH

Yup. Felt like the South African bank manager in Lethal Weapon 2 staring at Danny Glover when I first met him. Kinda weird, right?

JERRY

Not in the handle, dude. This place is all sorts of backasswards.

Jerry goes to the fridge, now grabs a MUSCLE MILK...

JERRY (CONT'D)

Muscle milk?

JOSH

No thanks. Really appreciate you letting me crash. I know I've been AWOL the last year.

JERRY

All good, Josh. Stoked you're here.

JOSH

So, where am I staying?

Then, as they reach a door, Jerry opens it revealing...

INT. LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...which is a SHRINE to FROZEN... walls decked out in Disney's best, one TWIN BED WITH A PRINCESS ANNA BEDSHEET.

JERRY

Right here! Hope you like Frozen!
(off Josh's look)
Sorry... we're redoing the guest room.

As Josh plunks down his bag on top of Elsa, and starts unpacking, Jerry sits down, busting out a GRAM OF BLOW, chalking it up on the OLAF NIGHT TABLE.

JOSH

Really... on your daughter's nightstand?

JERRY

What she doesn't know won't kill her.
(then, takes a huge rip)
HOOORKER!!! That shit's as pure as Olaf!

Jerry hands Josh a dollar bill, but as Josh balks...

JERRY (CONT'D)

Come on... what happened to the
Appelbong I knew from college?

JOSH

He's a Republican now.

JERRY

Doesn't have to be in my house.

Now, Josh takes out his computer which has a FUCK BLACKBURN STICKER ON IT... wait... WHAT?

JERRY (CONT'D)

(a smile)
Morons in that office really have no
idea you're here to take them down?

JOSH

They don't have a fucking clue.

Off Josh's devilish smile, PRELAP AC/DC'S "DIRTY DEEDS" as we...

BEGIN A KICK-ASS CREDIT SEQUENCE WHERE JOSH TAKES SELFIES OF:

Shaving/chopping off the mangy hair on his head and face... deleting his Facebook account... meeting Dominic... doing everything from working the phones... to protesting at an Anti-Circumcision Rally (donning an "I did not consent" T-shirt, and red crotch-splotched white pants)... and last, but not least, smiling a mile-wide, surrounded by ALL his fellow "Freedom Fighters". And as we FREEZE on that image, the title of this twisted tale of treachery finally SMASHES on screen...

THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

INT. PINK PONY STRIP CLUB, LATER THAT NIGHT

...where "Dirty Deeds" continues to play as a STRIPPER ends her's on stage, Josh and Jerry watching from below. And as the Stripper does one final COMPLETE SPREAD EAGLE...

JERRY
(clapping)
How's that for a belated Trampa
welcome!

Josh smiles, a little uncomfortable, then...

JOSH
Isn't your little girl going to be
pissed I'm taking her room?

JERRY
Why you thinking about my little
girl at the strip club?
(off Josh's look of horror)
Just fucking with you. They stay at
their Mom's... but will probably
end up here anyway. Children of
divorce of always do.

JOSH
You and Karen divorced? What happened?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
He decided to upgrade.

Josh looks behind to see **RAQUELLE "ROCKET" JASSO**, mid-20's, a bikini barely covering her well-endowed breasts, a pink-strand in her blonde hair.

JERRY
There's my bitch to be!

Rocket SLAPS Jerry in the face, then gives him a long, passionate kiss. As she comes up for air...

ROCKET
Rocket. His BRIDE to be.

JERRY
Show him the cannons, Rock.

Rocket smiles, then FLASHES HER VERY LARGE BREASTS...

JERRY (CONT'D)
BOOM! What do you think?

JOSH
(a little weirded out)
Perky?

ROCKET
Thanks! So... Jerry tells me
you're a spy.

JOSH
(nodding)
Working for Rolling Stone on a piece
that'll dig up enough dirt on the
Republicans to end the election
before it starts. Gonna be my Fear
And Loathing On The Campaign Trail.
Documenting the whole trip with my
trusty Iphone cam.

ROCKET
Scandalous! Get anything good so
far?

JOSH
Nothing good enough yet. But
there's this secret room I'm dying
to get into. Just have to figure
out how to get inside.

ROCKET
Wow... impressive Mr. Thompson. That
make Jerry your Dr. Gonzo?
(off Josh's look, impressed)
Just cause I flash my tits don't
make me a ditz.

JERRY
She's got brains, beauty--

ROCKET
And his balls in my purse.
(then)
So, how does someone prepare to
become a Republican?

JOSH
Subscribe to Info Wars... watch
Hannity, every single episode of
all three NCIS... even watched a
couple episodes of Jag.

ROCKET
Hardcore.

