

MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT WASTELAND - DAY

Hot, arid land. The sun beats down on the ground, casting a sepia hue. Sand and debris blow in the WHISTLING WIND.

SUPER: Norman, Oklahoma

SUPER: June 2018

AZURE NIXON, 32, barefoot, on bended knee, digs with his bare hands, grunting. He wears a tattered Hillary Clinton 2016 T-shirt and ripped briefs, exposing his buttocks.

His stomach GROWLS like a lion.

He stops digging and clutches his gut.

AZURE

Any minute now, Azure. Any minute now...

He resumes digging.

ASHLEY CARTER, 24, wearing a dirty "Bernie or Bust" T-shirt, blue jeans and shoes, appears behind him, a subdued smile on her face. Her clothes are in better shape than Azure's.

She gently rubs her stomach.

ASHLEY

Hungry?

Azure turns around, still digging.

AZURE

Ashley! Hi.

ASHLEY

Are you up for McDonald's?

AZURE

But I can't a--

ASHLEY

My treat.

AZURE

You sure about this?

Azure pauses. He gives a confused look.

ASHLEY

What is it?

Grunting, and pulling with all his might, Azure pulls out a reel, inside of a canister.

ASHLEY

What the hell is that?

AZURE

A film reel. Wait, there's another one!

Azure attempts to dig the other one out.

ASHLEY

But movies don't project on film anymore.

Ashley takes the reel out of the canister and examines it while Azure continues digging.

No perforations. No frames.

ASHLEY

This isn't film. It's tape.

Azure pulls out another canister containing a reel.

AZURE

Perfect timing, Ash. Does Hoss still have that reel-to-reel?

ASHLEY

Last I knew.

AZURE

Does it work?

EXT/INT. HOSS'S HOUSE - DAY

The one-story home, located in the middle of nowhere, resembles a shrine for Donald Trump, adorned in signs with "Make America Great Again" and "#LockHerUp" slogans.

Azure reluctantly knocks on the door, to the tune of "Hail to the Chief."

HOSS FORD, 45, wearing the infamous "Make America Great Again" hat, whistles along. His greasy, plain white T-shirt, blue jeans and cowboy boots look better than Azure's clothes, but worse than Ashley's.

He stops, tenses up.

HOSS

Not you two Commies!

He SLAMS the door in Azure's face. Azure grabs the knob and swings the door open.

AZURE

Listen, Hoss, we need you to set up your reel-to-reel.

Ashley shows Hoss the reels.

HOSS
Who do I look like, Quincy Jones?

AZURE
We found these digging for lunch.
It should only take a minute.

INT. HOSS'S HOUSE - DAY

Azure and Ashley sit on Hoss's couch, which has certainly seen better years.

Hoss's reel-to-reel tape machine is now connected to his hi-fi stereo system.

Azure nods at Hoss.

AZURE
I'll let you do the honors.

Hoss nods back, none too happy. He plays the tape.

On the recording, a TELEPHONE RINGS. A familiar voice answers, Russian President VLADIMIR PUTIN.

PUTIN (V.O.)
(on tape, in Russian)
Hello?

Another familiar voice, DONALD TRUMP, 45th President of the United States, replies.

TRUMP (V.O.)
(on tape)
Hey, Vlad, it's Donald.

Azure and Ashley gasp.

Hoss shrugs it off, snickering.

PUTIN (V.O.)
(in English)
Mister Trump. A most pleasant surprise. What business do you have?

TRUMP (V.O.)
My numbers are in the crapper! I need your help.

PUTIN (V.O.)
Leave everything to me.

TRUMP (V.O.)
I don't care how legal or eth--

Hoss cuts off the tape.

ASHLEY

What the--

AZURE

Hoss?

Hoss marches into his bedroom and pulls out a Remington rifle, pointing it at his guests. He glares at them.

HOSS

Get out of my house.

Hoss taps the trigger.

AZURE

We didn't know what was on that tape, I swear!

HOSS

This your idea of a joke, Azure?

AZURE

This tape proves, without a doubt, that Trump colluded with Russia.

HOSS

The witch hunt ended in May. Comey found nothing.

