

# TRIGGER WARNING



Written By

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**EXT. BUMBLEFUCK, USA - DAY**

STACEY CARTER - 19, blonde hair, blue eyes, major "I NEED TO SPEAK WITH YOUR MANAGER" energy - glares into camera.

STACEY  
My name is Stacey Carter.

Stacey brandishes a red, white & blue AR-15.

STACEY  
And my pronouns are U.S.A.

She fires at a set of metal targets. Each shot strings together to form a familiar melody: The Star-Spangled Banner.

As Stacey's gunfire National Anthem swells, we pull out to:

A COMPUTER SCREEN

We've been watching a YouTube clip embedded into a glossy WEBSITE for the **CONSERVATIVE ACTION CONFERENCE**.

Stacey's scheduled as a special guest along with a man who goes by the moniker: Johnny K.

Next to his bio is a YouTube video - *From Cuckboy to Fuckboi: The Johnny K Journey*.

Unfortunately, we play it.

**INT/EXT. CAR - DAY**

A Prius covered in Coexist bumper stickers. JOHNNY K (5% body fat, 100% snake oil) jumps out of the car in a tailored suit.

JOHNNY K  
This is the car I used to sleep in.  
I didn't have a job, a girlfriend,  
and the only lactose I could  
tolerate was government cheese.

He grabs a novelty welfare check off the hood.

JOHNNY K  
But then something snapped.

He snaps the oversized check in half with his knee.

JOHNNY K  
It clicked.

He clicks his car keys. A garage opens behind him. Inside is a Lamborghini with a vanity plate that says UNCUCKED.

BIKINI BABES exit the Lambo hoisting an oversized milk jug. Johnny chugs the whole thing. Milk streams down his face.

JOHNNY K

Now you're probably thinking,  
"That's sick, Johnny K, but I'm  
just a cucked little bitch. I could  
never be you." And that's where  
you're wrong, bro.

He hoists up a MASSIVE SUPPLEMENT BOTTLE shaped like a dick with two human brains for balls. The price tag reads \$69.69.

JOHNNY K

Say hello to HardCoretex. The only  
nootropic stack proven to stimulate  
your noggin' and your nutsack.  
Don't believe me? Meet the doctor  
who designed it.

DR. KAZAMOV enters looking violently high. When nine out of ten doctors agree on something, this is the one that doesn't.

DR. KAZAMOV

(unplaceable accent)

WARNING: if you are woman and take  
pill, ovaries will explode out of  
body.

As the Babes ingest HardCoretex and explode into flames, we click on the conference's next speaker: Chuck Nelson.

This hurls us into TruthBomb.com

#### **INT. HOME STUDIO - DAY**

CHUCK NELSON, a wrecking ball-shaped man who's never sent an email that wasn't in ALL CAPS, barks into camera.

CHUCK

The RUMORS are true, folks. I've  
been BANNED from social media. Or  
shall I say SOCIALIST MEDIA?

He tosses back pills from a bottle of HardCoretex.

CHUCK

They say I was spreadin'  
conspiracies, but the only thing  
gettin' spread are liberal BOOTY  
CHEEKS as they drop a DEUCE on our  
FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

He tears off his shirt for no discernible reason.

CHUCK

HOMO, ORIENTAL, MIDGET. You can't  
even say the "r word" these days.  
Y'know how many people called me  
RETARDED growing up? Everyone.  
Students. Teachers. DOCTORS!

**BACK TO THE WEBSITE**

We jump to the next speaker's YouTube video titled *Ira  
Abramson DESTROYS SJW College Student!!!*

**INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT**

IRA - early 30s, owner of America's most punchable face -  
stands at a podium fielding questions from college kids.

One of them - MYA, a chubby freshman with BLUE HAIR and a  
septum piercing grabs the microphone, seething.

MYA

My name's Mya. My pronouns are  
she/her.

A chorus of boos from the audience. Most of them YOUNG  
CONSERVATIVES wearing the same blazer and khakis as Ira.

MYA

You've said you don't think  
stricter gun laws will stop  
shootings. So what do you say to  
the victims of gun violence? Does  
your right to own an AR-15 outweigh  
their right to live?

IRA

Ma'am, and I do say ma'am because  
there are --

Ira points his mic back at the crowd like it's a game show.

YOUNG CONSERVATIVES

ONLY! TWO! GENDERS!

IRA

There's also a thing called the Second Amendment, which judging by the toilet cleaner you dye your hair with, you've never read.

MYA

What I was saying --

IRA

Was high treason!

Ira opens his fanny pack and whips out a POCKET CONSTITUTION.

IRA

Allow me to circle 2A for you on the off chance you'd like to learn how America actually functions.

Ira circles the amendment in red sharpie, then makes a beeline for Mya. She freezes up. A deer in headlights.

IRA

You want to control our guns? How? You can't even control your own diet. One word, two syllables: treadmill.

Mya takes the Constitution and books it for the exit, tears welling in her eyes.

IRA

Facts don't care about your feelings!

YOUNG CONSERVATIVES

LOGIC! LOGIC! LOGIC!

Ira pops off his yarmulke and spins it on his finger like a Hebrew Harlem Globetrotter.

IRA

CONSERVATISM IS THE NEW PUNK ROCK.

### **BACK TO THE WEBSITE**

The biggest photo on the page is of the conference's keynote speaker: Senator Robert Kent.

Next to his name is a YouTube video titled *Why I'm Running*.

**INT. SENATE OFFICE - DAY**

SENATOR ROBERT KENT - 60s, Viagra commercial handsome - sits at a well-appointed desk. His diplomatic tone a sharp contrast to the other speakers.

SENATOR KENT

Hi, I'm Robert Kent and I'm running for President. Now I may have spent thirty years here in Congress, but don't hold that against me.

The Senator forces a laugh, flashing a set of shiny veneers.

SENATOR KENT

My mission is to represent you, the real Americans that make this country so darn special. Not these fatcats in Washington. With your vote, we can finally defeat the political elite.

Suddenly, the image of Senator Kent flips upside down and shatters. We ZOOM OUT of the video to reveal why.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

A laptop displaying the conference's website lies shattered on the floor of a darkened room.

The only light emanates from a nearby bathroom where a trail of blood leads to --

-- Senator Kent's corpse.

His neck has been SLICED OPEN.

Someone's SHADOW passes over the body and slams the bathroom door shut to reveal --

-- a POSTER taped to the other side. On the poster an elephant grips an AK-47 in its trunk along with a tagline:

"Welcome to the Conservative Action Conference!"

SMASH TO TITLE:

**TRIGGER WARNING**

**EXT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY - DAY**

OUTRAGED STUDENTS march across a college quad waving gun control signs: "Gun reform now!", "More kids less guns!", "Books not bullets", etc.

Behind a barricade next to them is a REPORTER delivering a field piece into camera.

REPORTER

Today marks the one year anniversary of the tragic shooting at Freeport University.

A MONTAGE featuring the aftermath of America's reoccurring nightmare: a confiscated rifle, police tape everywhere, the campus holding a candlelight vigil for the deceased.

REPORTER

What was intended to be a day of reflection has turned into chaos with students gathering to protest a political convention on campus.

Protestors light the poster of the Conservative Action Conference's AK-47 clutching elephant on fire.

REPORTER

Despite numerous requests for the convention to change venues, conference organizers have obtained proper permits and appear to be proceeding as scheduled. Here to give us his take is activist Titus Wolfhausen.

TITUS, 30s, enters frame wearing a tucked-in polo shirt. He gives off a neighborly Ned Flanders vibe and holds a sign that says *DON'T DISCRIMINATE!*

REPORTER

Titus, what brings you out today?

TITUS

I am peeved with Senator Kent. He's uniting a bunch of white supremacist gun nuts in there and I'm not even on the guest list.

The Reporter reads his *Don't Discriminate* sign, confused.

REPORTER

I'm sorry, to clarify, you're protesting *not* being allowed in?

TITUS

Exactly! Republicans don't want to associate with me, and I have no idea why.

Frustrated, Titus puts on a *Stahlhelm*: an antique German military helmet with a SWASTIKA on it.

Suddenly, Protestors shout at Titus from behind a blockade.

PROTESTORS

NAZI SCUM!

TITUS

(to Reporter)

For the record, I'm simply a German history fan who will stop at nothing to make America a white ethnostate. If that makes me a "Nazi", who isn't?

*SPLAT!* Water balloons hit Titus from every direction.

TITUS

Ok, I think that's urine.

(smacks lips)

That's from an Antifa urethra.

All through the quad, Protestors join together in a chant.

PROTESTORS

NO MORE SILENCE, END GUN VIOLENCE!

NO MORE SILENCE, END GUN VIOLENCE!

NO MORE SILENCE, END GUN VIOLENCE!

#### **INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - DAY**

Inside the conference, an extravagant gun show is underway.

The place is littered with rifles, pistols, pistols that attach to rifles, body armor, and enough bullets and banana clips to re-invade Cuba.

Taking all this in is a MYSTERY WOMAN in a designer pantsuit power walking down the floor. From her POV, we catch glimpses of the rest of the convention.

IRONY-POISONED ZOOMERS do vape tricks in Joker face paint.

BLACK REPUBLICANS hand out All Lives Matter badges.

EVANGELICAL DADS with cell phones clipped to their belts line-up to get Kevin Sorbo and Kirk Cameron autographs.



It's an odd medley of groups that don't seem to have anything in common outside of being Republican.

The Mystery Woman struts past all this, attendees scurrying out of her way, as she heads towards the front entrance.

**EXT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY**

Guarding the conference's entrance with MUSKETS is a wildly out of shape MILITIA. They're dressed like the Founding Fathers above the waist but wear cargo shorts below it.

Stacey Carter, the Southern gun girl from the opening, approaches them wearing a *Don't Tread On Me* poncho.

STACEY

My name is Stacey Carter, and I'm here to take back my country!

She unzips her poncho revealing thigh-high boots and a body-hugging camouflage dress. Militia muskets (and jaws) drop.

Finally, our Mystery Woman in the pantsuit elbows her way through the rent-an-army to rescue Stacey. Her name is --

ALICIA

Alicia Andrews. Senator Kent's campaign manager. Sorry about the U.S. Gravy Seals.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

We gotta run her through the security protocol.

PAUL REVERE

Once you're in, there's no leavin' 'til the conference ends.

Thomas Jefferson puts on a powdered wig and fluffs it out.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

These Democrats are unhinged.

STACEY

Don't worry, boys. I'm a baked potato.

She lifts her dress revealing GLOCK 17s strapped to garters.

STACEY

Fully loaded.

George Washington hangs his tricorn hat on what is clearly an erection. Revolted, Alicia ushers Stacey into the building.

PAUL REVERE

Hey, can we score a photo with the Senator when he gets here?

ALICIA

No.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(spits tobacco juice)  
Why not?!

ALICIA

Because you have more cargo pockets than teeth.

**INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - DAY**

Alicia guides Stacey through the convention floor.

ALICIA

Can I trust you to keep a secret?

STACEY

I already know 'bout the War on Christmas.

ALICIA

Senator Kent's downstairs. I snuck him in a few hours ago. He'll meet you and the rest of the headliners and then we'll start pressing the flesh.

Stacey flashes a conspiratorial grin as she takes in all the activity around her.

STACEY

Know what I see when I look at this crowd? The future of this great nation, and it's all thanks to you.

ALICIA

I don't know about *all* of it.

An INFANT crawls by in a "Jesus Wasn't Vaccinated" onesie.

STACEY

C'mon, you're the mastermind of this whole thang.

STACEY (CONT'D)

You got me and the other speakers  
here to endorse the Senator. You.  
Did. This.

A GUY IN A RASCAL SCOOTER motors past them and scoops up the  
infant. As he drives off, truck nuts *THWACK-THWACK-THWACK*  
against the back of the scooter. Alicia winces.

**INT. DINING HALL - DAY**

Johnny K bangs out one-handed push-ups next to a buffet  
table. Ira Abramson sits nearby, reading a mystery novel  
titled *The Boy with the Ronald Reagan Tattoo*.

The main door cracks open. Alicia enters with Stacey in tow.

ALICIA

Gentlemen, meet Stacey Carter.  
She'll be joining us in our meeting  
with... where's Chuck?

Ira and Johnny both shrug as they walk over to greet Stacey.

STACEY

It is an honor and a privilege.

IRA

Privilege is a social construct.  
You know what isn't?

Chuck quietly enters the dining hall from a door in the back.  
He crouches down just behind Ira's knees.

IRA

Darwinism.

Johnny **SHOVES** Ira's chest. He table-tops over Chuck's back,  
then **CRASHES** into a bread basket labelled *Border Pat-rolls*.

IRA

OW!!!

CHUCK

Establishing DOMINANCE when meeting  
a female? CHECK.  
(to Stacey)  
Rule 36 in Johnny K's seduction  
manual.

JOHNNY K

Doesn't work if you tell her, bro.

