

RED WHITE & DOOMED

Mutually Assured Distraction

Written by

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INT. LADIES ROOM - MORNING

JENNY Bradford (white 35) exits a stall. WHITNEY Richards (black 45) stands at the mirror. They talk like sisters.

JENNY

I'm just saying where there's smoke there's fire. If you think he's cheating, he's probably cheating.

WHITNEY

I know but I can't prove it.

JENNY

Get Steve in pre-screen to run a GPS trace. Find out where he's been. Better yet, have Richie in IT pull up his texts.

WHITNEY

Shit, you know that bum's got a burner and his dumb ass thinks I don't know. Besides, Steve got suspended for stalking his ex and Richie keeps asking me for nudes.

JENNY

I already reported that little creep to HR. Besides, if anyone deserves to see you naked it's me.

DIRECTOR WEAVER, an elegant, smartly dressed woman in her mid 60's, enters the restroom. The ladies greet their boss.

WHITNEY & JENNY

Good morning, Madame Director.

Nodding wordlessly to the pair, the statuesque executive strides in stilettos to a vacant stall and shuts the door.

JENNY

God, I love that woman.

WHITNEY

I want to be her when I grow up.

JENNY

(whispers)

I bet her farts smell like Chanel Number 5.

DIRECTOR WEAVER (O.C.)

You know I can hear you, ladies.

JENNY

Sorry, Madame Director. I meant it in the best possible way.

DIRECTOR WEAVER (O.C.)

I'm sure you did. Get over to Intake for debriefing. I want this episode to go off without a hitch. It's our season finale, and we can't afford any goddamn surprises.

WHITNEY

Yes, of course. Right away.

Whitney puts away her makeup and Jenny washes up. The pair turn to leave when they hear a soft squeak of flatulence.

INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

The bathroom door closes behind 2 stunned and slightly curious coworkers. They look at each other in astonishment.

WHITNEY

Did she just? I mean, did she?

JENNY

I'm going back in. I gots to know.

Whitney dips back into the Ladies room to test the air quality, leaving her friend in the hallway. In a moment, she emerges to rejoin her colleague wearing a pained expression.

WHITNEY

Chanel Number 5?

JENNY

Not exactly. Quite the opposite.

WHITNEY

All the stress is making her sick.

JENNY

It sounded like there was something inside of her trying to get out.

The duo walk under fluorescent illumination and stop to enter an open door. Banks of monitors and computers running analytics. RAJESH Dhawan, 25, waves excitedly to the women.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Hey Raj, what's the good news?

RAJESH

We are absolutely unstoppable, ladies! The subreddit just passed 60 million, our Gram is on fire and we've currently got 3 of the top 5 hashtags. And did I mention that we've gotten twice the Twitch preorders as last time. This one's gonna be huge, my sweetie darlings.

WHITNEY

I could have told you that. Half the country hates the other half. It's perfect, really. I'm surprised nobody has thought of this before.

JENNY

Hey, I saw where we might get our own streaming service. Is it true?

RAJESH

I can neither confirm nor deny that rumor, but let's say there's a lot riding on this episode. Go make me proud girls, and don't fuck it up.

WHITNEY

Child please. We never do.

JENNY

Tell corporate to fire up the jet, Raj. By Tuesday, we'll be sipping appletinis on Maui.

WHITNEY

Hallelujah. Can I get an amen?

JENNY

Amen sister. Praise Jesus!

RAJESH

That's funny coming from you 2. Samhara Kali is more your speed.

JENNY

What's that supposed to mean?

RAJESH

It means give em hell, ladies. Bye!

WHITNEY

Love you. Mean it.

Air kisses are dispensed and the women continue walking. Directional signs point the way to DIAGNOSTICS, ARMORY, ENVIRONMENTAL, MEDICAL and EDITING. Staffers hurry past and a miserable PA holds his cellphone at arm's length while Madame Director verbally abuses him.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

That's not a good sign. I think the pressure's finally getting to her.

JENNY

Personally I love the smell of Sweeps Week in the morning. Smells like VICTORY.

The pair follow their prescribed path to INTAKE and ORIENTATION. A stairway leading up is labeled: PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY with a caution sign reading LIVE FIRE AREA - ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK.

WHITNEY

This ratings war is out of hand. After what happened to Drew and JW, 1 bad episode is all it takes.

JENNY

Now, THAT was great storytelling.

WHITNEY

I don't know. I liked those guys.

JENNY

You have to admit the surprise ending was cool. What a twist.

WHITNEY

It was kind of sad, really.

JENNY

I thought it was poetic justice.

WHITNEY

Poetic? They were torn limb from limb by an animatronic mermaid.

JENNY

Mer-MAN. Don't you see? They were killed by their own creation like the doctor in Frankenstein.

WHITNEY

OK, I'll give you that. Kudos to Mary Shelley, but still--

JENNY

Man, I hope we get to use that prop again. That is one bad robot.

They step to the side and a group of medical personnel usher past a groaning, wounded mechanic. Worried staff hold his mangled hand wrapped in a towel. The medics pass as blood drips on the concrete floor and the stark white walls.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Play stupid game, win stupid prize.