JOSH
Tell people what they want to
hear... you can get them to do
almost anything.

Just then, MELANIE, a blond stripper sits next to Josh...

MELANIE
Oh my god... those glasses are
REALLY cute!

JOSH
Wow... thanks! I got them at a sale
at Lens Crafters.

MELANIE
Want to have some fun?

JOSH
Oh... you are truly stunning, but
I'm a little light in the wallet.

ROCKET
It's on the house, silly! Melanie,
give my good friend Josh one of
your special shows.

JOSH
Guys... really... it's not necessary.

JERRY
First you refuse my drugs and now
Rocket's women? You gonna be this
lame the entire time you're here?
(as Josh sheepishly shakes
his head)
Then go get your jag off!

And as Melanie leads a hesitant Josh towards the back...

INT. PINK PONY, BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

...where Melanie sips on a glass of champagne, riding Josh,
who's chugging his beer, obviously nervous.

MELANIE
You ready for the special, baby?

Now, she guides Josh's hand underneath her thong...

MELANIE (CONT'D)
(whispered)
Get inside me.

JOSH
Um... think I'm in the wrong hole.

MELANIE
Feels right to me.

And as Josh's eyes go wide, he grabs MELANIE'S champagne and as he chugs it, readying himself for a wild ride...

INT. JOSH'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

...where Josh's fully clothed, laying on top of the Elsa bedding, legs hanging off the bed. Suddenly, he starts to dry-heave in his sleep. His eyes open, grabs his phone, looks at it... 8:55 A.M.

JOSH
Shit!

And as he jumps out of bed...

INT. JERRY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

...Josh walks out in his Banana Republican gear to find Jerry chugging a MUSCLE MILK in one hand, while curling a 40 pound barbell with the other...

JOSH
You got any pepto?

JERRY
Breakfast of champions! Check the pantry.

But as Jerry opens the pantry, all that stares him in the face are cases of Powdered Muscle Milk, supplements and energy bars.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Heard you balked going deep down
in Mel's brown-town last night.

JOSH
How did you hear about that?

Just then, Jerry's door opens and Mel walks out pulling up her panties. As Josh stares, incredulous as she makes her way to the door...

MELANIE
Bye Jerry. Hi John.

Josh just waves, confused, but as she closes the door, his eyes turn to disapproval, looking at...

JERRY

Oh man... please don't tell me
you're jealous?

JOSH

I don't care about the stripper, but
what if Rocket finds out?

Just then, Rocket walks out of the same bedroom, putting on a
wife-beater, much to Josh's surprise...

ROCKET

About what?

Josh looks at Rocket... then to Jerry... business as usual
for them apparently, but his already spinning head has just
spun out of control.

JOSH

Uh... nothing. I'm gotta get to work.

ROCKET

Have fun storming the castle!

And as a dumbfounded Josh walks out of the house...

INT. BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - LATER THAT MORNING

...where Josh, Diet Snapple in hand, walks in to see Dolly
behind the desk, her LAPSA-APSA drinking water out of bowl.

JOSH

Morning Dolly.

(re: the dog)

See you brought Ronnie today. Hey
there little buddy.

But as Josh bends down to pet Ronnie, he SNIPES at Josh's hand.

DOLLY

Ronnie, no! A thousand pardons,
Josh. I just don't get his issue
with you. He loves everyone...
except those darn snowflaking
democraps.

DOMINIC

(walking up)

Maybe Ronnie just doesn't like
people who can't show up on time.
Strike one, Josh.

JOSH

Really sorry. Alarm didn't go off.

DOLLY

Give the poor boy a break, Dominic.

Now, Ronnie barking LOUDLY at Josh, but his attention shifts as the front door opens, catching Carl rolling in STACKS OF BOXES out of the corner of his eye. And as Dominic takes note of this...

DOMINIC

Actually, Miss Dolly, why don't I give you a break. Ronnie probably needs a little fresh air. Josh'll man the desk for a while.

DOLLY

Dominic you're a gentleman and a scholar!

And as Dolly yanks Ronnie away with all her might, as Josh takes her place at the desk...

JOSH

This a demotion?

DOMINIC

Don't want the desk? Don't be late.

JOSH

Fair enough.

As Dominic walks towards the SECRET ROOM, Josh's eyes follow him as he whispers *something* to Carl, and based on his reaction... *seems pretty damn serious*. Now, they open the door, and as they roll the boxes inside, off Josh, frustrated, still stuck in the proverbial dark...

JERRY (PRE-LAP)

So... what's in the boxes?

INT. CAFFREY'S BAR AND GRILL - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where Josh's nursing a drink as Jerry's sweeps up, closing his bar for the night.