CHUCK

'Pologies. I am GACKED to the GILLS  
on HardCoretex. I'm seeing the  
entire MATRIX.

Chuck dodges invisible bullets as Ira springs to his feet.

IRA

Alicia, I need to bend your ear  
away from these missing links!

Stacey wanders over to the buffet and loads up her plate.

JOHNNY K

Holy shit. Is that a t-shirt gun  
shooting out Men's Warehouse gift  
cards?

IRA

Where?!

As Ira spins around, Chuck grabs some salsa and dumps it down  
Ira's pants. Meanwhile, Johnny walks off with Alicia.

Stacey turns back around, having missed all the action.

STACEY

Y'all seen the Small Government  
Salsa anywhere?

**INT. PRIVATE HALLWAY - DAY**

Johnny K looks around for eavesdroppers, clearly on edge.

JOHNNY K

I can't endorse the Senator.

ALICIA

You're joking, right?

JOHNNY K

He's just too problematic for the  
HardCoretex brand to collab with.

ALICIA

He's too problematic? You have a  
tattoo that says "Feminism is  
cancer."

JOHNNY K

Well, excuse me for spreading  
cancer awareness!

A long beat as Alicia takes in just how tense Johnny K looks.

ALICIA  
What aren't you telling me?

**INT. DINING HALL - DAY**

Stacey talks with Ira next to a tray of *Surf N' TERF*.

STACEY  
I love those videos where you own  
the libs and not just 'cause my  
YouTube won't stop auto-playin 'em.

IRA  
Debating a Democrat is child's  
play. You just think like a  
Republican then subtract reason,  
morality and welfare payments.

Chuck wolfs down chili from a grenade-shaped thermos.

CHUCK  
Ya hear the DNC sent a HITMAN here  
to ASSASSINATE Senator Kent?

IRA  
Really? Which one of the voices in  
your head told you that?

CHUCK  
The SMART one. I've been trying to  
spread the word, but my numbers are  
DOODOO since I got BANNED for  
tellin' the truth too hard.

STACEY  
If they can silence a man as honest  
as Chuck Nelson, who's next?

IRA  
Please. The reason Chuck got  
deplatformed is because of that  
video where he --

Chuck slaps Ira in the nuts. Ira doesn't even flinch.

IRA  
Like I'm not wearing a cup after  
that speedbagging you gave me at  
Politicon? You embarrass yourself.

**INT. PRIVATE HALLWAY - DAY**

Alicia takes in whatever Johnny K has just said, dubious.

ALICIA

So you won't endorse the Senator because he won't endorse your sex offender supplement?

JOHNNY K

Excuse me. HardCoretex is made for the victims of reverse rape.

ALICIA

Reverse what?

JOHNNY K

One out of every ten bros isn't getting laid and they didn't consent to that. #HeToo.

ALICIA

Let me explain how this works. You endorse the Senator. I use that endorsement to get him elected. He uses that political power to help whoever helped him get that power. What he does not do is promote a pill currently under investigation by the FDA then take it on blind faith that the dirtbag pushing the pill holds up his end of the deal.  
(points to dining hall)  
No one would be in that room right now if the Senator already gave them what they wanted. That's how a quid pro quo works.

JOHNNY K

Well, I don't have time for a quid pro quo. I need a quid pro bro.

Exasperated, Alicia heads back toward the buffet.

JOHNNY K

The FDA is so far up my ass I think they're checking for colon cancer!

Alicia comes to a halt.

ALICIA

Just so you know, Senator Kent wanted to endorse HardCoretex.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
I told him we should see if we  
could trust you. Message received.

Just as Alicia heads into the dining hall, a TEXT from Dr. Kazamov pops-up on Johnny's phone.

DR. KAZAMOV  
*DON'T PULL OUT OF ENDORSEMENT!!!*

**INT. DINING HALL - DAY**

Alicia re-enters. Ira pounces.

IRA  
Rhetorical question: if I run for  
President, will you manage my  
campaign?

ALICIA  
Absolutely not.

IRA  
Seriously?  
(a long beat)  
That wasn't rhetorical. I'm  
gobsmacked.

ALICIA  
I already have a candidate, Ira.  
The one you're here to endorse in  
exchange for a cabinet position.  
What is with you people today?

Chuck rushes over to Alicia from the other side of the room.

CHUCK  
There is a libtard ASSASSIN out for  
SENATOR'S KENT BLOOD --

ALICIA  
Fuck! Off! Chuck!

CHUCK  
I came in hot. I see that now.

As a cowed Chuck walks away, a deflated Johnny K slinks back into the room and joins him by the buffet table.

Ira picks up where he left off with Alicia.

IRA

Okay, let's just say hypothetically in a parallel universe, you were my campaign manager --

ALICIA

Let's say here, on planet Earth, I'm not. The party brass wants to play it safe. You're too unrelatable. Even the way you talk -

IRA

The way I talk? Okay, I'm gonna stop you right there. Not only was the conceit of your diatribe utterly laughable --

Alicia walks off toward the rest of the group.

ALICIA

Who's ready to meet the next President of the United States?

Stacey spins her Glocks until they're pointed at herself.

STACEY

This lil' lady!

ALICIA

Great, he's waiting in the panic room, which for me is really any room in this building.

**INT. PRIVATE HALLWAY - DAY**

Alicia leads the group toward a tucked away stairwell.

STACEY

I don't get it. Why does a school need a panic room?

ALICIA

Because of the shooting.

STACEY

Right... *Which* shootin'?

ALICIA

The one at this school.

Alicia points out the window toward a courtyard where STUDENTS somberly hold a memorial in remembrance of the victims. It's filled with flowers, candles, notes, etc.



Stacey and the rest of the group stop to watch in silence. The human cost of what happened is inescapable.

No one knows how to react --

-- until Stacey presses her palms together.

STACEY  
Thoughts and prayers.

ALICIA  
Thoughts and prayers.

JOHNNY K  
Thoughts and prayers!

IRA  
Thoughts as well as prayers!

CHUCK  
SO MANY THOUGHTS! SO MANY PRAYERS!

Satisfied, they continue walking down the hall.

**INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY**

The group follows Alicia into a bland looking industrial basement. She walks down a hallway then stops at a HIDDEN DOOR built seamlessly into a wall.

Behind it is the --

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

A bunker that's been converted into a make-shift war room. Alicia shouts toward a long corridor in the back.

ALICIA  
Senator, I've got the team here.

No response. Just the sound of flies buzzing around ICE CREAM in a commemorative bowl that says KENT 2024.

ALICIA  
...Senator Kent?

Still nothing. She walks down the corridor and into the --

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Alicia and company stare at the floor. Their jaws drops at what they see: Senator Kent lying in a pool of blood, dead.

A note hangs from Kent's breast pocket that says **READ ME.**

Alicia steadies her hands and unfolds the partially torn note to find a message typed on printer paper. She reads it aloud.

ALICIA

*Dear Conservative Action  
Conference,*

*The Senator's blood is on your  
hands. Not mine. This community  
asked you not to come here. Not to  
make today more painful than it  
already is. We begged and we  
pleaded and we warned, but you went  
ahead anyway. You Republicans hate  
and discriminat because you don't  
know what suffering looks like...  
now you do.*

*- The Woke Warrior*

Ira takes the note from Alicia and studies it.

IRA

Well, it's clearly written by a  
leftist. They spelled discriminate  
wrong.

CHUCK

Ya know there's never a good time  
to say "I told ya a libtard was  
gonna kill the Senator."  
So I'll say it now.

Chuck rips off his shirt and starts dancing with it.

CHUCK

I TOLD YA A LIBTARD WAS GONNA KILL  
THE SENATOR!

Stacey can't take it. She runs to the toilet and vomits.  
Chuck puts his shirt on, slightly ashamed of his enthusiasm.

CHUCK

...yet we MOURN the loss of a  
TITAN. The LION of the Senate!

Stacey pulls herself up from the toilet and grabs her phone.

ALICIA

What are you doing?

STACEY

Calling the one government agency  
you can always trust: the police!

ALICIA

Fuck the police!

A collective gasp from the group.

ALICIA

Okay, wrong crowd. But let's think  
about the optics here. The entire  
democratic establishment and most  
of the GOP thought throwing a gun  
orgy at a mass shooting memorial  
wasn't a gangbusters idea in the  
first place. Now the Senator's dead  
and there's a note saying this  
conference is the sole reason it  
happened.

IRA

A note penned by the liberal  
lunatic who killed him! We can't  
possibly be blamed for this.

ALICIA

That's exactly what every prominent  
conservative will say, right before  
they throw us under the bus so they  
don't look complicit in this shit  
show.

JOHNNY K

What do you mean "us"? You created  
this conference! I only endorsed  
Senator Kent because you said he'd  
help me push penis pills.

IRA

You told me he would fast-track my  
political career. There's only one  
thing that can save this country,  
and it's a podcaster with a  
contrarian streak!

CHUCK

You swore Kent would get me  
UNBANNED from social media! I'm out  
here postin' on my PERSONAL WEBSITE  
like I'm fuckin' AMISH!

ALICIA

All I'm hearing is that you three are so desperate you endorsed a man you knew nothing about. I may be fucked for planning this conference, but you were fucked before it even started and without the Senator's help you still are. Tell me I'm wrong.

The guys exchange desperate glances. She's not. Alicia paces, trying to get her bearings on the situation.

ALICIA

Now I don't see how calling the cops helps any of us, unless we can do something to flip the narrative.

STACEY

What we do is call 911. Tell'em a demon-rat is in the building slicin' up Senators!

Alicia stops pacing.

ALICIA

What did you just say?

STACEY

Demon-rat? It's a Democrat who has the properties of both a demon and a rat.

ALICIA

No, the part about the killer still being in the building.

STACEY

The militia said nobody can leave once they come in.

ALICIA

So there's no way out. That's genius. Whoever did this is still here. We catch them and suddenly we're not the extremists who got the Senator killed --

CHUCK

(nodding along)

-- We're the heroes that caught the GODLESS LIBTARD who killed him!

JOHNNY K

Some HardCoretex powered heroics  
could be very good for me right  
now. I mean... good for us.

IRA

And by us, of course, you mean the  
U.S.

JOHNNY K / ALICIA / CHUCK

Goes without saying. // Absolutely.  
// These colors DON'T run!

Stacey, again, blows chunks into the toilet bowl.

IRA

An investigation of this magnitude  
would require a detective trained  
in the art of deduction...  
Someone known for his intellect...  
Someone who's written a series of  
conservative-themed mystery novels.

No response from the group. Ira whips out his copy of *The Boy  
with the Ronald Reagan Tattoo*. We now see he's the author.

IRA

Me! I'm Sherlock. Alicia's my  
Watson. Chuck and Johnny K are  
obviously my first suspects.

Ira heads out of the bathroom and into the conference room  
where he starts covering a whiteboard with clues.

ALICIA

Everyone's in...

The group stares at Stacey slouched over the toilet.

ALICIA

Minus Stacey. You want to get some  
frontier justice, or are those just  
squirt guns?

A long beat as Stacey stares at the Senator's bloody corpse,  
her sickness hardening into righteous anger.

STACEY

Ma'am, I am a Republican. Not a  
Republi-can't! Lemme see that note.

She stoically rises to her feet and takes the note.

STACEY

Huh. It's still a little toasty.  
There a printer nearby?

ALICIA

That's a good lead. We find out everyone who was using a printer, or at least acting suspicious. The Senator's speech is in ninety minutes. We gotta move.

IRA (O.C.)

Of course, I'll need to determine the precise time of death!

Lost in his own sleuthing, Ira sprints back into the bathroom past everyone else and grabs the Senator's corpse.

IRA

Anyone have a meat thermometer?

**EXT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY - DAY**

The vibe outside is starting to curdle from mournful to violent. A Protestor smashes a pinata of Senator Kent with a bat. It bursts open and smaller bats pour out.

The Protestors use those mini-bats to smash pinatas of Stacey Carter, Johnny K, Chuck Nelson, and especially Ira Abramson.

**INT. HELP DESK - DAY**

Stacey and Alicia head towards a help desk.

ALICIA

We need to get intel from this guy, but he can't know the reason.

Stacey looks over at the desk where CEDRIC, the conference's preeminent neckbeard, practices karate moves. He wears fingerless gloves and a shirt that says *Waifu Hunter*.

STACEY

Why does that man look like he's from the future and the past?

ALICIA

He's an 8chan admin. Made millions in Dogecoin. Lost it all on body pillows. I'm seventy percent sure he's Q, but if I don't ask, I don't have to testify.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

How are you not getting all this  
just by looking at him?

They reach the desk where Cedric doffs his fedora revealing a long braided ponytail.

CEDRIC

M'ladies. Any word of the Senator's  
arrival? I've forged him a  
smallsword.

ALICIA

I never thought I'd say this, but  
please put your fedora back on.

CEDRIC

Have you strumpets come here simply  
for slander or is there a point to  
this chinwag?

Alicia points to a printer in the back room.