WHITNEY

Just another day in Paradise.

JENNY

I wonder what kind of goodies the Gadget Shop gave us this time?

WHITNEY

We'll find out at debrief. Hope it's something better than last--

Whitney spies a spot of blood on her shoe and fumes.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Not again! I just bought these.

JENNY

Club soda will get it out. C'mon, my blood sugar's getting low.

They swing by the craft table. Whitney grabs an apple juice while Jenny scoops up a handful of pastries.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Heard we get a bonus if we can get them past 12 hours in one piece.

WHITNEY

Good luck. Sponsor wants things to get physical ASAP. Madame Director expects blood before breakfast.

JENNY

Piece of cake. These 2 don't need encouragement. You read their bios? They can't wait to kill each other.

WHITNEY

Well then, let's give them a 4th of July weekend they'll never forget.

JENNY  
Or survive, for that matter.

A loud musical sting morphs into Hail to the Chief, followed by a smash cut to the title: RED WHITE & DOOMED

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

SUPER: Washington, DC

Italian suits lie next to Hawaiian shirts on the king-sized bed of conservative media personality BRADLEY Forrest. Nearby sits a set of body armor and a kitted-out AR-15.

On the nightstand is a pistol, combat knife and helmet bearing a skull logo.

Brad emerges from the bathroom in a towel. 38 and leading-man handsome, he whines in frustration into his cellphone.

BRADLEY  
Whaddaya mean I can't bring my own?

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*I'm sorry, it's not permitted for liability reasons. Insurance and such, I'm sure you understand.*

BRADLEY  
I don't remember agreeing to that.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*It was stipulated in the release you signed, Mr. Forrest. If you'd rather we find a replacement--*

BRADLEY  
No! I really want to go, I guess I just didn't read the fine print.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*Need I remind you, this generous contribution is contingent on your complete cooperation.*

BRADLEY  
Not even for personal protection? I usually make it a point to never be more than 5 feet away from a firearm at all times. Just in case.

Brad gathers the rifle and strokes it's suppressor-tipped barrel. A bulge grows under his towel.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*It's simply a matter of protocol.  
 Let me assure you, the donor fully  
 supports your 2nd amendment rights.*

BRADLEY  
 Then why no guns?

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*No weapons of any kind. Our client  
 prefers that you make use of the  
 on-site facilities. Whatever else  
 you may need will be provided for.*

Brad drops his towel, sits on the bed and fondles himself.

BRADLEY  
 Facilities? Like what?  
 Hot tub? Sauna? Jet-skis?  
 (suspicious)  
 Come on, level with me: Is this one  
 of those stupid team building boot  
 camp things? Or one of those policy  
 workshop circle-jerks?

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
 (chuckles)  
 No. Not at all.

BRADLEY  
 So what're we supposed to do there?

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*I'm not at liberty to be specific.  
 But this is a very exclusive  
 retreat, and our benefactor has a  
 reputation for having the best toys  
 money can buy. I promise you will  
 not be disappointed. Is your female  
 guest still accompanying you?*

BRADLEY  
 Yeah, about that--

Brad stands at a window naked and erect. Below, a woman hops into a cab and flips him off before closing the door.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
 There's been a change of plans.

Brad flips through pictures of young women on his phone. He selects one, swipes right and closes the app.



BRADLEY (CONT'D)

My guest is a friend of a friend from Florida. She's a massage therapist and doesn't speak English. Is that a problem?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

*Is she over 18 years of age?*

Brad's brow furrows.

BRADLEY

Sure, as far as I know.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

*Then there should be no problem. We'll get her information and signed release during orientation.*

BRADLEY

And what happens there stays there?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

*Very much so. Privacy is paramount. The location is very secluded and its security system second to none.*

Still naked, Brad walks to a shelf holding a lacrosse trophy, an ROTC patch, and an autographed photo of his awkward teenaged self shaking hands with a Congressman.

BRADLEY

No leaks. This is how we know we're a real family here, right?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

*And a very exclusive one at that. Only a select few who make it past the screening process are invited to participate. I am certain that very soon, everyone in the world will know your name, Mr. Forrest.*

BRADLEY

Tucker called me the future of the Republican Party and the new face of the Conservative Movement. Who am I to question FOX News?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

*Let's hope so sir. Very well, you are confirmed. An email will be forthcoming and arrangements have been made for transportation.*

BRADLEY

So what, are you guys sending over  
a limo or something like that?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

*Something like that.*

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: Atlanta, GA

Inside JAVIER Rios' bedroom, a duffel bag and a single, generic suit lie on the bed alongside 3 pair of vintage sneakers. At the foot of the bed is a military footlocker. On top is a redecorated combat helmet featuring a rainbow sticker, peace symbol, and a Puerto Rican flag.

Javi, lean and 38, emerges from his bathroom holding a fussy baby in one arm and a ringing cellphone in the other.

JAVIER

Can somebody come get him? I've got  
to take this call.

A smiling young woman in braids pops into the room, takes the child and leaves. Javi grins and silently mouths his thanks before he closes the door and takes the call.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

Hello?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

*Mr. Rios, your transportation has  
arrived. It's waiting outside.*

Javi looks out a window and spots the black SUV.