JOSH

Don't know. Dominic had me at the desk all day. Thinking secret files... some kind of enemies list.

JERRY

Like Tricky-Dick, shit? Awesome!
(then, off Josh's nod)
Speaking of secrets... sorry didn't tell you about... the "lifestyle".

JOSH
No judgement, Jerry.

JERRY
Really? Cause you're ass looked
like Judge Judy when you saw Mel
come out of my room.

JOSH
Okay... I was... mildly shocked.

JERRY
So was I. Why didn't you hit that shit?

JOSH
I don't know... I just... haven't
been with anyone since...

JERRY
Dude, you say Colby and I'm shoving
this broom up your butt... sideways.

Just then, Josh gets a TEXT ALERT from Dominic, which lights
up his IPHONE screen... and as Jerry sees the display picture
seen earlier, which we now realize is **JOSH AND COLBY...**

JERRY (CONT'D)
(swiping the phone)
Oh... HELL NO! You still have her
picture on YOUR phone? You broke up
over a year ago!

JOSH
You don't just move on from a fiance.

JERRY
Sure you do! I moved on from my
marriage... know how? Started living
my life by the law of FUCK YES OR NO!

JOSH
That from the stupid article
everyone was posting on Facebook?

JERRY
Don't knock it till you try it.
(off Josh's look)
Serious. Totally eliminated the grey
areas in my life. Realized that when I
get involved with anything, it must
inspire me to say "Fuck Yes" in order to
move forward.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Did I want to stay at a dead-end job, in a dead-end marriage and make my little girl as miserable as I was? NO! Did I want her to live in two happy homes, own a bar, do a shitload of drugs and screw even more women? FUCK YES!

JOSH

Not sure that theory works for everyone.

JERRY

I'll prove it to you. Let's start with the bitches. First rule to get over a girl... is to get under several hotter ones.

JOSH

I don't know, Jerry.

JERRY

Well I do! You've got your mission, now I've got mine. Tomorrow, I'm starting your hunt for pink October! Question is... what are you going to do about getting in that room?

Off Josh, wondering the same thing...

EXT. PARKING LOT, BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - THE NEXT DAY

...where Dominic leads Josh out of the office towards a HORDE of REPUBLICANS working on baked goods, prepping for a BAKE-SALE.

DOMINIC

You pumped for a little Shaking and Blaking today?

JOSH

Was actually hoping I could man the desk again today. Hold down the fort with everyone out here.

DOMINIC

No can do, my man. Need your pearly whites up front to greet new peeps.

JOSH

(relenting)

Your boat, Dominic. Just hear to row it.

Just then Dolly rushes up, bubbling with excitement...

DOLLY
Grizz brought new buttons and
bumper-stickers!

And as Josh and Dominic join the rush over to...

GRIZZ'S RAM TRUCK (WITH HUNTING FLOOD LIGHTS UP TOP)
...where everyone swarming Grizz to get theirs. Josh looks
around bemused, scanning the crowd, Dolly pinning herself...
Demetria marveling at bumper stickers... finally stopping on
Carl, who's proudly wearing a **HOT CHICKS LOVE BLACKBURN** button.

GRIZZ
Snappelbaum! Got a special one for you!

Now, Grizz tosses a button and as Josh snags it, looking at A
PICTURE OF ALVAREZ'S FACE, A LINE THROUGH IT WITH THE SLOGAN
"REMEMBER THE ALAMO"...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
This is unacceptable.

Everyone turns to see Dominic, holding a button up which is a
PHOTO-SHOPPED PICTURE OF ALVAREZ... IN A TOILET BOWL...
SLOGAL READING: **IF IT'S BROWN, FLUSH IT DOWN!**

GRIZZ
Oh come on, Dominic. Alvarez's camp
is handing out buttons with a
silver spoon in Blackburn's mouth.
Turnabout's fairplay!

DEMETRIA
It's... fun, da?

DOMINIC
Oh... fun... like we had in the
when Grizz ended up on Daily Kos
for handing out Romney buttons that
said: "Vote Mitt... it's the WHITE
thing to do".

GRIZZ
(unsure)
Uh... yes?

DOMINIC
No! It ain't fun losing elections
because we attack the messenger
instead of the message! We run a
clean campaign here. We win because
ideas are better.

Josh's a little taken aback... is this guy's fucking legit?

GRIZZ

Love your idealism Dominic, but
we're at war!

DOMINIC

I know that... but we've lost too many
wars because of this stuff. And I'll
be damned if this office is going to
help do it again!

Crickets... save one person clapping. As everyone turns to
see... Josh, completely lost in the moment. Uh oh...