ALICIA

We need the name of everyone who's  
used that printer.

CEDRIC

Ha! Divulge my secrets to you she-  
devils? I'd sooner commit *seppuku*.

Stacey unholsters her Glocks and aims them at Cedric.

STACEY

We weren't askin'.

CEDRIC

Tell that to my dagger!

Cedric grabs the sheath on his desk only to find it empty.

CEDRIC

(gulps)

It would appear the turns have  
tabled. No one's used the printer  
yet. You can check the log.

Alicia heads back to where the printer is only to find a  
Gestapo-style black trench coat hanging on a door hook.

ALICIA

Yahtzee, we got a Nazi.

CEDRIC

That's not mine. I'm holding it for  
a friend. You'll get nothing else  
from me, succubi.

Stacey slides over the desk and grabs Cedric by his ponytail.

STACEY

It's gremlins like you that give  
God-fearing Republicans a bad name!

CEDRIC

Technically, I'm an Anarcho-  
Capitalist.

Stacey yanks down on the ponytail. Cedric collapses in pain.

CEDRIC

The jacket belongs to Titus! He  
said he'd swing by and grab it!

ALICIA

Titus? Wait, is he in the building?

CEDRIC

I don't know. I'm just a  
collaborator. I'm like the French!

ALICIA

(whispers to Stacey)  
I'm gonna talk with security. Titus  
could be our guy.

STACEY

What do I do with the mall ninja?

ALICIA

Let him go. Find out who else used  
a printer.

STACEY

But I don't know anyone here.

ALICIA

You're wearing camo. Blend in.

Alicia heads toward the SECURITY OUTPOST --

-- where a Protestor smacks George Washington across the face  
with a "Love Is Love" yard sign.



**INT. HARDCORETEX BOOTH - DAY**

Johnny stands on a table addressing a stew of toxic male internet groups. This is the United Nations of Misogyny.

JOHNNY K

Bros and Brovaries, Incels and  
Gymcels, Combat Veterans and  
Keyboard Warriors – it is with a  
heavy heart and a soft dong that I  
tell you we have a Soy Boy hiding  
among us.

The groups shoot suspicious glances at each other.

JOHNNY K

Any one who brings me intel on this  
Lactaid Lover gets a lifetime  
supply of my newest product!

In the back of the crowd, Dr. Kazamov arrives waving a PAPER BAG at Johnny K. He motions for Johnny to follow him.

As Johnny hops off stage, the crowd train their eyes on a CHIN-STRAPPED BRO wearing a Hillary Clinton shirt.

CHIN-STRAPPED BRO

What? It's ironic!

MOMENTS LATER

Johnny K ducks backstage to find a gaunt and sweaty Dr. Kazamov snorting a line off a cardboard cut-out of Johnny.

JOHNNY K

Where the fuck have you been?

The doctor tosses Johnny the paper bag.

DR. KAZAMOV

Saving your asshole, bro. Solution  
to problem.

JOHNNY K

It already solved itself. No thanks  
to you, Count Crack-ula.

Dr. Kazamov furrows his brow, confused. Johnny carefully scans the backstage area then whispers something to him.

As Johnny does this, we drift back to the HardCoretex booth where the gangs have formed a circle.

Inside it is the bro with the Clinton shirt chugging milk. He downs the whole thing and throws the carton to the ground.

CHIN-STRAPPED BRO  
Told you I'm no Soy Boy! And BTW -

He turns. The back of his Hillary shirt says *For Prison!*

CHIN-STRAPPED BRO  
So you can sit on it and spin!

By the time we drift back to Johnny K and Dr. Kazamov, they're talking at full volume. Johnny does not look happy.

JOHNNY K  
You couldn't have told me I have to do this an hour ago?

DR. KAZAMOV  
I was on Ketamine, bro.

JOHNNY K  
You're doing Ketamine right now!

Frustrated, Johnny stuffs the doctor's mystery bag in his back pocket and heads out.

**INT. TRUTHBOMB.COM KIOSK - DAY**

Chuck arrives at his tinfoil-lined kiosk. It's filled with janky survivalist gadgets from gas mask bongs to flashlights that double as Fleshlights.

He looks both ways then grabs the kiosk's PRINTER and heads for a trash compactor at the end of the hall.

OMINOUS VOICE (O.C.)  
Excuse me!

*Shit.* Chuck slowly turns around to find DOLORES and ESTHER, two septuagenarians rocking Nixon-Agnew '68 visors.

CHUCK  
What do you blue hairs want?

DOLORES  
A picture, if you would be so kind.

CHUCK  
Does it LOOK like I got time for a picture?

Chuck's voice echoes down the incredibly empty hall. His booth has been relegated to the far end of the conference.

DOLORES

No, dear. We wanted you to take a photo of us.

ESTHER

Without you in it.

CHUCK

I got that part, LIFE ALERT.

DOLORES

I know you. You're the man from that awful video. The one who said-

Chuck quickly drops his printer and takes their camera.

CHUCK

I hope the feds MICROCHIP your hard candies!

**INT. YOUNG CONSERVATIVES ROOM - DAY**

A crowd watches what can loosely be described as sketch comedy. In front of them, YOUNG CONSERVATIVES wear diapers and shoot down a slide called *The Slippery Slope*.

They land in a ball pit and crawl around WAAH-ING. A yield sign labels the room a *Liberal Safe Space*.

As the gang of adult babies smash a glass pane dubbed *The Overton Window*, Ira rushes into the room.

IRA

We're taking a break, people!

The crowd departs, baffled by what they just watched. TUCKER and CHARLES, two Young Conservatives, confront their leader.

TUCKER

What the heck, Ira? That was our most savage skit yet.

CHARLES

The right is getting better at comedy and the left is quivering.

IRA

Like I don't know that! Who do you think bought the Baby Bjorn?

Ira waits for the final onlooker to exit then locks the door.

IRA

Gentlemen, I ask you this not as your role model, but as a grizzled gumshoe: have you detected any anti-Senator Kent activity?

TUCKER

Present company excluded?

IRA

It's someone in this room? Is it Ezra?

EZRA, a tiny freshman with an uncanny resemblance to Ira, takes the baby bottle out of his mouth to defend himself.

EZRA

Sir, you said on your podcast Senator Kent was the bloated corpse of conservatism.

CHARLES

You called him the "decaying husk of the elephant party."

IRA

I... I would never say any of that. I'm here to endorse the man.

TUCKER

Episode #307. When you were still planning to run for President.

EZRA

Are you okay, sir? Your upper lip is beading with condensation.

IRA

I'm the detective, Ezra! Perhaps I should investigate why your upper lip is Sahara dry?

Tucker rifles through a cardboard box, looking for something.

TUCKER

We're missing a belt from our "Pull Up Your Pants" prank box.

IRA

How is that relevant right now?

TUCKER

Is the pants sagging pandemic ever not relevant?

CHARLES

The only cure is political theatre.

EZRA

Didn't you borrow a belt, sir?

Ira bulges his eyes trying to signal for Ezra to shut up.

EZRA

Remember? An hour ago? The one you told me not to tell anyone about?

IRA

THAT'S IT! THIS MEETING NEVER HAPPENED! AND DELETE THAT PODCAST!

Ira storms out, stepping on rubber duckies as he exits.

**INT. CONVENTION FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**

Finally alone, Chuck takes the printer to the trash chute. As he's about to throw it out, Ira barrels around the corner.

CHUCK

(busted)

Ira Abramson! Just the half-man I was lookin' for.

IRA

You were about to trash that printer.

CHUCK

NO! I, uh, geolocated it via intel way above your clearance level.

IRA

You expect me to believe that?

CHUCK

It's called a WHISPER NETWORK!

AH-CHOO! A sneeze from behind the plants next to them. Inside the foliage is Titus doing a terrible job hiding. His Nazi helmet protrudes from the top of the leaves.

CHUCK  
 (whispers to Ira)  
 Am I batshit crazy or is that Titus  
 Wolfhausen in there?

IRA  
 Both. You know it is possible he  
 could be the Woke --

Chuck's already rushed over to his kiosk and grabbed a GO-  
 BAG. He kicks over the trees leaving Titus exposed.

TITUS  
 (big smile)  
 Chuck!

Chuck pulls a TASER from the bag and lights Titus up with it.

IRA  
 Was high voltage necessary?!

CHUCK  
 It was either that or my Net Gun.

They pick up Titus' limp body and carry him away.

IRA  
 Wait, why do you own a Net Gun?

CHUCK  
 It's a GUN that shoots a NET. Why  
 DON'T you own one?

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

Titus wakes to find himself tied to a chair with tactical  
 rope. The entire group surrounds him.

ALICIA  
 We have questions, and you're going  
 to give us answers.

TITUS  
 Is one of them the Jewish question?  
 Please be the JQ.

IRA (O.C.)  
 This J has a Q.

Ira opens the bathroom at the far end of the corridor.  
 Senator Kent's corpse slumps out of it.

IRA

Is this your handiwork?

As everyone looks in that direction, Johnny reaches into the bag Dr. Kazamov gave him and takes out a handful of PEANUTS.

TITUS

What? No! I just got here!

Titus' eyes flit around the room until they land at the Senator's ICE CREAM melting away on the table.

TITUS

Can I eat that? My mouth tastes  
like a urinal cake at a Bernie  
Sanders rally.

Johnny's peanut-filled hand hovers just above the Senator's ice cream, clearly getting ready to drop them in it.

STACEY

You want some Rocky Road?

Stacey grabs the bowl before Johnny gets the chance to release the peanuts.

STACEY

You're on one, buster!

She slams Titus' face into the ice cream and puts the barrel of her gun to his ear.

TITUS

I'm telling the truth! I was P.O.'d  
the Senator wouldn't let me in, but  
I didn't even know he was here yet.  
No one did! Except... you guys.

A hush falls over the room. *Could the killer be one of them?*

Ira whispers into Alicia's ear. It's way too breathy.

IRA

He's actually making sense. It has  
to be someone who knew the Senator  
was down here.

CHUCK

(to Titus)

Ya shoulda just confessed because  
NOW YA DONE PISSED ME OFF.

(tears off shirt)

I'm about to violate EVERY Geneva  
Convention!

Fed up, Alicia pulls out her phone and heads for the hallway.

Johnny K, who's been staring intently at Titus' *DON'T DISCRIMINATE* sign, spots Alicia exit and hurries after her.

**INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY**

Johnny catches up with Alicia just as she's mid-dial.

JOHNNY K  
Don't call the cops yet!

TITUS (O.C.)  
NO, CHUCK! NOT THE GIMP MASK!

ALICIA  
I'm not waiting to find out what  
the fuck that means. We got the  
Woke Warrior. It's over --

Johnny YANKS Alicia's phone out of her hands and runs back into the panic room. He crosses paths with Stacey as she enters the hallway, rubbing her temples with her Glocks.

STACEY  
That man is a riddle, wrapped in a  
mystery, tucked in a swastika. He's  
got my whole libdar jammed!

Ira enters the hall filled with manic detective energy.

IRA  
Titus is clearly a red herring,  
which is a Germanic fish. A  
coincidence? I think not! Allow me  
to explicate. Since the dawn of  
time, man has been inextricably  
linked to the sea --

ALICIA  
(to Stacey)  
Shoot me.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

*WAPUSH!* Chuck thrashes Titus with a BULL WHIP. As Johnny grabs Titus' poster, he gets thwacked by Chuck's back-swing.

JOHNNY K  
The fuck, Chuck?

Chuck turns. His head is crammed into a TruthBomb gimp mask.



CHUCK  
Sorry, bro. I'm in GUANTANO-MODE!

**INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY**

IRA  
Which brings me to my final point  
in this, the preamble, to my  
opening argument --

The panic room door kicks open nailing Ira in the face.

Johnny bolts through it holding the killer's note and the  
*DON'T DISCRIMINATE* sign.

He lays them side-by-side on the floor.

JOHNNY K  
What's different about these two?

Ira, now crumpled behind the door, pinches his bloody nose,  
somehow making him sound even more nasal.

IRA  
No one touch my evidence! The Woke  
Warrior and I are locked in a game  
of cat and mouse. They must have  
hidden a code for me. An  
impenetrable cypher.

He slowly crawls over. Stacey's already there.

STACEY  
Would ya look at that? The killer  
spelled discriminate wrong on their  
note, but Titus spelled it right on  
his poster.

JOHNNY K  
Yeah, I thought it was pretty  
fuckin' obvious.

IRA  
Being a detective is about seeing  
the clues that aren't there,  
Jonathan!

STACEY  
So he's not the Woke Warrior.

ALICIA

Who gives a shit? We're not letting an actual Nazi off the hook just because he's a Grammar Nazi.

JOHNNY K

We can't get the cops involved until we have legit evidence. Which we clearly don't.

STACEY

We could look like a real joke.

In the background, Chuck fires a gun inside the panic room. A net FLIES out of it and traps Titus in mesh.

ALICIA

What's the alternative? The Senator's supposed to be on stage in an hour and the only other suspects are standing right here.