JAVIER

I see it. Sorry I'm running late.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

*I'll alert the driver. However, I'm  
afraid time is of the essence Mr.  
Rios. It's a rather long flight and  
we're on a bit of a tight schedule.*

The combat veteran folds his fatigues and puts on socks.

JAVIER

I'll be there. Did the check clear  
yet? The Foundation is counting on  
it to pay this month's rent.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*The initial funds will be disbursed  
 once you and your guest arrive and  
 successfully complete orientation.*

Javi opens his closet, revealing an Army dress uniform hung next to a meticulously maintained lineup of athletic shoes.

JAVIER  
 No bullshit?

In a flash he selects his chosen footwear, a cherished pair of 'Miro' Air Jordan 7s.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*As mentioned in our correspondence,  
 our client donates generously to  
 hundreds of charities and Community  
 Organizations like your own.*

Leaning on his footlocker, Javi tucks a small object into his sock before he slips on the colorful sneakers.

JAVIER  
 Uh-huh. Then why the secrecy?

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*They feel it's best that their  
 philanthropy remains anonymous.*

Javi slings his duffel bag over a shoulder and leaves.

INT. - APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*I assure you, the donation will be  
 made exactly as detailed in the  
 document you signed. Oh, and Mr.  
 Rios? I saw where you were a vegan?*

JAVIER  
 Just a garden-variety vegetarian.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*I see. Garden variety. Very clever.*

JAVIER  
 I hope that's not a problem?

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*Not at all. Does your guest have  
 any special dietary requirements?*

INT. - APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A furry locomotive dashes across the apartment and bowls into Javi's lower legs, nearly knocking him over. The German Shepherd rolls over and a long tongue flops from the toothy muzzle. One of her forelegs sports a clever prosthetic limb.

JAVIER

No. She'll eat just about anything.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

*Very good. Any other concerns or questions before we proceed?*

Sergeant Rios reaches down and smiles as he ruffles her fur.

JAVIER

Well she's a combat veteran, and she's kind of sensitive around loud noises. You're sure there won't be any guns or fireworks?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

*Outside weapons of any type are prohibited on the property.*

JAVIER

That's reassuring. Sort of.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

*(slightly upbeat)*

*However it IS a political retreat, so I can't guarantee there won't be any fireworks this weekend.*

JAVIER

Metaphorically speaking, of course.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

*Of course.*

Javi hangs up, kisses his sister MARIANNE and niece OLIVIA before touching the framed photo of his late Mother.

JAVIER

Gotta go, my ride's here.

The baby squeals happily in his highchair as the Shepherd licks smeared baby food from the infant's face. Teenaged Olivia hugs the big dog protectively.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

We'll be back soon. Love you guys!

Javier looks up, points skyward and crosses himself as he and the dog exit the apartment. On her laptop, Marianne is forced to sit through a video promo for an upcoming episode of a popular new reality show.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

*Starting tomorrow, don't miss live wall-to-wall coverage of Blood Feud's anticipated season finale.*

MARIANNE

Oh my God.

OLIVIA

What is it?

Olivia looks over her Mom's shoulder as she feeds the baby.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

*It's Red versus Blue as Blood Feud gets political. Can a Social Justice Warrior hold his own against a Conservative Crusader?*

MARIANNE

Who in the world watches this crap?

OLIVIA

Everyone at school does. Some goth kids got expelled for starting a Blood Feud fan club. They had a kill list and everything.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

*It's your patriotic duty to watch, because YOU decide who will be the last man standing. For details, go to [BloodFeud.com](http://BloodFeud.com) and register to cast your vote.*

Javier's sister stares suspiciously at the screen while a troubling thought seems to linger at the back of her mind.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Can't get enough Blood? Download the app to follow the action 24 hours a day on our live feed. Register now to get exclusive behind-the-scenes access or binge all your favorite feuds right from your iPhone or Android.*

OLIVIA

What?

MARIANNE

Never mind, It's probably nothing.

INT. UNDERGROUND MEDICAL FACILITY - THE NEXT DAY

Bradley & Javier lie naked and unconscious on stretchers attached to a network of sensors. Banks of medical equipment monitor all vital signs and biological functions. 3 masked doctors converse before one of them faces the security camera and gives a thumbs up.

EXT. UNDERGROUND MEDICAL FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Jenny and Whitney walk past the door of the Med Lab. Jenny stops to peer through the window while Whitney pauses to inspect her shoe, clearly irritated by the bloodstain.

JENNY

Scanned, stable and locked in, just the way we like them. Divergence is minimal and neural path perception is over 94%. These 2 should be a walk in the park.

WHITNEY

The plus ones are the issue. Canine behavior is mostly predictable, but AI maps don't account for instinct.

JENNY

The new algorithms worked just fine in beta testing. First time for everything. I guess we'll find out.

WHITNEY

The veterinarian they hired just quit. Flat out refused to do the procedure, called it unethical.

JENNY

Poor puppy. What about the girl? You think Sleeping Beauty knows?

WHITNEY

I hope not. Let it be a surprise.