JOSH

(quickly covering)
Dominic is right. Those who ignore
the past are doomed to repeat it.

DOMINIC

EXACTLY! Do we want this country to
taken over by socialism?

DOLLY

Hell no!

DOMINIC

Do we want to win and have the
freedom to do what we want, when we
want?

EVERYONE

Hell yes!

DOMINIC

Then let's do it the right way, not
THE WHITE WAY!

JOSH

Yeah! Right not white! Right not
white! Come on Grizz.

Grizz shrugs his shoulders, then...

GRIZZ

Right not white! Right not white!

Slowly, but surely the chant spreads through the room and as
Josh continues leading the charge, and as everyone gets
caught up in the moment, inexplicably chanting... RIGHT NOT
WHITE! RIGHT NOT WHITE...

INT. HALLWAY, BLACKBURN HEADQUARTERS - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where the chant continues to echo, petering out in the dark... not a soul in sight... except for Josh who creeps up toward THE SECRET ROOM.

He reaches for the handle... locked. Shit. He stares at it a long beat, then, takes out his credit card. Looks at it a long moment... does he BREAK IN? But before he makes a move...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Josh... you still here?

Josh quickly pockets the credit card, spinning around to come face to face with... Dominic!

JOSH

(trying to cover)

Um... yeah! Figure I was late yesterday, so I'd make up for it today.

DOMINIC

(seeing right through him)

You want to know what's in that room.

JOSH

What room? This room? No!

DOMINIC

Don't bullspit and bullspitter.

JOSH

Alright... guilty as charged. Just dying to know what's inside.

DOMINIC

Curiosity killed the cat, Josh.

JOSH

I know... but I've been working my ass here for a month and I can't help feeling like... maybe... you don't trust me. Don't you think it's time you let me behind the curtain... just a little?

Dominic thinks for a moment, then...

DOMINIC

You're right. Meeting up with Grizz tonight... a little secret "off books" rendezvous. You want to join us?

JOSH
 (yes! yes! yes!)
 Thought you'd never ask.

And off Josh, is this finally the dirt he's been digging for?

EXT. STRIP MALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where Josh gets out of his car, looks at a TEXT MESSAGE from Dominic which has an address on it. And as he looks up to see the address over a COFFEE SHOP...

JOSH
 What the...

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

...where Josh walks in to see Gary setting up on stage with his guitar for OPEN-MIC night.

JOSH
 Fuck me. This is the "rendezvous"?

Then, as Josh sees Dominic waving him over...

DOMINIC
 My man!

Josh smiles and waves, masking his disappointment, putting his best foot forward toward Dominic. Meanwhile, up on stage...

GRIZZ
 Hey folks... got a little diddy for ya. This one goes out to my main man... Blake Blackburn... who was definitely...
 (then, starting to sing)
Born In The U.S.A!

And as Josh stifles a smile, totally aware that Grizz is oblivious to the fact that he's belting out the Boss' most subversive anti-American anthem...

JOSH
 Didn't realize I was going to a rock concert tonight.

DOMINIC
 Yeah... sorry 'bout snowing you. Was afraid you wouldn't show. No one else ever does. But Grizz supports the campaign, so I return the favor.
 (then, off Josh's look)
 You expected something different?

JOSH

Yeah... I don't know... secret rooms... "off books" rendezvous... you hear... *stories* about what really goes on in these campaigns.

DOMINIC

And you thought this was one of them?

JOSH

Maybe... but wasn't sure after what happened at the Blake Sale today. Gotta be honest... was a little surprised.

DOMINIC

By me... or the rednecks?

JOSH

(a smile)

Bit a both, I guess.

Dominic thinks a beat, then...

DOMINIC

You know what my Democrat "friends" call me? Uncle Dom.

JOSH

(sheepish, already guilty of the same thing)

Wow. That's... wrong.

DOMINIC

It's racist. Not that MSM would ever call them on it... always portraying racism like it's a republican owned one-way-street, but it flows both ways.

JOSH

Yeah... but doesn't what happened today bother you at all?

DOMINIC

Almost as much as whistling zippidy-doo-da up Ms. Dolly's derrier.

JOSH

So, why do you do it?

DOMINIC

Means to an end. I believe in the principles of the party, but I can't help us get back the presidency by myself.

(MORE)

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

That means I've gotta do a little shucking and jiving, small price to pay to get what I really want.

JOSH

(more then Dominic knows)
Makes sense.

DOMINIC

Ain't mine, or the government's place to change society's ills by force. Leave that up to evolution.

(then)

Which I also believe in.

(with a wink)

Don't tell anyone.

JOSH

Secret's safe with me.

DOMINIC

Better be.