Another hush falls over the group. *It has to be one of them.*

Now Chuck enters the hallway, still rocking the gimp mask.

CHUCK

I can't break Titus. He's like a WILD ALBINO STALLION.

JOHNNY K

He didn't do it.

ALICIA

We don't know that! We haven't even searched him for the murder weapon.

CHUCK

To be frank, I never thought he did. Ever since I started MACRO-DOSING HardCoretex, I just fly into VIOLENT RAGES. J-Bone may know a lot about CHICKS, but he knows even more about BOOGER SUGAR. Am I right, brother?

JOHNNY K

(disgusted)

You've been snorting that shit?

ALICIA

I want my phone back. Now.

JOHNNY K

Tough titty, Republican National Committee. I'm lockin' up all the phones. Anyone got a problem with that?!

Johnny's too jacked up to argue with. They all fork over their phones except for Stacey.

She hesitates for a moment then tosses hers in the pile.

JOHNNY K

No one leaves that room until we figure out which one of us is the Woke Warrior.

IRA

For the record, I wanted to do this from the beginning.

Johnny slaps Ira in the nuts. Again, Ira doesn't even flinch.

JOHNNY K

What is happening today?!

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Johnny loads all the phones into a safe built into the panic room wall. He punches a code in the keypad to lock it.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

Ira writes the names of every suspect on the whiteboard with a MOTIVE and OPPORTUNITY checkbox next to each. Next to Ira's name it just says IRA ABRAMSON, P.I.

The only name not up there is Titus who's now untied and bruising like a racist peach.

IRA

There's a precise methodology for solving a murder. The detective investigates each suspect and identifies motive - why they would want the victim dead - and opportunity - who had the chance to-

Chuck raises his hand.

IRA

Yes, Chuck?

CHUCK

Alicia's the WOKE WARRIOR! I can  
feel it in my BONES. LOOK AT HER!

Everyone looks at Alicia. Everyone except Johnny K, who once  
again eyes the ice cream across the table.

CHUCK

The sulfur's STEAMIN' off this  
pagan witch like some kinda SATANIC  
tea kettle!

IRA

Okay, you can't just accuse people  
of paganism. This is why mysteries  
have one detective. They require  
top-down leadership. Not unlike a  
President.

(breathy whisper to Alicia)

I already have a slogan: M.A.G.A.  
"Make America Granular Again."

ALICIA

Ira, you're 5'5 in shoe lifts and  
your voice makes glass shatter. You  
will never, ever, be President.

A long beat. Ira turns to Chuck, wounded and out for blood.

IRA

Sorry, I cut you off. You were  
saying Alicia was sulphurous.

CHUCK

She's the only one who had access  
to the Senator. Who else would even  
have the OPPORTUNITY to be alone  
with him long enough to kill him?

IRA

That is... surprisingly cogent. We  
can check this off.

Ira checks off the opportunity box next to Alicia's name.

ALICIA

Why would I kill my own candidate?

CHUCK

Was he YOUR candidate? We all know  
you've worked for the DNC before.  
Who knows where your loyalties LIE?

IRA

An astute deduction. I may just have a new Watson.

Ira starts checking off Alicia's motive box.

ALICIA

I'd hold that thought. This is usually when he picks up steam.

CHUCK

What REALLY happened is as obvious as Ira's virginity!

Alicia smiles. Suddenly, we're whooshed into a FLASHBACK brought to us by the demented recesses of Chuck's brain.

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL CHAMBER - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Alicia stands on a pentagram surrounded by SHADOWY FIGURES in robes and DNC donkey masks a la *Eyes Wide Shut*.

CHUCK (V.O.)

The cannibal pedophiles over at the DNC deployed Alicia to infiltrate the Senator's campaign.

**INT. SENATE OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

The Senator nods obediently as Alicia strips down. She slithers at him, her tongue forked like a snake's.

CHUCK (V.O.)

Then she HYPNOTIZED him using the MENSTRUAL POWER women get from a full moon into headlining this conference.

CRESCENT-SHAPED HYPNOSIS CIRCLES spin around the area where her breasts should be.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

CHUCK (V.O.)

All so she could SACRIFICE the man to her demonic CHOMO overlords!

Alicia slices the Senator's throat with a DEVIL'S TRIDENT. She cackles maniacally, as we return back to --

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

ALICIA

So just to recap: I'm an assassin  
for a cabal of child molesting  
lizard people who run the  
Democratic Party?

CHUCK

My. God. I hadn't even factored in  
the lizard people.

Ira sighs and erases the half-check in Alicia's motive box.

IRA

Chuck, you were perilously close to  
making sense.

STACEY

I've heard enough!

Stacey gets up and puts her hands on Alicia's shoulders.

STACEY

This patriot has put more smiles on  
Republican faces than Chick-fil-A.  
She'd never work with the dirty  
dems. Tell'em, Alicia.

Alicia is conspicuously quiet.

STACEY

Alicia?

Alicia clears her throat and goes into politico mode.

ALICIA

I think what gets lost in the  
tension between red states and blue  
states is what really matters: the  
United States.

A collective groan from all the men in the room.

ALICIA

Fine! I've worked for the DNC  
before. Like there's even a  
difference between the parties. Ten  
billionaires actually run this  
country and every four years we  
vote on which party does their  
bidding. None of this matters.

STACEY

Wait a minute. You put together this whole thang and you don't believe any of it?

ALICIA

Senator Kent spent thirty years in Congress. He's the swamp Republican voters want to drain. The only way to win was to somehow make him look anti-establishment. I knew if you chuds endorsed him, it would trigger the libs who would trigger the conservatives who would vote for the Senator in order to re-trigger the libs that triggered them in the first place.

And just like that, Stacey's world spins. Her knees go weak.

STACEY

I think... I'm gonna...

She runs to the bathroom. As everyone turns to look at her, Johnny finally drops the peanuts in the Senator's ice cream.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Stacey locks the door, and as soon as she does, her nausea suspiciously stops. She makes a beeline for the safe box.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

Johnny K gives Chuck a bro hug. No human has ever been happier than Chuck is at this moment.

JOHNNY K

Chuckle-Slovakia that was some next level alpha dog sleuthing.

CHUCK

It's your HardCoretex, bro. I'm playing sixty-nine DIMENSIONAL chess out here!

IRA

You do know in terms of criminal law he didn't prove --

JOHNNY K

Don't be a pedophile apologist.  
Alicia did it. Lizard people. Case  
closed.

ALICIA

You're awfully quick with the  
gavel.

(to Chuck)

It's almost like your bro's hiding  
something.

JOHNNY K

Don't listen to her, bro. She's on  
her period so hard they should call  
it an exclamation point.

ALICIA

So you didn't un-endorse Senator  
Kent *moments* before we found him  
dead?

Johnny rolls his eyes and mimes a "period explosion."

ALICIA

Admit it. You were happy to endorse  
the Senator so long as he endorsed  
your Men's Rights multivitamin. But  
when he didn't...

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Johnny has a heated conversation with Senator Kent. The  
Senator tosses Johnny's HardCoretex bottle in the trash.

ALICIA (V.O.)

Maybe you flew into a Roid Rage.

Johnny grabs the massive, penis-shaped HardCoretex bottle by  
its shaft. He smashes the glass testicles off the bottom, and  
uses the jagged edge to SLASH Senator Kent's throat.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

ALICIA

That's why you don't want me to  
call the cops. Because you don't  
want them to find out you did it.



JOHNNY K

That's insane. I mean, sure I was slightly butthurt Senator Kent didn't endorse HardCoretex --

ALICIA

Can you repeat that? I can't hear you over my heavy flow.

Ira checks off the MOTIVE box next to Johnny's name.

JOHNNY K

But then I realized forgiveness is a huge part of my brand. Being a bro isn't just about being physically jacked. It's also about being emotionally swole.

ALICIA

Oh yeah, the bro who took HardCoretex then shot up the school we're standing in was the picture of mental health.

CHUCK

HEY! It's not Johnny's fault if some memelord virgin wants to be Gen-Z's LEE HARVEY OSWALD!

ALICIA

He markets his products exclusively at memelord virgins.

She grabs Chuck's HardCoretex bottle and rotates it to a label that says "*I TURN INCELS INTO WIN-CELS!*"

Johnny snatches the bottle away. This is clearly a sore subject for him.

JOHNNY K

You know I looked it up? Three hundred and sixteen people get shot everyday in America. But one kid pops one of my pills, and suddenly I'm the Wuhan wet market for all gun violence. If firearms are such a big, complicated issue isn't placing all the blame on one exceptionally yoked man, a little fuckin' simple?!

An uncomfortable beat as everyone takes in how genuinely upset Johnny is.

JOHNNY K

Besides, it is impossible  
HardCoretex had anything to do with  
what happened at this school.

IRA

You mean improbable. Impossible is  
the "literally" of statistical  
analysis.

JOHNNY K

No, it's impossible. The pills  
don't work. None of the studies we  
did showed any results. Even the  
erections are placebo-ners. You'd  
have to be the dumbest mofo in the  
world to attribute anything to  
HardCoretex!

Johnny catches the devastated look on Chuck's face. The  
impact of what he's just admitted suddenly dawns on him.

JOHNNY K

Listen, bro.

CHUCK

Don't you --  
(lump in throat)  
Don't you DARE bro me. I don't even  
know who you are. STRANGER DANGER!

JOHNNY K

You want to know who I really am?  
I'm the guy under investigation by  
the FDA, SEC and ATF. I'm getting  
gangbanged by the entire alphabet!  
My only life raft was that the next  
President was gonna endorse my  
brand, and now his throat's hanging  
open like a fucking Pez Dispenser.

IRA

If he's lying about the pills, who  
knows what else he's lying about?

CHUCK

Can you even drink cow's milk?

Johnny shamefully hangs his head. Outraged, Chuck grabs a  
slingshot and loads the HardCoretex bottle into it.

Titus, now untied, can't take it anymore.

TITUS

C'mon guys! We're all on the same team. Right, Ira?

Titus takes off his Nazi helmet and puts it on Ira's head.

IRA

Jesus H. Christ.

TITUS

See? He's even apologizing for what his people did to JC. I love this energy for us.

Chuck slings the bottle at Johnny. He ducks out of the way just in time for it to crack Titus in the face.

TITUS

Okay, think I *thipped* a tooth.

Titus scurries towards the bathroom, bleeding from the mouth.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Stacey punches a password into the safe only to have the light flash red. A digital display reads *After Three Failed Password Attempts, Safe Will Auto-Lock For 30 Minutes.*

Out of options, she stares into a mirror and gathers herself.

STACEY

You got this, Stacey Carter.

As soon as she turns to leave, she catches a glimpse of the Senator's corpse, decomposing in the corner --

-- and vomits.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

Stacey exits the bathroom. Titus waits outside, rubbing his tongue where his tooth should be.

TITUS

Be *honeth*, *ith* it bad?

Stacey gags. Titus runs into the bathroom.

She heads back over to the table where Johnny K is swatting away the finger Chuck has jabbed in his face.

JOHNNY K

You can take that sausage link and flip it one-eighty. Who's to say you didn't slice up the Senator?

CHUCK

I was the one WARNING people about his ASSASSINATION!

JOHNNY K

Maybe that's because you assassinated him!

We're now whooshed into a FLASHBACK of the Senator's murder from Johnny K's POV.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

JOHNNY K (V.O.)

You could've disguised yourself as whatever the fuck you think a lib looks like...

Chuck slips into the panic room dressed up as the Woke Warrior. He's rocking a man bun, Crocs, and an NPR tote bag.

JOHNNY K (V.O.)

...knifed the Senator...

He takes out a copy of *White Fragility* by Robin DiAngelo and removes a sharpened SOVIET HAMMER AND SICKLE hidden in its hollowed out pages.

JOHNNY K (V.O.)

Then planted the Woke Warrior note!

Chuck tucks the Woke Warrior note into the now slain Senator's pocket.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

Johnny turns to the rest of the group.

JOHNNY K

Think about it. Chuck's desperate to get back on social media and his only chance is if one of his batshit conspiracies actually comes true. That way the libs can't call him fake news anymore.

CHUCK

I won't even justify that  
accusation by raising my voice.

IRA

I did see Chuck holding a printer  
earlier.

ALICIA

And you're saying this now? The  
printer was the whole point of the  
investigation, Ira!

STACEY

(to Alicia)

You lost your right to speak, lib-  
blood!

(to Ira)

It was the whole point though.

IRA

Chuck said he found it in the trash  
and then the world's friendliest  
Nazi goose-stepped into the  
building!

TITUS

C'mon, you're just saying that.

A blushing Titus is back from bathroom, his mouth stuffed  
with tissue paper.

STACEY

Now that I think on it, when we  
found the Senator's body, Chuck was  
honky tonkin' on his grave.

Chuck can't hold back his fury any longer. He erupts.

CHUCK

SO NOW I'M THE KILLER? Maybe the  
murder we should be investigating  
is CHARACTER ASSASSINATION, Stacey!  
If that even is your name.

