

Making America Great

Written by
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2nd Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

On a forest road, a blue Toyota Prius approaches from the distance with speed. Once the car fills the frame, the screen splits.

INT. TOYOTA PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

On the left, eyes, vast and prominent in the Prius' rear view mirror look back at the open road behind them.

On the right, scotch taped to the center console is a picture of NIA BOWMAN, 30, a stoic woman giving a reserved, but happy smile with her vivacious partner.

EXT. FOREST TRAILHEAD - CONTINUOUS

On the left, the front driver-side wheel of the Prius pulls up to a remote forest trailhead.

On the right, on the Prius' bumper is a "Reality Has a Liberal Bias" and "Keep Left" bumper sticker.

INT. TOYOTA PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

On the left, the Prius' driver side door opens and Nia exits.

On the right, the Prius' hatchback door opens fully revealing Nia looking down at her cargo hold.

INT. TOYOTA PRIUS TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

On the left, a bloodied keycard ID on a retractable belt clip finely reads: Taylor Thomas - CEO - QuadCon Global Industries (The Good Guys in the World Domination Industry!)

On the right, the terrified eyes of TAYLOR "TT" THOMAS, 35, a diminutive 'privileged white male' with the keycard ID.

EXT. TOYOTA PRIUS REAR END - CONTINUOUS

On the left, dress shoe on the right foot, argyle sock on the left; Nia's hand pulls TT out of the trunk by his foot.

On the right, Hoisting TT's body on her shoulder, loose cash spills out of the petite prisoner's business suit as Nia charges forward - END SPLITSCREEN - into the thick woods.

EXT. FOREST PRISON SITE - 5 MINUTES LATER

ENCOUNTER BEGINS

Dumping TT onto the ground, Nia cranks on a self-powered work radio sitting on top of a large animal crate.

Next to the animal crate is Nia's proper campsite: hammock, rainwater collector, acoustic guitar, hippie food, and various camping tools.

With the work radio playing soft acoustic music; Nia clutches onto her squirming prisoner and begins dragging TT toward the crate.

EXT. FOREST PRISON SITE BUSH - CONTINUOUS

Concealed from twenty yards away; something is watching Nia dragging TT toward the animal crate. ;COMMOTION! - the distinct sound of a cellphone chimes and resonates.

GAME (V/O)

Libtard detected, trainer! Libtard detected, trainer!

Nia methodically surveys the area with her eyes, pinpointing her results to the forest shrubbery making noise twenty yards in the distance.

Letting go of TT, Nia grabs the small pickax in her tool arsenal, and she marches right toward the quivering mystery without a hint of fear. The cellphone sound continues.

GAME (V/O) (cont'd)

Catch 'em! Catch 'em! Catch 'em!

Looking up as the refuge is exposed, Nia is amazed at what she's found: A child, WILBUR SMALLEY, 12, an innocent but rotund boy with melted chocolate muddying his face, and chocolate wrappers littering his surroundings. In his chocolate covered hand is a cellphone.

GAME (V/O) (cont'd)

Catch the Libtard, trainer!

Wilbur timidly snaps a picture of Nia with his phone as quickly as it's yanked from his hand.

GAME (V/O) (cont'd)
Libtard caught! Great work, trainer!

Nia pockets the cellphone and watches Wilbur's trembling hand recover a half-eaten chocolate bar on the ground.

Yanking it from Wilbur's hand, Nia hurls the chocolate bar deep into the forest.

¡SMACK! - Nia's hit in the face with dirt thrown by the desperate Wilbur who escapes despite his roly-poly run.

ENCOUNTER ENDS

EXT. FOREST CHASE PATH - CONTINUOUS

CHASE BEGINS

Power walking for his life, Wilbur looks ahead into the vast forest for protection!

Nia saunters not far behind.