Then, as Grizz finishes up with a flourish, Dominic hoots and hollers for him, but off Josh, frustration mounting...

JERRY (PRE-LAP)

We've got a little bit of a problem.

INT. JERRY'S TRUCK, CITY STREETS - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where Josh sits shotgun next to Jerry driving his custom'd 1978 Chevrolet K10 Cheyenne, which is carbon copy of Patrick Swayze's truck in John Milius' classic RED DAWN, right down to the license plate which reads: **WLVRYNS**.

JERRY

Don't mean to be nosy, but Rocket found a hand cannon in my little girl's drawer.

JOSH

Oh shit... promise I won't keep it in the house when she's there. Just have it for protection.

JERRY

From the Republicans? They don't seem so scary from what you told me.

JOSH

I know... and that's my biggest problem. I've got no clue how to get what I need here.

JERRY

Might have some solutions for that.

Now, Jerry opens up the center consul, handing Josh a "MASTER KEY" AND MINI-RECORDING DEVICE.

JOSH

Master Key... and is this a wire?

JERRY

(nodding)

Got them at my buddy's spy shop...
figured you get something nasty on
tape, no one can dispute your story.

JOSH

What story? All I've got so far is a
scintillating expose of busy-work,
Blake sales surrounded by home-
schooled holocaust deniers.

JERRY

What about the secret room?

JOSH

They won't let me inside.

JERRY

Hello! What do you think the Master
Key is for?

JOSH

That's called breaking and
entering. Goes against my
journalistic integrity.

Now, Josh pockets the wire, but as he gives the Master Key
back to...

JERRY

(rolling his eyes)

Fine. But leave that "integrity" in the
car tonight, because you're about to
get freaky with one of Trampa's finest.

Now, Jerry pulls out his phone, showing Josh a picture of
Brenda, mid-20's, SMOKING-HOT...

JERRY (CONT'D)

That's Rocket's friend Brenda.

JOSH

Looks nice.

JERRY

She's not... but she bucks like a race-horse.

JOSH

Speaking from experience?

JERRY

Really want to know the answer to that?

(Josh shakes his head)

Then giddy-up, cowboy!

And as he guns the Red-Dawn-mobile, hauling ass down the road...

INT. BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where Josh, Jerry, Rocket and Brenda all down shots.

JERRY

Hagga-dagga! Who's up for another?

BRENDA

Think six is my limit. But if someone wants to buy me an apple-tini, I won't say no.

Josh stands there, clueless, then...

ROCKET

(whispering to Josh)

Think she means you, Loverboy.

JOSH

(to a bartender)

Oh... apple-tini for the lady.

BRENDA

So, Rocket says you're some kind of writer. Lotta money in that?

JOSH

Not quite yet.

As Brenda rolls her eyes...

JERRY

(coming to the rescue)

But there will be... once he finishes his big story for Rolling Stone about working on the Blackburn campaign.

BRENDA
You work for that fascist piece
of shit?

JERRY
Only to try and expose the campaign.
Josh's really a secret agent.

Now, both Josh and Rocket's look at Jerry... WTF?

BRENDA
That true?

JOSH
Kinda.

BRENDA
So, you're a liar! That's worse then a
facist. At least they're honest!
(then)
Rocket, let's go powder our noses. Now.

And as Brenda walks away, Rocket follows her, smacking Jerry
on the head, as Josh turns to Jerry, furious...

JOSH
Why the hell did you say that?

JERRY
Dude, you were totally drowning so
I threw you a life preserver.

JOSH
What about preserving my cover? I
could be in serious trouble if she
tells someone.

JERRY
She's not going to say anything.
'Sides, what are they gonna do...
take you out in the middle of the
night and feed you to the gators?

Josh shakes his head.

JERRY (CONT'D)
I'll make it up to you.
Brenda wants blow but probably just
realized we don't have any. But if
we get some... well... let's just
say it makes her a little loose
with her caboose.
(then, with a smile)
I'm talking about anal sex.

JOSH
Thank you, Captain Obvious.

Just then, Rocket walks up with a perturbed Brenda.

JERRY
Josh had a great idea. Who's wants
to get some rocket fuel?

And as Brenda's frown turns upside down...

INT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where Josh sits nervously, next to Brenda, who's nodding in and out on a well-worn couch, sitting opposite...

HECTOR GONZALEZ, tats from head to toe, a long scar on his cheek, plays with a SWITCH-BLADE eye-fucking Josh, scooping a bump of METH with it from the MOUND on the table next to him, taking a bump to the dome.

Now, he scoops up another bump, holding the knife out for CHACHI, his DOBERMAN PINCHER, who takes a sniff! Josh meekly smiles at Hector... but it isn't returned in the least. And as Chachi growls at Josh...