Everyone rolls their eyes. Not this shit again.

CHUCK

I'm SERIOUS! Who here knows  
ANYTHING about this TEMPTRESS?

No one responds.

IRA

It's a fair question. We're here because someone in this room isn't who they say they are.

Ira reviews the checkboxes on the whiteboard.

IRA

We know Alicia had no loyalty to the Senator. Johnny had no endorsement from him, and Chuck had nothing left to lose. But all we know about you is that we don't know anything about you.

They all look at Stacey, deeply suspicious.

STACEY

I told myself I wouldn't talk about this, but I guess I don't have a choice. Y'all already know my story.

(dramatic pause)

Because it's the story of America.

**EXT. STACEY'S FARM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Southern farmland stretches for miles. Folksy banjo music plays. It looks like the backdrop to a Ford F-150 ad.

STACEY (V.O.)

I was raised on a big farm in a small town.

STACEY'S PARENTS stand stoically in front of their barn looking like the American Gothic painting.

STACEY (V.O.)

The only thang my Mama and Daddy loved more than their John Deere tractor and King James Bible was the flag.

We see a huge American flag draped vertically over a barn.

STACEY (V.O.)

They believed in this country. Maybe if this country had believed in 'em back, they'd be alive today.

The folksy banjo morphs into ominous Middle Eastern music.

STACEY (V.O.)  
 My parents were killed in their own  
 home by a radical Islamic  
 terrorist.

Stacey's parents turn around to find a JIHADIST in a  
 headscarf dual-wielding shotguns. He blasts them to pieces.

STACEY (V.O.)  
 Who was also an illegal Mexican  
 immigrant.

The music switches to Salsa. The Jihadist removes Mexican  
 flags from a bandolier and spears them into Stacey's parents.

STACEY (V.O.)  
 They couldn't defend themselves  
 because the guns they needed were  
 stuck in a background check created  
 by Democrats in Congress.

The Jihadi rips down their American flag and stuffs it into a  
 Mezcal bottle creating a Molotov cocktail. He trots away on a  
 burro as the barn EXPLODES behind him!

STACEY (V.O.)  
 After their death, I vowed to fight  
 against the tyranny of the liberal  
 establishment with every last  
 breath in my body. To join forces  
 with patriots like y'all to make  
 sure no red-blooded American has to  
 go through what I went through.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

We're back in the panic room for Stacey's big finish.

STACEY  
 (sheds a single tear)  
 A Jihadisto with a gun may have  
 shot my parents, but anti-gun laws  
 are what killed'em.

The group sits in silence, all trying to process her story.

JOHNNY K  
 That was... the most beautiful  
 thing I've ever heard.

CHUCK  
 Ya got me more stirred up than a  
 BLENDER in a HURRICANE.

ALICIA

That's the kind of trauma and bone structure that gets you elected to office.

Titus uses the tissue paper in his mouth to dab away tears.

IRA

Seriously, people? She just melted every GOP talking point into one story. How many Muslims could there even be in Mexico?!

(to Stacey)

Who are you really?

STACEY

I just told you. The question we haven't asked is who the heck are you?!

IRA

Clearly someone's unfamiliar with the first commandment of the mystery genre: the detective can't commit the crime.

ALICIA / JOHNNY K / CHUCK

You're not a detective!

STACEY

I know you had it out for the Senator. Your diaper boys said so.

IRA

They're called the Legion of Logic and the only thing they value more than discourse is discretion.

STACEY

They didn't have to tell me nothin'. I was spying on you the whole time!

**INT. YOUNG CONSERVATIVES ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

We FLASHBACK to Ira ushering people out of the Liberal Safe Space only this time we spot Stacey in the crowd.

Instead of leaving, she casually takes one step toward a camouflage pattern wall and seamlessly blends into it with her camo dress like she's in 'Nam.



**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

ALICIA  
(to Stacey)  
What did you hear?

STACEY  
There was this kid who looked like  
a shorter version of Ira.

CHUCK  
Does God have NO mercy?

STACEY  
He said Ira stole a belt then Ira  
freaked the fudge out on him for  
some mystery reason he did NOT want  
to get into.

ALICIA  
I'm about to say the worst sentence  
in the English language.

Alicia closes her eyes and takes a deep, exasperated breath.

ALICIA  
Ira, explain yourself.

IRA  
The only people I explain myself to  
are God and the anonymous  
billionaires funding my pranks!

Ira slams his fist on the table causing the ice cream to  
slide off it. Johnny K snatches the dish out of mid-air.

CHUCK  
REVEAL YOUR SECRETS TO US!

Chuck tries to rip off his shirt only to realize it's not on.

CHUCK  
Gimme my shirt so I can RIP IT OFF!

ALICIA  
If we're talking motive, you had  
the strongest one of all of us.  
With the Senator dead, you could  
take his place on the ticket.

IRA  
I'm not saying another word without  
my lawyer present, and bad news, he  
went to Harvard and his name is me!

STACEY

That's it. I recorded Ira's meeting on my phone. I say we hand it over to the boys in blue. Let them sort it out!

Stacey heads for the safe. And just like that, Ira cracks.

IRA

I didn't kill the Senator! I found him dead thirty minutes before we even got here!

Stacey spins on a dime with her Glocks out.

STACEY

Keep flappin'.

**INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR / PANIC ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

We FLASHBACK to Ira heading toward the panic room.

IRA (V.O.)

I got here early to pitch the Senator a cabinet position for myself called the Secretary of Reason. It's a cross between a Philosopher King and a U.S. Marshal.

ALICIA (V.O.)

So what? The Senator heard that and slit his own throat?

IRA (V.O.)

Actually, when I got here, he was lying face down. Dead. From what appeared to be natural causes.

Ira opens the door to find the Senator slumped over at the conference table. He's dead, but his neck isn't sliced open.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

IRA

Thirty minutes later when I came back down here with you vulgarians his throat was slit.

ALICIA

Let me get this straight. You, the face of verbal diarrhea, find a U.S. Senator dead and neglect to tell anyone?

IRA

I was in shock. I've never seen a dead person up-close before. Excluding the ones I decimated on the debate stage. But that goes without saying.

JOHNNY K

Then why the fuck did you say it?

STACEY

What about the belt? The one you didn't want anybody to know about!

A long pause. Ira really does not want to divulge the answer.

IRA

I may have... sort of... kind of...

**INT. YOUNG CONSERVATIVES ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Back to the FLASHBACK. Ezra hands Ira a belt from the "Pull Up Your Pants" prank box.

IRA (V.O.)

...made it look like the Senator died from...

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Ira drags the Senator's body to the bathroom and secures the belt around his neck.

IRA (V.O.)

*Autoerotic asphyxiation.*

For a final touch, Ira unzips the Senator's pants and arranges it so it looks like he was touching himself.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

The group stares at Ira, mouths agape. Alicia checks off the opportunity box next to Ira's name.

IRA

Stop clutching your pearls! It was after I found him dead.

STACEY

I think I'm gonna be sick again.

JOHNNY K

That's the most twisted shit I've ever heard.

TITUS

(gasps)

He's the Jewish Joker.

IRA

It was strategic! If the establishment choice for President kills himself milking his *schmekel*, guess which candidate doesn't seem so unrelatable anymore?

ALICIA

You think this makes you seem more relatable?

CHUCK

I don't need to hear anymore. Ira Abramson, you're under the only form of arrest I consider legit.

Chuck pulls zip-ties out his go-bag and bull rushes Ira.

CHUCK

CITIZEN'S ARREST!

Ira zig-zags around trying to avoid Chuck's capture.

IRA

The real question is what happened after I left! I don't see my belt around and this definitely wasn't here!

As Ira holds up the Woke Warrior's note, there's a knock at the door outside. Everyone goes silent for beat and then -

IRA

HEEEEEELLLLLLP!!!

The group swarms Ira and drags him into the bathroom. Minus Alicia who heads for the door.

*Knock-Knock-Knock.* Knuckles pound against it. Hard.

She takes a deep breath, and forces a smile, which quickly reverts to a frown when she sees Cedric at the door.

ALICIA  
Great, it's Queer Eye for the Samurai. What do you want?

CEDRIC  
My dagger! I was on a quest to find it when I heard screams betwixt these walls.

ALICIA  
That was just me remembering what your ponytail looked like.

Alicia goes to close the door, but Cedric blocks it.

CEDRIC  
Do you know the whereabouts of Chuck Nelson, Johnny K or Ira Abramson?

ALICIA  
Why?

CEDRIC  
They're late for their talks. It's causing quite the ruckus upstairs. I can hold them off, but a proper phalanx requires at least three men.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

The group tries to keep Ira quiet by covering his mouth. He manages to squirm free and bite down on Titus' hand.

TITUS  
AH! HE BIT ME! AM I JEWISH NOW?

Chuck grabs a TruthBomb ball gag and stuffs it in Ira's maw.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY**

CEDRIC  
Was that the Senator? Is he here?

Alicia just stands there, tongue-tied.

CEDRIC

I knew it! He's surely expecting a blade bequeathing, and I have nothing to offer but my rapier wit.

ALICIA

I promise you he wants neither.

CEDRIC

Someone's never had a senpai before and it shows.

Cedric pushes through the door and heads for the bathroom.

CEDRIC

The bushido code dictates I must prostrate myself!

#### **FROM INSIDE THE BATHROOM**

The handle turns. Just as the door is about to open, Stacey slips out with her Glocks aimed at Cedric's dome.

STACEY

Ya got eight seconds, 8chan.

Cedric sprints out of the room, doing a *Naruto* run with his hands stretched behind him. Just when it seems like he's gone, he slips back in to retrieve his fallen fedora.

CEDRIC

You may take my life, but you will never take my crown!

Stacey and Alicia rush into the bathroom to find the guys seated on a ball-gagged Ira like he's a couch.

ALICIA

(points at Johnny & Chuck)  
You two, go upstairs and shout at your sentient Slim Jims, while I figure out how to uncluster this clusterfuck!

Enthusiastic, Chuck and Johnny K bolt for the hallway.

TITUS

Who should I talk to?

STACEY

No one. Ever.

Alicia calls out to Chuck and Johnny as they exit.

ALICIA  
 One more thing! Whatever you say,  
 do NOT mention the word --

**INT. TRUTHBOMB.COM KIOSK - NIGHT**

CHUCK  
 CONSPIRACY!

Chuck's in the throws of a rant. A master at work.

CHUCK  
 That's what we're dealing with. A  
 secret so DIABOLICAL exposing it  
 will DISMANTLE the Deep State and  
 force ZUCKERTURD to let me post  
 DANK MEMES again. Now who's ready  
 to have their jaws drop out of  
 their GODDAMN skulls?

Crickets. Chuck is barking at a few half-awake CONSPIRACY  
 THEORISTS. The dying embers of a once rabid fan base.

**INT. JOHNNY K'S AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Johnny K hosts a Q&A. It's the exact opposite vibe of Chuck's  
 talk. Huge stage. Elaborate lighting. Rapt crowd.

A SAD BRO in a graphic tee stands in the aisle with a mic.

SAD BRO  
 I'm twenty-three. I've never had  
 sex and I'm starting to think maybe  
 I never will. Is there any hope for  
 me?

JOHNNY K  
 First off, let's give this anemic  
 fucker a hand. Admitting you don't  
 get pussy? That takes testicles.

The bros in the crowd golf clap with respect. Johnny hurdles  
 off the stage and gets eye level with the Sad Bro.

JOHNNY K  
 I know exactly where this kid is.  
 He can't eat. He can't sleep. All  
 he can do is joylessly masturbate  
 in his gaming chair while every  
 chick who rejected him gets plowed  
 like a Minnesota highway in winter.

SAD BRO  
Um, actually, I'm from Miami.

JOHNNY K  
Even worse. It's a more sexual culture. But you know what I see behind those droopy eyes and that compromised immune system?

Johnny K leaps back onto the stage.

JOHNNY K  
An alpha dog. In fact, I see one in every bro in this room. The problem is society wants to keep that dog in a cage. They call it a bad dog. They want it to apologize for not being a cat. Well, I say fuck cats. HAS THERE EVER BEEN A MORE OBVIOUSLY LIBERAL ANIMAL?

The bros shout obscenities about felines.

JOHNNY K  
The alpha dog doesn't need to be blamed or changed or told he needs to re-rack his weights if he doesn't want to get banned from Planet Fitness again. He needs to be unleashed. And there's only one way to do it. I give you...

Dr. Kazamov wheels a cart on stage with a VEILED OBJECT on top of it. As he exits, Johnny rips off the veil revealing a MASSIVE PILL BOTTLE. Its logo is a pitbull humping a shotgun.

JOHNNY K  
HARDERCoretex! You can't NOT grab life by the sack with this shit. Don't believe me? You're about to.

Johnny swallows a pill then grabs his junk and literally lifts himself off the ground. The bros BARK with approval.