EXT. FOREST CHASE NIA POV - CONTINUOUS

Plodding ahead, Wilbur finds the chocolate bar that was thrown by Nia. Looking for his stalker, Nia is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. WILBUR TREE - CONTINUOUS

Settling behind a nearby tree that does not conceal him, Wilbur's apprehension shrinks with each comforting nibble of the chocolate bar. Footsteps approach.

Resigned to his fate, Wilbur finishes his last meal as he is overshadowed by Nia holding her small pickax.

Timidly looking up, Wilbur sees his Dad, RICK SMALLEY, 40, unkempt, shirtless with a crucifix necklace and American flag Zubaz inch closer. Overconfident clutching a broken glass soda bottle, Rick silently shushes his son in reassurance five yards behind Nia.

In a flash, Rick is down at the hands of Nia; tomahawked pickax to the face.

Screaming in comical pain, Rick tries to remove the pickax as Nia kneels down to Wilbur's terrified and powerless level.

NIA
Sugar kills.

Nia pulls out a Michelle Obama food initiative "Let's Move!" sticker from her pocket, and she plants it right on Wilbur's face.

Rick rolls around the forest floor in terrific pain, as Nia walks over and gags him with duct tape, dragging him out of frame toward the forest prison.

CHASE ENDS

EXT. CAMP SMALLEY WADING POOL - 30 MINUTES BEFORE

Sunburnt and fatigued, Rick lazily slurps the final drops out of a DOUBLE BIG GULP in a plastic wading pool.

The Smalley campsite is peak white trash with a poorly constructed tent surrounded by trash, loose plastic bags, and signs that tell us "Don't Tread On Me."

Waddling toward the wading pool, Wilbur holds his phone in the air eagerly searching until the cellphone suddenly blares music.

GAME (V/O)

Alert! New monster in your area!
Libtard! Go catch 'em! Libtard! Go
catch 'em!

Quickly killing the music and notification, Wilbur carefully tries his hardest not to wake Rick up.

EXT. CAMP SMALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur grabs a handful of Taylor Thomas chocolate bars over other essentials like bottled water, a jar of peanut butter, and granola bars.

Following the music in the distance, Wilbur toddles into the forest holding his phone up.

INT. SMALLEY TENT - DAY

DREAM BEGINS

Calmly waking up fresh, clean-shaven and cognizant, Rick notices new holes cut in his tent.

Wrestling out of his sleeping bag, Rick curiously looks out one of the slits in the tent.

EXT. CAMP SMALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Zippering open the tent door, Rick is shocked at what he sees: gay pride flag, clean/organized camp site, and his wading pool now protected by a male LIFEGUARD, 20, and a "No Diving" sign staked into the ground.

Reaching down to a small cooler, Rick opens the ice chest revealing nothing but empty 7.5 oz. soda cans. The sound of hungry zombies is audible.

Becoming confused, Rick looks at the Lifeguard who is now terrified looking off. As the Zombie noise increases, the Lifeguard runs off into the woods.

Two liberal media Zombies, a "ZNN" REPORTER and CAMERA MAN, walk towards Rick.

EXT. CAMP SMALLEY WADING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Running and heroically sliding toward the wading pool, Rick panics as his gun is not in the holster - nothing but bullets litter the ground.

EXT. CAMP SMALLEY TREE LINE - CONTINUOUS

Watching Rick frantically struggle and search for a weapon as the liberal zombie media draw nearer - the POV advances toward Rick who notices.

EXT. CAMP SMALLEY WADING POOL - CONTINUOUS

WILBUR! approaches holding a kale salad and wearing a Bernie Sanders t-shirt. Letting out a scream - this is Rick's nightmare as the Zombies attack and tackle him.

EXT. CAMP SMALLEY WADING POOL - DAY

DREAM ENDS

Soft acoustic music plays in the distance as Rick shoots up with terrified force from the wading pool. The campsite is back to its trashy self except for no Wilbur.

Hearing Nia's music in the distance, Rick picks up a broken glass soda bottle and walks into the forest following the music.

FADE OUT.

DON'T STEAL, JERK