JOSH
Wonder what's taking Jerry and
Rocket so long?

HECTOR
Having a business meeting with my
associates.

Now, Chachi LUNGES at Josh, but Hector's quick hooking him back.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Chachi don't like you, punto.

JOSH
Not having too much luck with dogs
lately.

HECTOR
I don't like you, either. You're
friends with Jerry... but I never
seen you before.

JOSH
I'm from out of town.
(then, starting to sweat)
Is it hot in here? I think it's hot
in here.

As Josh takes off his jacket, revealing a BLACKBURN T-SHIRT...

HECTOR
Fuck is that shit?

JOSH
This... oh... you know. Just a gag.

But Hector's mind is racing now, walks over to a drawer, taking out a bag of pills. And as he holds one out to Josh...

HECTOR
Say "ah".

JOSH
Is that Molly? I really appreciate the offer, but I have to be at my job really early tomorrow morning.

BRENDA
(raising her head, sarcastic)
He's a secret agent.

And as Brenda's head collapses again, passed the fuck out...

HECTOR
(eyes burning)
Fuck she talking about? You some kind of Fed?

JOSH
She's just drunk. You know girls.

HECTOR
Also know a PIG see one.

Hector gets right in his face, spins him around, SLAMMING him against the wall. As he starts patting Josh down...

JOSH
This is all just a big misunderstanding. I assure you, I'm not a...

And that's when Hector reaches into Josh's pocket... TAKING OUT THE RECORDING DEVICE.

JOSH (CONT'D)
...pig. Okay, this looks bad.
(then, as Hector switches the blade back out)
But I can explain!

Now, Hector presses the blade against Josh's crotch!

HECTOR

Gonna be tough to do that after I
cut off your balls off and stuff
'em down your throat.

JOSH

Any way I can avoid that fate?

Hector smiles, holds up the pill with his other hand and as
Josh opens up his mouth...

JOSH (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh.

And as Hector places the Molly in Josh's mouth, as he gulps
it down...

INT/EXT. JERRY'S TRUCK, CITY STREETS - THE NEXT MORNING

...where Josh hangs out the window, tongue wagging like a dog,
rolling his face off Jerry bemused next to him. As Josh collapses
back, sliding down the seat...

JOSH

I feel like I'm melting on
marshmallows floating down the
freeway on a rainbow of rails. Man,
this shit just comes in waves!

JERRY

Yeah... sorry bout Hector. Paranoia
kinda comes with the territory for
shit for brains meth-heads.

JOSH

Oh... come on. He's not so bad.
Gave me free drugs... and threw in
a this butane lighter to boot!
(then, as he turns it on)
Ooooh... Hot!

And as Jerry turns into...

INT./EXT. JERRY'S TRUCK, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

...Josh looks up, his demeanor instantly shifting from
euphoric to panic stricken, staring dead ahead at... **THE**
BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS! As Jerry stops the car...

JOSH

What are we doing here?

JERRY

I'm dropping you off for work.

JOSH

I can't go in there. I'm rolling balls. Balls. Baaaaalllllsssss.

(then, off Jerry's look)

You have any idea the trouble I can get into walking into that office smashed on molly?

JERRY

Hunter S. Thompson did it on mescaline, so why can't you? Isn't that the story Rolling Stone bought?

JOSH

(back lost in the drugs)

They didn't buy anything.

JERRY

What does that mean?

JOSH

It meeeeeans... they don't even know I'm here. They think I'm a joke. Wouldn't even take my call.

JERRY

Then what the fuck are you doing here?

(Josh looks away)

Josh... look at me and tell me the truth.

Josh takes a deep breath, then bears his soul...

JOSH

I thought... if I got a great story and Rolling Stone published it, I could finally prove to Colby I was worth something and she'd take me back. I'm not some big writer. I'm just a 34 year old *copyrighter* for escort ads in back of the LA Weekly who has nothing.

(then, as a single tear falls)

I AM nothing.

JERRY

(Eureka!)

That gun's not for the Republicans... it's for you.

(then, starting to laugh)

And all because of some bitch?!

JOSH

Glad my pain can bring you such joy.

JERRY
You'd never kill yourself.

JOSH
Then why did I buy a gun?!

JERRY
Same reason you never set a wedding date and why you came all the way out here for dirt but won't break into that room. Because when it comes to the moment of truth, you're too much of a pussy to pull the trigger. Is that really who you want to be the rest of your life?

JOSH
No!

Now, Jerry pulls the Master Key out of the center consul and as he SLAMS in Josh's hand...

JERRY
Then it's time to say FUCK YES and get your story. Not for fame. Not for Colby. For yourself!