BACKSTAGE - Dr. K pulls Johnny up using a theatrical rig.

JOHNNY K  
Let my people brooooooooooooo.

**INT. TRUTHBOMB.COM KIOSK - NIGHT**

The barks from Johnny's bros can be heard in the background as Chuck pleads with his departing audience.



CHUCK  
 C'mon, folks, I'm just a MAN,  
 standing in front of a CROWD,  
 demanding they become an ANGRY MOB!

He rips off his shirt to get their attention. Still nothing.  
 Deflated, Chuck speaks softly for the first time in his life.

CHUCK  
 I'm finished. The only thing that  
 separated me from a hobo yellin'  
 into a squeegee was that you people  
 listened to me. And now --  
 (choking up)  
 -- ya don't even do that.

Finally, a dude in an ANONYMOUS MASK runs in holding a dome  
 display. Chuck perks up with the smallest shred of hope.

ANONYMOUS  
 (using a voice scrambler)  
*Will you autograph my Flat Earth  
 globe? It's a round globe that I  
 melted in my oven.*

Nope. Chuck loses his shit yet again.

CHUCK  
 REALLY? Ira Abramson MURDERS  
 Senator Kent and the ONLY one who's  
 got ANYTHING to say is the dude who  
 got rejected from EVERY HACKER  
 GROUP?!

Shocked, the Anonymous dude drops his Flat Earth globe. It  
 shatters on the floor. Now there's murmurs from the crowd.  
 Their hands shoot up, activated by this new conspiracy.

Chuck looks at this pissed off, emotionally triggered group  
 and fights back tears of joy.

CHUCK  
 Still got it.

#### **INT. PANIC ROOM - NIGHT**

Alicia writes on the whiteboard as she talks to Stacey.

ALICIA  
 Option A: we call the cops, tell  
 them Ira killed the Senator.

STACEY

Did he? Seemed like more of a post-murder masturbation manipulation situation.

ALICIA

Because right now there's no evidence tying him to the murder. Which brings me to Option B...

Stacey watches Alicia write out Option B on the board. Behind them, Titus tip-toes out of the bathroom undetected.

ALICIA

We frame Ira for the murder.

STACEY

Well, obviously we can't do that.

ALICIA

Why? Because we're women? We can be just as corrupt as men. That's the final wave of feminism.

STACEY

Because it's wrong!

Alicia points to the bathroom. Titus presses himself against the wall for cover.

ALICIA

What do you think Ira would do if his feet were big enough to be in our shoes?

STACEY

Well, pardon me if Ira Abramson ain't exactly my moral compass.

ALICIA

What compass? You've almost shot everyone in this building.

STACEY

Almost!

Below them, Titus crawls on hands and knees into the hall.

ALICIA

The Senator's set to speak in thirty minutes.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

If we can't explain why he's not there, there's gonna be a lot of white people with low SAT scores pointing high caliber weapons in our direction.

*CREAK.* They look over to find the bathroom door wide open.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

They burst in. Ira's by himself, bound and gagged.

STACEY

Where's Titus?

ALICIA

Oh. No.

Alicia books it out of the bathroom.

**INT. IRA'S AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Titus is on Ira's stage delivering a white supremacist TED Talk. Projected behind him is a map of the United States divided by ethnic groups.

TITUS

And with a little elbow grease, we can make an ethno-state that's ethno-great! What do you say?

An army of angry Young Conservatives glare at him.

EZRA

We demand to know where Ira is!

TITUS

Don't worry. He's super jazzed about this. Now as you can see, I've given Montana to the Koreans.

**INT. PANIC ROOM / BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Stacey, now alone, stands at the whiteboard drawing a stick figure sequence that traces each step of the murder.

#1. IRA FINDS THE SENATOR DEAD

#2. IRA SLIPS A BELT AROUND THE SENATOR'S NECK, EXITS

#3. THE WOKE WARRIOR ENTERS, SLITS THE SENATOR'S THROAT

Stacey squints, scratching her jaw with her Glock.

STACEY

Somethin' ain't right about this.

She wheels the whiteboard to the bathroom so Ira can see it.

STACEY

When you first saw the Senator's  
body, you're sure the Woke  
Warrior's note wasn't on him?

Ira nods, the gag still wedged in his mouth.

STACEY

See that's what's not sittin right.

Stacey tries to draw on the board, but the marker's dry. She checks the room for something to write on.

Crumpled on a chair is her poncho. She reaches inside and fishes out a POCKET CONSTITUTION with a pen clipped to it.

She flips to a blank page and draws a diagram of the murder.

STACEY

Why would the Woke Warrior kill the  
Senator, high tail it outta here,  
just to sneak back in, slit his  
throat and leave a note they coulda  
left when they killed him in the  
first place?

Ira squirms like he has the answer. Stacey takes out his gag.

STACEY

You got somethin'?

IRA

That's my Constitution.

He points to the Constitution now flipped to a dog-eared page where the Second Amendment is circled in red sharpie.

STACEY

Sorry. I didn't know I was speakin'  
to Benji Friggin' Franklin.

IRA

The Second Amendment! It's circled  
in red sharpie!

STACEY

Yeah... I... uh... just love it so  
gosh darn tootin' spankin' much.

IRA

IT'S MY SIGNATURE FLOURISH! A  
PATENTED IRA ABRAMSON TOUCH!

STACEY

JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP, OKAY?!

A long beat. An epiphany hits Ira like a ton of bricks.

IRA

I've never heard you curse before.

Stacey tries to backpedal but with each word her southern  
accent starts to slip into a neutral one.

STACEY

Well... the thang is...  
sometimes... I just...  
(desperate)  
Yee-haw?

IRA

How did I not see it? You're her.

**INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

FLASHBACK to Ira's debate with Mya, the blue-haired student  
he "destroyed" at the gun debate in the opening scene.

He circles the Second Amendment in RED SHARPIE and hands the  
Constitution to her. The crowd cheers him on.

IRA

You want to control our guns? How?  
You can't even control your own  
diet.

Mya runs away. Her eyes welling with tears.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Back in the bathroom, Stacey slowly pulls off her long blonde  
hair revealing that it's actually a wig. Her natural hair is  
still styled in a blue bob cut.

It's now unmistakable. Stacey and Mya are the same person.

STACEY / MYA  
 I controlled my diet.  
 (cocks her Glock)  
 Now can I talk about gun control?

**INT. IRA'S AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Titus rants in front of his ethno-state map, pleading his case to Ira's furious Young Conservatives.

Suddenly, Alicia pokes her head out from backstage.

ALICIA  
 What are you doing?!

TITUS  
 Starting the revolution. I'm  
 finally breaking through here.

Ezra picks up his folding chair and hurls it at Titus.

ALICIA  
 Fun Size Ira just chucked a chair  
 at your head.

TITUS  
 That's how excited he is.

Now Titus gets rushed by irate JEWISH REPUBLICANS. Alicia retreats into the wings.

TITUS  
 What? I already gave you guys  
 Manhattan!

He points at a spot on the map called *JEW YORK CITY*.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Ira gives Mya (formerly Stacey) the up-down with his eyes.

IRA  
 I must say getting owned by me  
 really agrees with you.

MYA  
 You know, I have read the Second  
 Amendment. Nowhere in there does it  
 say a nineteen year old has the  
 right to use their classmates as  
 fucking target practice.

IRA

Cars kill more people than guns. I don't see you in a suicide vest outside a Happy Honda Days.

MYA

Cars are legally required to have seat belts and airbags.

IRA

False Equivalence! You just got lured onto the Fallacy Train. Next stop: Decimation Station.

MYA

Ya got me, Ira. Guns and cars are completely different. You need a license to drive a car.

Ira goes to speak, but is too angry for a rebuttal. He starts to breathe heavily and strain against his zip-ties.

MYA

You seem worked up. I thought facts didn't care about your feelings?

IRA

WELL, I FEEL I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR FACTS!

Mya narrows her eyes, now realizing something about Ira.

MYA

You don't even believe half the shit you say, do you?

IRA

Spare me the social justice shtick. We both have roles to play. I'm the Logical Conservative who voices what Americans think but can't say without getting guillotined by teenage Twitter Communists. And you're the Liberal Victim who just wants the world to be a safe space. Except for when she's murdering a Senator.

Mya looks at her hands. Each one does have a Glock in it.

IRA

The truth is, it doesn't matter what the truth is so long as the other side doesn't like it.

IRA (CONT'D)

We're doing the same grift, *Stacey*.  
The only difference is I can admit  
it.

MYA

There's just one problem with that.  
I'm not playing a victim.

She presses a Glock to Ira's temple.

MYA

I am one.

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

One year earlier. The end of a dress rehearsal. YOUNG  
THESPIANS pack up their costumes, chatting as they file out.

Except for Mya who heads backstage into the MAKE-UP ROOM and  
puts on the noise-cancelling headphones she left behind.

Music pounds in her ears as she packs her backpack making it  
impossible to hear the chaos going on outside.

*Confusion. Screams. Gun fire bursts. Life turning into death.*

Still unaware of what's going on, Mya heads back into the  
auditorium where she suddenly stops in her tracks.

An eerie silence fills the theatre, and then we hear --

A BANG.

**CUT TO BLACK**

**INT. RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mya's eyes open to a sterile hospital room. An array of tubes  
protrude from her body. A heart rate monitor slowly beeps.

MYA (V.O.)

The doctors didn't know if I would  
ever walk again.

She strains for her phone on the nightstand next to her bed.

MYA (V.O.)

Lucky me, I could still move my  
fingers.

She opens YouTube. A video from Chuck is trending.



**INT. HOME STUDIO - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

CHUCK

Folks, what happened at Freeport University was a STAGED EVENT! A HOAX! A BLOODSHED BALLET! I looked into these so-called victims and what I found SHOOK me to my core.

He plays FOUND FOOTAGE of the college students in question wearing clown make-up and doing a harmless acting routine.

CHUCK

They're THEATRE MAJORS. We're talking literal CRISIS ACTORS. It's even called a Liberal Arts College! What's so wrong with the CONSERVATIVE ARTS?

He waves a flag with the word "false" stitched into it.

CHUCK

This whole thing is a FALSE FLAG so the Democrats on CAPITOL SHILL can take your guns! They want you DEFENSELESS when they come to EAT YOUR ASS and SODOMIZE your pets! And if that makes you mad then GOOD! I need you to BOTTLE UP that RAGE, channel it from your tippy-toes to the tips of your fingers then harness it to SMASH "like and subscribe" on this video!

**INT. REHAB CENTER - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

A wheelchair-bound Mya strains to pick up marbles with her feet and drop them in a bowl. The first step on a long road to rehabilitation.

Finally, she gives up and scrolls through Instagram. Johnny K's video appears in her feed with the caption: *A Message About The Freeport Shooting.*

**INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Johnny K talks into camera. His face filling the frame.

JOHNNY K

I take full responsibility for the mass murder...

We now see he's at a weight rack inside PLANET FITNESS.

JOHNNY K  
That I'm about to put on these  
delts.

He jacks up the barbell, screaming. When he throws the bar down, the plates scatter everywhere.

Suddenly, the siren that Planet Fitness uses to warn you you're being an asshole aka the Lunk Alarm goes off.

JOHNNY K  
I'm not re-racking those!

**INT. REHAB CENTER - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

More rehab. A marble lands in the bowl this time. What should be a triumph evaporates when Mya scrolls through Facebook. A video catches her eye: *GOP Senator Proposes Child Safety Act.*

**EXT. CONGRESSIONAL STEPS - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Senator Kent is in the middle of a press conference hosted on the steps of Congress.

Standing behind him is Alicia, mouthing his words as he says them, clearly the puppet master behind all this.

SENATOR KENT  
The only thing that stops a bad  
student with a semi-automatic --

He pulls off a tarp unveiling a MACHINE GUN TURRET called "The Child Protector."

SENATOR KENT  
-- is a good teacher with a fully-  
automatic!

Alicia does a small fist pump.

**INT. REHAB CENTER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mya is now moving with the help of a walker until the entire contraption collapses to the floor.

Except Mya isn't on the floor. She's walking unassisted.

She reaches for her phone. Only this time she chucks it and strolls through double-doors with a smile --

**INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

-- That fades when she spots Ira's sneering face staring back at her on a large TV tuned to CNN. A chyron reads *Another Mass Shooting in America: Where We Do Go From Here?*

**INT. CNN STUDIO - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mya catches Ira just as he's about to go Full Ira.

IRA

We don't have a gun problem. We have a lack of Judeo-Christian values problem. These kids are listening to Cardi B instead of a gentleman named G-O-D!

**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Mya is rolled out of a building in a wheelchair.

MYA (V.O.)

By the time I checked out of the hospital...

There are no cameras waiting for her.

MYA (V.O.)

America had moved on.

She stands up and checks her phone. No new notifications.

MYA (V.O.)

But I couldn't.

**INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

We're back at the debate stage where Ira is about to own Mya only now we're watching the whole thing through Mya's POV.