AZURE

Nothing yet.

HOSS

It's fake news! Give it up, Bernstein.

Hoss taps the trigger again.

Ashley mutters indistinctly under her breath.

Azure rewinds the tape and removes the reels, putting them back in the canisters.

AZURE

Now, if you'll excuse me, Ashley and I are headed to McDonald's.

HOSS

That's all you Commies can afford!

Azure marches one step forward.

AZURE

It wasn't always like this, you know. This used to be a beautiful suburb. With trees and grass. Don't you remember?

Ashley points at herself, glaring at Hoss.

ASHLEY

We used to have decent-paying jobs.
Everyone was happy. Remember?

Hoss taps the trigger.

Ashley drops her arm.

ASHLEY

Never mind.

Azure and Ashley head out the door.

Azure turns toward Hoss as he exits. Sarcastically, Azure quotes Trump.

AZURE

"We will make America great again!
Good bless you and good night. I
love you!"

He slams the door behind him.

EXT. HOSS'S HOUSE - DAY

Azure grumbles.

AZURE

What a nutjob!

ASHLEY

He's just confused. We all are.

A BREEZE WHISTLES, blowing sand and debris in the air.

ACROSS THE STREET

A raggedly BEARDED MAN (50), frail, barefoot, wearing jean shorts and no shirt, digs through a garbage can.

His WIFE (50), SON, and DAUGHTER (no older than 10), all barefoot, excavate the dirt, weeping.

The Bearded Man pulls out a blackening banana peel and an empty can of soda.

BACK TO SCENE

Ashley points towards the starving family.

ASHLEY

Case in point. The McMillers.
Self-made millionaires. Lost their
entire fortune.

Azure coughs.

INT. ASHLEY'S CAR (DRIVING) - DAY

Ashley steers. Azure fidgets.

AZURE
We've got to take this to the
press.

ASHLEY
What press?

Ashley STOMPS on the breaks. SCREECH!

ASHLEY
That world doesn't exist anymore!
America lost.

In disgust, Ashley points at Azure's T-shirt.

ASHLEY
Thanks to Trump and that witch!

AZURE
I supported Bernie, too.

Ashley huffs, gripping the steering wheel.

AZURE
And had he gotten the nomination, I
would have voted for him.

Ashley's expression changes.

ASHLEY
Really?

AZURE
Really. Listen, why can't we just
put our political differences aside
for the greater good?

Azure extends his hand.

Sighing, Ashley hesitates before letting go of the wheel and
extending hers. The two shake hands, calling a truce.

Ashley smiles.

ASHLEY
So... What do you want from
McDonald's?

INT. HOSS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Shaken and dumbstruck, Hoss lies atop his bed, holding the
same Remington rifle from earlier. He has seven of them
hanging up on one wall.

His bedsheets and pillowcases are ripped, ragged and dusty.

He is surrounded by images, posters and paraphernalia of his idol, Donald Trump.

Hoss breathes slowly, increasing rapidly.

He points the rifle at himself, pulls the trigger and closes his eyes tightly.

CLICK.

Eyes opening, Hoss sighs in relief, but is still unnerved. Eyes wide with fear.

EXT. DESERT WASTELAND - DAY

Debris blows around in the air.

Azure and Ashley eat their food, Azure's stomach GROWLING.

AZURE

Sure beats digging for food.

ASHLEY

How are we going to get these tapes out there?

AZURE

First, we're gonna call Channel Four--

ASHLEY

We lost everything in the Apocalypse. Our homes, our jobs, our media. Everything we once took for granted.

Azure takes a swallow of his drink.

AZURE

I know all too well.

ASHLEY

Who's gonna watch it? Only the wealthy own a T-V in the New World.

AZURE

But did every wealthy person vote for Trump? This tape won't undo the Apocalypse, but it might bring back something resembling the Old World.

Ashley hesitates. She takes a bite of her hamburger.

ASHLEY

Who do we know who's rich enough to own a phone? Where are we gonna find another reel-to-reel?

AZURE

You think Hoss still hates us?

ASHLEY

Hoss isn't rich.

