

FELLOW AMERICANS

By

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FADE IN:

INT. FRANK AND SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FRANK and SUSAN HALL are lying in bed together. Their bedroom is very clean and matchy with both ends having a night stand and a reading light. Frank is a 55 year old ex-president, he is a devoted family man who applies a optimistic, yee-haw mentality to every area of life, no matter what the outcome. Susan is Frank's 53 year old wife. Behind her pearly veneers is a deeply jaded and bitter woman; with every empty photo-op and limp handshake, she grows more repulsed by the state of her family and life and yearns for a change. Susan is reading "Ulysses" by James Joyce and Frank is skimming through "The Watchmen" but eventually puts it down on his end table and turns off his light.

FRANK

I'm gonna get some shut eye, Suze.

SUSAN

Okay, dear. Are you going to that Habitat for Humanity event tomorrow?

FRANK

(Sighs) I don't know. Maybe I don't have to go. Maybe the NRA Board of Directors won't mind if I don't have that much charity expertise. I mean I was president and all.

SUSAN

Well it couldn't hurt, dear. Do you remember your approval rating?

FRANK

Yeah...but...I mean they voted me in there, so...

SUSAN

And if they could have they would've voted you out of there.

FRANK

Well, that was harsh, honey.

SUSAN

It's just the truth, dear. Going to this Habitat for Humanity event will raise your chances of getting

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN (cont'd)  
onto the board but it could also  
make people like you again. Don't  
you want to be loved?

FRANK  
Yeah but...I was president.

SUSAN  
That doesn't matter anymore, Frank!  
If you don't go, you will regret  
it. End of story. The least you can  
do is rethink your decision.

FRANK  
Okay, honeypie, I'll sleep on it.  
Nighty night.

Frank leans over and kisses her on the cheek. Susan barely  
budes from her book.

SUSAN  
Goodnight, Frank.

FRANK  
(Mumbles sleepily as he beings to  
fall asleep) Honeycakes, sweetpie,  
chihuahua, My Yellow Rose of Texas.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HELL - DAY OR NIGHT, IT'S ALWAYS DARK IN HELL

Frank is standing next to fire and brimstone in his pajamas  
with the DEVIL.

FRANK  
Wh-What happened? Did I die??? Did  
Susan finally poison me?!

DEVIL  
No, not yet at least. I'm here to  
pass a message onto you, Frank.

FRANK  
What? What is it? Did I kill  
someone?!

DEVIL  
Not first-hand. But that's not what  
I'm here for. I'm here to talk  
about Habitat for Humanity.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Oh my God! Are you going to kill all those poor people living in those houses?? Are you going to possess me to kill them? Because I don't know if I'm okay with that.

DEVIL

(yelling) SHUT UP! I am here to tell you that if you don't go to that Habitat for Humanity event you WILL die! Because I WILL KILL YOU! DO YOU UNDERSTAND!? YOU WILL DIE AND SPEND ALL ETERNITY IN HELL!

FRANK

But...why?! Can't you just pick someone else?? I mean you are the Devil and all...Can you just take your pick out of...the world?

DEVIL

No! Because this is your nightmare! I didn't choose this, I don't even think I want you yet or ever but this is your subconscious as me telling you as you to go to the Habitat for Humanity event...OR ELSE!

FRANK

I'm confused. So I'm the devil? Why do I have to do anything if I'm the devil.

DEVIL

Contrary to popular belief, you are not the devil. This is not real, it's a nightmare, do you know what nightmares are?

FRANK

Well a mare is a lady horse...so I guess---

DEVIL

Just forget it! GO TO THE HABITAT FOR HUMANITY EVENT OR ELSE YOU WILL REGRET IT! And by regret it I mean YOU WILL DIE A SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATH! Go to this event and people will like you again! Don't you want to be loved?

(CONTINUED)

FRANK  
Susan? Is that you?

DEVIL  
JUST DO IT!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANK AND SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank scares himself awake.

FRANK  
Ah! Oh no! (looks down) I wet the  
bed again.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL FAMILY KITCHEN - MORNING

The Hall's kitchen is sleek, shiny, and pretty much perfect, nothing is out of place. It does not look like much eating takes place in the kitchen. A secret service agent named BRUCE is standing in the corner as if he's another piece of furniture, he is big, black, and bald. AMY HALL, 27, is Susan and Frank's daughter. She is a spoiled brat and that is so dumb she makes her dad look like Einstein. She is sitting at the kitchen table half-asleep and wearing a fur coat that is so ragged and dirty it looks like she shaved a bear and glued its fur on a sheet and decided to wear it, there are bald spots and sticky spots all over it but Amy doesn't seem to care. Susan walks in all dressed and fully awake. She pours herself a cup of coffee, sits at the table, and picks up the paper that is already folded up nicely on the table, she is about to read it when she notices Amy's coat.

SUSAN  
Amy, why in God's name are you  
wearing that coat again?

AMY  
I'm trying to wear it out fully  
mother, I mean maybe if I got a  
brand new coat I wouldn't wear this  
one anymore.

SUSAN  
Amy, we just bought you that coat  
this past Christmas, it's not our  
fault you decided to wear it to Six  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN (cont'd)

Flags. At least you managed to get out the ice cream dots, though it still looks unsanitary and smells oddly like wood chips in a hamster cage.

AMY

They're called dippin' dots, mom! And, and...that's how it always smelled so I don't know what you're talking about. Plus it was raining out, what other coat should I have worn?

SUSAN

What about your rain coat? That would have made more sense wouldn't it?

AMY

My raincoat is plaid! Plaids and stripes don't match! God! We wouldn't be having this argument if you just buy me a new coat!

SUSAN

Not a chance.

AMY

Whatever! I'm getting a new coat!  
(her phone rings) Oh my god, Ali, thank god!

Amy stomps out of the kitchen just as Frank walks in, un-fazed by Amy's temper tantrum. Frank is dressed in a suit.

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

My mother is such a tranny!

SUSAN

(yells as she picks up the paper to read again) I heard that!

FRANK

Mornin' hot mama.

Frank bends down to kiss, Susan, but again she barely budes from reading.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Good morning, dear. Decide to go to the Habitat for Humanity event after all?

FRANK

Yeah, I gave in. Mostly because I don't want to die a slow and painful death.

SUSAN

Sounds good, dear.

FRANK

Yup, what are your plans today, sugar legs?

Frank grabs a travel mug and pours some sugar in it. While Susan is talking, Frank is half-listening and half-concentrating on putting the right amount of sugar and milk in his coffee to make it perfect.

SUSAN

I'm holding a luncheon for the Spouses of Texas Legislatures mainly to have a nice little discussion and debate, you know, see how they would feel if one of us, say me, ran for senator.

FRANK

Huh?

SUSAN

Oh, nothing special dear. Just some chit-chat and gossip.

FRANK

Oh okay, well have fun, honey buns.

SUSAN

Thank you, dear, you too.

Frank blows Susan a kiss but she's reading and not paying attention anymore. He then acknowledges Bruce. He walks over to him and pats his shoulder.

FRANK

Are you ready, Homie?

Frank doesn't wait for and starts to walk out of the kitchen. Bruce follows silently. Frank laughs.