Off Josh... staring at the Master Key that might just free him from the prison of his entire pathetic, underachieving life...

INT. BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where Josh walks in, a man on a mission, but still a ball of Molly mess. And as Dolly looks up from her desk...

DOLLY
Oh Josh! Thank heavens you're here.
Ronnie got off his leash. Can you--

JOSH
(powering right past her)
Look for him? No problemo!

But Josh's sole focus is the task at hand, moving down the hall, taking out the butane lighter, looking up for...

JOSH (CONT'D)
Sprinklers. Sprinklers.

Every room is packed with people... Shit! Then, as he spies the BATHROOM down the hall, he makes a bee-line for it, YANKING open the door, rushing into...

INT. BATHROOM, BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...where he stops cold, finding Carl, draining the lizard at a urinal... HIS PANTS AROUND HIS ANKLES.

CARL
(looking over his
shoulder)
Come on in, Partner! Water's warm!

Oy! Josh immediately turns, bailing back into...

INT. HALLWAY, BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...where he keeps looking for safe quarters to do the deed, when he sees that **THE KITCHEN** is empty. As he rushes inside, slamming the door behind him...

INT. KITCHEN, BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

...Josh steps up on a chair, brings the lighter to the sprinklers on the ceiling. And as he clicks on the torch, as A TORRENT OF WATER IS UNLEASHED...

INT. PHONE BANK, BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

...Josh CAREENS into the room, sprinklers soaking everyone, causing complete and utter panic, only made worse by...

JOSH
FIIIIIIIIIRE!!!!!! Run for your
liiiiives!!

And everyone does EXACTLY THAT, stampeding over each other, rushing for the...

INT. HALLWAY, BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

...Josh funnels everyone towards the exit, making sure he's the last one inside, but just as the coast looks clear...

DOLLY
(running back inside)
I can't find Ronnie!

JOSH
Save yourself! I'll save Ronnie!
Go! Go! Go!

She kisses Josh's cheek, then runs outside, and as Josh turns, coast now TOTALLY clear, he runs back to... the **SECRET ROOM!**

But just as he takes out the MASTER KEY... GROWWWLLLL! Josh spins around to see Ronnie and GROWLS RIGHT BACK AT HIM!

Ronnie immediately cowers, bolting away. Now, Josh turns back to the door, takes out the MASTER KEY. And as he inserts it in the lock and as he turns the handle, rushing inside...

INT. SECRET ROOM, BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...he slams the door behind him, spinning around, eyes lit up like saucers staring at the STACK OF BOXES.

JOSH
In like Flynn!

Now, he takes out his phone, readying for THE selfie that could blow this whole campaign open, but as he takes off the lid, that light in his eyes instantly extinguishes when he finds... new computers inside? And as he notices a folded up piece of paper, as he reads it aloud...

JOSH (CONT'D)
For the Tampa Angels Shelter For
the Homeless? The big secret is...
computerS for homeless people?
Jesus Christ... I'm the dirtiest
thing in this entire OFFICE!

Josh shakes his head, looks up, to the ceiling frustrated. And that's when he notices... THE AIR-CONDITIONING VENT IS SLIGHTLY OPEN. OH SHIT!

He immediately grabs a chair, steps up and takes off the vent to find... A CARDBOARD BOX INSIDE.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Or maybe not!

He snatches it out, ripping off the lid to find... A STACK OF **BLACK MAMBA** MAGAZINES with a plethora of SCANTILY-CLAD STRIKING BLACK MEN ON EACH COVER! Josh starts flipping through the pornos.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Whoa... are these Dominic's?

Then, as he finds ONE magazine with the address label still on it, it reads... **CARL SPECKLER!**

Now, at wits end, Josh looks to the heavens, water and the wave of Molly he's been surfing CRASHING down on him, and as he UNLEASHES A GUTTURAL SCREAM, we move back out to...

EXT. BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - SAME

...where Josh's scream is matched by the scared-shitless CROWD, Dominic and Grizz doing their best to try and calm to storm...

GRIZZ
Is everyone safe? Is everyone out?

DOMINIC
Where's Josh?

DOLLY
Inside looking for Ronnie!

Now, Dominic turns, walking towards the entrance. FUCK! Looks like he's about to catch Josh red-handed, but as he reaches for the door... JOSH BURSTS OUT OF IT... CARRYING RONNIE... HIS TEETH FIRMLY LODGED IN JOSH'S ARM! The crowd ERUPTS!

DOLLY (CONT'D)
(running to Josh)
Hallelujah!!! Praise Jesus and Josh!