AZURE

But he does make two grand a year. That makes him rich by today's standards. But that doesn't answer my question.

ASHLEY

I don't think he hates us. Some people just can't grasp the truth. You tell somebody the truth, and they'll look at you like you farted.

Ashley takes a swallow of her drink.

ASHLEY

At the very least, I don't think he'll murder us.

AZURE

Never underestimate a Trump supporter.

EXT/INT. HOSS'S HOUSE - DAY

Azure knocks on the door, "Hail to the Chief."

No response for a long beat.

The door creaks open, revealing Hoss.

AZURE

Look, Hoss...

HOSS

How the hell did that tape wind up in Oklahoma of all places?

AZURE

Stranger things have happened. We--

HOSS

And why did he record it on an obsolete format?

AZURE

So he wouldn't get caught.

HOSS
Why did he record it at all?

Azure shrugs his shoulders.

Ashley holds up the reels.

AZURE
We need your reel-to-reel and your
phone.

Hoss opens the door all the way and extends his hand.

HOSS
Make America great again.

INT. HOSS'S HOUSE - DAY

Hoss hooks up the reel-to-reel to the hi-fi stereo.

Azure, with Ashley by his side, uses Hoss's rotary phone to dial a number. The other line RINGS. And RINGS. And RINGS.

AZURE
Hello, K-F-O-R News Channel Four?
My name is Azure Nixon. I'm from
Norman. My friend, Ashley Carter,
and I found something you might
wanna check out.

An indistinct male voice on the other line.

AZURE
This is "Yuge." Consider us
Woodward and Bernstein. "Bigly."

Azure holds the phone up. Hoss plays the tape.

The TELEPHONE RINGS on the recording.

PUTIN (V.O.)
(on tape, in Russian)
Hello?

TRUMP (V.O.)
(on tape)
Hey, Vlad, it's Donald.

PUTIN (V.O.)
(in English)
Mister Trump. A most pleasant
surprise. What business do you
have?

TRUMP (V.O.)
My numbers are in the crapper! I
need your help.

PUTIN (V.O.)
Leave everything to me.

TRUMP (V.O.)
I don't care how legal or ethical
it is, I just need to win.

PUTIN (V.O.)
May I refer you to an old friend of
mine? Sergey Kislyak is an
Ambassador to the United States and
has many friends who can help you
in your efforts.

Putin chuckles darkly.

PUTIN (V.O.)
And I will most certainly be there
every step of the way. If you need
anything else, Mister Trump, please
do not hesitate to call.

TRUMP (V.O.)
Will do, sir.

Trump HANGS UP the phone on the recording.

Silence, tape noise. The tape stops.

AZURE
Did you get all that?

INSERT - NEWSPAPERS

The front page of The Oklahoman reads:

"Tape found in Norman proves Trump-Russia Collusion"

Similarly-titled articles appear in The Washington Post, The
New York Times, The Wall Street Journal, The Los Angeles
Times, and USA Today.

The front pages of The Washington Post read:

"U.S. Intelligence resumes Trump-Russia investigation, Nunes
arrested for obstructing justice"

"DeVos, brother Erik Prince, arrested for Russia ties"

"Tillerson, Sessions arrested for relations with Russia"

"Steve Bannon arrested for Russia collusion"

"KellyAnne Conway latest Trump Administration arrest"

"Spicer, Ryan arrested for Russia scandal"

"Mike Pence impeached, arrested, is Trump next?"

"Trump impeached, removed from office unanimously"

The lead-in reads: "Donald, Melania, Ivanka, Eric, Donald Trump, Jr., Jared Kushner all arrested for biggest political scandal since Watergate"

A large picture of Donald Trump looking ashamed graces the front page.

The article, dated August 8, 2019, is written by Azure Nixon, Ashley Carter and Hoss Ford.

INT. WASHINGTON POST - DAY

Typewriters CLACK as Azure, Ashley and Hoss write more articles. They are dressed in office attire, as if their misfortunes never happened.

On their desks are styrofoam boxes containing scrambled eggs and French toast.

The phone RINGS. Azure stops typing and answers.

AZURE

Hello?

FADE OUT.

THE END