MYA (V.O.)

I wanted you to hear about guns from someone who was on the other end of one.

SLO-MO shots of Ira handing Mya the Constitution. Young Conservatives laughing and booing. Ira spinning his yarmulke.

MYA (V.O.)

I never got the chance. Did I?

For the first time since the shooting, we see Mya running and it's out of the auditorium in tears.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Ira just stares at Mya, deeply unmoved by all of this.

IRA

Two words, six syllables: *anecdotal evidence*. Also, you still haven't explained why you no longer look like a lesbian offensive lineman.

MYA

I'm building to it, motherfucker!

**INT. MYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mya's studio apartment is a disaster. The blinds are drawn. Empty pizza boxes and wine bottles are strewn everywhere.

MYA (V.O.)

When something terrible happens in this country, what are you supposed to do? Debate? Protest? Vote? If any of that worked, then why does this shit keep happening?

Mya, in a dirty robe, hovers over a blender in her kitchen.

MYA (V.O.)

I didn't think there was anything I could do. Except for the one thing you can't undo.

She empties all of her pain medications into a smoothie and hits blend. She watches the concoction whir away, dazed.

MYA (V.O.)

But then I saw the light.

Just as she raises the drink to her lips, her phone lights up in the darkness with a notification.

It's a tweet from Alicia announcing the Conservative Action Conference at Freeport University with a list of speakers.

Another tweet says she's looking for a female to join them.

MYA (V.O.)  
 It all became so clear. You  
 couldn't hear my voice because you  
 couldn't feel my pain. This whole  
 thing was all just... theoretical.

*Swoosh.* She dumps her suicide smoothie down the drain.

MYA (V.O.)  
 So I came up with a plan.

Mya finds the Pocket Constitution and writes out a game plan on the inside jacket.

**STEP 1 - GET IN SHAPE**

A MONTAGE of Mya transforming her body. Running. Lifting. Punching. Eating protein. Losing weight. Putting on muscle.

**STEP 2 - LEARN TO SHOOT**

Mya fires a shotgun. The recoil sends her flying backwards.

Undeterred, she keeps coming back. Targets show her groupings getting tighter and tighter until her aim is deadly accurate.

**STEP 3 - BUILD A CHARACTER**

Mya watches and mimics an array of YouTube clips from *Fox News'* bottle blondes seething to Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders dancing to bald eagles soaring to *Dirty Harry* shooting.

Somewhere in this Republican internet tornado, the character Stacey Carter is born.

LATER

Mya puts on a blonde wig and looks at herself in the mirror.

MYA  
 My name is Stacey Carter --

MATCH CUT TO the VIDEO of Stacey playing the National Anthem via gunfire from the opening scene. With her blue eyes, toned figure and blonde hair, she's unrecognizable.

STACEY  
 -- And my pronouns are U.S.A.

**STEP 4 - GO REPUBLICAN VIRAL**

Mya watches as Stacey's follower count skyrockets across social media platforms. *Ping.* An email shows up from Alicia. The subject is "Conservative Action Conference Speaker?"

**STEP 5 - EXECUTE**

The day of the conference. Mya, now in full Stacey get-up, sits in her car, staring at the last step of her plan in Ira's Constitution. It's a To Kill List.

Ira Abramson

Johnny K

Chuck Nelson

Alicia Andrews

Senator Robert Kent

FLASH FORWARD to the moment Alicia and company walk toward the panic room bathroom for the first time.

Unbeknownst to them, Mya has her Glocks pointed at the back of their heads and is ready to pull the trigger.

MYA (V.O.)

I didn't kill the Senator, but not because I didn't want to...

She catches sight of Senator Kent's dead body. The bloody reality of her plan now staring her in the face.

MYA (V.O.)

I never got the chance.

She holsters her Glocks and grabs her phone. Suddenly less sure than she was a moment ago.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

IRA

I'm sorry, but I call your whole story the sizing chart at GAPKids because it's positively ludicrous.

MYA

You're seriously talking about GAPKids after all that?

IRA

If their clothes are "meant for children", then why do they fit me, an adult man, like a glove?

MYA

Ira, we are in the United States of America. I am a teenager with severe mental health issues and two death machines in her hand. It would be weirder if I *didn't* pull the trigger right now.

IRA

Please. You're not gonna kill me, you can't even look at a guy who's already dead without losing your lunch.

MYA

Is that right?

Mya defiantly looks at the Senator's corpse decomposing in the corner. A wave of trauma clearly comes flooding back that she tries to hide as she turns back to Ira.

MYA

Well, I feel terrific.

She sprints over and vomits in the toilet. Ira cackles.

IRA

Epic liberalism! What are those Glocks loaded with? Microaggressions?

Whatever thread Mya was holding onto snaps. She cocks her Glocks and heads back over to Ira who instantly goes pale.

IRA

I was just riffing! I'm too young to die! I haven't even taught a MasterClass!

As Mya's finger hugs the trigger, a voice calls out from behind the door.

ALICIA (O.C.)

Stacey?

#### **INT. PANIC ROOM - NIGHT**

Mya exits the bathroom with her blonde wig back on to find the panic room empty. She sees the door to the hallway open and makes a beeline for it.

ALICIA (O.C.)

Everything okay?

Mya slowly turns to find Alicia sulking in the back of the room, seated on the chair where Mya's poncho is.

MYA  
(southern accent)  
Peachy. Where's Titus?

ALICIA  
Upstairs moving all the gays to  
Oklahoma, or as he's named it Okla-  
Homo.

MYA  
That is just so upsettin' to me...  
a Southern Christian woman. Know  
what? I'm gonna go up there!

Mya heads for the door, but Alicia blocks her exit.

ALICIA  
I know your secret.

MYA  
...not sure I'm followin'.

ALICIA  
You're not like everybody else.

A long beat. Alicia lunges at Mya who flinches until she realizes it's just Alicia's best approximation of a hug.

ALICIA  
You're a decent person, Stacey.  
Don't let politics turn you into  
something you're not.

Mya gradually sinks into the embrace. The emotional roller coaster of this day finally catching up with her.

MYA  
You have no idea how bad I needed  
to hear that.

ALICIA  
We can't frame Ira. We just need to  
go up there and tell the truth.

MYA  
Now you care about the truth?

ALICIA  
Fuck no, but the Senator's speech  
is in five minutes and we're out of  
options.



They share a sad chuckle.

ALICIA  
You ready?

Mya gives a somber nod and grabs her poncho, then hesitates.

MYA  
Look, I need to tell you something  
before we go out there. I'm not who  
you think --

*Thud.* A knife falls out of the poncho. Confused, Mya picks it up and retracts the blade to find it splattered with dried blood and an engraving that says KENT 2024.

Mya drops her accent.

MYA  
You're framing me?

ALICIA  
Yeah, pretty much.

Mya aims her guns at Alicia who slowly backs away. Behind her, the Senator's ice cream sits on the table's edge.

MYA  
You know I am.

ALICIA  
I know who you're not. That's all  
these people are gonna care about.

Alicia backs into the ice cream. As it spills on the ground, she fixates on something inside it.

ALICIA  
Wait, are those peanuts?

With Alicia's eyes averted, Mya front-kicks her out of the panic room and into the hallway.

Mya locks the door behind her and sprints toward the bathroom not noticing the HardCoretex bottle she's about to slip on.

And BAM! She's ass backwards, flailing through the air until the back of her head smacks the edge of the table.

#### **EXT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY - NIGHT**

As the sun sets, Protestors light the vigil candles now in their hands, bathing the darkened quad in candlelight.

In unison, they begin a steady march toward the Militia stationed in front of the conference.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Looks like we got us a fire fight.

PAUL REVERE

Ready your muskets, boys!

THOMAS JEFFERSON

I'm gonna give it ya straight:  
these are toys I stole from a gift  
shop in Colonial Williamsburg.

They all look at their muskets, helpless, then look up at the advancing horde of Protestors. This isn't gonna end well.

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - NIGHT**

We're back at the same theatre where Mya was shot only now it's packed with Republicans clustered into their tribes.

Everyone we've met is there: from Johnny's Bros to Chuck's Conspiracy Theorists to Ira's Young Conservatives. Even the dude driving the Rascal rolls in.

Plastered on a movie screen in front of them all are the words: *Keynote Address From Senator Robert Kent @ 6:30 pm*

And then the lights come down and a spotlight shines on stage as Johnny K, Chuck and Alicia walk out looking somber.

ALICIA

I'm afraid we have terrible news.  
Senator Kent has been killed.

Gasps from the crowd. The Anonymous mask guy points at the Young Conservatives and cranks up his voice scrambler.

ANONYMOUS

*It was Ira!*

Outraged, Ezra pulls a teeny weeny pocket pistol out of his fanny pack. He aims the gun's red laser pointer at Anonymous.

EZRA

I will fucking wax you, robot man!

Each group whip out their guns and take aim at Ira's crew. Of course, when the Black Republicans take out their guns --

-- People point their guns at the Black Republicans.

BLACK REPUBLICANS

Really?!

ANONYMOUS

(to Chuck)

*Open this child's third eye, Most  
Glorious Leader!*

Alicia glares at Chuck. He knows he stepped in it.

CHUCK

So I may have been slightly off.  
UNFORTUNATELY, Ira's still on our  
side.

Everyone lowers their guns confused by the turn of events.

**INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT**

A famished Titus is by himself chowing down at the buffet. Finally, he heads for the exit. The door doesn't budge. Someone's locked him in.

He straps on his Nazi helmet, then bolts toward the door. As his head pierces through it *Shining* style, we CUT BACK TO:

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - NIGHT**

CHUCK

The assassin goes by the handle The  
Woke Warrior. She's the HITWOMAN  
for a LIBERAL TERRORIST NETWORK.  
Possibly PBS. PROBABLY NPR!

ALICIA

It appears she disguised herself as  
a Republican influencer --

JOHNNY K

Whose advances I rejected even  
though she's a nine-point-five  
bordering on ten.

JOHNNY'S BROS

Epic restraint, bro! // You're a  
ten! // We believe you!!

**INT. PANIC ROOM - NIGHT**

Mya's still on the floor, concussed. She tries to get up only to collapse again. *What's the point? It's already over.*

From her POV on the ground, the bottom of the HardCoretex bottle is directly in her eye line.

Its price tag reads: \$69.69. *Of. Fucking. Course.*

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Mya punches 6-9-6-9 into the safebox's keypad. The light flashes green and the safe opens.

She grabs her phone and dials 911. Her finger hovering over the call button as she locks eyes with Ira, still tied up.

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - NIGHT**

Back to the group trying to wrangle the adrenalized crowd.

ALICIA

I know it's a lot to take in, but  
remember. We're all in this  
together --

TITUS (O.C.)

Listen to her, people!

Titus, chipped tooth and all, has wandered on stage. He's now wearing the Gestapo trench coat Cedric was storing for him.

TITUS

Our culture is not Stacey Carter's  
costume.

He drapes an arm around Alicia. She quickly slips out of it.

ALICIA

For the record, I don't know this  
man. Can't stress that enough.

CHARLES

Where the heck is Ira?!

Right on cue, the curtains part and out steps Ira. He's still gagged but is now holding Chuck's massive TruthBomb printer.

Just behind Ira, with both her Glocks pressed to the back of his skull, is Mya.

The crowd immediately aim what seems like a battalion's worth of pistols and rifles at her.

MYA

Everyone lowers their guns or he gets one through the brain!

EZRA

There isn't a vacuum in the world strong enough to clean up that much splatter!

MYA

(fires a shot in the air)

DID

(another shot)

I

(and another)

STUTTER?

*POP! POP! POP!* Balloons trapped behind an American flag that runs the length of the ceiling explode above the crowd.

Startled, they drop their guns to the floor. Mya limps toward the podium and addresses the seething crowd.

MYA

I know you all feel angry, and confused, and betrayed. I get that because I feel that way too. But these people are not the answer to your problems. They are part of the problem. They don't want you to know the truth because their entire business relies on you not knowing it. I don't expect you to believe what I'm about to say, but I expect you to hear me say it because they sure as shit aren't going to.

Stacey pulls the Woke Warrior's note from her pocket.

MYA

This is the killer's note, or should I say yours Chuck?

CHUCK

Don't listen to her, folks! She's pulling WITCHCRAFT out of her HOO-HA!

MYA

He wanted to prove there was a Vast Liberal Conspiracy.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Chuck sneaks into the panic room holding a petition demanding that he get re-platformed.

MYA (V.O.)  
Something so big...

He walks into the bathroom to find Senator Kent with his throat slit.

MYA (V.O.)  
That he'd be allowed back on social media.

Chuck's eyes dart from the Senator's slit throat to his petition to get re-platformed. He's got an idea.

**INT. TRUTHBOMB.COM KIOSK - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

A wild-eyed Chuck quickly types out the killer's manifesto on his laptop. Quick enough that he misspells discriminate.

MYA (V.O.)  
So he faked one.