And as she takes Ronnie, everyone MOBS Josh, hugging and pawing at him... which feels pretty damn good, still rolling balls on Molly. But, as we PULL BACK, we find Dominic taking all this in, next to...

GRIZZ
Hot dog! Snappelbaum's a hero!

DOMINIC
Certainly appears to be.

Now, Grizz looks over to see Dominic lost in thought, staring at Josh, who's fully given in to this moment of utter adoration...

GRIZZ
Oh boy. What's going on in that noggin?

DOMINIC
Just.. something about Josh... seems too good to be true. And I think it's time we found out what it is.

And off Grizz, where's Dominic going with this?

INT. FRONT DESK, BLACKBURN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where an EXHAUSTED Josh is passed out on the desk, Carl mopping up the floor in the background. And a finger taps Josh on the shoulder, he startles awake to see...

DOMINIC
Napping on the job?

JOSH
Yeah... guess I'm a little burned out after the whole fire scare.

DOMINIC
Strike two, Josh.

JOSH
I know... but this job is more
important to me then you know and
I'll do whatever I can to avoid
strike three.

DOMINIC
Well, got one more errand to do.
Could use your help.

JOSH
Now?

Dominic nods, making his way for the door, and as Josh follows...

INT. DOMINIC' CAR, DALE MABRY HIGHWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where Josh sits next to Dominic who speaks into his earpiece...

DOMINIC
Yeah... we're on our way, now. See
ya in thirty Grizz.

JOSH
You're not accosting me to another
Open Mic, are you?

Dominic ignores this, turning up Lady Gaga's "Poker Face" as
it comes on the radio.

DOMINIC
Ah yeah! This is my jam!

JOSH
Never pegged you as an Gaga guy.

DOMINIC
Well... looks can be deceiving. But
you know that already, don't you?

Uh oh... what the hell does that mean? Now, a palpable sense of
dread creeps over Josh. And as he tries to maintain his poker
face, staring forward, riding into the dark night ahead...

INT/EXT. DOMINIC' CAR, SWAMPLAND - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where Josh is sweating balls as Dominic navigates his way
through a river of grass, coming to a clearing at the edge of a
swamp, pulling up to find Grizz pounding a beer next to his truck.

DOMINIC

Get out.

And as Josh nervously follows Dominic's lead, stepping into...

EXT. SWAMPLAND - CONTINUOUS

...they approach Grizz, who holds out a Tall Boy to Josh, who's skin is positively crawling...

GRIZZ

Beer?

(Josh shakes his head)

Sure? Might makes this easier.

JOSH

I'm good.

(then, looking around)

There gators in this area?

DOMINIC

Predators of all shapes and sizes
round these parts.

JOSH

So... what kind of errand we running here?

DOMINIC

You know why I like this place? Gets me
away from the office. Clears my head.
Really lets me figure out how far I'm
willing to go to truly beat my opponent
into submission and save my country.

(then, turning to Grizz)

How far you think Golden Boy is
willing to go?

GRIZZ

Well, he came from California, so
I'd say pretty damn far.

JOSH

Not sure what you guys are getting at.

DOMINIC

Did a little recon, Golden Boy. Got
no Facebook, no Twitter. No Insta.

JOSH

I'm just a really private person.

GRIZZ

Who can disappear without a trace if
things so sideways.

JOSH

Guys... I don't what you're thinking, but I swear, I'm just here to fight the good fight!

DOMINIC

Drop the act. No one's listening. No one even knows we're here. So, let me spin a scenario for you. What would you say if you found out someone slithered their way inside their opponents office. Made themselves right at home... gained their trust... all to try and bring that office down?

JOSH

(cornered and he knows it)
All's fair in love and war?

DOMINIC

Thought you'd say that. Grizz, do it.

Now, Grizz reaches into his truck, pulling out... **A MACHETE.** FUUUUCKKKK!!! And as he walks towards Josh, grows roots, too terrified to move. But then, Grizz passes Josh, and starts chopping down some brush at the edge of the swamp which reveals...

AN ALVAREZ CAMPAIGN OFFICE ACROSS THE WAY!

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

You're mission if you to accept it.

JOSH

You want me to spy on the democrats?

DOMINIC

Welcome behind the curtain, Josh.
You ready to get dirty?

Josh thinks about it a moment, then as his confidence swells...

JOSH

FUCK YES!

And as the power of those words surge through every parcel of Josh's body, mind and soul, "The Battle Hymn Of The Republic" FINALLY kicks back in all it's...

Glory, glory, Hallelujah! Glory, glory, Hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Our God is marching on!

And off Josh beaming, marching on to the next-episode, story in hand and going even deeper undercover as a DOUBLE-SECRET AGENT...

SMASH TO BLACK!

END OF PILOT

*