Chuck tears the note out and signs it: **The Woke Warrior.**

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Chuck re-enters the crime scene, and places the Woke Warrior note in the Senator's breast pocket.

**INT. DINING HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

He heads into the dining hall and table-tops Ira like we saw before only now we know exactly why he was running late.

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - NIGHT**

All eyes are on Chuck now. He goes on the defensive.

CHUCK  
Ya can't just say stuff without EVIDENCE! This isn't the JOE ROGAN EXPERIENCE!

MYA  
So you're saying the Woke Warrior note didn't come from your printer?

CHUCK

That is EXACTLY what I'm --

Mya pulls out a sheet of paper that's jammed in Chuck's printer. She places the jammed paper next to the torn Woke Warrior note. They fit together perfectly.

CHUCK

Ok, well that looks... NOT IDEAL,  
but it DOESN'T make me a MURDERER.

MYA

He's right. He didn't kill the  
Senator... He didn't have to.

**INT. HELP DESK / BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Alicia steals Cedric's dagger off his help desk as he performs terrible karate moves in the background.

MYA (V.O.)

By the time Chuck found the body,  
Alicia had already slit the  
Senator's throat --

*Alicia SLICES the Senator's neck open.*

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - NIGHT**

Mya holds up the dagger Alicia tried to plant on her.

MYA

-- with this knife.

Cedric, manning a tech booth just off stage, gasps.

CEDRIC

My precious!

Alicia sees the vibe in the room shifting and butts in.

ALICIA

I think we've learned an important  
lesson today y'all. The only *thang*  
the Intolerant Left hates more than  
America is the truth.

TITUS

You said it, sister!

Titus put an arm around Alicia.

TITUS  
 If this slice of sunshine is a  
 sociopath --

Alicia plasters on an insane looking smile, then whispers  
 through gritted teeth.

ALICIA  
 Say another word and I'll gut you  
 like a fucking fish.

TITUS  
 -- then why did she escort me into  
 the building?

**INT. HELP DESK - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

We're back at the moment Alicia left Mya and Cedric to talk  
 with security only instead of heading out towards the  
 Militia, she opens an EMERGENCY EXIT and ushers Titus inside.

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - NIGHT**

MYA  
 Titus, she was trying to frame you.

Titus notices the venomous look on Alicia's face. That would  
 make way more sense. His jaw drops.

MYA  
 I know, right? I made that same  
 face like five minutes ago.

Titus turns to Alicia, fuming, and lifts his hand high.

TITUS  
 I've had it up to here with being  
 treated like I'm not a Republican.  
 WHY CAN'T I BE A PART OF YOUR  
 PARTY?

Alicia forcefully lowers Titus' raised hand, which looks very  
 much like a Sieg Heil.

ALICIA  
 BECAUSE YOU SAY THE QUIET PART  
 LOUD!

The crowd exchange looks, clocking how hard Alicia's demeanor  
 just shifted. Sweat begins to bead on her brow.



MYA

Of course, Alicia was only covering up what she *thought* happened to the Senator...

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Alicia enters the bathroom to find the Senator dead with his hand on his junk and a belt around his neck.

MYA (V.O.)

How would you feel if the candidate you staked your career on strangled himself to death?

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - NIGHT**

MYA

At least that's how Ira made it look so he'd seem like safer choice when he runs for President.

Mya turns to Ira who's now gnawing at his ball gag and kicking his feet so hard that one of his loafers flies off.

MYA

Did you want to say something?

She unwedges the gag from Ira's mouth and tosses it.

IRA

YOU HAVE VIOLATED EVERY CONVENTION OF THE MYSTERY GENRE! RULE ONE: IT'S CALLED A WHODUNIT. NOT A WHODIDN'T. RULE TWO: AND I QUOTE SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE ON THIS --

MYA

Nope.

She grabs Ira's loafer and jams it in his mouth.

MYA

Ira does raise a good point though. If none of these people offered the Senator, then who did? I mean, by the time Ira found the body he was already dead. Am I getting that timeline right, Johnny K?

Johnny snaps and heads for the microphone at the podium.

JOHNNY K

We've all had just about enough of your reverse chronological bullshit. I haven't heard a chick talk this much since I hate-watched *Lady Ghostbusters*.

A round of applause. The crowd's beginning to rally.

JOHNNY K

You came here to kill us. And now these honorable bros and busty hoes are supposed to believe you?

The crowd erupts in one unified chant.

CROWD

LIBTARD! LIBTARD! LIBTARD!

JOHNNY K

It doesn't sound like they do!

Mya takes in the fresh wave of hatred, oddly calm about it.

MYA

I already said I don't expect them to believe me.

She pulls Johnny K's phone out of her pocket.

MYA

But I expect them to believe you.

JOHNNY K

(panicked whisper)

How the fuck did you get that?

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

We're back at the moment where Mya's about to call 911. Her finger hovers over the call button as she locks eyes with Ira. The chant from their first debate comes flooding back.

YOUNG CONSERVATIVES (V.O.)

LOGIC! LOGIC! LOGIC!

Mya looks at the HardCoretex bottle in her hand and eyes a section on the label: "This product was manufactured in a facility that processes peanuts."

Her eyes go from the bottle to the peanuts on the floor. Suddenly, there's only one logical answer for what happened to the Senator.

She grabs Johnny K's phone and uses the same 6969 password to unlock it. She scrolls through his texts and photos for evidence until she reaches his Recently Deleted folder.

Her eyes go wide. Jackpot.

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - NIGHT**

MYA

Johnny K wanted Senator Kent's endorsement.

Mya heads to Cedric's tech booth and hands him the phone.

MYA

Play this.

CEDRIC

(scared shitless)  
On bended knee, m'lady!

MYA

(to crowd)  
That's what set this whole thing in motion.

Johnny's iPhone video begins playing on the movie screen.

**INT. PANIC ROOM - NIGHT**

The Senator awkwardly holds a pill bottle up to camera.

SENATOR KENT

HARDERCoretex: the only supplement that's guaranteed to help you stop simp-ing and start pimping.

The Senator pops a pill in his mouth and gives a thumbs up.

JOHNNY K (O.C.)

You're a natural, Senator.

SENATOR KENT

I'm unclear on what any of these words mean, but thank you?

JOHNNY K (O.C.)

Think we can try another one where it starts in your sack?

The Senator dry heaves.

SENATOR KENT  
Can I get some water?

He loosens his tie. His face starts to swell and turn red.

SENATOR KENT  
My throat... closing... do these...  
have... peanuts?

JOHNNY K (O.C.)  
If I'm being honest, I have no idea  
what's in the pills. I'm really  
just the brand's cheekbones.

SENATOR KENT  
Get my... epi...

The Senator keels over onto the floor.

JOHNNY K (O.C.)  
Senator? ...Senator Kent?!

Johnny drops the phone. It's now facing the ceiling.

JOHNNY K (O.C.)  
Breathe once if you can hear me!

Panicked, Johnny picks up the phone and shuts off the video.

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - NIGHT**

MYA  
Now Johnny has a real problem. No  
matter what happens to the  
Senator's body after this moment...

**INT. HARDCORETEX BOOTH - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

We hear what Dr. Kazamov was whispering to Johnny behind the  
HardCoretex booth.

DR. KAZAMOV  
...coroner's report is still going  
to show actual cause of death was  
allergic reaction to peanuts.

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - NIGHT**

MYA  
So what does Johnny do to cover his  
tracks?

**INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

As everyone turns around to look at Stacey, Johnny K drops peanuts in the Senator's ice cream bowl.

MYA (V.O.)

He plants peanuts in the Senator's ice cream. That way when the coroner discovers the real cause of death, they can't blame it on Johnny's tree nut dick pills.

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - NIGHT**

The crowd is silent. A mix of shock, disgust and confusion.

JOHNNY K

You guys don't seriously believe Hag-atha Christie, do you?

No response. Johnny zeroes in on his followers, desperate.

JOHNNY K

Bros and Brovaries? Incels and Gymcels? Combat Veterans?  
(one last ditch effort)  
Keyboard Warriors?

The bros turn to a sweaty Dr. Kazamov who's sitting next to them, his pupils the size of saucers.

SAD BRO

Do these pills even do anything?

DR. KAZAMOV

How dare you ask that?  
(to Johnny K)  
THEY'RE ON TO US, BRO!

Dr. K hauls ass out of the auditorium, flailing his arms.

MYA

Also, Johnny's lactose intolerant.

*That does it.* The bros empty out their HarderCoretex bottles then pick up their guns and point them at Johnny.

**EXT. SECURITY OUTPOST - NIGHT**

Outside, exhausted militiamen clash with the Protestors who have them pushed back to the conference's front doors.

Suddenly, they hear a DULL THUD. Dr. Kazamov has run straight into the glass door behind them and knocked himself out.

The Militia look at the bloody glass then back at each other realizing just how screwed they are.

**INT. FREEPORT UNIVERSITY THEATRE - NIGHT**

Ira finally spits out the loafer in his mouth and turns to the Young Conservatives who are looking at him, mouths agape.

IRA

Don't just stand there slack-jawed,  
you midwits. Untie me!

TUCKER

Ira, did you or did you not use a  
Legion of Logic belt to stage  
senatorial self-coitus?

IRA

I'm the Commander of the Legion of  
Logic. If I did do it, it was by  
definition logical!

Ezra shakes his head, eyes welling up with tears.

EZRA

That's an Appeal to Authority  
fallacy, Ira. The worst crime of  
all.

Ezra takes off his *Make America Granular Again* shirt in disgust revealing he's still wearing a diaper underneath.

TITUS

That's it. I'm switching teams!

Titus tosses off his Nazi helmet, steals Ira's yarmulke and puts it on. He jumps off stage and joins the Young Conservatives who look at him, seething.

TITUS

It's kosher. Ira bit me. I'm Jewish  
now. Icebreaker: did we do 9/11?

As the Young Conservatives beat the shit out of Titus, the Anonymous mask guy cranks his voice scrambler.

ANONYMOUS

IT'S TIME TO DETONATE A TRUTHBOMB.  
CHUCK NELSON IS FULL OF SHIT. YOU  
SHOULD CALL IT SHITBOMB DOT COM!

CHUCK

Let's just be rational here, folks.  
 Outrage and feces have never solved  
 anything. You know what the real  
 inside job is? Happiness.

The Conspiracy Theorists hoist up their TRUTHBOMB PITCHFORKS.

CHUCK

WHY DID I UPSELL'EM THE PITCHFORKS!

Mya continues her speech at the podium.

MYA

You're all afraid of some Woke  
 Warrior? A boogeyman who lies and  
 manipulates you to hide the truth?  
 Well, I've got your Woke Warrior.  
 It's everyone on this stage.

Alicia desperately scans the stirred up crowd.

ALICIA

Anyone who doesn't kill me gets a  
 show on OAN! It's like *Fox News*,  
 but you don't have to be hot! I  
 don't even think they shoot in HD!

MYA

Know what the most fucked up part  
 about all this is? I'm not a  
 liberal. Last election I wasn't  
 even old enough to vote.

Mya discards her costume - the heels, the hair, etc.

MYA

This whole time I thought I wanted  
 revenge for getting shot, but I  
 don't.

She lays both her Glocks down. Stripped of all Stacey's  
 trappings, Mya looks like what she actually is: a scared kid.

MYA

I just don't want it to happen to  
 anybody else.

She limps off stage, exhausted. The guy in the Rascal stands  
 up and offers her the scooter. Everyone looks at him, shocked  
 to see that he can walk perfectly fine.

Mya gets on the scooter and heads for the exit. It's now so quiet the only thing we hear is the *THWACK-THWACK-THWACK* of truck nuts hitting the back of the Rascal.

As Mya's about to exit, Paul Revere runs in, ringing a bell like... well, Paul Revere.

PAUL REVERE

The libtards are comin'! The  
libtards are comin'!

He takes in the crowd, still pointing their guns at the people on stage.

PAUL REVERE

The hell's goin' on here?

He locks eyes with Mya who stares back, expressionless.

PAUL REVERE

Well, ya with us or against us?

Mya glances back at the crowd. They look more scared than angry at this point. The whole thing is just kind of sad.

As Mya contemplates her answer, Alicia uses the distraction to inch toward Cedric's booth. She presses a button labelled *BIG FINISH* on the tech board --

-- which UNFURLS the American Flag on the ceiling.

Suddenly, RED, WHITE & BLUE BALLOONS AND CONFETTI float down from above.

For a moment, Mya looks up, mesmerized by the Americana drifting toward her. It's an oddly patriotic image.

A small smile spreads across her face. Mya's got her answer. She revs up the Rascal and drives out of the auditorium.

Just as she exits, the Protestors OVERRUN the Militia and STORM into the auditorium.

Distracted by the enemy, the crowd does a 180 and point their guns away from the speakers on stage --

-- and toward the Protestors --

-- only now the confetti and balloons are pouring down so hard it's impossible to tell who's on which side.

As GUNFIRE goes off somewhere in this melee, we FADE OUT.